

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

She has wrestled with the sages of the dim historic ages, she has studied declamation from Demosthenes to Burke; she has sounded Schopenhauer and been under Dante's power, and can giggle in all languages from English down to Turk.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES. CHAPTER XXI.

Rilchester again with its quiet, undisturbed streets and its busy tongues; the cathedral with its daily services and its thin congregations; the deanery, with all its luxurious discomfort and the weary, distasteful life once more.

April passed into May, and the alternations of cold east wind and hot sunshine did not improve matters. Esperance grew more and more languid and depressed; she could not sleep, she could not eat, she could not even think clearly.

One day when the lessons had gone worse than usual, and Esperance felt that she really deserved a scolding, she was surprised by the sudden question, "You do not feel well, Esperance, I am sure. What is the matter with you?"

"I do not know," she answered, languidly. "But you must know what you feel like; come, tell me at once." "I don't feel anything particular."

"You need not prepare your lessons for to-morrow; we will read together instead," said Cornelia, after a minute's thought, watching to see what effect this would have.

"Oh, no, thank you; I have nothing to say." Cornelia was not at all satisfied with the spiritless tone of her answer. She had lost all her brightness and energy, and whereas she had before been eager and responsive, she was now silent and apathetic.

send her here quickly, for I am very busy, and have been sadly hindered this morning by George." "She shall come at once. You remember, father, she has no idea of this; it will be a great surprise to her."

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"Nonsense! why you are separated now practically; it is only a question of thousands of miles instead of hundreds. Besides, how selfish to think of that, when it is for his good." "It was very true, no doubt, but Esperance was too sore-hearted to find much comfort in this; moreover, all Cornelia said, though intended to be salutary, made the wound deeper, and the idea of being left behind in England more terrible.

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window, Cornelia was pouring out tea—an unusual thing—holding the tea-pot ungracefully high, so that the tea frothed into the cups. "A very dull affair, indeed," Mrs. Mortlake was saying. "My father actually went to sleep in his chair, while a young converted Kaffer was speaking through an interpreter—such a creature—you should have seen—Why, Esperance!"

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NOT THE THING FOR CANADA. Commenting upon the Bill before Congress, intended to prevent aliens from acquiring and holding large tracts of land in the United States, a Canadian paper said the other day that British investors might soon regret that they had neglected Canada.

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