

ESPECIALLY FOR THE LADIES

How Women in the East Dress—The Austrian Empress—A Word to Women.

I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking they must act and look like marble or clay, cold and expressionless. Bloodless, for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike consorted by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! Well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid to show yourself as you are, affectionate and good hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves because if you showed too much animation some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to devote your life to his insanity.

An Athletic Empress.

The Empress of Austria, who has for several years followed the hounds in Ireland and England, will hunt this year in the neighborhood of her favorite estate, Godollo, in Hungary. The love of the Empress for horses and dogs amounts to a veritable passion, and she maintains at Godollo an amphitheatre in which she rivals the ring performances of her favorite proteges, the Parisian equestrians, and of the stars which Herr Rentz, the continental circus man, brings out in his magnificent productions of the horse opera. As a young girl, the Empress was devoted to field sports, but her ambition to excel as a horsewoman is said by the gossips of Vienna to date from the day when she discovered that Herr Rentz's sprightly daughter, Katherina, better known as "Katchen" in canvas-covered circles, was a sub-rosa friend of his Imperial Majesty Franz Joseph and drew a handsome pension from the Emperor's private exchequer. Elizabeth determined to outdo her professional rival in the refinements of the equestrian art. The task was no easy one, for Kate Rentz years ago, before she reached the adipose period of German womanhood, could clear a seven-foot bar on her English hunter even in the narrow limits of the sawdust ring. But the Empress had the nerve to try anything that any other woman had done in the saddle, and she commanded, of course, the best horseflesh in the world, and she is to day acknowledged the best "gentleman rider" of her sex.

The Empress Elizabeth is the youngest woman of her years in Europe. With the honors of a grandmother, she has reached the time when the national tendency to make flesh assert itself, and as a matter of comfort to herself and her horses she regularly trains for the hunting season. She has been passing the later summer at her chateau at Ischl, and her regimen there was suggestive of the professional athlete. Up at 6; two hours of hard work in free gymnastics or fencing; a cold shower and a plain breakfast, followed by three hours in the saddle or on foot. The reduction in weight not showing itself to the desired degree, the ardent huntress actually took to the professional last resort of sweating and a continuous run for two hours a day. On going to Godollo she had a pack of slow bagles sent down, and proposes to follow them on foot after the Hungarian hares, which are, however, neither so swift nor so long-winded as their British relatives. With the coming of the first frosts the Imperial Diana will get out her horses and hounds with the full determination of beating the record, and as the deer and foxes on her estates have been carefully preserved for some years she will probably succeed.

How Women Dress in the East.

Every few minutes (writes a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*) you meet a group of Carene ladies closely veiled, with the white muslin or black silk y shmak and a group of attendants. They ride astride their donkeys decked with tassels and all manner of gay trappings, and as they pass every man with a proper sense of decorum averts his face, lest his eyes should rest on so much valued loveliness. Even the working drudges who are often elaborately tattooed, are equally strict in keeping the face virtuously covered, though the rest of their drapery may be caught up or blown about in such styles as scarcely suits our notions of decency. The same thing continually strikes one among the Hindoo women, who would be eternally disgraced by the faintest approach to our ordinary evening toilet, but who have no manner of objection to displaying a wide "lucid interval" between the arm and the waist, and any amount of unstocked ankle! I remember a Hindoo gentleman remarking that on his first visit to a London drawing-room he wished he could have hidden himself anywhere, he felt so shocked at the company in which he found himself. (A somewhat similar comment was made by a young harvest lad at a harvest-home, which was always attended by the laird's daughters. On one occasion a friend accompanied them, very much decollete; and, as he sat at the end of the room among the evergreens, he had gazed in open-mouthed admiration till the lady rose, and when he saw that "it wasna a waxen image, but a real body," he fairly left the room in horror!) There are several other contrasts in the dress habits of the eastern and western world. One is the respect involved in piling extra yards on the turban as the scene of veneration—more especially on holy days—in opposition to the custom of taking off the hat. I suppose it must be some such lingering tradition of Oriental fashion which makes the Jews wear their hats in the synagogue even in western lands. And so, whereas our poor folk in Scotland, even smart lassies with fine bonnets, will rarely put on their shoes and stockings till they are near the kirk, or "big house," no Hindoo or Mohammedan of the highest rank would enter your drawing-room or any temple or mosque with his slippers on—the dust of the outer world must not pollute any dwelling worthy of

honor. At the same time you constantly see both Arabs and Hindoos carrying their shagies in their hands when marching on flat ground, both in order to save them and facilitate their own progress. They are all good walkers, and it has been observed that such will be advanced as afford employment to the circumlocutionist, and such as are unknown to their chaplains, and so on. Imagine how curious it would be to see an Englishman wearing a turban, and exchanging of turbans (especially if they should be the green turbans of Islam) is the most sacred taken of inviolable friendship.

A Place Where Woman is Supreme.

An original sect is reported to exist in Finland, the fundamental principle of which is the sovereign authority of women in the family. The disciples of the sect, whether married or living in concubinage, take an oath to submit themselves entirely to their wife or mistress, and to confess to her once a week. On their side the women choose one of their number as sovereign, whose duty it is to see that the men remain faithful to their oath, and to punish them if they transgress. There are some villages entirely devoted to this new religion. The only analogy to this sect is to be found in Siberia, where the Purifiers recognize equally the authority of women.

Two Ways of Being Happy.

There are two ways of being happy. You may either diminish our wants or augment our means. The result is the same, and it is for each man to decide for himself, and to do that which may happen to be the easier.

CHIT-CHAT.

When a pretty Irish girl is taken away they suspect some boycott.

Queen Victoria says she is proud of her military.

It will be fashionable to gather autumn leaves this month. It will be equally as fashionable to throw them away the next.

Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. American girls are not. They don't require teaching.

"You're as sweet as a peach," he said, patting her softly on the cheek. "Yes," she murmured, snuggling still nearer to him, "I'm a clingstone."

An Indiana woman bought some poison for rats, wrote the word "poison" on it four times, hid it on the top shelf in the pantry, and yet the hired girl used it for baking powder within a week.

A Georgia man who had been married seven times, says he has had awful hard luck. He'd scarcely get a wife before she'd die and he'd have to go to the expense of courting and marrying another. The thing got to be ruinous.

Spinks went home the other night afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted upon Mrs. S., and then complacently remarked, "Well, I declare, if you two gals don't look enough like to be twins."

She admitted to her mother that the young man had made a very strong impression on her. "Yes," remarked the old lady, "I can see where the impression mashed the lace flat as a clean napkin. Don't let it happen again."

What a providential thing it is that, as a general rule, by the time the eldest girl gets old enough to have a beau the youngest child is old enough to sleep quietly. A cross baby yelling up-stairs would be a fearful dampener on courtship.

The young girls who enter the English postal service get \$2.50 per week at first. If they are real good girls, after a few years they get 50 cents or \$1 more. Many of them remain single, because the salary is not large enough to support a husband.

Slang is a dangerous language. Recently, when a handsome young wife went to a hardware store to get one of those wooden contrivances to mash potatoes, and said, "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the boss to the office-boy, started to wait on her.

A lady who had company to tea reproved her little son several times, speaking, however, very gently. At last out of patience with him, she said, sharply, "Jimmy, if you don't keep still I'll send you away from the table." Looking at her in surprise, he asked: "Didn't you forget to use your company voice then, mother?"

Scene in Court—"Now, Mr. Blank, you say that on that day, at noon, you saw a woman ride past your house at furious pace, and you have given us a detailed description of her costume. Please tell us what was the color of the horse." "I do not remember." "Well, was the woman white or black?" "I did not notice; she went so fast that I only had time to see how she was dressed."

A southern paper says the alligator destroys millions of mosquitoes by letting them settle on his jaws and then swallowing them. Ladies who are annoyed by the pests might rid themselves of the nuisance by keeping an alligator in the bedroom during the night, but there are some women who would prefer the mosquitoes. They would as soon have a mouse loose in their chamber as an alligator.

At a wedding, not long since, among the presents displayed was a \$1,000 bank note from the father of the bride. After the wedding was over the old gentleman folded up the note and put it back into his vest pocket. The conduct of that dotting father reminds one very much of the promises of reform made by the candidates previous to the election as contrasted with their performances when the elect on is over.

garments worn by women are preferable to those worn by men. He may speak from experience, but we don't believe that he wore a walking costume of royal blue cloth with a velvet toque, and pelerine or velvet with a silver basque, a long, clinging, white-trimmed dress with lace and ruffles from the backs, Charles's hair, and a black velvet poke and a black lace-trimmed corset cut entrain, and a foot of five inches.

Nervous Exhaustion.

The natural cure for disease from overwork is rest, but here a great mistake is sometimes made. When a person is tired out or exhausted by too much physical labor of any kind, we do not say, "You have worked your muscles too exclusively; you should have given more of your vital energy to mental work, and to restore the equilibrium you must immediately take up some mental work. Rest yourself from a hard day's labor by studying, or washing, or an hour's work at mathematics." The very tired man or woman does not care even to read, but inclines to back-sit in perfect laziness, "balmy sleep" until the strength recuperates. This state is unreasonable to urge physical exercise upon a person whose brain is really tired with labor. Let a little rest intervene. The general health is best maintained by a proper intermingling of physical and mental exercise, but perfect health requires some hours of perfect rest in every twenty-four, and some time for simple recreation, or what we call "laxness" ought to be allowed to a child (or a man) who grows fat and lax from over-exercising, should be put upon a plainer diet and urged to exercise. But those who grow languid and have little appetite from nervous exhaustion, ought to be carefully nourished by nutritious food of easy digestion (since the digestive organs are probably in a weak condition), and allowed to rest and gather up strength before being called upon to expend it. No stimulants will afford any real help. They call out the strength temporarily and make one feel strong while the influence lasts, but this is only wasting the strength. One may live for a time upon stimulants, and appear to be helped by them, but only genuine nourishment really builds up the strength. Food alone, however good, cannot cure nervous exhaustion. Pure air, sunlight (all of this that one can get and endure), cleanliness, warm, easy clothing, and restful surroundings, are all essential, and these natural agencies alone will effect a cure in almost every case if taken in time, while the case is curable. The food taken should be real nourishment, not simply the pretty little invalid's dishes, made up of delicate starches and flavors, that one often sees recommended by ignorance. Starch has nothing for the brain and nerves, and for this reason white bread is very poor food. Flour should be used that contains all of the gluten of the wheat. The "entire wheat flour" is recommended by physicians as the best. Oat-meal, good milk, eggs, beef, and the best fruits and vegetables, all help to build up strength. Pure air night and day are needed, and the time should be spent out of doors as much as possible.

For those who are only beginning to suffer from nervous exhaustion, light gardening and other employment may be useful. Those who are much worn with brain labor, had better not try anything at first more laborious than riding, as walking wears an already tired brain. There is no more healthful and enjoyable exercise than light horseback riding; it brings many muscles into play, diverts the mind, and gives tone to both mind and body. "Diet and Quiet" are among the best of our physicians.

A Deadly Duel.

A fatal duel between two Bonapartist journalists was fought last month on the grounds attached to a villa in the vicinity of Paris belonging to one of the proprietors of the *Pays*. The principals were M. de Massas, a writer on the *Combat*, and Henri Richard of the staff of the *Petit Caporal*. The cause of the duel was a controversy concerning the restoration of the empire, in which resort was had to such bitter personalities that, on referring the situation to a "tribunal of honor," in which Paul de Cassagnac figured as one of the judges, it was decided that a resort to the fighting code was indispensable. The weapons selected were swords, and the actual fighting did not last a minute. In that time Richard received severe thrusts in the right shoulder and hand, and his second declared he did not yield very shortly, when an incantation movement by De Massas, who was pressing the fight vigorously, enabled Richard to give his antagonist a deadly thrust in the breast. De Massas had fought bravely in the Franco-Prussian war, and was an experienced swordsman. It was while wounded and being nursed in a French country house that he first met the maiden whom he afterward married. He lived very happily with her, and she was waiting in an inn near the scene of the duel in an agony of suspense for news of its outcome. She came too late to find her husband alive. The fatal result of this contest has made a painful impression in Paris, and may exert a good influence in suppressing the practice. The parties to the duel has been summoned to court.

Collector Morris, at Sitka, in a letter to the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, Washington, expresses the hope that a member of that service may be stationed at Sitka. He states that for three months there has been raging there, confined chiefly to the Russian creole population and Indians, a disease resembling black measles, combined with the scarlet fever, making a plague-stricken community. Those taken nearly all died, and the Russians have been almost decimated. Mr. Morris says Captain Pearson, of the "Wachusett," turned a deaf ear to their piteous appeals for help, and took the ship and medical officers away to Wrangel Island, leaving a lieutenant of marines and guard without medicines. Mr. Morris says his course has been a disgrace to the American navy.

The Plague in Sitka.

Uncle John, said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on the elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?" "Nonsense? Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then he asked, "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's," said little Emily.

MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

RAINLESS WINTER.—The *Manitoba Star* says that the winter which fell on Wednesday last was the wettest since 1857.

THE IRONERS.—Last week the Hudson Bay Company shipped from Winnipeg, for London 107 tons of iron, valued at \$150,000.

COAL FOR WINNIPEG.—Two thousand tons of hard coal arrived at Prince Arthur's Landing in one day for Winnipeg dealers. Five thousand more are in transit.

LIGHTING BRANDON.—Sixteen street lamps are to be placed at once at important corners in Brandon. The lamps are the same as are used in Chicago.

LARGE LUMBER DEPOT.—The *Winnipeg Times* says that including all classes of building material, 203,800,000 feet of lumber is handled annually in this city. This lumber is sold at prices varying from \$30 to \$70 per thousand feet, according to quality.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.—The C. P. R. South-western between Winnipeg and Morris is rapidly approaching completion.

PAYING THEMSELVES.—A farmer named Tait recently purchased a farm on the Red River near Killarney and a few days ago he got the assistance of some Indians to dig his potatoes. He did not give them all the money they wanted, upon which they ransacked his house and carried off a large quantity of potatoes.

GAME PLENTIFUL.—It is a noticeable fact that the prairie chickens and other game are much more plentiful since the country has become settled than several years ago, when the first settlers arrived. The explanation is that foxes, hawks, &c., are more destructive of game than sportsmen, and the settlers by destroying the "varmint" have incidentally protected the game.—*Mountain-Courier*.

RICH MINING REGION.—Prof. Bell, in a report just published, says that round James Bay, and up the eastern shore of Hudson's Bay deposits of coal and iron lie closely packed together in seams and veins of surpassing richness. Vast tracts of forest also exist there with deposits of silver, copper and molybdenum. The region, in fact, so Prof. Bell thinks, will be the future Pennsylvania of the North American continent.

PRIZE ESSAY.—The Board of Agriculture has decided to offer prizes of \$50 and \$25 respectively, or medals of equal value, at the option of the successful competitors, for the best and second best essays of the capabilities of Manitoba for stock-raising. The stock to be treated of are horses, cattle, sheep and pigs, and any other animals which competitors may think worth considering from an agricultural standpoint.

NEW POST OFFICES.—The following post offices were opened on the 1st inst.: Glendale, section 5, township 14, range 16 west, Mr. Wm. F. Siret, postmaster; Glendinning, section 32, township 3, range 15 west, Mr. John Moir, postmaster; Regina, N. W. T., Mr. Fowler, acting postmaster; Toddburn, section 35, township 18 west, Mr. Wm. Todd, postmaster; Wolf Creek (Wolsey section C. P. R.), section 11, township 17, range 10 west of 2nd principal meridian, Mr. Wm. McAllister, postmaster.

EGYPTIAN BONDBOLDERS.

The Only Beneficiaries of the War.

Vanity Fair receives the following communication from "A Fortunate Speculator," who says: "Although your paper has almost alone been independent enough to criticize Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, now so popular both with the jingo, and the imitation jingo parties, I think even you must admit that this policy, damaging though it has been to the liberal party in this country, and utterly ruinous though it has been to the national party in Egypt, yet has been a perfect god-send to one large and deerving class in this country and France—namely, the poor Egyptian bondholder. I will relate my own experience as a bondholder within the last three months. I have no doubt but that it is a fair sample of what others have done; and your readers will not be surprised to hear that I entertain the highest feelings of gratitude for Mr. Gladstone's spirited Egyptian policy. On the first outbreak of the Arabi rebellion I sold my Egyptian bonds at 70, never thinking it possible that a Gladstone and Bright government would force upon any nation a ruler and a form of government to which they were unanimously opposed. However, in a few weeks I changed my opinion. Alexandria was bombarded, Bright resigned, the guards were put under orders for Egypt, our general backed, on his word and I bought back my bonds at 46—with some trepidation, I confess. However, events marched quickly. The Indian troops were brought over again, by Lord Beaconsfield's worthy successor, the much-abused Cyprus was utilized as a base, the Suez canal was seized in defiance of all international agreements, the unfortunate Egyptians were mown down by shrapnel shells from Woolwich and the sabres of the Life Guards, Tel-el-Kebir was fought, Cairo was entered by our army amid the curses of its population, and my Egyptian bonds went up to 70 again, the price at which I sold originally. I have now sold again, and shall reinvest my capital in something safer than untried bonds; but by Gladstone's policy I made 24 per cent. by the fall, and 24 per cent. by the rise, and I now have in cash at my bankers' \$1,180 to represent every \$700 I had invested in Egyptian bonds. Can you be surprised at my gratitude to Beaconsfield's worthy successor in Eastern policy—William Gladstone? Something should be done to hand down to posterity the mark of the bondholders' gratitude, and I propose that a statue of the Grand Old Man should be erected at the entrance of the stock exchange. To this I will gladly subscribe, as I am sure would many Egyptian bondholders."

At a Social Club to which Jerrold belonged a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed the enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it." Looking earnestly round the table, "Can anybody whistle it?" asked the earnest trifler.

HUNTING AND FISHING ACCIDENTS.

Two brothers named Adams went hunting and one accidentally shot the other.

On the first day of the opening season in California, several fish were taken from the Sacramento river.

Henry Young of Lake Charles was watching his son, aged 14, to be shot by a bird from his grasp and was killed.

While fishing in Lake Macleod, the Rev. Father Chaffelliere and his dians were drowned by the upsetting of a canoe.

In a pigeon match at Shenandoah, the birds flew toward Robert Prater. Neiswinter fired at the bird and killed it.

By the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting, M. J. Redding of Adams and Elisha Whitman of Rockland were recently killed.

William Coggshall was drowned in San Antonio River while trying to land a little daughter, who was bathing. He was rescued.

While hunting near Williamsport, Har y Mahiffy stooped to pick up a game and his hat slipping from his head, discharged, killing him.

As Timothy Newton of South of Mass., aged 80 years, attempted to fish from a mill dam, he fell forward, and was drowned.

Isaac Harris, cashier of the National Bank, caught the largest bass ever taken in the Delaware. It weighed 6 pounds and 11 ounces.

In the Blue Juniata, near Hunt, Pa., three bathers lost their lives. Paddock, aged 12; Flora Brosley, and Martha Crossley, aged 14.

The largest fish ever taken out of a river, Kentucky, with hook and line, was caught by Tom Miller of Livermore, a yellow cat, and weighed 61 pounds.

A shower caused Jacob Colap of New York, who was hunting, to step into the hole of Jacob Lawrence. He pulled his ward him, and it exploded and killed him.

The 8-year-old son of J. M. Kemp was fishing near East Saginaw, floating on a log. On getting a bite he jerked back, rolled over, and he rolled under a log and was drowned.

Ben Franklin of Paarsalia attempted to shoot a squirrel on Tuesday last, and hung fire. He dropped it suddenly, and he shot a revolver, and the gun exploded and blew off his foot.

John Hunter of Atlanta went to a river and returned with his chin shattered, shoulder dislocated, his nose blown, and three fingers severed from his hand. His gun burst as he fired at a bird.

Edward Moore, a brakeman on the Quebec division of the Erie Railroad, was quifling hunting, and struck at a quif with the butt of his gun. The gun off and lodged a charge of shot in his thigh.

John J. Schoonmaker went squirreling near Slatterville Springs, and his Henry Vandermark's gray head for a rel, hastily fired at it. Vandermark a wife and four children, and Schoonmaker is insane with remorse.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Empresses, Dukes, Duchesses, Princes and Others Less Prominent.

Caroline Duran thinks the Duke of Placentia, sister of the Prince of Wales who has just married Mile Rothschild, most beautiful woman of her time.

Marshal Canrobert has but slighted in his seventieth year. His close hair is gray, his eyes are keen and his forehead high, and his face on the very agreeable. His carriage is light and soldierly, and his voice is ringing full of a Southern music.

It now being the fashion for the hunt with their husbands, it may be some to know that on such occasions Duchesse de Chartres and the Comtesse de Paris wear blue serge sailor suits and hats; the Comtesse Potocka, a light jacket trimmed with gold braid and a darker short skirt; the Duchesse de Grand, a simple short dress, with a prof and a billycock hat; and Queen Portugal, a jacket and skirt of muslin cloth, with waistcoat, and a pair of that come up to her knees.

Burleigh House by Stamford town reached a good old age, being now the first quarter of its fourth century, and perfect order as when built by Cecil, earl of Tennyson's ballad was grand of the present peer, whose grandmother the lovely Sarah Hoggins.

The apostle of aestheticism has to hot and heavy buffets. Mr. Herbert says, "Oscar Wilde is an outlandish who attempted to reconcile idiosyncy and Mr. Freeman, the historian, on an Indian introduced to him as the Mohawks, told him that he resembled dear and distinguished friend, Mr. Wilde."

The greater powers are doing their effect the reconciliation of the Duke Cumberland with the existing situation so far in vain. He would, if he yielded, not only to the duchy and the fortune of the reigning duke, but to the fate fortune of the late King George's over, some sixteen million thalers.

Mr. Edison says that whenever by analogy, and calculation he has himself that the result he desires is possible, then he is sure he is on the very discovery.

When the King of the Netherlands to London for his sister-in-law's with the Duke of Albany, the corporation voted him the freedom of the city in a box, but the death of another sister wife's prevented the presentation, while the corporation could not decide to do about it, but ultimately the Mayor and Sher if went, for the probably in history, to the Hague, and their box and dined at the palace.

As Mile. Montijo, Eugenie used to Louis Napoleon, ugly and ridiculous, only exercised a woman's privilege of ing her mind.

Well That Ends

Kemp sat at breakfast on Monday morning in the country house, situated in Berkshire glade not far from the old glade. Vis-a-vis to the old glade, and only child, daughter, brown-eyed, creamy complexion, of about three-and-twenty, Colonel, who was a widow, considerable renown due to the Punjab. He had a great deal of prize-money and crosses, and, having a pension, much private money derived from his deceased father, enabled him to live in a town house and to live in the country.

His daughter Victoria owed her mother's extreme loyalty to her father. She was the 'apple of his eye,' and she deserved his warm affection.

She had just come in from school, while he twirled his fingers, and she was the 'apple of his eye,' and she deserved his warm affection.

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