

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXIX. (CONTINUED).

This was the substance of Howard Ev-

as built many eloquent thoughts. There was

curicus look upon Arundel Anthon's face

he finished it, a look as though the mus-

Percy's letter was sho. ter, not so careful-

written, but a very frank, honest sort of

letter for all that. He understood now,

said, what Mr. Anthon had meant by

hem when he knew all about the intimacy

hich had once existed between the An-

hons and the Evringhams; he did know all,

id not attempt to disguise the truth that

ad thrown a heavy shadow upon his life,

it he did not sp. ak of the man whose act

"Louie," said Muriel, one morning early

January, as her daughter came into her

the fire, "here are cards for Maude Far-

um's reception; I suppose we ought to go

sently, standing in one of the draped

indows, and looking down with some

malement at two little boys who were

sage balling each other vigorously in the

"Yes, we ought to go," continued Muriel,

usingly, studying the engraved card she

the in her hand. "How many receptions

"And they are such tiresome affairs,"

said Louie, sinking down into a chair; "the

rooms are generally so crowded, and it is so

tiff and formal; Germans are lovely, but

eceptious -- " and Louie's red lips curled

in a little moue expressive of great disgust

or this species of fashionable entertain-

The evening of Mrs. Farnum's reception

me and very lovely Louie looked when

her teilet was completed, and she went into

her mother's room to see if she approved of

ilk, the transparent sleeves revealing the

round arms from the shoulder to the tops of

the long, delicately tinted gloves, the square-

cut corsage leaving exposed a portion of the

snowy neck; all white, nothing to relieve

the dazzling fairness of the toilet but the

deep gold of the wavy hair, which fell in its

soit natural curls, the rose-flush upon the

"You have never looked so beautiful,

Miss Louie," sai I the maid, enthusiastical-

ly, and Muriel, thrilling with fond mother

"She is right, Louie, I have never seen

Many eyes i ollowed the girl as she moved

through Mrs. Farnum's magnificent rooms

that night; it was a very fashionable recep-

tion, everybody of any consequence in soci-

ety was there, and Louie, surrounded by a

little throng of admirers, was very glad on

"Mrs. Van Alstyne, do you know who

that young lady is, the one in white: sitting

nearly opposite to us talking with Mr.

The question was asked by a gentleman

who was conversing with a pretty young

married lady. Even in these crowed rooms

where there were many fine looking men the

In figure he was tall, rather heavily built,

and perfectly proportioned, his face was a

handsome one, the features almost perfect;

but it was not its beauty alone which made

it the rarely attractive face it was; the

thoughtful earnestness of the dark eyes, the

determined mouth, the firm chin, these at-

tracted stranger eyes to it. It was a face

without a single trace of weakness in it, yet

there was an expression of almost womanly

tenderness about the lips, which were shad-

ei by a drooping moustache, which matched

in color the golden brown hair which was

timly suggestive of a woman's fingers thread-

ing its soft waves. A face such as men re-

The lady addressed raised her head with

a smile. "Do I know who she is? Why,

of course I do, and I am surprised that you

not; she is Miss Louie Anthon, the only

child of Mr. Russel Anthon. Would you

like to be introduced to her? I am very

well acquainted with her, her mother and

to be introduced to her; she has a very

"Oh, lovely," said Mrs. Van Alstyne,

enthusiastically, "There, Mr. Draper is

leaving her, probably he is going to get

her an ice; now I shall have such a nice

The tender, half melancholy strains of a

beautiful German valse were filling the

rooms with metody, and Loui; her small

gloved hands lying in her lap, listened

"Louie how do you do? I have not had

She raised her head quickly as the words

fell upon her, looked up to meet a pair of

had ever seen before. The tender music

was floating through the room, the dark

eyes were looking down into hers; she

heard Mrs. Van Alstyne's voice, but she

ing, for beside the music her heart was

beating loud and fast, something had stir-

Having introduced the two young peo-

ple, Mrs. Van Alstyne turned to speak

to a lady friend near her; and with a deep

hush upon her face. Louie raised her eyes

appealingly to the handsome face above

could not distinguish what she was say-

dark earnest eyes, eyes unlike anything she

a chance to speak to you this evening."

opportunity to introducing you, come !"

byely tace, do you not think so?"

"Yes, Mrs. Van Alstyne, I would like

meeks, the red of the parted lips.

pride, said :

von look more lovely."

the whole that she had come.

gentleman attracted attention.

spect and women love.

are old friends."

creamily.

never stirred before.

Her dress was glistening cream white

is ong as we attended the wedding."

ave b. en given this season !"

where she was sitting in front of

es were stiffening.

ad made him fatherless.

greet below.

car Tilsonburg, UM. Dec. 14. 19 a ailing for years with Dyspepsia, and was red re skeleton. Last falleighty-six pounds. y Zopesa by Mr. Thom C. Thomson & Co., dr place), and, many that now an entirely new gh 124 pounds, throat "I uppose so," murmured Louie, rather new compount. CAROLINE FORBES Wife of Mr. R. G. Ford EVERY COUNTY IN

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"Pardon me," she murmured, "but I did not catch your name, the music was so loud, and Mrs. Van Alstyne spoke so rapidly."

He bent his head lower, his breath just stirred the soft rings of hair upon her white

forehead, as he said: "My name is Roy Glenmore."

And just then Mrs. Van Alstyne returntu to them and began talking in her swift,

merry way, asking more questions in one moment than any one could answer in five, the dreamy music cased, Mr. Draper came up with a lice for Louie, and her heart stopped its wild, loud beating. She had only a few minutes conversation with Mr. Glenmore before she went home, still, in her dreams that night, those dark earnest eyes looked again into hers, and Roy Glenmore's face came and went in her sleep-bound thoughts.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Louie was late to breakfast the morning following Mrs. Farnum's reception, and it was not long after she had taken her place at the table that her father, who, having finished his breakfast, had been looking through the columns of the morning paper, rose from his chair.

"I must go," he said, glancing at the bronze clock on the mantel; "I have an appointment at half past nine this morning. You will drive with me this afternoon, will you not, Muriel?"

"Certainly," she answered, with a little bright smile up at him; and then, having given her the kiss without which he never went out of Muriel's presence for any length of time, Arundel left the room; and mother

and daughter, alone in the handsome dining room, fell into conversation, the subject of which was the previous evening's entertainment. "You seemed to enjoy yourself, Louie, even though it was a tiresome reception,"

said Muriel, leaning back in her chair and am quite sure you did not lack admirers, for whenever I caught sight of you, you were the centre of a small throng of gentlemen." Louie laughed a little low, happy laugh. In a great many books nowadays, the heroines are young ladies who are utterly indifferent to the pleasures of society, who take no delight in the admiring homage of their masculine friends, who look coldly at the reflection of their own beauty, but Louis Anthon did not resemble in the slightest degree these unnatural and unpleasant young persons. She was a thorough woman, therefore she had a spark of vanity within her which made the knowledge that she was charming and pleasing not at all disagreeable, on the contrary quite the reverse; when she looked in the mirror and saw how pretty she was, she did not sigh heavily and turn away coldly, she always felt glad, very glad, that her dainty little nose was not a nez retrousse, that her eyes were not light and expressionless, her complexion dull and sallow.

"I had a very nice time last evening, mamma," she murmured, bending her pretty head over the muffin she was buttering, with rather dreamy carefulness - "s much nicer than I expected to have. I suppose it was because I met so many pleasant peo

People! As though Louie was thinking as she spoke of the people she had met the previous evening! Only one person was in her thoughts -a person with dark, earnest eyes and a firm but tender mouth, of whose existence she had not been aware twentyfour hours before.

"Yes, there were a number of pleasant people there," said Muriel, thoughtfully, "and several that were strangers to me. That reminds me, Louie-who was that tall, handsome young gentleman you were talking with shortly before we left? He was rather English-looking, and seemed to be well acquainted with the Van Alstynes; I do not remember ever having seen him before."

"His name is Glenmore, mamma," Louie answered, "a Mr. Roy Glenmore. Mrs. Van Alstyne introduced him to me."

"Glenmore," mused Muriel, mentally running over a long list of names well known in fashionable society-"the name is not at all familiar; I do not recollect of ever hearing of or meeting any Glenmores. Who is he, Louie?"

"I do not know anything about him, mamma-who his grandparents were, what his father is, or whether he is rich or poor," said Louie, quite unconscious of the faint sarcasm in her words. "He was very pleasant, and, though I had only a few moments' conversation with 1 im, I liked him | lap. very much, indeed; he seemed to be different from most young men."

"Different!" echoed Muriel. "In what respect different, Louie?"

" n every respect," said the girl warmly, "I think Mr. Glenmore has a higher sense of honor, a deeper sense of truth, and more self-respect than most of the men I have

Muriel opened her lovely eyes wide in sur-

"Why, my dear child, how could you in such a very short time have gained any knowledge whatsoever of this Mr. Glenmore's true character. You must know a man, know him well too, before you can tell what his sense of truth and honor is, or how much self-respect he has."

Louie's face flushed; her eyes began to

grow dark. "Mamma, one look at a gold piece is enough to tell you that it is gold, 'she said, earnestly. "One look at a true m.n is enough to tell you that he is true."

Muriel smiled as she looked into the flushed, earnest face. "What a little enthusiast you are, Louie! she murmured. "Not all the gold pieces in

circulation are pure gold, though they may look so." "But they do not ring true, mamma," said Louie, simply, "and sooner or later

some one puts them to the test." "And while you are talking, dear, your breakfast is getting stone-cold," laughed red to life there-something which had Muriel, taking up the newspaper which Arundel had left lying on the table, and looking over the marriage and death

notices. But while Louie was absently eating her delicately broiled chicken, she was thinking

about Rey Glenmore. "I am quite sure that if ever he was put to the test he would ring true," she said to herself. "No man with such eyes as his could be untrue to himself, and people who are true to themselves are always true to

the whole world." That evening Louie attended a fashionable German. Why was it that as she entered the brilliantly lighted rooms her eyes wandered eagerly over the masculine faces assembled

there? Had she hoped to see some one who was not there? It would seem so, for a vague feeling of disappointment fell upon her as the evening wore away.

The following night she went to the opera with the Brentwoods, and there was that same wistful look in her eyes as they wandered over the crowded house, the same shadowy sense of disappointment in her heart, as after midnight she sat on the heart-rug alone is her own daintily furnished room and gazed very thoughtfully into the fire. Not even to herself would Louis acknowledge it, yet all the same she had a longing to see Roy Glenmore again.

The third morning after Mrs. Farnum's reception came, and it brought Mrs. Van Alatyne. Bright, animated, and perfectly happy, with no cares, plenty of money, and nothing whatsoever to do but enjoy life, pretty little Mrs. Van Alstyne was one of those ladies-of which, by the way, there are many in fashionable society-who always have something on hand. If it was not a church fair, it was a charity concert, a set of sociables to be organized, a theatre party, a German to celebrate the birthday of some one of her many young lady friends a flower party in honor of some pretty debutante in society. Consequently neither Muriel nor Louie was at all surprised when she announced to them that she was going to give a German in honor of a young lady cousin of hers who was coming from Boston to make her a visit.

"And I came in this morning to ask you if you would not help me to get it up, Louie," she said, talking rapidly, and with numerous pretty little gestures as was her way. "I remnant of a delicate roll which lay beside ty favors, and I thought perhaps you would was right. her plate; and a little fond, proud smile | go with me and select them; and then I do flitted over her face as she continued: "I | not know exactly who to invite. That is the trouble of having a large circle of acquaintces, one does not really know who one's intimate friends are. Now, Louie, listen while I read over a list of names I have, and see if you think I have forgotten any one who ought to be invited."

Thereupon Mrs. Van Alstyne took out a little Russia leather bound note-book, and while she and Louie consulted between them, Muriel looked on with a smile.

"There! I am sincerely glad that is all settled," murmured Mrs. Van Alstyne, shutting her note-book with a sigh of relief. "I am so much obliged to you, Louie for reminding me of Alma Haybrook; for some reason or other I had entirely forgotten her, and the Haybrooks, root and branch, would have considered it an unpardonable insult had I neglected to invite her. And now, Louie, who do you think I want you to take for your partner?"

"I am sure I don't know," laughed Louie. "I hope and trust it isn't Howard King, for he does waltz so horribly, although, poor fellow, I suppose he ought not to be blamed for what he evidently cannot help."

"Do you think I would give you him?" said Mrs. Van Alstyne, merrily. "No, indeed. You remember the gentleman I introduced you to the other evening at Maude Farnum's reception, don't you, a Mr. Glenmore? Well, Louie you, will do me a great favor if you will take him for your part-

A faint flush crept over Louie's fair

"Certainly I will," she murmured, bending her head suddenly over Mrs. Van Alstyne's horribly ugly little English pug dog which that lady carried everywhere with her, and which, after running, or rather waddling about the reception room for awhile, had at last allowed Louie to take him on her lap where he lay scowling viciously, after the manner of his kind.

"You see," continued Mrs. Van Alstyne, "Roy Glenmore is not acquainted with many of our set - he knows very few of the young ladies. He dined with us last evening, and when I told him I should insist upon his coming to this German, he said probably he had never met one of the young ladies I intended to invite. I told him he had met one of them at least, and that if he would promise me he would come I would promise him that one for a partner. He remembered you perfectly, Louie and said in his quiet way, 'If Miss Anthon is willing to take me for a partner, I shall be very glad to come."

The flush deepened upon Louie's face, her small head drooped lower over the petted little animal which lay half asleep in her

"Who is he, anyway, Kate?" asked Mu-

riel, a little anxiously. "I knew you would ask that," laughed Mrs. Van Alstyne; then more seriously, "Who is he, Muriel? He is, without exception, the noblest, truest young man I have ever met. Mr. Van Alstyne brought him to the house. He is connected with some banking-house down-town, and Harry met him and liked him so much, that he brought him home with him one evening, because he wanted to have me meet him. That was early in the fall, and since then he has been to our house very often. Both Mr. Van Alstyne and I have really an affection for him-no one could help liking him; he has some magnificent qualities, and he is so different from most of the young

The same thing Louie had said of him There was an earnest light in the girl's brown eyes; she liked Mrs. Van Alstyne better than she had ever liked her before, because she had spoken so warmly of the man of whose life she, Louie, knew nothing, whom she had never met but once, with whom she had only spoken a few words, yet of whose nobility and truth she was so sure.

"But the family!" murmuced Muriel, hesitatingly, evidently not quite satisfied. "Are the Glenmores people of wealth and good social position?"

"My dear Muriel, I really cannot tell you anything about the Glenmore family : I only know that Roy has neither parents, sister, nor brother; that his uncle, who, I believe, is his sole relative, is one of the firm of Disbrow & Co.; it used to be R. P. Morehead & Co., but since Mr. Morehead's death, his son-in-law, Mr. Disbrow, has been the head of the firm. That is all I know about Roy Glenmore's family, and I don't care to know anything more; he is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and one more waltz." The music was exquisit makes no difference to me what his grand- itely lovely—soft, melting, dreamy; they parents were. After all, Muriel," and Mrs. Van Alstyne laughed, "What does it amount to, anyway, who one's dead and with some one else, with a vague regret, gone ancestors were? We have to do with too, that the same one was not Roy Glenthe living, not with the dead; and, besides | more. I think with Tennyson that

Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood. Although, for aught I know to the contrary

Roy Glenmore may have Norman blood in his veins." The time came when Mrs. Van Alstyne remembered those words of hers.

Glenmore may have Norman blood in his

"I do not agree with you, Kate," said Muriel, firmly. "I think it makes a vast | falls short. difference who, as you say, one's dead and gone ancesters were. You cannot expect to gather grapes from thistles, nor find in wild flowers the same fragrance that you do in cultivated ones. Blood will tell, and neither my husband nor myself would ever consent to Louis marrying any man of whose antecedents we were not perfectly sure, o whose family we had not thorough knowledge."

"You eught to have been born in England," returned Mrs. Van Alstyne, goodhumoredly; "your ideas are entirely too aristocratic for an equal born American woman. Run and put your things on, Louie, we will go and order those German favors this morning. You need not wait lunch for her, Muriel; we will have our lunch somewhere."

It was a very thoughtful face that looked back at Louie Anthon as she stood before the mirror in her own room and tastened on | not do for himself, and it will appear that it her dainty little hat.

"I do not think mamma is quite right," she said to herself. "It seems to me that friend is more than himself. it is not birth that makes a man, but worth -true, honest worth."

idly reducing to a tiny heap of crumbs the want to have quaint and odd as well as pret- it, my friend, but it seems to me that Louie

CHAPTER XXXI.

Why it was she antimpated this German of Mrs, Van Alstyne's with more glad excitement than she had done any entertainment so far that season Louie did not ask herself. Nor did she question why she gave the subject of her dress for that evening more careful thought than was usual for her. She generally left the designing of her pretty toilets to her mother; this time she had her own ideas as to the combination of colors and materials, which she insisted upon having carried out to the letter. The result met with even Muriel's sincere approval-and Muriel was a connisseur in matters of dress-the exquisitely lovely toilet had a dash of originality about it which made it simply charming.

"Really, Louie, I think I shall let you design my next dress for me," said Muriel, laughingly, when this creation of feminine thought and skill had been sent home from the dressmaker's. "This one of yours looks as though an artist had designed it. Worth himself could not have gotten up anything prettier."

The night of the German came—a clear, frost night, with the nearly full moon hanging like a huge silver lamp in the dark blue heavens. Very carefully Louie made her toilet; never had she been more particular as to the arrangement of her soft curls, the placing of her flowers. She certainly ought to have been satisfied—and I think she was -when the last bracelet had been clasped, the last flower disposed of, for no mirror ever reflected a lovelier face, a more daintily clad form.

"I think I will do, mamma," she murmured, with a little low, pleased laugh, as she turned from the mirror and took up her ermine-lined cloak.

"I think you will, dear," said Muriel, with a smile, thinking to herself, "There will be no one there so lovely as my Louie, my little girl." And the French maid, left alone in the room, said to herself, as she gathered up the little accessories which ay scattered about on Louie's dressing table.

"Mademoiselle Louie, she is more than tres jolie; she is what in my country they call ravissant."

There were many exquisitely dressed young ladies and faultlessly attired young men assembled in Mrs. Van Alstyne's brilliantly lighted parlors when Louie entered

them. There were flowers and music, and there was Roy Glenmore-Roy, whose handsome face was a trifle paler than usual, as he took in his own the little gloved hand Louie extended to him. Of course everybody knows what a German is; and though this of Mrs. Van

though the favors were exquisite, the music | eray used to call the "Englishman's Bible." it through with him?

slowly up and down the parlors and through the wide hall, wandered into a small room which Mrs. Van Alstyne had devoted to a rare collection of foreign photographs and

They were standing side by side before a curiously carved table, Louie idly turning over the pages of an album, Roy, his eyes fastened upon the lovely face which was like a flower in its exquisite coloring. when the musicians struck up a waltz in answer to some one's petition for "just had played that same waltz once before that evening, and Louie had danced it

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORSELS FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLA-TION

If you wish to be as happy as a king look at those who haven't as much as you, not at those who have more.

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary, he who imitates what is good always

An observing person says "Some men are like an umbrella with a crook handle. They are always langing around in out-of-theway places, and are never to be found when ** they are wanted."

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden ef the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than men can bear.

Youth will never live to age without t keep themselves in breath with exercise, 2 in heart with joyfnlness. Too much think ing doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves to do the effect of his think-

The best way to discover the manifold uses of friendship is to cast about and see how many things there are which a man canwas a sparing speech of the ancients to say that "a friend is another himself," for a

There is no more fatal mistake than that of drawing sharp lines between pleasure and And I do not know what you think about | duty, and relegating the one to the lower nature, and confining the other to the higher. They are meant to go hand in hand, purifying and sweetening the whole of our nature and the whole of life. What we need is, not to limit, but to extend the realm of each, so that duty may become a pleasure, and pleasure may be seen to be a duty.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth and power a pageant, but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment-perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performances of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spares no expense; looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, encircles the globe, explores sea and land; contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sumblime; no place to remote for its grasp, no heavens too exalted for its reach.

Intelligence in Animals.

Mr. Romanes remarks in his book that there are few recorded instances of intelligence in bears; the following facts may therefore be worth recording: In the Clifton Zoological Gardens there are two temale polar bears, between 21 and three years old, which came here quite young. One of these shows remarkable intelligence in cracking cocoanuts. A nut was thrown to day in the tank; it sank a long way, and the bear waited quietly till after some time it rose a little out of her reach. She then made a current in the water with her paw, and thus brought it within reach. This habit has already been noticed several times in polar bears. She then took it on shore and tried to break it by leaning her weight on it with one paw. Failing in this, she took the nut between her fore paws, raised herself on her hind legs to her full height, and threw the nut forward against the bars of the den, 3 or 4 feet off. She then again leaned her weight on it, hoping she had cracked it, but failed again. She then repeated the process, this time successfully. The keeper told me she employed the same method to break the legbone of a horse. That this is the result of individual experience, and not of instinct, is clear from the fact that her companion has not learned the trick of opening them thus, nor could this one do it when she first came. The method of throwing it is precisely similar to that adopted by the Cebus monkey described by Mr. Romanes. - Na-

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The Fate Which has Befallen Some Historic Ones.

All is not gold that glitters, even in Alstyne's was an exceptionally brilliant one, Burke's Peerage, that volume which Thackperfect, still probably to a great many of A descendant of the Plantagenets was not the young people who were present it was long since living at a laborer at Kettering. very like other fashionable Germans. But | The name had become shortened to Plant. to Louie Anthon it was totally unlike any | The descendants of another royal stock, the other German she had ever attended. She | Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I, are to said to herself, "It is because the music is | be found in very humble occupations. One so lovely, and Mr. Glenmore is such a per- | was a butcher at Hales Owen, Mr. Joseph fect waltzer." Was it only because Roy | Smart; another, George Wilmot, kept the Glenmore was such a superb waltzer that, | turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank near Dudwhen with his arm around her, her head al- ley. Another descendant of a royal line, of most touching his breast, they floated down | the blood of the Duke of Gloucester, fifth the long room together, a sense of happiness | son of Edward III. was the late sexton of crept over Louie? Was it only because they St. George's, Hanover Square, London. never once got out of step that there was a | There are many descendants of ancient vague, unlanguaged wish in her heart that | families in humble life, while pretenders and life was one long waltz, and she could dance | rich parvenus assume the names. Very few of the peers are the lineal representatives of Before the evening was half over she felt old houses. The Percy is a Smithson, Paget well acquainted with him, as though they is a Bailey, Marlborough is a Spencer, not a had known each other for a long time. Still, | Churchill; Coke Earl of Leicester, is not a although she could and did talk to him | Coke, but a Roberts; Earl Lucie is not a without a particle of embarrassment, though | Moreton, but a Reynolds. It is said that he seemed to have the power of drawing | not five hundred "county families" in Engout in words her prettiest, brightest fancies, land can trace their pedigree beyond the she did not very eften dare to look straight | time of the roll of Battle Abbey, but it is up into his face, for something in those now known that the monks had no more dark, earnest eyes made her breath come scruples of conscience in interpolating a more quickly, hrought a mush upon her name to please the ambitious and powerful of their day, than a modern herald or seal-At last the German came to a close, and engraver at giving a retired grocer or broker Roy Glenmore and Louie, having walked any number of quarterings on the aims he may be willing to pay for.

A Kindly Man.

A young physician informed a pretty lady patient, who was suffering feom chronic sore throat, that the only sure cure for it was a

"That's of no interest to me," she replied. "I've got no beard." "True," he replied, gallantry, "but you can use mine rs often as you want to."

They were married a few months later. Mr. Grant, of Valley Plain, Marion Co.,

Ga:, has a curiosity in a calf 4 weeks old. that has no hair, is of a brown color and very much resembles a young elephant in appearance.