If the Rector of Chelston could cut out, obliterate, forget one short year of the forty five he has lived he might be a happy man; or as happy as a mortal may be, who recognizes the responsibilities and duties of

His living is a rich one. He has no do mestic worries or aggrieved parishioners. He is of good family-so good that he takes his place among the county people as much by right as by courtesy. In spite of his grave, not to say austere, manners, he has won the love of his parishioners and friends; and if the world he rules spiritually is a little one, his writings have carried his name far beyond it. Certainly the Rev. Percival Blake is a successful man and could that one year be forgotten might be a happy one.

The story of the year he would consign to

oblivion is this: Ten years ago, at half-past six o'clock on the 31st of December, the stars were shining brightly; at eight o'clock the congragation coming out of Chelston Church found a heavy snow-storm raging. The wind had changed. An army of dark clouds had hurried up and was attacking the earth so furiously that already everything within range was white with snow.

The Rector's mother, a lady of stately presence, came down the aisle attended by her two daughters. She paused to address a few reproachful words to the sexton, respecting the low temperature inside the church; then passed into the porch, which was full of members of the congregation preparing to fight their way home through the unexpected snow-storm. Wishing all present a happy new year, the ladies wrapped their cloaks around them, and at a brisk pace went up the lane which led to the Rectory.

There was warmth and comfort. The reflection of a roaring fire danced on every polished oak panel of the dining-room. Mrs. Blake and her daughters gathered round the blaze like priestesses round an altar; and the bell was rung to show they were ready for tea.

It was a week day. The service had been held to mark the last day of the year. The rector, a sensible man, disapproved of midnight services. His flock were better in bed at such an hour. So he had given them the ordinary evensong, and preached a short suitable sermon. His work over, he was expected home every moment.

The tea came, but not the rector. The cozy was put on the teapot,, and the hot cakes placed inside the fender. The ladies sat toasting the meelves and discussing who were and who were not at church.

Presently Selina, the youngest daughter. locked out of the window and reported that the lights of the church were extinguished. It was decided that Percival had gone on some errand of charity, so the ladies began tea without him Mrs. Blake was filling the cups for the second time when the missing rector entered.

Percival Blake was above middle height, and strongly but not clumsily built. face must be described by a word which would convey more than "andsome"-it was a fine face. If now, and when in repose, it wore an expression of contented indolence, it was, nevertheless, the face of a man from whom something out of the com-

mon might be expected. The truth is, his life had been far too uneventful and easy. He possessed abilities which had never yet been fully called forth; he was capable of passion that had never yet been arcused. The sharp spurs of ambition had not yet gered his flanks. This may be understood when one knows that at thirty he was Rector of Chelstonand even now, at thirty-five, he had not met

the woman he could love. Young as he was when the late rector, his father, died, his succession was a matter beyond question. The living of Chelston belongs to Lord Keynsham, and, as all the county knows, Percival's father was Lord Keynsham's first cousin. That the young clergyman was to stand in his father's shoes had been settled long ago. He had been brought up to do so as surely as a mer-

chant's son is brought up to enter his busi-

So the boy was as prenticed to the trade. There was no question as to his fitness for the sacred office. The fact of his being his father's son settled this. He himself accepted his position as a matter of course, and after a creditable career at Oxford, settled down to do duty as his father's curate.

He was a conscientions man, and did his work well. But his life had been made too simple, too easy for a man of his powers. It seemed all arranged : beginning, middle, and end.

His father died. He took his place, his mother and sisters living on at the rectory, and looking after the needs of the parish even as they did in his father's reign. At first they supposed Percival would marry; after a year or two they believed, prhaps hoped, he would not; now they koked upon him as cut out for a bachelor, and felt pretty sure of their tenure.

"You are late, my dear," said Mrs. Blake, as the young rector took his scat. "Yes; and cold and hungry too."

They ministered to his creature comforts. He drank his tea and ate his muffins with gusto.

"Your strmon was very powerful." said Mrs. Blake. "At times I think you preach almost up to your poor father's level.". "Thank you," said Percival, suppressing

a smile. Preaching had not been his predecessor's

forte. "Percival," said Maria, his eldest sister. "did you notice a lady in black? She sat-

in the south aisle." Tae laity may be confiding, but a clergyman's mother and sisters know he is able, and often ready, to take stock of his con-

gregation. The rector had noticed her.

"We feel sure she is the person who has just come to the Hollies."

"she is. She told me so." "Told you so! When?"

Taree pairs of astonished eyes gazed at

the rector. "It is on her account I am late! Just as I was leaving the church, old Jones told me a lady had slipped on the snow and sprained her ankle. I picked her up and arried her into the vestry." "You carried her! Couldn't you have

left that to Jones-if necessary?" "My dear mother! She is a fine young wo nan, weighing about twelve stone. Jones is past seventy, and getting shaky."

This answer was unanswerable.

"Well ?" asked Mrs, Blake, severely. or some conveyance. I tried a little amateur surgery.

"Alone with her in the vestry?" Her maid was there. A poor helpless creature, more hindrance than use."

H. lpless or not, Mis. Blake was relieved at hearing about the maid. "Was it a real sprain ?" she asked suspiciously. "The ankle was swollen to an enormous

size. I was obliged to cut her boot cff." "Oh 1" gasped Mrs. Bake.

"I ascertained that no bones were broken, bathed it with cold water, and bound it up, in a most workmanlike way. Then Jones and the cab came. I saw my patient home, and here I am."

The Rector of Chelston bathing and binding up a young woman's ankle in the vestry was more than Mrs. Blake could stand, | er?" She rose from her seat and gave her son her ideas on the subject

"All I can say is that carrying beautiful young women into vestries, attending to their ailments, and taking them home, is, in my opinion, an unclerical, if not a disreputable, proceeding.

The rector's cheek flushed, but he checked the hot retort which rose to his lips; still his voice and manner showed there was limit to maternal authority and his own patience.

"I did not say she was beautiful. would have done the same for the oldest just as well you should be correctly inform Good- | ed yourself." and ugliest of my congregation night. I am going to my study."

The ladies looked blank; the more so when the hours passed without his reappearing. It was their custom at the Rectory to watch the old year out, and exchange good wishes as the clock struck twelve. Mrs. Blake grew very fidgety as midnight drew near, and was trying to bring herself to go to her son and ask his pardon. But Percival spared her this by returning of his own accord.

"Mother," he said, "you sp ke hastily. But it is the last night of the year; let us

Mrs. Blake melted. on your account." He laughed.

"I am old enough to look after myself." "Yes, my dear. But, Percival, who is

"I told you. Mrs. Russell, the lady just come to the Hollies.' "But who is she? No one knows any-

thing about her. She may be an adventures :." "Adventuresses are not likely to come to Chelston. Besides, we heard she bought the house, and I suppose has paid for it.

'Is she a lady?" asked Selina—"lady"

bore a very high meaning with the Blakes. "Undoubtedly. You can ca'l and judge for yourselves. Mrs. Blake made no objection to calling. Unless there was something known against

her, the new arrival was entitled to a call from the Rectory folks. Bisides, Mrs. Blake, still much troubled by the vestry episode, wanted to see Mrs. Russell and form her own opinions.

Twelve o'clock struck, and after the usual good wishes the family party sep Erated.

"What will the new year bring?" said the rector, as he undressed himself. much change so far as Chelston is concerned. That was a very beautiful weman," London. I have no friends, no relations. he added.

The next morning, in spite of the four irches of snow, Percival Blake felt bound to walk to the Hollies and inquire after his new parish:oper. The Hollies, a mediumsized house, at lod in about half an acre of garden on the outskirts of Chelet in village. At the back were meadows and through the meadows ran the deep Chelston brock or river, as the inhabitants were pleased to call it. The Rectory was half a mile from the Hollies. and Parcival, as he walked the distance, had time to wonder why a beaut . ful young woman like Mrs. Russell should choose Ch. Iston as an abode. Not that society was wanting, provide tone was duly sccredited. But the country people are rigialy exclusive, and few enter the circle on their own merits. The impression Mrs. Russell had given the rector was that of a weman who would scarcely le contented with the society of the doctor's an I lawyer's wives and caughters, much less with that of the respectable farmers' women-kind.

Mis. Rissell was better. She was up, and would be glad to see Mr. Blake. The rector tesitated-thinking of his snowcalled toots-but after some vigorous work with scraper and door mat, decided to at he might venture into a drawing room, so he followed the servant to Mrs. Ressili and his fate.

His first thought was that, high as he had ranked her beauty, he had under-estimated But then he had seen her in the dimly. lighted vestry, and while she was suffering great pain. Now!

An artist should have painted her! A sculptor should have fired that attitude immovably in marble! She lay on a couch wiceled found by the fire. Her pose was tull of that grace which appeals so clo quently to the eye capable of appreciating beauty and symmetry of form Is was unstudied and natural, yet full of dignitv. Moreover, the classical parity of her styl: wis bound to tell a pon a man of Percival Blake's good taste. Adventitious aids she had noue. The thick cark stining hair was co:led simp'y on the well-proportioned head. H r dress was plain black, but fitting her so as to show every line of that splendid figure. The dark eyes, lishes and eyebrows looked darker, the bright red lips redder, from the contrast of the white face White, but, if such words can convey th ider, warm white. If co'or was wanting on the cheek, no one would call her pale; her complex on spoke of warmth, life and

And Percival marveled again that such a creature should bury herself in such a place as Chelston.

e greeted him smilingly. She gave shapen, but not diminutive. A tiny hand | with all the strength of his really strong would have been a deformity with a woman of her splendid build. She thanked him for his last night's kindness He hoped she was better, and complimented her on sisters, everything faded into insignificance on her fortitude. After this light skirmish | beside it. Life without that one woman's of pretty sayings they settled down to general conversation.

She was animated; she was natural; she | Chelston loved at last-loved as only one questioned the rector about the parish, the church, the schools, the neighborhood, and not the sparkling transient emotion of a other subjects which are clerical specialties. Ten their conversation became more eclectic-literature. music, painting, even poli-

tics. After a little while the rector found "Jones went to the Red Lion for a cab, himself discussing and arguing, as if her opinion carried weight. As the Rev. Per. cival had a low opinion of the intellectual powers of women in general, this was great compliment to Mrs. Russell.

The minutes passed pleasantly. the rector felt that, so far as time was con cerned, the obligations of duty and politeness had been discharged. He showed signs of leave-taking.

"Spare me a few m nutes more," said "And Mrs Russell. "I have something to say." He reseated himself willingly enough.

"I suppose you are all puzzling your heads about me," she said gravely; "your mother and sisters, for instance?"

This direct attack confused the rector. "Chelston is a little place," he said. 'And, like all little places," she continu-"much exercised about a new com-

"As you use the phrase, I may as well say it is the right one. "Well, Mr. B'ake, I have no wish to be an object of curiesity or suspicion. In a

village, the Rectory-not perhaps, the rector-is of en the headquarters of gossip." Percival laughed; but remembering his mother and sisters, dared not deny the charge. Mrs. Russell looked at him with her great dark eyes, and smiled as she raw

how correctly she had judged. "I am right, then ? Well, Mr. Blake, if you are expected to give information, it is

"But I have no wish to know. It is not | her ! my business."

She sbrugged her shoulders, and just | end this.' raised her eyebrows. The actions were, perhaps, bordering on ecquetry. Mr. Blake at once caught their meaning. His disclaimer of curiosity was not flattering to the fair woman beside him. He hastened to "I mean. if I can be of service; please com-

mand me." He wondered at the eggerness of his own

nanner. She smiled. "I should like this to be known," she

said. "I have no wish for society, and I "Oh, Percival, it was only from anxiety bring no credentials. My story is this: My father was a well to do merchant in Liverpool. His name was Bennett, My mother died when I was an infant. I was an only child, and was utterly spoiled. My father's kindness I repaid by marrying a man whom he particularly disliked. My husband died three years ago; my father shortly afterward. He forgave me on his death-bed, and left me all he had to leave .. He might well forgive me. I had long be fore repented of my obstinacy and folly."

A hard look came into her eyes as she poke. "You were unhappy?" said the rector,

y mpath zingly. "More than unhappy-poor, unhappy, and-ill treated. But that concerns no one save myself."

She was silent. Her eyes looked far away. Her lips hardened and grew thin with a bit'er smile. Percival Blake, watching her, knew she had a past she would fain

"Thank you for your confidences," he said. "You are right, living in a small inquisitive world, to publish your anteced. ents. I shall tell the busy-bodies as much as seems good to me. And you really meato live at Chelston?" he continued.

"I think so. I hated the loneliness of The fit seized me to try the country. I saw this house advertised. Cleiston was the same to me as another place. So here I am, with a faithful old servant to lock after

"You will find it terribly dull." "One may be dull, yet fairly happy. can amuse myself. I am fond of reading, of painting, of music. Perhaps, when you k now me better, you will find me something

"Anywar, we must try and keep you

no v." sa'd the rector, gallantly. Then he trok his leave, and went to perform L si agreeable if le s dangerous duties, He dared not confess to himse'f how greatly his interest had been awakened by the str.nge, uncommon beauty of this woman. But he dimly understood how it might be rossible for a man to forsak; friends, duty-even creed-for the sake of some one whom he pictured as not unlike his new parishioner. He was nearer to his fate than

re imagined. His account of his morning's exploits spread consternation through the rectory. With discreditable want of tact he praised Mrs Russell to the skies. His mother and sister; at once took the alarm Percival, after all, might not be cut out for a bachelor. Tie joint regency was threat mednot by one who would be a suitable spouse for the Rector of Carlston, but by a terribly beautiful young widow about whom ro

(nº knew anything! Nevertheless, they called at the Hollies, and Mrs. Blake's heart sunk as she saw tnat Percival had not been led astray by the glamonr of good looks when he declared that Mrs. Russell was a lady. Maria and Selina, the rector's sisters, two plain, middleaged women, who had outlived envy of another's personal charms, rather inclined to the new-comer; but their mother was She shook her head ominous obdurate.

"There is a mystery," she said. "There is something wrong with that woman; I have a presentiment."

Mrs. Blake's presentiments were not things to be trifled with.

However, a kind of reserved friendship sprung up between the ladies. Mrs. Blake looked upon it as an a-med truce, under cover of which she could better protect her son from the allurements of this mysterious siren.

But unhappily that son began to manifest a strength of will and determination to walk his own way, and, moreover, walked that way so far and so openly that the folks about Chelston began to t.lk; but even that troubled the rector very little.

He had long left off deceiving himself. His lim her hand; it was white and weil- fate had met him. He loved this woman nature, and was striving, in deadly earnest. to make her love him. H's passion had swept away all domestic barriers. Mother, life was worthless. The touch of her hand. the look of her dark eyes, the sound of her Certainly a most interesting woman! musical voice, thrilled him. The Rester of man out of a thousand can love. His was boy-not the dotage of the septuagenarian -it was the ardent glowing passion of a man—the love of a lifetime !

He blamed bimself bitterly for this com. p'ete surrender to one dominant passion, He saw what dangers he might be lal intorn was herness against his fate. His unhealthy state of mind was clearly shown him whilst he was engaged in the perfor. mance of a peculiarly painful duty. A son of one of his parishioners had murdered his sweetheart. He was now lying in the county jail under sentance of death. It was reported that he was callous and imp nitent. His father, with tears in his eyes, begged Percival Blake to visit his boy and try and save his guilty soul. The criminal had once been the brightest of the village hoys and a great favorite of Perciv: l'e. Perhaps his pleading might succeed where another's failed. The rector at once visited the jail, and tried all his powers of persussion to bring the convict to a proper frame of mind. But his labor was vain. The young man was quiet and respectful. He regretted the necessity for the deed, but not the deed itself.

"I loved her." he said sullenly. "No other man should have her. I would do it again rather."

Percival prayed and reasoned without moving him an atom. But the murderer at last turned to him and said :

"You've never loved a girl like I did, Mr. Blake, or you'd have done just the same." · Percival Blake turned rale. The thought struck him like a bullet—the man was speaking the truth. He-even he, the Rector of Chelston-would kill his love rather than another man should have

"God belp me!" he groaned. "I must

So one bright afternoon in April he walk ed over to the Hollies and told Phil ppa Russel he loved her. He spoke fierce'y and e'ernly, almost like one under compulsion In fact, he all but commanded her to return his love, and perhaps she liked him nore the less for his masterful bearing.

She looked particularly lovely that after noon. Although living in solitude, she was always well drassed. Had she anticipated the visit and wished to hasten the avowal. she could not have attired herself more effectively. The man must be ultra fastidious who could find a single fault in her pergonal appearance-or so thought the rector

as he waited her answer. For a while she was silent. She stood with her white fingers interlaced. Her downcast eyes gave her wooer no sign, but a wave of color crossed the healthy pallor of her cheek. Then she raised her eyes and her look set every pulse in his body throhbing. In another moment he would have thrown his arms around her.

But she cheeked him, although she still gazed at him. She spoke; her words were strange, but there was something in her voice which as yet he had never detected

"Tell me how much you love me!" she

"I cannot," he whispered. In truth, he dared not even tell himself. "Tell me how much you love me!" she reit rated.

"Far above any being in the world." A scornful smile made her look even more beautiful. 'Spare me the ordinary lover's protestations. But stay," she continued, with a

marvelous change of voice and manner. "I am treating you unfairly. Percival, listen. I love you! I love you!" She leaned a little way toward him. The action was unmistakable. His arms were

round her; his lips on her lips. From that moment life held but one thing for the Rector of Chelston. "Tell me; tell me now, Percival," whisp:red Pailippa, as she lay passive in his

Even then there flashed across him that scene in the jail. If he spoke the truth he need seek no further for a fitting simile. He bent his head, and whispered in a strange

hoarse voice: "I love you even as that young man just hanged loved. I would kill you rather than you should love another."

She laughed deliriously. "Sweet, sweet love !" she cried. "I believe you! I love you!' Then she laid her head on his shoulder

and sobbet. He adorad her, yet he feared her. He was her master, vet her slave. She had wrung wor's from him which no man, certainly no clergyman, should dare to say; but she had told him and shown him she loved him . He led her to a seat, and, now that the victory was his, began to count the that the capacity for se'f-conquest may have

"We will be married to n, dearest," he

She pressed her hands to her forehead. "I did not promise to marry you," she The rector wondered if he heard aright.

"Philippa, what do you mean?" he "You asked me if I loved you. I an-

swered truly. For the rest, you took me by surprise. Come to morrow or the next But why. What is your meaning?

You love me, and of course you will marry She clasped her hands, then once more

pressed them to her brows. "I am telling lies," she said. "It was surprise to me. For weeks I have pictured this moment. Percival, there shall be no deceit between us."

"None on my part," he answered grave-"And none on mine. I said. 'Come tomorrow.' One day of pleasant dreaming-

one day of your love-seemed worth having To-day and to-morrow are the same. Sweet love, I love you! Hold my hand-listen-and He obeyed with a white face. She spoke for some minutes in a low voice. The

gravity of her communication was shown by the change which the rector's face and bearing underwent. Save by one or two smothered exclamation, he did not interrupt her, and when she had finished speak. ing, sat silent and motionless. She craw her hand from his and rose. His eyes followed her, and at last. with dry lips, he whispered: "This is the truth?"

"This is the truth," she said, moving to ward the door. 'Farewell. I leave here tomorrow."

Their eyes met. A shiver ran through the this also says that the worm is a provision of man's strong frame. Then, like one who nature whereby the beans are distributed makes, for good or ill, a sudden resolution and become planted. Dropping from the he eprung to his feet

"What do I care?" he cried, "I love until they fall into crevices in the ground, you. I cannot live without you. Let it be where they are imprisoned and may take all forgotten, or borne together."

Once more he embraced her. She made no resistance, no attempt to conceal the jay his desistance, But presently drawings little away from him, she said :

Percival, if you give my your love in spite of all, it must be forever. Nothing "It is for ever. Nothing shall purt ma" An hour afterwards the rector walked

Philippa Russell had c nsented to be his (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

home, and informed his mother that

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

WHY NEGROES ARE BLACK.

Surgeon Maj. N. Alcock has contributed to Nature an interesting communication as to why the tropical man is black, in which which he auggests that as the lowest animal pigment cells placed behind a transpar. ent nerve termination exalt its vibration to the highest pitch, the reverse takes place when, as in the negro, the pigment-cells are placed in front of the nerve terminations. and that the black pigment in the skin serves to lessen the intensity of the nerve vibrations that would be caused in a naked body by exposure to a tropical sun; that, in fact, the pigment plays the same part as a piece of smoked glass held between the sun and the eye.

THREE MILES ABOVE THE SEA.

A recent traveller in Asia, Mr. Webber. states that in the mountains of Thibet he has lived for months at the height of more than 15,000 feet above the ocean with the following results: His pulse, normally sixty. three beats per minute, seldom fell below 100 beats per minute during the time te lived at that altitude. His respirations were often twice as numerous as under crimary circumstances: a run of 100 yards would quicken both pulse and respirations more than a run of 1 000 yards would at the sea-

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE,

A'though there are few tongues that are not represented in newspaper literature, an enormous majority are published in four languages. As a matter of course, English heads the list, inasmuch as English-speaking races have peop'ed North America and Australasia The German races rank second, the French third, the Spanish fourth. The proport on is as follows: English 16,. 500 publications; German, 7,350; French, 3 850; Spanish, 1 650.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

An inventor writing to the "Scientific American" proposes to revolution ze the present system of cultivating the earth. He describes a machine that is rigged with a large windmill sails. has a tiller for steering, will travel up hill or down, and with the wind in any direction. A full-sized one of sixty-hore power may be depended upon to draw ten ploughs four miles an hour. with but one man in attendance. It will also harrow, and furnish the power to sow, reap, and mow, thrash, grind, or carry loads to market or irrigate lands. Will travel ten miles an hour in any direction and carry twenty passengers, provided there is a good breeze. The machines are not expansive to build.

The Hyprocrisy of the Face. An Italian author, Signor M. P. Mante. gazza, professor of natural history at the Musuem of Florence, has just contributed a very remarkable volume to the list of scientific works. Mantegazza's work is devoted to the subject of human phy icgnomy and the expression of the emotions; it deals very amply with one very interesting question-whether it is possible to mask one's feelings by force of will so completely as to deceive the keepest and most experienced observer. Civilized, and even uncivilized peoples, have been steadily training themselves to master all outward signs of emotions as far back as history records—the fashionable man of Paris, London or St. Petersburg tries to appear as impassive as a god; the American, less hyprocritical, aims nevertheless to cultivate something of Indian gravity and stoicism. What are the results of the long continued effort of man to master feeling and to hide what Nature seeks to express under all circumstances They are sometimes very wonderful; but

M. Mantegezza does not believe they are ever wholly successful-notwithstanding increased steadily through generations. Woman succeeds, indeed, better than min; and the uninitiated may be deceived by either, but the experienced physiologist can never be wholly duped by the immobility of a face or the tearlessness of an eye.

How to Increase the Pleasure of Eating.

In his essay on "The Pleasure of Eating, Count Rumford says: "The pleasure enjoy" ed in eating depends-first, on the agreeablences of the taste of the food; and, secondly, upon its power to effect the palate. Now, there are many substances extremely cheap, by which very agrecable tastes may be given to food, particularly when the hasts or nutritive substance of the food is tasteless, and the effect of any kind of palatable solid food (of meat, for instance), upon the organs of taste, may be increased almost indefinitely by reducing the size of the particles of such food, and causing it to act up on the palate by a larger surface. And if means be used to prevent its being swallowed too soon, which may easily be done by m'x. ing it with some hard and tasteless substance such as crumbs of bread rendered hard by toasting, or anything else of that kind, by which a long mastication is rendered neces. sarv, the enjoyment of eating may be great. ly increased and prolonged." He adds that "the idea of occupying a person a great while, and affording him much pless ite at the same time, in eating a small quantity of food, may perhaps appear ridiculous to some, but those who consider the matter atten. tively will perceive that it is very impor-

The secret of the jumping Mexican bean is out. It was discovered on the Constock lode in Nevada. Each bean contains a worm which can uncoil itself with such sidden vehemence that the bean is made to At the door she lingered and looked back. jump. The Nevada newspaper which avers trees which produce them, they jump about

bestital g ents of the Ox W me Soath A imagination bac ring events of There it was ind a bewilder odes, the trag Darius, and the og Alexander. further back, 1 for tir ugh to

ution, and on e once fertile pro or or European Tais D though it is-m kes no: enclasp Yet It is surely that it should s tion of the nine te events of Percian and recall, as odalisques for wh his pavilions of plane trees by th idies who or c mightiest of Bab encumped upon sharea with 10th rer, of fight be who a by Alax ed wien his capta in the surgassing asked as the sm see the stately ci by fire. Here, in jewel nes lain nio perhaps, the som lovely Tna:s held the greatest a my and-who knows at wis her own

rondrous white which all the hos not compass, to great E athian, querer of the wo rcops. Perhaps and it may be th treasury city of (for her amusemen coll guttered in which, the l ge hastened with his hilding, to the be Pillars. Fai cy c gem, for its poss me fact remains nd found, too, u sjustifies much opjures up all the Occo upon a ti

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mned, b. ffl.d, fraid of the venge ed to be taken a istant spct beyo Greece. So they astward until to nd there, in that d the maslves av heir name of Br nici ters of the te Miletus. Yet nt that the a ms em, and, as he olling back the ar cattering the mas right and left, t rus and to this c riests. The venge ruel, and c mple eased to ex st. er enca nped, a acy may dare to his court, pe thenian herselt, ipped off that a ira, the beast of hich awayed the known. It tel rpets and luxur polita Macedo of the country mished the sur erels. No matte e slaves next rgotten, and w e crasment, p le ground, and verer passed or ad fallen, t; be ore than two th e, this imperi rall the man f Ith were too su smile the des r fleu away wit stions—what ha

trifle as a brace Alexander ga place it with of ld ameliit rels enough the Persian auties of Corin lightly forg e M weaonian Mowers, the m amped and tru etents of Tha for us, not on w that jewel v ppened that met lies in ecimen of anci est value; for in personal e left to a seur surpassing s Ana, Greece, emificent in

les is; but t ofor to give ! of rechness of test armlet ends to o at with eagles ny, proba la is not on in N n led, but t