

AND LOST.

CHAPTER X.—(CONCLUDED).

...her face hidden by her hands, and her heart, which beat cold and heavy as a lead...

...the door and fastened it afresh. She had left, and then she sat on the floor, with all the light of her life...

...the morning that the sun shone brightly against the closed windows of the Castle, shrieking and wailing...

...It will be a glorious sight, and I would watch the ship to the last words half to herself.

...Then her mother saw that she was pale, and wondered if the storm had shaken her.

...For the first time in her life there was a little hesitation, a scarcely perceptible change in the old familiar confident tone...

...The surgeon was bending over him when Leonard Hope, set free from his cares for the others, drew near.

...He will surely be able to give it himself. In the meantime he must be removed of course. It is to be the Castle.

...In the confusion which reigned at the Castle for hours after the rescued party were brought in, Leonard Hope found it impossible to speak to Cynthia...

...The date seemed to burn itself into her brain. Then she had wringed him; she had been deceived, as he said, by a trick.

...Cynthia was still staunch and true to her friend. When the Christmas festivities were over at Penmawr, she and Lady Keith would carry Eve Danvers away to sunny Italy...

How Married-Wives Go to Sleep.

There's something going on here, entitled "How the Married-Wives Go to Sleep." The subject is in which they go to sleep, according to the article...

The Hundredth Anniversary of the First Successful Ascent of Mont Blanc.

Many, besides himself, tried in vain to scale it, and among them who tried were some whose names (Balmat, Gachet, Carrier) have become familiar as names of experienced and skilful guides...

FOR NEARLY A CENTURY have established a way to the summit which is now the least difficult. But this single fact illustrates the precarious character of even the most favorable adjacents of Alpine climbing.

Thomas Moul's Predictions. Seven months of the year 1886 have passed away, and the world still wags much as it did in 1885; but, according to an ancient prophecy which has been unearthed by the Petit Montieur...

When a merchant takes an article of goods worth \$4 and marks it at \$7.50 he wants to be understood as selling at a profit of 87.5%.

"Which deer?" says James. "The collar deer," says she. "No," says James. "Well, you had better go down and look it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and looks the deer. About the time James returns and is going to bed she remarks: "Did you shut the stair door?"

Presently his wife says: "James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"Mamma," said Bobby, "I have eaten my cake all up, and Charles hasn't touched his yet. Won't you make him share with me, so as to teach him to be generous?"

Editor (with his teeth chattering)—"I thought so. Did you shut the door behind you when you came in?"

A bartender in the back-room of a country store, in mixing a drink for a customer, accidentally poured in about two tablespoonfuls of turpentine.