The speaker was a young man of perhaps twenty-two or three. He stood carelessly upon his empty aled, directing his oxen by word, or now and then the merest touch of the whip, while he turned partly around to address the man whose sled followed close behind. He was a handsome young fellow and even the the voluminous, and somewhat illfitting wraps with which he was encumbered, could not conceal the easy grace of his

well developed figure. It was bitterly cold. The sled runners creaked upon the snow, icicles hung from the patient oxen's nostrils, and the two men, returning from the village whither they had gone with sleds heavily loaded with wood a few hours before, stamped their feet and slapped their benumbed hands, to keep the

circulation up. "Wall, I dunno, Norman," replied the elder man. "Why?"

"I thought if you wan't goin' to use your place this spring, mebbe we might fix up a trade, so's that I could work it along with

mine." "Wall, p'r'aps we can; stop and have a bite of supper as you go along, and we'll talk it over.

an' by, if you're goin' to be at home."

this cold night," returned Mr. Dunlap. laugh: "Come over, come over, and bring your sister along. We'll all be glad to see you." And then he turned in at the gate of his own farmyard, and Norman Chellis, who lived quicker pace.

he unyoked his oxen and gave them a plentiful supper. He thought he could see how things were going. He did not for horse was ready, did not half like the idea place, if it were not for the opportunity drive nim to the village. such an arrangement would give him for making love to Hetty Dunlap, the farmer's Abbie assured him of her entire willingness Bill. "I've just ben all 'round and got the one child, and he was well pleased to let to do so. such love making go on. For Norman Chellis was a fine young fellow, sensible, offers and as the merry jingle of Norman hurried away out of sight and hearing and kind hearted, a good farmer, and well to do. | Chellis's sleigh bells died in the distance, he | stood disconsolately in the fast deepening He owned a well stocked farm, free from set out on his long, cold walk in the op- twilight leaning against one of the tall maple incumbrance, and it was no secret that his posite direction. sister, who kept house for him, was to be

married in the fall. combined by the marriage of Hetty and shown him marked favor, but he was by no up to him breathless and panting. Norman, it would be a "very handsome means sure of her preference. And it was | "Oh, Mr. Chellis." she gasped. "Sheriff property.'

come and talk it over bime by, so I told he ought not to have done, but he was not ing Norman dazed and confused. him to fetch Abbie aloug."

ened on her cheek. She understood very well why he wanted the sugar place and, sly puss that she was, her, I will make a good husband." felt a little thrill of triumph, as she ad-

mitted the reason to her own heart, "That's his business, not mine," said her if you want to know."

made a great noise clearing away the supper half like him, with his white hands and that the man she loved was occupying a pridishes, as she declared "It was nothing to black beard and soft ways."

up" before the expected guests arrived. Hetty had brought from the cellar a heaping dish of Baldwins, and polished them till their rich red cheeks shone. In the coal pantry a huge pitcher of cider was waiting, and a corn popper and some ears of popcorn lay upon the kitchen table.

Mrs. Dunlap settled herself in her favorite seat before the fire with her knitting work, while Hetty opened her piano and played some of her father's favorite airs. For Farmer Dunlap could refuse this one ewe lamb nothing, and when she set her heart upon a piano, the piano was bought, although he sold one of his finest Morgan horses to raise the money.

While Hetty was playing, there came a knock at the door, and the farmer, nothing doubting that his guests were waiting, hastened to light a candle and let them in. He found, however, that the singing master from the village had walked out to make a friendly call. Now when a young man walks two miles, with the mercury below zero, to call upon a pretty girl, it argues that he is pretty far gone, and the farmer ushered this unexpected visitor in, with a sense of grim amusement as he thought of his coming discomfiture.

Hetty received the new comer with great cordiality, and the two were chatting very merrily when Norman and Abbie Chellis came in, a little later. Norman frowned, as he saw the singing teacher so comfortably established by Hetty's side, and for a few moments a little stiffness settled over the group. There was no good feeling between the two young men. Hetty had gone to the singing school all winter in company with Norman and Abbie Chellis, but Norman had felt obliged to admit that Hetty seemed to care much more for Mr. Thornell's society than she did for his, during the intermission and the brief time for chatting before the opening of the school. Then, too, Mr. Thornell led the choir, so Hetty, who was at the head of the trebles, stood next to him on Sundays, often looking over the same book, while poor Norman, who was a bass singer, was forced to take a back seat, literally as well as figuratively.

It had seemed to him lately that he could never get a chance to see Hetty by herself, and when this evening, on which he had counted so much, he found his rival already in possession of the field, he felt that it was very hard.

Farmer Dunlap took possession of him at once to talk business and settle about the sugar place, a very easy matter, when each man was so desirons of the same result. In fact, the difficulty seemed to be that it was too easy, until Mrs. Dunlap, hearing her husband say :

"Just let us have what we need for our own use, and I shall be satisfied," to which young Chellis replied :

time to interfere. Now, father," she said, " that aint me

people by the piano.

For a time they sang glees and quartettes, throng walked about among the grand old their voices harmonizing sweetly. Then they adjourned to the kitchen, where they popped corn and frolicked until they were tion to eat supper in the woods. "No, tired, and were glad to come back to the no," she said, "est your sugar and doughsitting room and sit down and quietly to eat | nuts up there if you like, but when it comes | had a deep respect for the majesty of the their apples.

"Name my apple," said Hetty, suddenly, to Abbie Chellis, who responded promptly: "Very well, I'll name it Mr. Thornell.

Hetty bent gravely over her plate to count the seeds, and the singing master drew near to help her. Norman was sure that he slyly abstracted one or two; but Hetty was unconscious of it, if it were so, for a real blush deepeded the color on her cheek, as Thornell said triumphantly:

"Eight, they both love." "I'm going to take another," said Hetty, pettishly; "name this one, Abbie."

"Norman," returned Abbie. And again Hetty counted the seeds, as if it were a matter of life and death. Norman Poor fellow, his heart was sore. He had bent forward to make sure there was no hardly had a chance to speak to Hetty all you in the bottom of of the sleigh and cover humble reply. 'He is the paymaster of "Not to night," returned the younger cheating this time. He knew it was non- day. He could not conceal from himself you up with robes, and I'll leave you at universe, sir. His workmen never strike man. "I'm obliged to you, but my supper sense, mere child's play, and yet he felt that she had avoided him. And now to see that little station, near Long Bridge. The wages. He declares a dividend of love. will be waitin' for me. I'll come over by strangely anxious for the result. His heart her so willing to accord to his rival what train from the south will be along in an peace every might and morning, sir. Item beat furiously, his breath came quickly, and "Not much danger of my goin' out agin when Hetty announced with a nervous

> "Five, I cast away," he felt unaccountably depressed.

It was soon nine o'clock. Abbie put on her shawl and nubia, while Norman went half a mile farther on, urged his oxen to a out to get his horse. Farmer Dunlap urged Thornell to "spend the night." "It's a Farmer Dunlap chuckled to himself as long cold walk to the village," he said, " and we've got a plenty of beds." Norman Chellis, coming in to say the

an instant suppose that Norman Chellis of his rival's sleeping at the Dunlap farm, would have any desire to take his sugar and he volunteered, cordially enough, to

"Abbie can wait here," he said, and But the singing teacher declined both But Norman did not seem to hear. He iously.

as he strode rapidly over the crisp snow house. He wondered vaguely who she The two farms adjoined, and Farmer path. If Norman felt depressed, he was far | could be, and then, as she drew nearer, he Dunlap often thought that if they could be from being elated. Hetty, it was true, had saw that it was Martha Jackson. She came entirely bad, and although in his mannish | Then, as his ideas began to arrange them-"What does he want of our sugar place, selfishness he was willing to appropriate selves, a fierce joy filled his heart. I'd like to know?" said Miss Hetty, with a Hetty and her patrimony to himself, he should see his rival humbled to the dust. toss of her pretty head, while the color deep- said aloud, as he walked on in the bright This man who had stolen his heart's desire

master to stay to night?" said Mrs. Dunlap, now her happiness must be wrecked. Poor when she had her husband to herself. little girl. He could not save her from her father deliberately. "You must ask him, "Can't you see that he's dangling after fate, but perhaps he could warn Thornell in Hetty? I, for one, don't want to give him | time for him to escape the officers of the

"Well, well, mother," said the farmer, His whole heart was full of pity and tender-The family had seated themselves in the "there ain't no harm done, since he didn't ness for Hetty and his one desire to save sitting-room, the "work" being "all done stay, and I don't believe Hetty is such a Thornell, by means of the information fool as to like a finified fellow like him, Martha Jackson, in her eagerness to be first with his airs and graces, better than she to tell the news had given him. He raised

> lap. "Girls don't know their own minds, best why," and even in the dim light he and they're always taken with something could see the singing master whiten to the

But Hetty lay, far into the small hours, asking her own heart which of the two wooers she loved, and her heart was noncommittal, and would not answer.

the young people met at Farmer Dunlap's. path that leads down to my house, go into It proved to be the last "cold snap" of the one of the barns when you get there and season. Spring came on rapidly after that. | wait till I come. I'll find a way to help you The singing school closed with a grand con- out." cert which put a pretty little sum into the was having a famous "run of sap." Daily as possible he asked: he carried casks of syrup to the Dunlap "Where's the singing master?" and a rain or snow, the poet dons his frouzy cap of the sweet process. But he made no pro. ago," "where did he go to?" &c. gress toward getting his heart's desire. A "He was sitting by Hetty, the last time ed before the host, and Tennyson retires barrier seemed to have risen between them, I saw him," said some one. and he felt that he was indeed losing ground.

Thornell, freed from the care of his sing- berry knoll," said Hetty. ing school, was at the farm constantly. He was singing or playing with Hetty and saying he was nowhere in sight. quently. at dusk, they walked to the sugar | the farmer. camp together, driving poor Norman nearly "O, very sure," returned Hetty, wearily,

wild with jealousy. The young people were gay and happy. sight." Never was clear amber syrup so delicious, never did it wax so delightfully on such clear, white snow. The doughnuts, which him?" Abbie and Hetty had fried to eat with the hot sugar, as antidote to too much sweetness, were crisp and light. Everything which was literally true. was as it should be. A casual looker-on would not have thought that any heavy hearts were hidden in that laughing crowd, but Norman Chellis was utterly wretched, along, all of you," and as the young folks er is coming to-night to make and mend the the singing master was ill at ease, and even

The sugar camp lay in a little valley, sloping to the east, lying behind the Chelnorth hid the Chellis farm-house, and an must have taken this path. other on the south, the home of the Dunlaps

and you can have the rest," thought it was up a lot of things, and we'll eat hot sugar the huge pans for boiling sap.

kind of a way to do business. If Norman was in such a frame of mind that the young folks "Goin' to make sugar this year, neighbor half. You to furnish buckets and spents, bunker?"

When the second half and the secon low felt little enough like merry making he. I've got to go right offerd got a magne to evening. They left the bar, rear the So Mrs. Denisp having cut the Gordian making plans for the see to it. Bill must rake the fire out, and went in to the bootblack's super knot, the matter was speedily settled, and frolic at once. And so it happened that, a I'll get a man here to night if possible. Can't under the stairs to have their nether en Norman was free to join the group of young few days later, the sugar camp rang with afford to stop boiling when there's such a merry voices of young people, and a gay

> to regular meals, you want to have 'em where you can sit down to a table and be ing right in helping Thornell off, but the

Mrs. Dunlap gave up the day to the preparation of an ample meal, and Abbie Chellis sent over her own hired girl in the afternoon | the horse barn. Hurriedly, and in silence to lend a hand, knowing that there would be nothing for her to do at home. And so it order for the night. Norman harnessed happened that the Chellis house was closed Black Bess, his fastest horse, into his most the meek negro, without a particle of and left alone.

The day wore on and it was nearly dusk when Hetty and Mr. Thornell drew away from the merry group and sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, apart from the others. Norman Chellis watched them moodily. was denied to him, was more than he could hour and you can board it and be half way sunshine into the heart, lifts the cloud half way bear. In the dim light he could see Thor. to the States before they get back from the brow, and it lightens the heavy burn nell wrap her shawl more closely about her | the Mills, where they are looking for you." | on the road of life, sir. sap left in the buckets, he strode wrathfully | liabilities. away from the camp, over the hill toward his darling's house.

"Land, you needn't do that," called hull. 'Taint more'n an hour ago."

trees. He saw a woman running towards He thought over the events of the evening | him through the path from the Dunlap

of vital importance to him that he should Stebbins is at the house, an' two men. They As he pushed back his plate, after eating win her. Difficulties were closing around want Mr. Thornell. He's done something a hearty supper of roast pork and apple him on every side. If he could only stave awful, I dunno what, and they'll be right sauce, finishing with a huge piece of mince | them off until Hetty was his wife, he knew | along to arrest him. An' I run up the back pie, the farmer said, carelessly to his wife : that farmer Dunlap would help him for his wa to tell you fore they got here, an' now I "I guess Norman'll be over after a spell. daughter's sake, and once free from his en- must scoot back as fast as I kin, 'fore they He kinder wants to work our sugar place tanglements he would lead a new life. He mistrust where I've been." She diew her this year, along with his'n; and he said he'd had lived fast, had done many things which shawl over her head and hurried away, leav-

from him, was a criminal, a felon, and he had "I do love her, and please God if I win dared to love Hetty. Ah, Hetty! His Mrs. Dunlap to leave the two together, so manager's shoes, as he stood, brush in has heart gave a great throb. She loved Thor-"What possessed you to ask the singing | nell. Her life was bound up in his, and And Hetty tossed her head again and no chances to cut out Norman. I don't law, and so spare her the pain of knowing son cell. All his bitterness had left him. does Norman Chellis, that she's known all his eyes and Thernell stood before him. "I was just going to look for you," he

"That's just the trouble," said Mrs. Dun- said. "The sheriff is after you. You know lips, and he knew it was no false charge that was brought against him. "Listen to me. Follow alone this hollow till you come to the big pine. Then cross over to the other side of the camp. You'll be so far up no-It was in the latter part of February that body'll see you. Then strike into the foot-

Without a word Thornell obeyed, and servant in the house but it is as comfortable master's pocket. Norman Chellis had his Norman sauntered leisurely back to the and pleasant as most households of the same two sugar places in operation, they being camp, coming round the hill just as Farmer class. It is the poet's manners and customs virtually but one, since it was all one piece Dunlap came up the cartroad. He had left which give it its individuality. It is underof woods and even the fence, which once the sheriff at a little distance, he too having stood that visitors do not disturb the great marked the ordinary line between the it in his heart to spare Hetty the sight of man's ways, and that he behaves in precisefarms, had been mostly pulled down. He the arrest. As carelessly and unconcerned by the same manner when he has company as

house, and consulted with Hetty as to clar- dozen voices answered at once, "here," and his frouzier slouch hat, and promenades ifying and sugaring off, and all the details "there," "he was over yonder a minute for an hour or so, none daring to disturb him.

"He went from me around the checker- leaves his guests at the dinner table. The

reading poetry to her every day and fre- "Are you sure he went that way?" asked and half with water, and the bard solemnly Twain's income from royalties from

"I sat right here and watched him out of "You came from that side, Norman," the forties. The goose quill was used in

to come right down to supper now. I'll see | mend the pens after their day's school teach. | 000. if I can't hunt up Thornell. You run ing was done, and "mother, the school teachtrooped off by the footpath, the sheriff and pens, prepare him a bed," was a common an-Hetty Dunlap's merriment was a little his deputies came in by the cart road. A nouncement among the farmers forty years hurried consultation followed. It was evi- ago. To make or mend apen well was condent the bird had flown. A path led from sidered a great accomplishment, and the the direction in which Thornell had disap- writer worked long and patiently to acquire lis and Dunlap farm-houses, and about peared to another road, leading to a different it. I can still make a quill pen with the best midway between them. A low hill on the part of the town. It was decided that he of them, and you can have it stiff or limber tilled spirit increases yearly in France in

what I have promised to deliver in Boston, from the village, and Abbie and I can cook before the masonry which held up one of out here in the woods and have supper in "Why, Norman," he exclaimed, "why strange Adventure at a Theatrical L. aint you down to the house with the rest of

run for sap as this."

Farmer Dunlap concurred in this. Norman promised to come in by and by, and the Mrs. Dunlap had negatived the proposi- two separated, leaving the camp alone with Bill Stevens to watch the boiling kettles.

Norman hastened to his own house. H. law, and was by no means sure he was dothought of Hetty and the misery in store So Martha Jackson, the "help," and for her, nerved him to push on his under-

He found the singing master waiting in shoulder with the tip of his umbrella the two men fed the stock and put things in roomy sleigh.

"You'd better come into the house and get a bite, ' he said.

"Thanks, I couldn't eat," was the answer. "but where are you taking me?" "I've got to go toward the Centre to get right foot from the iron pedal.

a mason," answered Norman. "I'll put

and draw much nearer her side than he had The plan worked well. When Thornell "Gillmore blinked and began to white ever dared, nay, Norman was sure he even shook himself free from the fur robes he He seemed disturbed in mind. The old possessed himself of her hand under her said, "I don't know how to thank you for was again silent. He had bent himself shawl. That hand which he would have this. I am bad enough, but not quite lost," work on the left foot, with a brush in a given worlds to have held in his for a few | then he hurriedly told a tale of temptation | hand, and he was running both brushes w moments. He could not bear it, and mut- and weakness, and how, in an evil hour, he the regularity of a piston rod. The manage tering something to Bill Stevens, his "hired had forged his employer's name to a check of the theatre made another break. man," about going to see if there was any to raise money to meet his most pressing

"I have never had a happy moment the south, even in his pain and soreness since," he went on, "and I swear to you choosing instinctively the path that led to that, if it were not for my poor mother, I alone, was the humble response. would go back now, give myself up and take the consequences of my crime."

"And Hettty," said Norman involuntar- dryly observed. ily. The singing master looked at him cur-

"That's it, is it?" said he. "I wondered what made you so fond of me all at once. Gillmore. 'Don't you know anything about It was on Hetty's account it seems. Well, faro?' I don't mind telling you that you are all wrong there. I don't suppose you will take | Red Sea, sir; but I didn't know that it w me back and deliver me up now, even if you for lying. The Good Book says it was h do know that Miss Hetty said 'No' to me, | cause God hardened his heart, sir.' very decidedly, not five minutes before I found you in the woods this evening."

He turned abruptly away and the two Didn't you just tell me that you were new men never met again. But Norman found | alone, and isn't that a lie? Every man his mason and arranged for the work to be alone sometimes. done, feeling as if he trod on air. Black Bess flew over the ground on her homeward | truth,' the blacksmoor answered. I way, and it was not late when he reined up never alone. God is always with me. before Farmer Dunlap's door. Still, the man is out of His presence. He is always guests had all gone home, and the farmer with you, sir. The preachers wouldn't had just finished telling Hetty the story of cept your invitation to see the play, sir, b Thornell's disgrace as Norman came in. God accepted it. You might not have see Hetty looked pale and frightened. She | Him, but He is there every night, sir. knew no gradations in crime, and it seemed watches and guards you better than I to her she had been polluted by her ac- watched and guarded the Brooklyn Theats quaintance with a man who might have been | sir.' sent to prison. Some instinct told Mr. and they slipped away, and when Norman sat in the rapture of a religious fervor. down by her on the sofa and drew her close turned a stream of fiery exhortations up to his side, saying, "My poor little girl," his questioner. Gillmore sat as though sp Hetty fell to crying on his shoulder as if it | bound. Such imagery, metaphor, warms were the most natural thing in the world to sincerity and eloquence he had never her do. Gently he soothed her and told her before. Tears welled from the darky's en the story of Thornell's flight and his own as he warned the manager, in pleading ton hopes and fears, while she, resting quietly to flee from the wrath to come. It was me in his arms listened without a word until bably the most condensed revival serm

"But it's all right now, isn't it dear?" Then she raised her head and said:

"But I must tell you, Norman, how bad fascinated by the rude sophistry of theneg and foolish I have been, for I really thought | No psychologist ever had a man more of I cared about him, he was so handsome, you | pletely in his power. The sinner was fair know, and had such pleasant manners." on the point of conviction and contrib Norman winced a little. "And I meant, I when a blair of trumpets from the heart really meant to say yes, when-if he asked | the theatre broke the spell. Satan had p me. But this afternoon, somehow, I could in some of his fine work, and Gillmore w not, and I don't know how it was, only I again adrift on the sea of sin. He drift seemed to understand all at once that I had away right nobly, however. been all wrong and that—that—I had—loved you all the time."

## The Poet Tennyson's Home-life.

Every now and then curious little stories leak out about Lord Tennyson's life and habits. Tennyson's home in the Isle of Wight is a modest one; he has only one manwhen he has not. Every morning, in hail, Every day at dinner a bottle of port is placwith it (generally when dessert comes on), and poet is to be found in the study wth his Several run to call him but came back | bottle by his side, and a huge dock-glass holding a pint. This is filled half with port fills and refills till bottle and glass are empty.

> Only Forty Years Ago. The steel pen did not come into use until

said the farmer, "did you see anything of writing up till 1850, and the pen makers and pen menders were a regular institution. "Yes, I saw and spoke with him, but I They went about the country making and didn't look to see which way he went," mending pens for the farmers and merchants. The schoolmasters generally did this, and it the officials at Sumerset House. The year "Well, mother wants all you young folks | was quite a perquisite. They could make and just to suit your hand. "Blotting was sand" alarming manner, having doubled "Mabbe he got wind of my coming," used and the blotting paper of to-day was within forty years, and being to a great Foot-paths leading over these hills made said the sheriff, "but I think its more likely wholly unknown. To fold a letter neatly tent substituted for wine. The relative "short cuts" to the houses, while the cart he meant to clear out to-night anyway. was an accomplishment few possessed mild drunkenness occasioned by wine road, going straight down to the high-way, We'll follow up this track, much obleeged There were then no envelopes and all letters given place to the intoxication produces are all the place of the place "Can t we have a sugaring off?" asked who seldom had an arrest to make and A careful practice in folding and sealing let portion of propylic, butylic, and any arrest to make and A careful practice in folding and sealing let portion of propylic, butylic, and any arrest to make and an arrest to make and arrest to make an arrest to make arrest to make an arrest to make an arrest to make arr Hetty on one of her visits to the sugar place. didn't half like the business, marched on. ters was taught in night schools, and I re- cohols. "Fortified" wines are also remain of the sugar place. "Don't you think it would be nice, Nor- Farmer Dunlap, returning to the camp, member a schoolmaster who made quite a ed dangerous by the introduction of "No, no. I just want enough to make up man? We can have a whole load of people found Norman down on hands and knees little fortune at it.—American Paper

A BOOTBLACK PREACHER

writer in a New York paper tella ities "fixed.' This was done in a most as factory way by the venerable negro inch. -but the visitors noticed that religious and pictures occupied prominent posis

One of the visitors remarked, "I took for a bootblacks' nest, but it seems to h regular Gospel shop."

"The proprietor moistened a shoe with breath, and drove his brush vigorously its surface. The gaslight danced with figured shades to the softened strains of hestre's music. Gillmore touched himon cle,' he said; 'do you black boots or mi

With all due respect, sir, I do both.'. Ethiopian dialect.

"Gillmore looked nonplussed, but he struck a quaint stream of inquiry, and followed it to its logical sequence. Whi pays the best?' he asked as he withdrey

" The Almighty Father, sir,' was a

" 'Brother Johnson,' said he, 'I supp you read these books when you're all ale

"With all due respect, sir, I never was " A man as pious as you pretend to ought never to copper the truth,' Gillmo

"I don't understand you, sir,' the ne

" To copper the truth, means tolie,'s "'I know that he was drowned in the

"' This won't wash, Gillmore continue 'You're double banking me. Come

" 'With all due respect, sir, I told your

"The old man had put a final gloss on the

that was ever delivered. The whole plan salvation was covered in less than five m utes. Gillmore was paralyzed. He seem "That's worth a half dollar tome,' he sa

as he dropped the coin in the old man's pale and disappeared without waiting any police "Four days afterward I met Henry Class late superintendent of the Metropolita On hearing the story he said that the box black was a regularly ordained minister the Gospel. His name is the Rev. E. Thomas, and he has a church, as Clair puts 'up country somewhere.

"He is the happiest man in the city Clair continued. 'He makes enough blacking boots to run his church and supp his family. He's the most pious man 1 e saw. He never eats even a bit of che without saying grace, and he is simple psalms and praying all day long.

"I saw the Rev. Mr. Thomas a day or afterward, and asked him whether it true that he was the happiest man in thech " 'I would be,' he replied, 'if I could of be the means of saving the soul of Mr. G more. He needs the saltpeter of salvati powerful bad, sir-powerful bad."

According to the Pall Mall Gazette English publishers is over £1,000, or \$5,0 a year.

The total area of land under hop-culti tion throughout the world is estimated about 300,000 acres, of which nearly a four are in Bavaria.

Stamps of the value of £10,000,000 st ling are always kept in the custody of one ly issue of stamps numbers about 2,000,00

Physician—"Now, my little fellow, must take this medicine like a man. father doesn't grumble, does he, when has to take medicine?" "Oh, no," said little fellow, "but then he takes his in water and sugar."

It is stated that the consumption of higher alcohols.

the pain of Sen days properties days might have been, of some gr and the haughty of by betting it to an inclination or the there. Th bright Easter-time of Geosvenor Square, Baronet, Deputy-li the Peace, was a n pale agure fluid in stream had been to cooking generation lant warriors and less spessiors who at the call to arms of the Lion-heart and maybe crossed Saladin himself. Charteris by the after the glorious i

of great and good and divines, to the tative of all these greatly distinguish save as an Underinglorious Ministr lasting name as the dividual ever appo dated every subse every after-dinner the time when he dleton's Ministry. The reception 1 crowded when our kind of informa attended by most lingering after the Sir Goffrey liked him, birth and g come. Sir Geoffr English gentlema

years of age, tall bred from his stiff shapely feet, as ye gout. His ey somewhat weak; fined, with an aqu forehead, but the week and nervous connoisseur of art, and last, but not miritualism. Enid Charteris heiress, a girl abo en for granted. fair women what girl should be, an her charms of man

his guests. He wa

ly as the new com en to every one to likings and antips a practised eye to Le Gautier, and t Maxwell. "I really began to fail me," she sa of our receptions pleasant recollect "We have be Miss Charteris," we forget you, if fore you are so en

no word for poor

favour. We are

on Fridey, and m

perfect expression

classic features are

to see you. Do "Here he is to replied, as the ba group.-"Papa, me to see Signor Friday. Do you "Anything yo Sir Geoffrey ans tion. "Anythin I wish to speak t y; "come to you hear? I t gaieties of all des

together. Salva thoughtfully, al look of relief in man left; certain "We shall lo Thave heard Ville Mattio, th With two E tand the meaning

are thinking bett

Le Gautier tu

a bow and a lit se terned aside and plunge I do not und e blos

mi remar