

Her Title Deeds.

Inside the cottage door she sits... Her Title Deeds. Inside the cottage door she sits...

SHIRLEY ROSS: A Story of a Woman's Faithfulness.

"You have noticed that, have you?" Sir Hugh laughed. "Yes—I believe he flatters himself that he is somewhat of an expert..."

"Miss Fairholme is grown up and very beautiful," Sir Hugh said, "but she is a little different from the other young ladies..."

"I will write the acceptance at once so that there may be no drawing back," Shirley said, leaning forward to sign the paper...

"I don't see what reason you have for thinking so," said Miss Fairholme, with a look of her pretty fair head...

"Fortunately for you, Miss Martin is not within hearing," said Shirley, laughing. "I wonder how she would reprove such diphany..."

"What you want?" of course I want you, she replied, as he advanced towards the fire. "Will they come or won't they come?"

"I wish Alice could hear you," Shirley remarked lightly. "I am glad she can't. What an awful wiggling I should get. But, little woman, look here..."

"I am a tidy" Shirley asked, as she rose slowly and stood upright, turning to her cousin to be inspected...

"Shirley, did you know that Sir Hugh Glynn is coming to-day?" Shirley asked, looking at the clock. "I heard Aunt Geraldine say so..."

light in an attitude of unconscious grace, and so still that it was quite possible for any one to enter the room without being aware of her presence.

"I do, most certainly," Shirley said. "I thought you were about such a sex. But you're just like the rest of them. I shall never find a woman to marry because I am the best looking fellow in the town..."

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"I don't think there is much amusement with you," said the young officer, surveying her critically. "I like your gown much better than that elaborately made garment which Alice has donned in honor of Sir Hugh."

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laughing. "Go in, little coz, and meet your fate." And Shirley went in quietly, in her soft untrusting gear, with her sweet innocent hazel eyes, to meet her fate.

"The curtains were of deep crimson damask, and here and there about the room were placed Bohemian glass vases, the deep red of which shone like fire by her side. Near her, in an attitude of easy, careless grace, stood Sir Hugh Glynn..."

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would make her start and tremble, a deep rich voice would make her eyes drop and her lips quiver. She was glad and sorry, happy and miserable at once...

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DARED TO BE TRUE.

A Great Physician Discovers the Modest Remedies of Royalty. Dr. Radcliff was the most celebrated physician of England in Queen Anne's time...

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WOMAN'S WORK.

A New Haven policeman saw a lot of boys buying something in a sand bank. He dug down and found a tin-can containing nearly 1,000 keys of all kinds. It is thought that the boys thought of burping a little just for fun.

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ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture, intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.

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WHAT AILS YOU? Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indifferently miserable... LIVER, BLOOD, AND LUNGS. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Brucella, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections... DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.