at 10% ta 11%c per lb.; sheep, the City Market ted by the two omposed of 713. and lambs, 250

was medium, cattle being ofthat deliveries was far from ther decline of r butchers' and ters ranged from s only four catought the latter ers sold at from rt buils sold at

lew of the latter

lots of butchers'

mme heifers, 1975 cwt. Loads of at \$4.50 to \$4.50 \$4.50; common, ly, sold at \$3 to Some light feed-

ch cows and \$15 each. Trade good, dealers 110 a head, and Trade.

to Bradstreet's g with an atather has had all lines of is particularly re not moving ey until warmulity. But in has been some ountry stocks well and there rting trade. It tolesalers here tatement, that not so great ear ago. The care is unabatoccries is rathhave declined

ew changes in o Bradstreet'sere has taken armg the past ceries are movhardware conhe retailers are r goods, which Other lines ons quite satisre actively enlook is bright. continues-actvement in colif the country.

other lines of:

adstreet's show enditions from reek. In the he larger facradstrat's say: t things noted

fuilding operarounding counr: There is a and less activches of trade.

after the activnths and it is a passing lull. under way for mich is expecta Hamilton say

rally satisfacment of wholeut retail trade interests show The movement ed by the cool fair to good. say the trade to good. Ree are fairly in the coun-

ment. to Bradstreet's s here are busa quiet tone esale lines. Reing exactly as is a resulting Collections are

ACE.

te of Eighty-one od Time.

despacth to the 59 minutes. One ter Milo Rudd, 77 e bunch, have in as the rotund figwas fourth in the start of the other ages of the eight A Sure Cure for the Blues! Brew one cup of Fragrant, Delicious

Ilue Kibbon

Tea in freshly boiled water, add sugar and cream to taste and drink slowly. In bad cases take another. That's all. Only One Best Tea -Blue Ribbon.

LOVE AND A TITLE

said. "I have surprised you; you "Let me pass!" breathed Jeanne, all thought it was your brother, perhaps? I trembling; "I won't hear any more." hope-I-I am not unwelcome?"

"I am glad to see you. Did you ride

"Yes," he said. "Yes-may I come in?" paused, the fire in her cheek and eyes. Jeanne stood aside, and sat down, looking at him. Yes, certainly he was proudly; then she wrung her hands; "oh

last. "I-I have never been in this part | breath, and with clenched teeth. of the grounds before. Is this your arbor -do you often sit here?"

Jane, Mr. Fitzjames or uncle?" "No," he said. "I-the fact is-I looked in the drawing-room and came straight should find you here."

not, perhaps, -was still flushed, and his white hand, from her ears, and she looked at him "I'm afraid you haven't much appeas it pulled at his moustache, trembled. with an indignant fire in her beautiful tite this morning, sir," she said, gather-"It is very hot," he said, suddenly.

your horse galloping." "I wouldn't wait for breakfast."

and-and comfortable here." and sat opposite her, fidgeting with his stammered; but Jeanne, taking advant- beach, for the old people say you be so like the usual cool and self-assured Fitz- pushed past him, and, before he can re- "Nonsense!" he said, laughing again. faced young woman, who is slipping He obeyed his nurse sullenly, and

look like himself. listening for those other footsteps; "I a full minute, then he passed his white And leaving the bewildered Mrs. It is because these pills actually make it is well to let him die. The bees and rode over because I couldn't walk."

ing her eyes to their widest. to tell you something, Je-Miss Bert- gate.

Aunt Jane do as well-and better?"

you don't think very highly of me." wrinkling itself perplexedly; "you have always been very kind to me, Mr. Fitzjames."

you to think well of me."

Jeanne at that moment, if the truth and silent.

with his hands clasped on his knees, mind—no, I mean that I knew what I She had thought better of it. But a ing to bore you with an account of all ses, would set to work to remove them. whom he had worked ever since he could dreadful to have your name in the pahaven't the courage to act like a man. Now it is different, and, Miss Bertram, you that-Jeanne-

tween her and the opening. "Let me say what I have to say, though I tell it so badly. The truth is, I felt - because I did not like you it is said, in a rage, and all is broken off; Miss Bertram-Jeanne-I love you!"

and I could have said it truthfully a

month ago, but for eircumstances over sorry, which I had no control. I love you most devotedly, and I will do my very sneer. "Young ladies are generally proud onet at swords drawn on her account, best to win your love. I-"

pleaded. "I knew what you think, but minutes." I swear that I have thought of no one else than you, and that I feel certain he said, sullenly. that it could be no other than you. Do

"Good morning, Miss Bertram!" he | Park, and the people there! Jeanne-"

It was a foolish speech. the whole of nature seemed rejoicing in Transfixed for an instant Jeanne "You have not got me yet," she said let me go-I won't hear any more !"

"Won't c" he said, hoarsely, thoroughstood at the door, wiping his ly astounded by her persistent refusal forehead, and looking around the garden to hear him. "Let me tell you all-evwith what seemed an effort to regain erything. If-if you think that I am

"If you think me poor and not in a position ," he went on, still blocking her "Yes, very often," said Jeanne. "It way, "you - you are mistaken. I was is pretty, isn't it? Did you see Aunt last night, but that is changed; the money I received was---

through into the garden, I thought I er a younger son; I am no longer Clar- Jeanne, for he came in whistling "one of denly lose consciousness and drop to the of his eager heart was the hope that in

Jeanne's small pink hands dropped could get a few words with him.

to me with your brother just dead ?"

me pass, Mr. Fitziames." Jeanne sank back again, and he came But Jeanne-Miss Bertram," he ble when I hear you go down to the

but that any one should decline the hon- Just as his hand was on the gate, how- and the sick one should see that the full fair one he would hunt and he would "To see me!" exclaimed Jeanne, open- orable Fitzjames was hard to believe, Jane.

when I think what a consummate land I can't go back there, and I won't, that's mysterious visitor of Newton Regis, and she is hardly aware of her defect in the lived as a boy and young man, where he rare. The was where he rare. The whole are that live. The

must be told, thought that he had taken and, looking around, saw, to his astonish- leave of his senses; but she sat quiet ment Jeanne hurrying down the roth

wanted to do, and what my people want. glance at Jeanne's face as she stood at my doings, good and bad. Seriously, I The trouble is, according to the rich bridle a horse. wanted to do, and—and—like a fool, I a little distance, sent him cold again. have been trying to amuse myself, and man, that the average person does not | Not even Pete Kellar, the friend of see it there is really something; but to I have come over early, like this, to tell with longing pangs the exquisite grace growl. I am like a man who has grown him. of her lithe figure; then she held out her fond of a dancing bear and lost him. This innovator, opposing hotly the to wed sturdy John Jones, when the lat- value, except by the French, who have

he had dropped, the bridle and taken a and remained just a month. He has prove in grace. step nearer. "No, I only came because gone no one knows where. They parted,

"Is that all?" he said, sullenly.

said," she breathed, quickly. "I shall not her ladyship mentioned to me to whom | Cases of ossification, wherein the journey did not stop at the Glenhaven obituaries that is the limit. n image of stone.

"No, don't go, I implore you!" he remember it—I shall forget it in five she is sweeter than honey—that she was bones harden into a rigid mass, are not station, except upon signal, or to let off Insist, then, on being somebody. It

"There will be plenty to remind you,"

curling with the haughty scorn of her to pack up your traps and decamp, that "Thanks—thanks," he exclaims. "I—I near vicinity of the divine Lucille.
—of course, a fellow doesn't like to be Seriously, there is still danger, old

"You wil Itell no one?" he said.

Jeanne hesitated a moment, a sudden firmly and quietly:

CHAPTER XL

Mrs. Brown from her beauty sleep by sharply and thrust it into his pocket.

a thing he had not done in the open air Jeanne!" for months. As for Jeanne, so with him;

He jumped into the boat, rowed out to sea, took his swim, and returned, giving a good morning to old Griffin, who was Saved from Deadly Decline by tinkering about the Nancy Bell. "Fine mornin' for a sail, sir," says the old man, pulling his forelock. "Spect

we'll see Miss Jeanne soon, 'cording to the wind, God bless her." echoing the benediction in his heart. Perry, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N. port, on which he got precious little that laughing now, for the sighted land, "but "God bless my darling!"

with a cigar, and half a crown as buy a my present good health entirely to Dr. Only the constitution of a draught light for it, he started homeward. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered almost horse could have survived this double inlight for it, he started homeward. and I shall see my Jeanne-my little and nervousness. I was as pale as a and stood it as best he could. He seem- way.

Jeanne," he thought. Jeanne put her hands over her ears. | Mrs. Brown stared at her eccentric would startle me, and I was troubled | The truth is that the hope which had patiently. "Hear me!" he pleaded; "I am no long- lodger very much as Aunt Jane stared at with fainting spells, when I would sud- drawn its bow across the thrilled strings

"I am a viscount now, and the next in ed his simple breakfast. succession, Jeanne, he said, "and you- Like every one else who had come into worse. No medicine that I took help- more, just once, why then he could die Mary Farrell had fallen in the clutch of of course, I should have missed you." if—if you will only listen, will be Count- close contact with him, Mrs. Brown had brain fever and woke with a mind a lit-Jeanne smiled and stole a glance at less of Airdale. You will not refuse grown attached to her handsome lodger, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had least, not to him. and was never so pleased as when she taken half a dozen boxes, I felt so much | How Mary would feel about it he tionmaster said, nor mad, but only dart,

> ing up the wet towels. "And you can come and-and say this "Why not?" asked Vernon Vane, looking guilty.

"You wasn't home till so late. Oh, I "Jeanne-Jeanne!" she cried, passion- heard you go up, sir, begging your pardone or said that you should do so? And late ,but I've the appetite of a tiger,

with a sigh; "but for all that, I do trem-

"Yes, I rode over," he said, breaking | Clarence, the new Viscount Lane, star- lac of rupees. No, I shan't drown my-

the kitchen, he fell to breakfast. Amazement, chagrin and mortified It was a hurried meal, for all his headache and sideaches and backaches, than we do. "I mean," he said, "I couldn't waste vanity strove with bafled passion, as he thoughts were of Jean, and before very indigestion, palpitation of the heart, kid- However, one sunshiny day, he changthe time, and I wanted to see you at picked up his hat and tried to smooth it. long he had caught up his hat and was That he should be refused as the Hon- starting to plead his love with Aunt algia, St. Vitus Dance, and paralysis. for spite. He would grow strong; he

you. I want to say something to you, alize it, walked off, by a path, to the in his pocket, when, as if by a second cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by return no more. In addition to a head-board, amid whose profuse lettering

"Me?" said Jeanne, innocently, "Won't recognized in this gloomy brow and sullen mouth the exquisitely calm and con- ming the while, then suddenly the air ceased, and he looked thoughtful, and "Miss Bertram," he said, ""I'm afraid "What an ass I have been," he mutter- at last he hurried back into the house, I've done myself an injustice—I'm afraid ed, "and all to no purpose! What will and, with the letter in his hand, fell to

was tired of him, and that she could not marry a man, not even a duke, with false as ever. There are three Italian counts,

what you have told me this morning."

"You wil not!" he said; "you are Mudcum-sloper—I beg your pardon, Newton Regis. She leaves here in about five "I am quite sure," said Jeanne, her lips | weeks' time, so you have plenty of time

"You may rest quite assured," said tone which means mischief with her. Of Jeanne. "And good-bye."

You may rest quite assured," said tone which means mischief with her. Of with glory and scars. Otherwise he had reached the home-coming soldier and with glory and scars. Otherwise he had reached the home-coming soldier and with glory and scars. more than the man in the moon. But little to show for his experiences as a seized both his hands. she doesn't believe me. If you are not crimson dyed her face. Then she said quite cured, run for it, or by the living Jingo, she'll have you yet! This is a "No one. Good-bye," and she held out long letter, and has nearly killed me; the Veldt, and when he and his fellows "Where'd you s'pose I'd been, Mr. but I'll be sworn you won't give me a "Good-by," he said, taking it confused- "thank you" for it! Such is friendship! y, and springing into the saddle, rode If you decide to run, come over here, and we'll go on to Germany for some fish- destination, and the young volunteer lay where he had been of course. They had ing. Can't write any more.

Charlie Hamilton. This was the letter, and Vernon Vane | where he fell. Meanwhile, where was Vane? It was eyed it very gravely, and, with a decid-very near morning before he startled ed touch of annoyance, he folded it Private Jones' life had oozed through a bury to join the regiment. How all of

to his room, and long before Jeanne had ed; "it would not be safe to risk it. A mained of it to the big tent which servawakened from her first love dream, word from her would spoil-well, my ed as a field hospital. he was striding down to the sea again, whim, and I have set my heart upon car-his bathing towels on his arm. whim, and I have set my heart upon car-rying it out. I wonder if they would him in, perfunctorily, for at each new But w The draught of happiness which he give me my Jeanne so soon-ah!" and at step the stretcher men suspected they tionmaster whistled one long note of drunk so heartily the preceding night the thought an eager light fell on his were lugging "a dead 'un." As for mingled pride and wonder. had wrought a great change in him, and face. "Strange how impatient I feel to Jones, his pleasure had not been con-"Great bells," said he, but as he half ran, half trotted, along the make her my own-and yet I would sulted. He had said just one word when beach, he found himself humming aloud, trust her for a lifetime-my poor little they found him-"water"-and after

(To be continued.) A LUCKY GIRL.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Aye-aye," echoed Vernon Vane, tion of health," says Miss Winnifred roughly aboard an overcrowded trans-S., "I consider myself a lucky girl that | was fit for an invalid to eat, and put I'm blessed if I'm buried. Who buried Then, having made Old Griffin happy I am well and strong to-day, and I owe him ashore at Southampton. "In an hour I might go up to them, all that one can endure from weakness fliction, but Jones shut his teeth tight thumb across his shoulder, over hillwards sheet, and wasted away. The least noise ed even to pick up a bit. hrough into the garden, I thought I the dear home-land Private Jones would I am Viscount Lane!" and as he spoke, "I am Viscount Lane!" and "I I seemed to be continually growing only these could be his to know once ism with John as the theme. Of how better that I stopped taking them and never paused to think. The fever had as he called it, upon one subject-John's went on a visit to Boston. I had made him most of the time, you know, and death and his promotion. a mistake, however, in stopping the pills, fevers and calm thinking are not close | "They let her alone," said Lawler, and too soon, and I began to go back to my bed-fellows. former condition. I then called on a The big minute hand of the big clock I well known Boston doctor, and after in the hospital dragged slowly around hurts no one. That's where you're buried. Williams' Pink Pills had helped me be- Private Jones parted company with defore. He told me to continue their use, lirium and pain. Perhaps this battle saying I could take nothing better, and against odds might have been sooner on, enjoying his unusual loquacity, "she I got another supply and soon begun won had youth fought alone. boxes in all, and they fully and com- action, for Mary did not come. When pletely restored my health, and I have in his sane moments Private Jones realhad no sickress since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just within his bosom and rosy life looked as much for every weak, nervous, pale- gray as ashes. danger. I value my life, now, beyond a make new, rich, health-giving blood, and dages of bis wound. After that they mna must have to retain their health. foolish, for when one doesn't care to live Private John Jones,' Tuesday it says hand over his brow, and growled out an Brown to puzzle over his new mood in new blood that they strike at the root the ants and the humble savage people of all common ailments of life, such as understand these things much better board which says 'General John Jones,' "Yes," he said, looking at her with an er of picking up the handkerchief thrown ever, the postman came down the street, But he had to believe it at last, and, vernon Vane glanced at it, suade you to take anything else. Sold There came a morning in September her lap, steadily looking at the mound Brockville, Ont.

Mirrors Cover His Walls. A rich man has the walls of his house for the blood he had shed.

are you now, I wonder? The Nile, the see all the time the ugly, slovenly curve little graveyard beyond the chestnut as anonymous, quite as obscure. To He stopped muttering, for he heard Hartz mountains or up in the lochs with of her back, and, mortified, and grieved, grove in the dap of the hill. the rustle of a muslin dress behind him, a salmon-rod glued to your wrist? She would at once set to work with suit-

He raised his hat and slipped his feet any use, at present, of going anywhere sitting, of standing, of gestur- all his old friends had failed even to to the scaffold, occasionally to the altar ing-are pictured in a true and unflat- write to him while he lay so long in hos- and thence back again to the obscurity Don't pitch this letter into the fire, un- tering way by mirrors. The average | p'trl. No one had cared. Instantly the blood rushed to his face. der the fearful impression that I am go- man or woman, perceiving these uglines- Not even Millford, the farmer, for haps, is better than nothing. It may be

We've had a pretty good gathering late- contention that mirrors foster vanity, ter came home from the war. you have heard me. he said, carned by and rising hurriedly, so that he was be-

This Man Shrinks.

ed to increase the height of those not | tasting of lead. satisfied with their inches, France has As the village here he might even do a superiority, though you have it not. a medical wonder in a patient of the better than Mary. There were other Insist on being somebody. Paris Academy of Science who suffers fish in the sea. Well, no, not quite like Otherwise your name will appear in and her eyes dropped; "I am very—very here she is, a beautiful and as popular from that extremely rare disease, oste- Mary. To his inner consciousness he the papers but once-but once!—and the malachia, or softening of the bones. | would hardly admit this stander, what world will learn of your existence only height, the sufferer is now but three feet | wear upon his sleeve.

est to win your love. Jeanne's eyes flashed, and her graceful serene as a sucking dove. I tell you this, is the only instance wherein the shrink- He could whip the fellow who would covered that modesty is its own reested in her-oh, dear, no, "we have cur- case has aroused the interest of the Con- Even the crawling train which carried forgotten. He was too retaring by half,

going next month to Leigh's. If I re- uncommon, but this disease, which is the passengers. member rightly-I won't be sure-you reverse of the other complaint, is sel- Therefore, when the puffing locomoti can fool everybody but yourself.-Edgar · know my sublime ignorance of my native dom under observation, and elaborate stopped on this shining morning the sta- Saltus, in July Smart Set. "No," said Jeanne, firmly; "for no one land—that the Leigh's place is within a radiographs have been made of the suf- | tion-master came to his door in curiosity, score of miles of your present hermitage, ferer at various stages for the benefit shading his eyes with his hand. of those who will not have the oppor- When he saw Private Jones, I. Y., of its own. It will be situated at Ot-

Private John Jones.

He had blistered at Durban, his teeth ly, "where have you been; coming here had chattered in the rain which swamped like a ghost to set people afright?" with a ringing cheer drove the enemy Lawler, fishin'?" away from the blockhouse a bullet whose | John Jones was naturally piqued. He billet was "Jones, I. Y.," had found its knew where he had been. They knew many parched hours under a pitiless sky ; been well enough aware when he went before the stretcher-bearers found him away. The whole population from over

hole in his right breast, and it seemed | them had cheered him. And, there was on tiptoe up the narrow stairs "Twenty miles from here," he mutter- hardly worth while to carry what re- one who cried, proudly.

that he fainted quietly and gently, and

lay quite still and white. Now the leak in Private Jones' side had moistened much soil with rich blood, and had very nearly done for poor Private Jones, but the whole pharmacopeia | used patriot. holds no remedy for gunshot wounds quite equal to youth, and when it comes to doctors the best in all the profession

is Doctor Hope. These two pulled Jones around. After "When I think of my former condi- some burning weeks they bundled him

explaining my case, told him how Dr. its Roman dial many weary times before Let's see. To-day you are a general."

to regain health. I took about eighteen | Hope became a deserter early in the ized her neglect his heart grew bitter

But only the genuine pills can do this. | would arise and walk. The faithless |

thought, he took it out again and opened writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., "Heaven bless you" they gave him an he could clearly read only one line, thishonorable discharge, his fare to the distant village, which had been his home, and certain few and stingy sovereigns stepped within, She turned about and which didn't aggregate a penny a drop looked deep into his pale face.

claims that these mirrors promote grace. good-bye to his cot and his comrades, his Mirrors, according to this man's view, seen tear behind a furtive apron after that satraps might live in it; and to

So Jones went home. At any rate he

ment, Jeanne hurrying down the path. the best of all reasons—that I don't see All sorts of ugly habits—ugly ways of Queer, wasn't it? Not Mary alone, but though it be a bad one, men have gone

She stood for a moment to gain her should have succeeded better if I had not perceive his several uglineses and no one his bosom, the only fellow in all Glen- see yourself caricatured is success. Only breath, just long enough for him to note missed your sweet, grunting, cynical is frank enough to point them out to haven who participated in the secret celebrities are lampooned. that pretty Mary Farrell had promised! Conceit is not appreciated at its true

"Mr. Fitzjames," she said, with a lit- ly, and among 'em-who do you think? looks at himself at home nearly all the Well, he would soon know what it all it amour propre, which, to them, is one "Don't go—I beg you won't go until the remorseful tone, "I—I am very sorry None other than the divine Lucille heryou have heard me!" he said, earnestly, if I have been rude—or—or unkind— self! The last captive of her bow and dren to look at themselves, to study to do. If Mary had married or was you. For it admonishes you to think

left upon his heart. He would be the gayest of the gay- who can do it in your stead? Assert the most carefree daredevil who ever yourself. That is the way to get on. While systems are now being develop- came home from smelling gunpowder and if one plan fail .try another-try a

Normally five feet four inches in ever proud tossing of the head he might through hearing that you are dead. and as usual she looks as innocent and two, and the shrinkage continues. It There was only one Mary, after all. then. Think of the martyr who dis-

Private Jones over the last part of his in addition to being nobody. Of all

When they mustered Private Jones, I toward him the station-master turnel

"Why, John Jones," cried he, exultant-

Lawler dragged his story from him by inches. The volunteer thought himself

But when he gasped the truth the sta-"Great bells," said he, 'but there's one

will be glad to see you, John." Then he fell again into a reverie of "Who, I'd like to know," queried John crustily. "None of them thought it worth

time to write or inquire." He still thought himself a much ill-

The stationmaster looked up quickly, a light breaking over his stolid face. "Oh. I'd forgot," he said. "Maybe you don't know you're dead."

"Yes, buried." "I may be dead," said John, who was

"Tell me about it," cried John, im-

The stationmaster jerked an indicatory

And he told all too slowly for the impetuous young volunteer-of how news tle astray. She was not violent, the sta-

up in that big place among the trees she does pretty much as she likes and surely

The volunteer looked his amazement. "It's this way." the stationmaster went made a little memorial mound for you, sort o'grave like, you know, up there in the wood, and she keeps flowers and wraiths and things on it.'

moistened, "what has that to do with me being a general?" "Oh, well, she painted some headboards, 'Sacred to the memory of'-you know, who fell at Colenso, and each day 'Sergeant.' This is Saturday. Chanches are she's up there now, sittin' up a

"Well," cried John, whose eyes were

and a-waterin' your grave with her

John halted long with his fingers on th gate of the churchyard. Within the familiar enclosure sat upon the ground amid the autumn leaves the Mary he loved dearly, her hands within

A twig cracked beneath his feet as he Then, with a swift sob she rose like a

The Importance of Being Somebody. Society was created by simpletons blush it may seem a very general occufrom which they came. Yet that, per-

not look as though you owned the earth dozen others. Through them all assume

What is worse it will not care, even

Liverpool is to have a Crystal Palace

UNITARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

stop! Jeanne, I swear I love you, and will know." have leved you an things, in I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as when he saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as which is the saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be studied as which is the saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be saw from the saw Frivate Johes, I. I., of its own. It will be saw from the saw from th

Jeanne smiled and also stared, as she "I love you, Jeanne, madly; I can't lose

He sat down for a moment, then got

"What a pretty place!" he said, at

"I should have been very sorry," he said; "for I came to see you-that is, him. His handsome face-for it was me !" handsome enough now in his earnestness

"You rode fast," said Jeanne. "I heard "Yes, I came over at once," he said;

Instinctively Jeanne glanced at his oath.

earnest admiration and eagerness in his by the Viscount Lane, heir to an earl- pulled up short, and with a touch of his People" is printed on the wrapper ar- face. There were other girls—and he was eyes, which now that they were not dom, was simply incredible." some and eloquent enough. "Yes, to see after standing for a few minutes to ra- and was thrusting it carelessly by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 when Jones, I. Y., was bade to go and of earth, at whose head shone a white

vantage—down here under—under the beautiful she looked as she stood stamp- It was not a very long letter, and it file, from the rear, from the left, from stead, but the brilliant sky and the glor- come.—Illustrated Bits. that I haven't appeared to the best ad- my people say when they hear this ? How pacing the room. peculiar curcumstances, and-and, that ing her feet. By jove, I thought she was not in a lady, s handwriting.

he said, earnestly. "I feel that now, you must often have thought me. I flat! They'll hear of this—everybody, have left that delightful but dreary spot ordinary course of life, but if she lived had gone to school and learned his trade, existence of the bulk of humanity is think; but you are different, and I want was like a madman and."

"The fact is, the truth is," he went on hurriedly, and bending toward her, turben he heard to beat a hasty retreat, else.

He stopped, for Jeanne, amazed and hand.

It was said at last, and not so badly, after all. But, well or badly, it staggered Jeanne, and kept her motionless. "Yes," he said, eagerly, "I love you -that is why I came this morning;

"Stop on stop. The could whip the fellow who would ing her tongue at last. "I can't, I won't figure drew itself as straight as an ar- not because I think you are at all internear any more in the locked the dorway like "I am not proud of anything you have ed that wound," of course, but because tinental physicians. hear any more! Let me pass-let me row.

"But you must !" he cried, excitedly.

"Let me go !" cried Jeanne, below her

"Jeanne!" he pleaded. "Oh," said Jeanne, rising, "why didn't ately, her eyes ful of tears, "how dare don't you tell me at once? Will you come and you call me 'Jeanne!' What have I "All right!" he laughed. "Yes, I was "No, thank you, no," he said quietly, if you will make me say it, then I say Mrs. Brown, for all that. It's the salt "Don't trouble, don't go; indeed, I could that it would make no difference to me water, I suppose." not eat any yet. Don't go; it is so cool if you were a duke or a king. Now let "Perhaps it is, sir," said Mrs. Brown,

james as it was possible for one man to cover himself, is flying toward the pouse, "Don't be fraid, Mrs. Brown, "there's no land and sent assured Fitz- pushed past min. and, before a said, laughing again. In the bodyed his fidely and the bourse, "Don't be fraid, Mrs. Brown, "there's no land sent assured Fitz- pushed past min. and, before said, laughing again. In the bodyed his fidely and the bourse, "Don't be fraid, Mrs. Brown, "there's no land sent assured Fitz- pushed past min. and, before said, laughing again. In the bodyed his fidely again.

Still less than before would one have it. chalant Clarence.

"Indeed," said Jeanne, her forehead child. Could she have understood? Yes, My Dear Vane,—I write this, though He asserts he has these mirrors on his doctor and his nurses, without a pang, I put it plainly enough. And she re- not feeling at all su.e. with my knowl- children's account. fused a coronet ! Phew ! I must be as edge of your sublime indifference to corugly as sin, or-or-something. And respondence, whether you will read it, or do not promote vanity. They promote young Private Jones had pressed her live, to really live, although at first "No; you have been very kind to me," now there's that confounded pillmaker indeed, if it will reach you; for, if I know self-study, and, in consequence, self-im- hand in parting. der. "That's a lucky escape, anyhow. ily sick of playing the recluse and the If a young girl is round shouldered called it home. It was where he had pation, is, on the contrary, curiously

to go away without saying whether that is true or not. I don't say. good-by, and thinking that I had been It is rumored that the divine Lucille ungrateful. Indeed, I am very much- flew into one of her rages, told him she

"Why should you be?" he said, with a a French marquis, and an English bar-

ointed at, you know, and-it's very man! She has mentioned your name once