

OUTCAST MARCH
The March winds blowing cold,
The scowling clouds frown down,
Upon the earth and fold,
In gloom the meadows brown.

Cousin George.

Whenever I am not engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope—I mean to say, whenever my engagement to Mr. Featherstone-Hope is temporarily fractured (it happens now and again), I immediately find myself permeated by the very highest of spirits...

man he was, though. As I was saying, the difference between Aunt Selina and me is that she shuts her eyes when amateurs play Cavalleria Rusticana on the violin, and I my teeth. A mere matter of instinct, I suppose; in extremity we bring our strongest force...

gratefulness—that I could not permit this; that I would leave my rings, my name, my word of honor—all these things as they flashed through my mind seemed so paltry compared with one 'bus fare. Then a voice I knew rather better than the voice of the be-ringed young man remarked with elaborate politeness: "We have met before, I believe; allow me to—"

delighted to see me," he said as we stepped into a compartment.
"A good opinion of one's self must be such a prop in life," I soliloquized as I settled my hat before the little strip of mirror.

Violations of Neutrality.
Richard Harding Davis Declares We are Helping England.
Richard Harding Davis has this to say about the attitude of this government toward the Boers:

Innocent Man Free.
George Johnstone, Mistaken for Christopher Betchler, Served Eight Years in the Penitentiary.
After serving eight years in the state penitentiary near Raleigh, N. C., because he was erroneously supposed to be an escaped prisoner, George Johnstone has succeeded in regaining his freedom.