
 PUMP

## fat and lean.

## RAITMITG

## Paper Hanging.

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PAPER HANGING,
port pBconative AND plais.
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## CARPETS




## PATENTS




NEW FIRM.
SHABPLESS \& LEACOCK,
THE DAVIS.

THE LATEST IS THE BESI




| Beauty? But no-notivithmtanding the extraordinary resemblance, this grave, white fuem and jetty loeks did not belong to her. And yet- <br> 'I expected to see Misa Chelton,' he another lady in the house. <br> 'I am Misa Cbelt |  |
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|  |  |
|  |  |
| ${ }^{\text {Ply. }}$ You Mise Chelton,' he exclaimed incred. |  |
| 'Most asauredly,' said the lady, 'unless Ihave lont my identity. But perbaps it's not |  |
|  |  |
| ably you are referring to my nister, Beas.rices |  |
|  |  |
| 'Ah, yes, that's it,' he said, with a sigh ofrelief, 'but I never heard Beauty *peak of a |  |
|  |  |
| (Naters) |  |
| lithens |  |
|  |  |
| 'Ob'' she said. I underatan 1. May I ask yout name, sir?' |  |
| How embarnasingly atrupt the ib; |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| wardly at the delay. <br> will be disappointed, |  |
|  |  |
| she answered, 'because she than gone abroad for an indefivite time' |  |
| face. <br> Gone away! It was indeed a bitter reve- |  |
|  |  |
| Gon <br> ne away! It was indaed a bitter reve- |  |
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|  |  |
|  |  |
| of the drawing room, where be might read anobserved. What very short: DeAR Clive-I have told my uncle |  |
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|  |  |
| ferget you Clive, nor doubt your ioyatty. |  |
|  |  |
| Beatrick. |  |
| wits him during my abarnce, and I will en- |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| to answer them, as the old lady who is chas-peroning me will never lot me rest long in one place. 'There is no much to see and no |  |
|  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { one piace, where is no much to see and so } \\ & \text { litule time; she says, but the little time will } \\ & \text { seem sges to your poor exiled Beauty. B. } \end{aligned}$Clive pressed the missive to bis lip |  |
|  |  |
| Clive pressed the missive to his lips agair nnd ngain. 'My poor darling'' he said, softly, as a vib- |  |
| ion of disordered yellow hair and a merry, vivid face rose up before him. |  |
|  | Biast Tomat home. |
| Then he went back to the digtified figare waiting g |  |
|  |  |
| 'Wwil your note ofiet tomy omiog here |  |
|  |  |
| Sho raised her pale face to his, with a faint, me ancholy smile. |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| sence as a neceswary evil. When she re- <br> turne I shall go back to my task of |  |
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|  |  |
| ,oir |  |
| somebow he could not soon forget the grave, intellectual face. |  |
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| He went weekly to the house for his let-ters, seldom meeting any one but the younggirl. When he did chance to meet the un- |  |
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|  |  |
|  |  |

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

