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Forgiveness. Love in a fold a daily raised her head, And, knowing that the sun above her shed His warmth and light for her sweet sake, She seldom scorned his love, and bolder grew. Smiled softly on a wailing, vagrant breeze, The sun to trace.

NOT A CONTRACT. Some years ago I visited an insane asylum in one of the Eastern States, which was under the charge of a medical gentleman whom for convenience I will call Dr. Clayton.

As I was being shown through the commodious establishment and beautiful grounds by some of the attendants, part of the time accompanied by Dr. Clayton himself, I noticed many curious phases of human nature, especially insane human nature.

"That is Henry Eckery," replied the doctor, "a graduate of one of the leading universities of England. Have you never heard of him before?"

"I cannot say that I have," I answered. "In the first few minutes of conversation with him, that he is a refined and brilliant scholar, and is besides a man of marked ability."

"I put up at the only inn in the place, where my business detained me for several days. I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman whom I will call by the name of Maxwell, and, soon after presenting it, I became on terms of such intimacy with him that he related several things of importance connected with his family.

"An English ancestor of his, one Conrad Maxwell, had died some fifty years ago, leaving a large estate, worth something like a million of pounds sterling, and as this estate had recently died without issue, he was next in succession.

"This professional gentleman, whose name was Eckerly, had not formed his acquaintance and he formed him of his good fortune, but had rendered himself so fascinating to her for a few moments, and then told him I would do myself the honor of being present.

"I have, indeed," I answered. "I suppose the gentleman is your second self here? He is certainly one of the most intelligent persons I have ever met. He is evidently a man of splendid education, and seems to be well informed on every topic. It was not introduced to him, and should like to know his name."

"That is just what I do tell you," returned the doctor, "and you will find that he hangs a tale. You look incredulous!"

A Jealous Husband; or, On the Brink of Despair. Geraldine Cleve was a dancer at the Shakespeare Theatre and about her throne she had gathered all the rich young men in town, for she received admiration. Her flirtations, if they can be called such, were perfectly harmless and her husband, who was very much in love with her, allowed her to receive her share of homage as long as it was respectful.

"The attentions of Mr. Duncan Middleworth, however, Jonas Cleve had detected objections, and whenever Geraldine accepted flowers from that young man there was a quarrel. For some reason or other the husband was intensely jealous of Middleworth, and took no pains to conceal the fact from his wife.

"One night as the danseuse bowed to the applause which greeted her efforts and the flowers lay at her feet, a wraith of white wings fled with a snowy rite.

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I suppose, I was telegraphed from Albany by my employer to bring him up some valuable papers from the office, and had taken the midnight train without an instant's delay. I had no time to see you, but I sent you a line by Griffith, with directions to see you home."

"He escorted me home, but he never spoke about a letter," said Geraldine. "The old villain! But I hope you were not uneasy, dearest?"

"No, I was not," said Geraldine. "I feared you would be anxious to love me!"

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Tippling the Tables; or, How Arthur Told His Love. They had been entertaining themselves with tippling a table. It was the days that people amused themselves with tippling a table.

"Lillian," said Wilton's persuasive voice, "come and have a try before we are asked to leave."

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should he go—what should he do to subdue the fire that consumed him? In other years Philip Darcy had been beset by evil habit—the love of a strong drink. But he had conquered it nobly—heroically conquered it; and since the day on which he entered the office of the aged jurist who had been his first legal teacher, he had not touched the hot, fatal cup.

"Blindly, recklessly, caring for nothing but the tears and prayers of his friends, he had been driven to the madhouse, where a merry, jovial crew were holding him. Towards morning, however, he had been removed to his home, towards noon, on the following day, he awoke and sat up.

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MARRIAGES IN ITALY. Many Formalities Attend and the Bride's Dowry is Indispensable. "Marriages in Italy," said a traveler who had just returned from a tour up the Mediterranean to a reporter, "are unlike ours in every particular. The ceremony there is performed only in the church. After two lovers have become engaged the parents of the bride repair to the dignitary, who corresponds to the mayor in this country. The bride and bridegroom here, in writing and in the presence of at least two dozen witnesses, sign a mutual intention of marrying. The date of the wedding is then designated, but the event is not allowed to take place within three months. Immediately after departing from the mayor's office, the friends of the contracting parties are notified in person of the proposed nuptials, and in some instances not only is it advertised in the newspapers, but written notices are posted on every second post of the town.

"The mayor, on the other hand, directs the clerks to send a notification of the intention to all the churches in the city and vicinity. This done, the bride and groom are invited to the church in a big book which the priest keeps for that purpose. No one is married in the church who has not a dowry. If he fails to discover a register of the intention he refuses to join the nuptial pair. Every man who marries is confined to a dowry. Her parents must confer this upon her. For the dowry is not only one of the most valuable gifts from the German royal family.

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