



CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

He was dimly conscious of sitting down and hearing a long explanation about...

What he heard left little or no impression upon him except when he spoke...

"That is the most marvelous thing I ever saw in all my life," said she, as the two walked away.

"Yes," said Leigh, "the most marvelous." "I can scarcely believe it even yet," said Hanbury in a tone of reverent awe.

"What you faintly in the street and I went to offer help, I took off my hat to your young lady and said, 'Miss Grace, can I be of any use?' or words to that effect."

"I do not wonder." "Hah! You could not tell one from the other. I could not tell I saw your young lady."

"Indeed," said Hanbury, with frigid politeness. At first this wretched creature had been all silky fur and purring sounds; now he seemed all claws and fangs.

"Yes, Miss Ashton has more go, more vitality, more vigor, more nerve, more enterprise, more enthusiasm, more divinity." Hanbury turned round and gazed at the hunchback with astonishment.

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CHAPTER X. Mrs. Ashton's drawing room would, under ordinary circumstances, be open to any friend or acquaintance brought there by Hanbury.

Before knocking at the door Hanbury turned to Leigh and said, "By the way, there are likely to be a good number of people here at this hour on Thursday."

"I know. At Home." "Precisely. I am not going to say a word about what occurred earlier. I mean in that blind street."

"Which would make the manufacture unnecessary." She clasped her hands before her with delight and cried while her eyes shone brightly into his.

"You are interested? He bent his head still lower and she neither so firm nor so hard. 'Would you care to hear as soon as I know?'"

"Oh, yes." "Of course, I think, be certain by this day week." "Then come to us again next Thursday. We shall be here as we are now."

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Except when he passed between Leigh and Hanbury all words were intended for any ears who might hear. After strolling through the rooms with Hanbury for some time, Leigh approached the table where Dora was dispensing tea.

When Leigh finished eating the bread and butter and drinking the tiny cup of coffee, he said, "By the way, I know in what way I have been lucky to-day."

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THE PRESIDENT'S "SCHOOL."

Small Things He Must Learn while His Oath of Office. The die has been cast and the choice made for the next President. The President, though a man long prominent in politics, begins immediately after his election to "go to school."

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A KIND-HEARTED BEAR.

As Lissa a Little Child in His Fawn and Fawn Her in a Place of Safety. Miss Isabel F. Haggood translates for the St. Nicholas a true story from the Russian of Vera P. Zhelezkovskaya. It is an incident that occurred in 1947, in the Trans-Caucasian German colony of Elisabeth, about thirty miles from Tiflis.

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REV. DR. CHILMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse. Subject: "Wrestling With the Super-natural."

"And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the ground and bowed himself before him. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."—Genesis xxxii, 26, 27.

There is a cloud of dust from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and some camels. They are the present that Jacob sought to gain the good will of his offended brother. But there is no rest for the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, an aching leader to let the angels down into his dream, but a severe struggle that lasts until morning with an unknown visitor. They were passing to other. The unknown visitor revealed his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple clouds begin to ripen, Jacob sees in its azure glow whom he has been outwitting and not one of his brother's soldiers. "Let me go," cries the angel, "and I will let thee go into increasing light; 'the day breaketh.'"

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people some rest in their mortal struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with the angel. For Jacob, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast's den; for Peter, a prison; for Christ, a cross; for John, a desert; for the saints, the gibbets, the prisons, the thumbscrews, the stocks and daughters of the Lord Almighty, Boston, who had been in battle more than once, who had beheld death and blood, said afterward that they became cold and daisy, and many turned away their eyes in anguish. But those who endured the ordeal, on the other hand, beheld a marvel. When you are on the point of the terrible fellow-traveler who was coming to meet her. She only caught sight of that dark-brown shaggy mass at the moment when it almost came in contact with her. The huge beast comically looked at her. He left his paw stood on the very edge of the path, while with his right side he almost rubbed the cliff. They caught sight of each other almost at the same moment.

Probably a cry or an exclamation on the part of the child revealed her presence to the beast, as he was walking along with his muzzle and eyes drooping earthward. They stared fixedly at each other. The little girl was petrified with fear; the bear, bared, in indignation, no doubt much astonished, but not frightened. For one moment, probably, he reflected: "What am I to do now?" It was impossible to pass without crushing the unexpected obstacle, without striking it or hurling it into the abyss. The path was so narrow in this point that he could not even turn round on all fours. What was to be done?

Down below the people waited, with bated breath, expecting at any moment to see the unhappy child pushed into the abyss. But, to the surprise of all, the way in which full-foot and good-natured "Mikhail Ivanitch, General Topotygin," had settled the problem. He wished neither death nor harm to this tiny creature, helpless before him, with open mouth and staring eyes, having lost through fear all power of crying, and awaiting his will in trembling silence. And "Mishchenka" carried out his will.

With a faint growl, caused not by anger but by the necessity of putting himself to trouble, he reared up on his hind legs, strode close up to the little girl, and, bracing his back against the cliff, clasped his forepaws around her, just beneath the shoulders.

Shrieks and groans of despair resounded from below. The ladies, who still continued to gaze with dim eyes, grew faint; but the men, especially the hunters, who were acquainted with the murderous habits of the bear family, leaped in spirit, and with a hopeful "mad hope" for the child's safety. They perceived that the bear was not having in a very remarkable manner, with all the caution and dexterity which he could command.

They were not mistaken as to his unprecedented goodness. The kind-hearted bear lifted the little girl up, carefully about the middle of her back, and turning on the pivot of his hind paws, set her down on the other side of the path.

Having performed this gymnastic exercise, the bear, without waiting to be thanked (evidently, he was well acquainted with the human race), walked about, dropped on all fours, and proceeded quietly on his way, swaying from side to side, and grunting contentedly in anticipation of a sweet repose in his lair not far away.

No Need for It. The proneness of the press to retail personal scandal has suggested a reminiscence of the times of Louis the Fifteenth, when a member of the noble family of D'Argenson had charge of the police of the kingdom. One day he was summoned before him the pamphleteer, Desfontaines, who had dragged to the public an escapade of some one of the name of D'Argenson. The royal official reprimanded Desfontaines severely and menaced him with something a good deal worse if he did not mend his ways or those of his scandal-mongering pen. "But, my lord," answered the poor devil of a writer, "I must live."

"Really," cordily retorted the Lieutenant of police, "I don't see the necessity of that."

It must be nice to be built like the grand daddy long legs, and have such long arms that one can reach anywhere to scratch.

Industrious men are poor not because they fail to make money, but because they fail to take care of it.

Contentible Trick. "I notice your wife didn't go to the lakes this summer." "No; I couldn't afford it." "That is what I told my wife, but you may remember that she went just the same."

"I didn't tell my wife. I got a hotel typewriter girl to address an envelope to me in a nice feminine hand and she dropped it out of my pocket at home."

History and Science. Prof. Starbuck, Illinois, tells us what you know about the Ptolemaic epicycles. Mr. Blake—They were invented in 1680, but have been succeeded by the modern epicycles.—Missouri Journal.

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