



CHAPTER XI.

If Lady Kildonan did not look like an invalid, she knew how to assume the airs...

And, apparently exhausted by the effort of shaking hands and waving her hand...

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She lowered her eyes and sighed. "I have a great many worries, and troubles, too," she said. "But, of course, I could think of troubling you with them."

"At any rate, your gaiety became so well that it is difficult to believe it was not natural to you."

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"Yes, like a child for whom you buy a half-crown doll, though you won't let her have half a crown to buy a doll which has five times as much value as the doll you refuse to give her."

"But there is one lucky thing," he said, benevolently, "and that is, that living up here as you do, the hardship of not being able to buy anything yourself cannot press very hardly upon you, as there is nothing to buy."

CANOVAS.

Inspired the Horrid Cruelties Practiced in Cuba.

The tragic taking of Senor Canovas, the Premier of Spain, cannot blur the historical fact that he was the monster who inspired the barbarities in Cuba.

Lady Kildonan could not conceal her distaste to this proposal.

"Really," she said, with irritation, "one would think I was to blame for his fancy to work at night!"

"Oh, no, I am immensely showing you how to cure him of it. If you care—and I am sure you do care, Lady Kildonan—to be in the cure by taking your husband for a drive every day—two days, at the least, I promise you I will do my best to induce him to finish his cure at some foreign springs."

She seemed to be balancing the future gain with the present sacrifice.

"No, I don't," said Armathwaite, smiling. "I mean a place with big hotels, and bands, and balls, and a promenade which wears off pretty dresses and—other wearers."

"Agreed," she said, hastily, and she gave him her hand to close the bargain just as a slow rat-tat was heard on her door.

"What is the matter with you? What are you looking at?" asked she, impatiently, noting with surprise the great and sudden alteration in him.

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WILL MOVE THE MONUMENT.

Chicago merchants whose places of business front on the open air market in Haymarket square say that the bronze policeman who for so long has been the tutelary genius of the place must go.

Old-Fashioned Journalism.

He was a tenderfoot from Illinois. He was hungry, ragged and dead broke, and was making for Carson Flat with the idea of finding something to do as an editor, reporter or compositor on the American Eagle.

"Why don't you hang yourself?" "Because I've got no rope," was the reply.

"What's the matter with you?" "Down to Carson Flat."

"To hit a job on the Eagle." "Ar' ye a newspaper man?" "Yes."

"Then cum along."

He followed the crowd down the hill and across the level to the town of Carson Flat.

"All in reg'lar order, boys. Now, Mister man, we don't like yer paper, and we've cum over to give ye a choice. Will ye git or hang?"

"Will ye git or hang? We hain't no time fur foolin'!"

"Then go."

AMERICAN MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Miss Augusta Cottlow Among the World's Foremost Musicians.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, the American musical prodigy whose home is in Shelbyville, Ill., is said to be one of the foremost musicians in the world.

It was in 1842 that John Draper, then a professor in the University of Maryland, was struck by a photograph.

Two of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are more than 65 years of age.

A Bird that Acts as a Shepherd.

In Venezuela there is a species of crane, called by the natives the yaka-mik, which is easily tamed and trained to look after the flock of sheep or turkeys.

The Dismal Dilemma—Fanny isn't it, that a millionaire isn't happy?

Everett Weiss—I see nothin' strange about it. It is the time they have wasted that makes 'em sore when they think of it.

"Time wasted?" "Sure. Don't you know that meet of 'em has spent their lives in hard work?—Indianapolis Journal.

If you pay your debts promptly, you are entitled to more credit than a man who is charitable, or a woman who is kind.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

A Rough Sea Voyage is What Christ's Followers Must Expect.

The storm, the calm and the harbor.

It seems as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock to rock and hill and dale.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out a squadron of deadly armament.

calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the small boat, light the lanterns.

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CHAPTER XII.

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