

Asketh how nears Paradise, thou who for it hast striven?

WARNED BY A MOUSE.

The old manor-house at Barton Bridge, although one of the quietest and most picturesque houses in this side of the country, was not half so well known as it deserved to be.

Its master and owner, John Trowbridge, was an old-fashioned bachelor, who had few friends, and their visits were few and far between.

Left an orphan when a mere child, with a fortune of £20,000 on coming of age, she had grown up at last to be as willful, high-spirited and charming a young lady as could be found in all the county.

These were the two who sat chatting together one wintry evening in November, on the day of her coming of age, when, contrary to all custom in such cases, and in defiance of his urgent entreaty, she had insisted on having no dinner party and no birthday celebration.

My dear doctor, Don't be alarmed, though I beg you to come straight to the manor-house as soon as you can.

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pair of eyes watching her from one corner of the room, among the curtains, where the mouse had sprung out!

For a moment she was utterly paralyzed with dread, and not daring, or able, to move, she was about to cry out for help.

After a moment she recovered herself, and then, with a sort of desperate courage, she turned back to her old position and again looked into the glass, as if nothing had happened.

The second note was this: "My dearest Florrie: A mouse has got into the Oak Room, and here I am a prisoner; send your two brothers at once to deliver me—at once!"

Old Forbes was the first to recover from his amazement, and, after a moment's thought, to hurry down from his surgery and rush out of the house—armed with a case of instruments and his biggest stick—without a word to wife or servants, or to himself, but "What on earth is that witch of a girl up to now?"

And then came a dread silence, more terrible than any speech. She tried to speak but for many minutes the effort was in vain, and ended in a few broken sobs and still more broken words.

"All right, governor," said Sikes, "you needn't make no fuss, I ain't done no harm to the young lady; and the winder bein' open, you see, I only come in to get a rest."

of starvation and misery, that Grace's voice prevailed, though he did not escape his taste of the pond.

Chinese slavery exists in California and thousands of Chinese are in bondage.

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