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RSDAY, FEB. 14, 1884.

- The maiden's voice was low.

 And darkly looked she at the clock.

 And darkly at her beau.

 My pa will swoop upon you.

 Before the clock strikes tea.

 Ind if his boot once makes you scoot.

 We ne er will meet again.
- Then out spake brave John Heary,
 A suitor bold was he;
 "Let him who fears a father's frown
 Like some base coward fee;
 But I am not a suitor
 Who'd safety seek in flight;
 'I'd sooner die than try to fly
 'Without first showing light."
- inds like knell of doom!
 appears! The father flerce
 as stalking in the room.
- looks upon dis daughter, tear is in his eye; gazes on her byld-eyed beau, is glance was stern and high oung man I give you warnin o leave, without a flout; else I'll see that you will be eet foremost carried out,"
- en up sprang orave John Mean, in athlete strong was he; d with that frowning father's form le made exceeding free, gave him one left hander, v hich sprawled him on the floor; blacked his eye, smote hip and thind drove him through the door.
- Proud parent," quoth John Henry,
 "What thinkest thou of me?
 Ost thou believe that from this house
 That I would meekly fiee!
 If thou are not too weary,
 If thou cans't wag thy jaw,
 d like to know if I'm too alow
 To be thy son-in law?"
- John Henry," spake the parent
 "As thou say'st, so let it be,"
 ind straight unto the parson then
 Forth went both he and she,
 he lovers, in love's quarrels,
 Should be both brave and bold;
 r, quite bereft, they'll soon get left
 And find the day is cold.
- Now in the nights of winter,
 Whene'er the clock strikes ten,
 John Henry chuckles at his wife,

With giggling and with laughter, Again the tale is told, If how he fought when he did court In the brave days of old.

CUPIDITY AND GRIME.

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED,)

"What did you do then ?" "I shouted with all my might as soon as I could get my voice back. All the servants came in, and we sent for a doctor and her ladyship. The doctor came at once, but her ladyship was not to be

John Hicks was followed by Celeste Dubois, Lady de Gretton's maid, a quick bright-eyed Frenahwoman, who, in a very different fashion, told substantially the same story of the over-night dispute

and the morning horror.
"I went to call milady," she cried, with a dramatic uplifting of her hands, "to break to her the sorrowful and dreadful news, and she was not there; she had news, and she was not there; she had fled, her bed unslept in, her dress untouched, for she would not allow me to attend her at night. She had gone, like a madwoman, out into the world."

Mademoiselle Celeste's evidence produced a profound sensation, and left little doubt in the minds of the listeners

that the flight had not been the only mad act laid to Nora de Gretton's charge that night. Link by link the chain of evidence convicting her was being forged in her absence. It would be hard indeed

to find a weak place in it presently.

The doctor, who was not a little fluster. The doctor, who was not a little flustered by the unusual importance attaching to his words, merely deposed that he was called between seven and eight a. m. to Cliff Cottage, and found Lord de Gretton, who had been dead five or six hours. He was stabbed under the left shoulder, and the blow had penetrated the heart. It must have been dealt with considerable force, but—in answer to a timidly-put question—not perhaps with more strength than an abnormally-excited woman could command. The weapon used was long, keen, and narrow; there was no trace of such a weapon in the room. He was of opinion that at the moment the blow was struck, or immediately after, Lord de Gretton had inhaled chloroform, as a strong odor still lingered in the room and

about the dead man.

At this point of the proceedings the Coroner thought it better to adjourn the inquiry for the production of further evidence, and, if possible, for the discovery of the missing bride.

So matters stood when, for the second

time in three days, Arthur Beaupre arrived at Stoke Vernon, and took up his quarters at the village inn. As yet his name had not appeared in the case; no local detective, it seemed, had discovered that there had been a third person present at that momentous beach meeting that had brought jarring discord to mar the music of the honey-moon. He felt that it would have been wiser and better to keep away, but a fatal fascination drew him to the spot in which the death-blow to his happiness had been dealt, and kept him chained there from hour to hour, helplessly waiting for the news he longed and yet dread news that Nors

But the news lingered strangely. It was easy enough to bring the crime home to the unhappy maddened girl, who by her flight indeed had made a virtual confession of her guilt; but it was terribly hard to find her, though the keenest detectives in England were soon in search of her and descriptive handbills appeared on every wall.

It is not corner in which Arthur sat. He had no choice now but to perform the one duty laid upon him, to tell the story which had served to convict the girl he loved so dearly in his eyes, and which must needs, he thought, tell terribly against her in those of others.

All eyes rested eagerly on the pale handsome face, all ears were strained to catch the low-toned words in which this, blue have of the corner in which Arthur sat. He had no choice now but to perform the one duty laid upon him, to tell the story which had served to convict the girl he loved so dearly in his eyes, and which must needs, he thought, tell terribly against her in those of others.

All eyes rested eagerly on the pale handsome face, all ears were strained to catch the low-toned words in which this, blue had no choice now but to perform the had no choice now but to perform the had served to convict the girl he loved so dearly in his eyes, and which must needs, he thought, tell terribly against her in those of others.

on every wall.

It should have been so easy, such mere child's play, to track the maddened fugitive, who must surely have borne about her some traces of her terrible deed.

The detectives were indignant with and ashamed of their own failure; the newspapers ironically congratulated them on their customary display of perspicuity and skill; but a failure it still remained, even after the Coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "Wilful murder," and the Government had given a fresh spur to zeal by the offer of a large reward.

Perhaps the verdict would have been a little longer in coming, a little more hesitating in tone, but for the arrival of a new witness, whose clear straightforward evidence destroyed the last element of improbability in the case, and gave a streng reason for Lord de Gretton's displeasure, a distinct motive for Nora's crime.

—the only member of Lody de Gretton's family, it was explained, who was able to give evidence, Captain Bruce being paralyzed, and Mrs. Bruce suffering, on the testimony of a medical certificate, from extreme weakness and nervous exhaustion.

tion.

Cristme was always pale, but she looked whiter than ever in the deep black dress she had assumed for the occasion. She stook quite calm and composed, conscious of the intent and curious scrutiny of which she was the object, but in no way disturbed by it. Many were there who knew her, and, guessing instinctively at the jealousy that had embittered her step-sister's life, wondered that she could so well control the remorseful anguish of which no doubt she was the anguish of which no doubt she was the prey. Remorse! If he could but have known what a tempest of passion surged beneath that calm exterior, the hardest person present would have shrunk in horror from the fair, delicate-looking girl so genuinely pitied now. Anguish she felt indeed; but it was for her own crushed have and printed in her savened. hopes and wounded pride; in her savage exultation there was nothing that savour-

ed of remorse.

Once—how long ago —when first she learned how terribly fate had helped her learned how terribly fate had outstripped deed, and would at almost any sacrifice have undone her cruel work. But Arthur Beaupre's scorn had frozen the better impulse in the moment of its birth and wakened the old resentless jealousy that would hardly slumber again.

Clearly, coolly, and succinctly Miss Singleton's evidence was given, and every word told with deadly effect against the

bsent Nora.

Lady de Gretton had never leved her husband—it had been a marriage of convenience only. She had been engaged to a young man who was supposed to have been killed in the Zulu war, and grief for him had completely changed her nature. The young man however was not dead, and Lady de Gretton unhappily learned

the fact on her wedding day.

A quick murmur of surprise, mingled with pity, passed through the room; the motive, hitherto a little uncertain, was growing terribly clear.

Did she learn this fact before or after

the Coroner's gaze fully, as she answered, with mournful decision—

"After, certainly, or the wedding would

never have taken place; she was devoutly attached to Mr. Beaupre, and—"
"Keep to the point, if you please," the lawyer interposed a little sharply. "Are you sure she did know it at all?" "I gave her Mr. Beaupre's lettter with my own hands. I know that Mr. Beaupre followed her down here, and that Lord de Gretton found them together on

the beach. " and well beat atintill The last words, as evidence, were wholly inadmissable, of course; but they told as nothing spoken in that room had told yet; and, looking at Arthur Beaupre's ghastly face—the point on which her eyes had rested through the whole speech—Cristine felt that her vengeance was at speak the words that would rob the girl he had loved so loyally of her last desperate hope would be a martydom indeed. last complete. For him to stand up and

"Now he is sorry he flung back my penitence and refused his pardon!" she thought, with cruel exultation. "He should have remembered that Nors had something still to lose, and what a woman scorned could do. I wonder what he thinks of me now !" ... be the month

The speculation was a wasted one. She had no place in Arthur Beaupre's thoughts, which were wholly absorbed in the task before him. Strong man as he was, he felt a sudden deadly faintness steal over him, felt his eyes grow dim and misty, and for a moment feared that he was about to swoon. How should he speak of Nora to these men, how tell the love and terror that possessed him? Why had he not put the width of the earth between him and the possessibility of make the second terror that possessed him? him and the possibility of such a cruel task? Could he escape even now? Alas, no! Even as he asked himself the question, he heard Cristine's clear cold voice answering it and the query addressed to

er simultaneously—
"Mr. Beaupre told me. Mr. Beaupre

And the lender black-gloved finger pointed with vengeful purpose to the re-mote corner in which Arthur sat. He

catch the low-toned words in which this, the hero of the romance, told the painful story of his meeting with his lost love.

He had met Lady de Gretton by accident, and knowing nothing of her mar-

ge. Lord de Gretton had interrupted meeting, and had naturally seemed pleased that it should have taken place. displeased that it should have taken place.
There had been no quarrel—this with an earnest emphasis and evident sincerity.
They had parted with the understanding that the farewell was final. Mr. Beaupre had returned at once to town, and only learned that Lord de Gretton was dead from the evening newspapers.

No one doubted the truth of the young man's story; all pitied the pain with which it was wrung forth; but none the less did it do the work Criatine Singleton intended it to do and sweep the last shadow of doubt from the jurors' ed throughly displayed the story.

minds.
"Wilful murder!" The verdict, after

linked with Nora's name, seemed to him the most horrible profanation. Norahis fair gentle love, his innocent betrothed, a murderess! There was something hideously unnatural in the idea. These men did not know her, they could not call to mind a thousand instances of her patience, long-suffering, gentleness, as he could; and yet the thought struck him sharply as a knife-thrust that he too had doubted—no, not doubted—convicted her—in his own mind.

He laughed aloud at the thought—him in that moment was not the wild-

and doubted—no, not the had doubted—no, not the him in that moment was all between him in that moment was all bitterness and dread, but the innocent light-hearted girl who had placed her little hand within his own and vowed to love and trust him until death bid them

changed his purpose. "Take my arm," he said, with kindly haste. "You look as though you would faint. This has been

dead by a sudden blow.

CHAPTER KIII.

Arthur Beaupre closed his eyes upon a summer world, and opened them con-sciously upon a world whose brighter autumn tints were fading fast.

The small stock of strength he had brought home with him had been recklessly expended in those days of waiting agony; and when the reaction of the strong extitement came, it came in the shape of utter and complete collapse.

For six weeks he lay between life and death, parched by fever, and tortured by fierce pain, but mercifully spared the suppression.

supreme agony of suspense. When, slowly and painfully, sense came back and memory took up its torturing task, he learned that for the girl he had left in such deadly peril there was nothing more

was hovering near. The shadow presence could not kill the fervent faith that comforted and upheld her. What had been would be again, she thought, as she sat, an erect and watchful figure, through the long night hours, keen-eyed and eagerly dead girl, bruised and battered by the alert. Had not this her son been given back to her from the dead already, and semblance to humanity. Only by the back to her from the dead already, and would the Power in whom she trusted with a firm unfaltering faith work but half a miracle in her behalf?

The doctors shrugged their shoulders over the old Scotchwoman's argument; but she was justified in her faith. The doctors said her son owed his life to her nursing, and thought, and intended her to say, that he owed it to their skill. But, though she thanked them with the gracious sweetness of a true gentlewoman and with a tender tremor in her clear voice, she still held firmly to her faith that Heaven had heard her prayes and given back her son. The doctors shrugged their shoulders

lower, and answered softly-

as no trial, dear." The word was but a long-

e—oh, my dear, be brave and he poor unhappy girl——" ral" he interrupted fiercely, fort of savage pride. "Have her,—has she—confessed?" re shook her pretty gray

d. Arthur, all her pain is d, with grave emphatic ten-dy de Gretton is dead." sharp spasmodic cry thrill-e mother's heart, making it

He paused to thank them, wendering the while in a dazed and misty fashion why his voice sounded so far away and odd, and why the wrong words came with such singular pertinacity to his lips.

He was faint—that was it; he had not eaten or slept for—how many months and years was it? He could not sleep while this suspense lasted. But now it was all over—now that Nora was dead.

"They have hung her, have they not?" he inquired, with extreme courtey, of a man who stood beside him in the doorway; but somehow the tone, surve as it.

A smothered groan broke from the pale lips, and Mrs. Beaupre, who, from her distant corner, had been anxiously awaiting an opportunity to break in upon the grief that she held sacred, now came to the bedside.

"Arthur dearest, it was Heaven's will," she whispered feverently, while the tears ran like rain-drops down the soft wrinkled cheeks, "and even here, even now, we could see that for the poor unhappy girl death was best."

A smothered groan broke from the pale lips, and Mrs. Beaupre, who, from her distant corner, had been anxiously awaiting an opportunity to break in upon the grief that she held sacred, now came to the bedside.

"Arthur dearest, it was Heaven's will," she whispered feverently, while the tears ran like rain-drops down the soft wrinkled cheeks, "and even here, even now, we could see that for the poor unhappy girl death was best."

A smothered groan broke from the pale

Arthur Beaupre stirred restlessly at the words; they touched a painfully vibratway; but somehow the tone, surve as it was, made the stranger jump.

was, made the stranger jump.

words; they touched a painfully vibrating chord in his memory. He too had seen that death was best. He too had prayed that Nora might be taken away from the shame and agony to come, and

terribly hard for you, but—"

The sentence died in a dismayer ejaculation, for Arthur Beaupre, with a smothered groan, slipped suddenly to the ground, and lay there like a mar struck large depths.

The cold drops rose like beads on his forehead; he seized his mother's hand, and the hollow fevered eyes sought her face with a desperate entreaty in their darkened depths. face with a desperate entreaty in their darkened depths.
"Mother, how did she die?"

No softening of the words was possible; they must be spoken, and to speak them

"In the moment of madness and her crime she must have rushed straight down the cliff, and either fallen or thrown herself into the sea. One of her shoes were picked up on the beach, a long strip of her dresshad caught on a pricky shrub,

and-and later-Mrs. Beaupre broke down at last, and turned her head aside, unable to endure the mute horror of the listener's face. But Arthur broke in impatiently-"Mother, for pity's sake, do not pause

now! Let me know all." "A week later they found her, Arthur, that is all. She is buried here. Is it not better to think of her so than as she

might have been?" Yes, it was better. Even in the moto hope or fear.

Very gently, very pitifully the news was told him, for it was told by his mothers' lips. Mrs. Beaupre summoned from her northren home by the news of her son's sudden and dengarant illness.

man sea-drift upon which few could bear to look and say that it had once been

He was himself but half thankful for the boon of life; it would have been so easy to drift out with the ebb tide of his own weary weakness. It was cruelly hard to bear again the burden and heat of the day. Life had lost all interest for him.

Mrs. Beaupre read the eager question in the blue eyes that gleamed with a pitiful brightness from the pale haggard face, and answered it in her gentle womanly fashion before her son had time to put it into words.

The poor soul passed the night in pitifully earnest prayer, feeling every now and then that the chill shadow of despair into words.

"My poor boy!" She drew the hot was falling over her at last; but with the She drew the hot was falling over her at last; but with the our way. The flat uninteresting country oulder, and smooth morning came renewed hope. Arthur stood out clearly in the moonlight, and

for it in the prompt preparation of a re-

storative.

From that moment Arthur's progress to recovery, if not very rapid, was steady and sure. He knew the worst now, and all that was manly, and steadfast in the young man's nature woke and armed him against a cowardly despair. Life was barren of hope and empty of joy; but life held duties still. With the sun at noontide, he must not weakly cry for the cool soft airs and deepening shadows of the night. He had still his profession and his mother. Men sorely wounded had bound up their hurts and faced the battle bravely for less things than these. He was up and about, frail and shadowy looking, but still a room-bound invalid no more, before he again adverted to the

suspended in the air over poor Mrs. Beaupre's head.

He was sitting in a big chintz-covered easy-chair before the bright little fire. which was acceptable to more than invalids on this sunny but chill autumnal day. A newspaper lay open before him; but his eyes rested on his mother's face, and, had she chanced to look up, she would have known his thoughts by their strange

But, as it chanced, she kept her gaze steadily on the work before her, a piece of fine darning, which she fancied few women of her age could achieve. She felt quite bright and cheerful to-day, and looked as she felt. The morning sun-light fell across the quaint old-fashioned little room, filling it with warmth and homely comfort; the fire crackled merrily in the small polished grate, the pale pretty asters she had arranged in an old china bowl refreshed her flower-loving eyes. Over and above all, Arthur had taken his breakfast with something like an appetite, and sat now quietly reading his newspaper. Truly all things were well with her to-day.

"Mother, who followed Nora to the

grave ?"

raising a grim and spectral army in their (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Yankee Skipper in China. We left Hong Kong by one of the huge American paddle boats which ply night and morning between the English fort-ress and the Chinese city of Canton. The steamer, built in Glasgow, was constructed on the American river pattern, and seemed to be made of cardboard, rather than of wood. Its cantain a Vankou assured me she was so light he thought water indeed.

As we prepared to start at evening, thick fog came on, so dense that only a part of the vessel could be seen at a time. thought this would induce our skipper to stay awhile, for I knew the river was full of boats, barges and junks; but I did full of boats, barges and junks; but I did not then know the gentleman. He, sitting astride a rail, smoking a huge cigar, was swinging his legs backwards and forwards, and spitting across the deck, when I, having deposited my bag in the cabin, went to ask him if he thought we should start that evening. "Guess so," was the prompt reply. "But the fog is very "I replied "Yes but that don't prompt reply. "But the fog is very dense," I replied. "Yes, but that don't amount to much," said he, "we shall let her rip," and his looks quite bore out this

There were at the moment hundreds of had come without loss of time and nursed him night and day with true motherly devotion through the terrible weeks and months that followed, never losing heart, even when hope seemed madness and the doctors gravely warned her that death was hovering near. The shadow presence could not kill the fervent faith that comforted and upheld her. What had been signed her. Heaven had been meriful to his tried and erring love; he would make no impious protest. And yet—

"Oh, Nora"—the cry of the strong loving heart broke forth irrepressibly—
loving heart broke forth irrep Chinamen coming aboard. As they did bedding, made up into neat bun-dles, duly docketed and entered, be-ing carried away. There was no noise, every transaction went on quietly; the giving up of wearing apparel as fare was evidently the most ordinary circumstance; when a man objected, he was, to use the Yankee skipper's parlance, "fired out;" that is, set ashore. By seven o'clock the last Celestial was aboard, and we were moving off in the fog. Darkness of night added to the dense mist, made the track appear impenetrable to my unaccustomed eyes, but the two Chinamen who held the wheel, and who I was told were very experienced pilots, were evidently quite at

In vain I tried to descry the shore of the river, or see any object twenty feet ahead—on went the steamer; the American was "letting herrip," as he said, and we were evidently on the right track. Twice I felt the craft bump against something, but no shade of surprise ever crossed the faces of the imperturbable Celestials at the wheel. They had their orders—like Mark Twain's cabmen, who once dreve Horace Greely-and they swerved for nothing. And these were "only Chinamen," whom Europeans choose to look down upon. I question whether any Englishman could have found his way through that fog. At length, after four headdown upon her shoulder, and smoothed back the soft short brown hair with ed back the soft short brown hair with true mother-touches, tender and seothing.

"You have been ill so long, Arthur, that — that there is nothing terrible to face now."

He misinterpreted the words, and a sudden horror dilated and darkened the blue eyes. He tried to free himself from his mother's clasp as he asked broken-live.

The mother's clasp as he asked broken-live.

He misinterpreted the words, and a success with a faint shadow of his anxious glace with a faint shadow of his anxio for trifling, and we moved straight on.
We could hear the occupants of the junks
saying something which did not sound
like compliments, but that did not mat-"The—the trial—is it over then?"

Mrs. Beaupre bent her head a little worn-out and everwrought nurse, who, not trusting herself to speak nurse, who, not trusting herself to speak the worn-out and everwrought our captain nor his crew—the steamer stopped for nothing.—Canton Letter in most to bursting, found practical vent worn-out and everwrought our captain nor his crew—the steamer our captain nor his crew—the steamer stopped for nothing.—Canton Letter in London Telegraph.

Increasing in Fary and Barbarity.

With a regularity that would puzzle even the most scientific observer, the tide of fanaticism against the Jews in Roumania sets in with ever-increasing fury and barbarity. Whilst in other countries, where the Jews formally were persecuted, their lines have now fallen in pleasant places, this is not the case in Roumania. The glamour of an unreal civilization appears to have obscured her sight, at the same time that her dealings with the Jews have become more and more disgraceful. Not that we are handed over to ferocious beasts as in the case of the Roman emperors, or sent to the gallows.

It is not enough for our enemies that we are debarred from exercising a large number of callings and that public functions are withheld from us. Other means are now taken to keep us down, among them Jew-baiting, which has become a favorite sport. The government, no longer fearing the interference of Europe since the recognition of Roumanian independence by the great powers, make no secret of their action with respect to the Jews, and they now publicly order the expulsion of our coreligionists from villages and towns in virtue of a new law which confers arbitrary powers on the executive. The case of the expulsion of Rabbi Taubes, of Dorohoi, by order of the council of ministers, deserves special notice, as his case forms the starting-point of a long series of contemplated point of a long series of contemplated persecutions against the Jews. Some time ago the commissary of the town of Dorohoi, disguising himself as a Russian Jew, demanded admission one night into the house of Rabbi Taubes. The rabbi, who did not suspect that any danger was in store for him, admitted the visitor; but before a word could be spoken on either Suddenly, in the midst of her cheery side he was seized by some gendarmes at the disposal of the commissary, carried out of the house, and dragged into a carriage which stood in readiness a few yards eff. The carriage was driven straight toeff. The carriage was driven straight to-ward the Austrian frontier, over which the rabbi was conducted by his captors. For some time no one could understand the motive for this harsh procedure. At length it was discovered that the rabbi had been the victim of a gross misrepre-sentation, the prefect of the district hav-ing denounced him to the ministry as a spy of the Alliance Israelite; hence his transportation across the frontier. Let me add that Rabbi Taubes was bern in than of wood Its captain a Yanken assured me she was so light he thought she could go over land in a shower of rain. She certainly drew very little Dorohoi. His father is at present rabbi at Bottuchani, and his uncle fills a similar post in Jassey. His antecedents, are, therefore, of the best, and as he is neither a vagrant nor introduced himself into this country by fraudulent means, the charge of being a spy is as base a calumny as his expulsion is unwarranted.

Fresh orders have been given that all

Jews residing in the rural communes, and engaged as clerks, overseers, farmers and merchants, shall without delay quit those places, and in case of refusal, force is to be employed in order to compel them to comply with this order. Five days' grace is given them to settle their affairs. The motive assigned for these expulsions is that the Jews are addicted to underhanded practices, though no proof can be cited in support of this accusation. What an amount of misery, accompanied by its usual train of evils, awaits many innocent

families!
On the frontier, too, the Jews are harassed on entering or leaving this country. Roumania had already met with a sharp rebuke from Russia on this account. Incredible as this may appear, it is none the less true. If a Russian Jew is placed in an unfortunate position of having to make a journey to Roumania, the journey is attended by many difficulties of which he perhaps never dreamt. If he reside in Moscow, Warsaw, or other distant parts of Russia, he is compelled first of all to travel to Odessa, at a large expense of time and money, in order to have his passport vised by the Roumanian consul general before he can cross the frontier. It is alleged that the policy which inspired this measure is a desire to restrict the entry of Jews into this country, and I must say that if this be so the government partially succeeded, for no sensible Jew would think of entering the country under such circumstances. ing the country under such circumstances.

For a time the Russian authorities retaliated by absolutely refusing te admit any person, irrespective of creed, provided with Roumanian passports. But the bear and the fox have come to an understandand the fox have come to an understand the fox have come to an understandand the fox have come to an understand the fox have come to an understandand the fox have come to ing, and the frontier regulations for Russian Jews have remained the same.—
Jassy Cor. London Jewish Chronicle. ed the same .-

At Bacup, in England, recently, a girl, aged seven, died from inflammation of the brain, brought on by overwork at school. The medical officer, in reporting the case, strongly condemned the practice of making young children do home lessons at night. He said it worried them and made them restless at pickt. made them restless at night.

I could never think well of a man's was habitually unfaithful to his appoint-

I look upon indolence as a sort of sui-cide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may sur-

Sincerity is an opening of the heart.
We find it in very few people; and that
which we generally see is nothing but a
subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others,