

HEADACHES (Ayer's Pills advertisement)

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - - \$75,000

L.S.L. Louisiana State Lottery Company

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000

CHEAP FARMS NEAR MARKETS

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL

WANTED—Two female school teachers

Sawing Made Easy

MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE

BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING

CRAIG Street

Ben Butler diabetes pills and new paper mill

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

CURE SICK HEADACHE

CURE SICK HEADACHE (Continuation of Carter's Pills ad)

GAIN Health and Happiness

Are your Kidneys disordered?

Are you Constipated?

Are you tormented with Piles?

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

In Consumptive Cases

ALL-WON PEERAGES AN UNHALLOWED UNION

By M. L. O'Byrne

CHAPTER VI. Continued.

Dear Maurice, I believe that, mother...

"I think you are wise, dear," said his mother...

Lady O'Driscoll was silent; hers was not a mind gifted with high intellectual acumen...

"What agreeable persons those Miss Warbeck Higgenboggans are," resumed Maurice...

"And I may correct my first impression; but I thought my niece, Miss Fitzpatrick, a nice girl."

"The just it, mother; your discrimination proves your judgment," returned Maurice...

"And if I were, madre mia, would you censure my choice?" he returned stealing a glance to catch the expression of his mother's countenance...

"Then, mother, mine is not love at first sight. You see I saw confidential I am with you; not as some tell me, because I'm an open-mouthed fellow that never could hold in my tongue or keep a thing to myself, but because somehow you have the key to unlock me, in spite of myself; and I can never keep a secret from you. The fact is, Alphonse and I are old acquaintances—that is, by sight. It seemed as though fate were ever throwing her in my path, yet in no romantic or sentimental form that I could lay hold on as a pretext for introduction. The first time I saw her was at the opening of the Ringsend Docks by the Lord Lieutenant. She had dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up and handed it to her, bowed, passed on, and thought of her no more; next time was at the laying of the foundation-stone at Maynooth College. I perceived then she was a Catholic, and somehow curiosity led me to take more notice of her. I think she engaged my fancy at that time, but I'm not quite sure. Had I never seen her again I daresay I should have forgotten all about her; but some time after I met her in a place you will not guess—the ward of a hospital in Jervis street. A poor fellow, a sizar in Trinity College, in whom I took an interest, had met with an accident in Grafton street—was run-over by a wagon, had his leg broken, and was carried to the hospital. I happened to be out at the time, met the stretcher, and accompanied the sufferer. Well, to shorten the story, in the bed next to that on which he lay, when the limb was dressed, an aged man was dying of some accident, which had necessitated the amputation of his...

ally giving vent to a low musical laugh, the door was thrown open by a footman in blue livery, and they were interrupted by the announcement of visitors. With the gliding step and listless nonchance of a footman, Lady Alicia Luttrell, with a pale, anxious, and untroubled expression, and in every unassuming feature the eager excitement and expectancy, blended with the awkward constraint of the entrance, she stepped into the room, and, whose hand they nearly wrung off in cordial greeting, while Lady Alicia had barely extended the tips of her fingers. The dress of all the visitors was elaborate; Lady Alicia's tolerably tasteful, but that of the others was overdone to excess, and garnished by a mass of trinkets. It was amusing also to observe how closely they copied the actions of their friend, for, when Lady Alicia reclined gracefully, they lolled, with great assumption of ease, upon an ottoman; and, so soon as her voice broke the chain of silence, their tongues, set free, went like a mill, as loud and incessant.

"Pleasant evening at Lady Moira's," remarked Lady Alicia. "His lordship has just set off with Gratton to embark for London."

"Yes, she looked very pretty," smiled Ethel, with covert glance at Flora Esmond, and in amused silence was putting by her work.

"My dear Maurice, that's not the point, else by-and-by we shall have agreeable shopkeepers and tradesmen going to the Castle," retorted Miss Gubbins with involuntary frown.

"I admit she is not a beauty, but I'm sure she's very amiable," said Lady O'Driscoll.

"The fifteen daughters of Blood of Ennisceorthy! Yes, a lively little fellow; but, dear mother, only think of fifteen of them, and to others all grown old enough to look upon marriage with a formidable lot for any man to encounter singly!" His mother laughed.

"Then, there's Miss Grier, an only child. You incorrigible cynic, have you any objection to her?"

"You know very well who I mean—the great Colossus introduced by Lady Moira."

Lord Edward looked startled, like one to whom a sudden flash of lightning had revealed a gulf yawning at his feet. A cold sense of dismay for an instant chilled his heart;—then, as if angry with himself and the speaker for admitting or awaking a doubtful suggestion, he irresolutely cried:

smile radiating her brow. She little guessed that the peerless lady whom rich and titled suitors had vainly wooed, who had turned with cold heart and deaf ear from the addresses and blandishments of the proud and noble, who had knelt to woo her hand, yielding herself to the force of irresistible magnetism, was attracted by the haughty and repelling Miles, whose nearest advance to courtesy was a stately bow or affable smile, and who received her courteous urbanities with a calm indifference that little encouraged approach. Yet so it was, and it was the mention of his name that had sent the blood mantling to her cheek, and lingering there, till Lady Alicia asked, abruptly: "When are mamma and papa going down to Westford?" "Papa and mamma expect us for Easter," said Ethel Courtney.

"Will your brothers go with you?" demanded Miss Esmond, addressing Flora Esmond, who answered: "Percy, perhaps, may; but Martin has to join his regiment; and as she spoke, new visitors were ushered in, and changed the theme of conversation."

"Suddenly, as one from sleep I started; for you'd almost me all the sunny capes seemed peopled with the shapes of those whom I had known in days departed. Appared in the loveliness which gleams on faces seen in dreams."

CHAPTER VII THE THEATRE

"I don't think Lady Moira does that," mildly returned Flora Esmond. "I thought our company last night was very agreeable."

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