

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

will you sit me down please," Lady Desmond wanted you."

She seemed to fly rather than walk; and I hastened after her. Ah, the mother's instinct, the mother's love! She thought neither of Lord Saxon nor of me, but went to the girl who lay upon the carpet, crushed and helpless.

"My darling, what is it?" she cried.

For a moment the burning face of the unhappy girl appeared through the veil of loosened hair.

is a wicked one—named across my
and showing me how I could avert the
lamity which threatened my future
pects. No one knew anything about
y daughter ; no one knew here in Eng-
ad, which was Lady Jesmond and which

"I guess you will mind your father next time he speaks to you."
"Yes'm."
"Poor boy!" she added, sympathetically, "did he touch your heart?"
"No'm."

A Chat with the Telescope Man—Peculiar-

made of wood.

At a large hotel in Suffolk, the not uncommon dilemma arose of there being

Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15th.

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