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The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"But surely, my dearest child, you do not need to be told," her ladyship continues, with her insufferable air of superiority, "that we nous autres cannot in fact be feeling regretful of the sons and daughters of anybody present born or plebeian born as our equals and mates, be they ever so worthy or estimable, or even attractive."

"Happy with me, Gillian?" he asks. "Yes, she says, innocently. 'I love you so.' And then she registers a passionate, reckless vow that, come what may, he will give her the happiness her womanly heart yearns for as a flower for the sun."

CHAPTER XXIII. "And you will come, George?" Gillian repeats, for the fourth or fifth time, and for the fourth or fifth time George answers her, rather absently and reluctantly.

"I know, it is only for my sake as I wish it," she answers, fully and gratefully. "You will accept Lady Damer's invitation as an overture of good will, for my sake? I will try to reward you, dear George."

And Gillian's love-lit eyes dwell upon her lover's handsome face with silent adoration, and her fingers clasp still more tightly the big brown curls she endeavors to encircle.

"But you must do something for me in return," he says, thoughtfully, taking her gratitude as a matter of course, with masculine self-possession. "I cannot forego every prospect of independence, Gillian," he says, almost sternly.

"I believe you would," he says, bitterly, blaming himself, and yet unutterably, his sweet little wife, I shall come back to you, you know, and then, if they do not persuade you to forget me, and if your father will not anathematize me for a penniless adventurer, we shall be married."

"But suppose that papa will not consent," she whispers. "He does not care very much for me, but he must consent to you."

"Then we shall marry when you are twenty-one, my dearest," George says, very decidedly, "as I may then be in a position to offer you a home, and with your own money, we can meet the great difference in your position."

"Your money is what?" he asks, rather coldly. "The expression rather grates on me," she says, with a pouting lip.

"Nothing—that is—of course it is mine," Gillian says, stammering. "It is mine—when I am twenty-one, as you know."

"But before that?" Gillian asks, quickly, from some intangible suggestion in her manner. "It does not come to you sooner than that, does it?"

"Oh, no! Not unless I were married," Gillian says, rabbling over her words in a most desperate haste, and crimsoning to the tips of her ears as George says:

"I must be firm with her," he thinks. "I cannot allow her to unnerve me, and make me a dawdling, disheveled fool! After all, it is only a little parting pain, and for so young a man it would be nothing but unmanly weakness to let a little girl's disappointment at the loss of a lover's society, change all my purposes."

"I really have a prospect of making a career for myself if I get in with these people, and I had a most kind, encouraging letter from my friend Daisy this very afternoon," he says hurriedly, his heart rather smiting him as he sees how swiftly all his brightness and gladness are gone from the face and form that droops visibly.

he says, tenderly, and the girl shivers a little. "I am leaving that behind me in leaving you, Gillian, you are not to have me, dear, but you cannot know what it is to feel as a man does in my cramped position, with never a chance as other men have, and again his heart smites him, and his soul is torn by the thought of her. "I never had anything to hope for beyond the mere everyday wants of my existence until I knew, the day before yesterday, that you cared for me," he whispers, stopping down to her.

But Gillian pushes him away now, with a burning blush and quivering lips. "My darling," he urges again, "don't be cold and unkind to me! Remember, it is only because of the great difference between us that I speak so, because I can feel that you have accepted my love, and I am a poor fellow who had nothing but his bare hand to offer you in return for your love, and youth, and beauty, and wisdom."

He cannot let well enough alone, like other foolish mortals. Having tried to tear away the clinging tendrils that are wound around his heart, and begun to succeed, he suddenly seeks to atone for his pain and loss, and woos the tender growth close to him once more.

"You speak so, when you know—you know," she says, half audibly, turning to him, and trying to keep her face as neutral as possible. "If all the world were offered to me on one side and your 'bare hand,' as you say, on the other, I should take that as riches and be beyond all that earth could give me without you."

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"He as good as offers me the post of mineralogist and petrologist to his Industrial Expedition, Gillian," he urges, coming closer to her again. "The pay is not much, only two thousand dollars for the year, and expenses of course, but it may lead to something better—Daisy says he is sure it will: something that will give me some for efforts of body and mind; something to satisfy my intellect and the longings of my heart," he says, his handsome, sun-browned face flushed with excitement; "something better than vegetating all my days here in this place as Mr. Damer's land steward, and the object of my lady's gracious patronage!"

won't! There—you have made me speak harshly to you now. Be a brave, sensible girl! You have shrunk at her repulse as from a blow. Dumb, heart-broken, ashamed, with great bright tears falling down like rain, she turns away hastily, and goes over to the window.

(To be continued.) LAST WELSH PRINCE. Many of Them Died Violent Deaths.

THE MURDER OF OWEN.

Hitherto it has been taken for granted that with the death of Prince Llewelyn and his brother David in 1282 the royal line of Wales became extinct. Mr. Edward Owen, the India Office, has recently proved in the "Transactions" of the Cymmrodorion Society that this was not so, but that the last male descendant of Llewelyn the Great only died in the century after Llewelyn, the last Prince, was survived by three brothers, Owen, the eldest, lived and died an obscure country gentleman in Carmarvonshire, and left no issue.

Owen ap Thomas ap Roderick—as he is styled in the State papers—seems to have been a generous, high-spirited and fearless lad, well fitted for the task of restoring the fallen fortunes of his house and race. In early life he grew dissatisfied with his position as a needy and suspected sojourner among

He fled to the Court of France, where he was received with the honors due to the rightful Prince of Wales. He fought against the English at Poitiers in 1356, and the glamor of his name drew many a Welshman away from the standard of the Black Prince. On the conclusion of peace between the English and French, Ywain de Galles—Owen of Wales—was called by his new friends—became captain of one of those free companies that spread terror throughout the mountains of Switzerland and the plains of Lombardy. When war broke out again between England and France, Owen returned once more and led the expedition in 1372 against Guernsey, which all but captured the island from the English garrison. He was, however, recalled to fight the English in France and Spain, and we find him appearing in Brittany as an honored comrade-in-arms to the noblest knight of Christendom, Bertrand du Guesclin, "and bore himself so well," says the old chronicler, "that he was greatly praised and well beloved with the French King and with all the lords."

The pitiful story of Prince Owen's death six years later is told with simple pathos in the vivid pages of Froissart, who was his contemporary, and perhaps an acquaintance. Owen was at the time laying siege to Moutagne-sur-Gironde. "This Ywan of Wales," so runs the old chronicler's story as translated by Lord Berners in 1523, "hadde an usage beyng he was wont to do in the morning when he was up and redy, he wolde come before the castell, and sytte downe and

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Kenbe His Head

a good long space, and yet and behold the castle and the country about, beyng out of doute or feare of any thynge." Now, "on a morning betwixt, when the wether was fayre and cleare," his body servant, John Lamb, came to him as he was thus sitting "on an olde stocke of wode."

"This was the end of Owen, the last of the princely line of Wales, when barely forty years old, "slaying by the sword," he entered into him, for beyng the combe he brought with hym a lytell Javelyne of Spayne with a large head of steel, and with the same strake this Ywan as he sate, close through out the body, so he fell downe stark dead."

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QUEER IDEAS OF CURES.

The Virtue in the Knuckle Bone of a Leg or Mutton.

Modern wisdom smiles at the superstitious charms our forefathers and mothers used to depend upon to cure their ills and preserve them in health. We are not all wise folk yet by any means, but at least we do not believe, as the Devon and Cornwall people used to do, that the knuckle bone of a leg of mutton worn around the neck is sure cure for scatica, or that "blackheads" in the face will disappear immediately if the afflicted individual creeps under an arched bramble branch.

A Somersetshire cure for consumption was to lead or carry the sufferer through a flock of sheep in the early morning, when they were first let out of the field. Some mothers used to place consumptive children in cots in the centre of a sheep fold, and there leave them from 11.30 to 1 o'clock in the morning, believing that the maldy would pass away before the rising of that morn's sun.

West of England folk say that an invalid, when going out for the first walk during the convalescence, must take care to go with the sun, from east to west, or west to east. If after sundown, otherwise a serious relapse cannot be avoided. In South Wales, as late as 1848, a woman who had been bitten by a mad donkey was persuaded by her neighbors to go and eat grass in the nearest churchyard—McColl's Magazine.

The fellow who talks about himself is seldom an interesting conversationalist.



MR. G. H. KENT. The above is a likeness of Mr. G. H. Kent, 408 Gilmour street, Ottawa, taken from a recent photograph. Seven years ago Mr. Kent was cured of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and has enjoyed good health ever since. The full particulars of this remarkable cure, as sworn to, were published in these columns a few days ago.

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