

what the landlord delighted to term distinguished strangers occupied one of the best sitting-rooms in the Crown...

A man no longer young, if not precisely elderly; a man whose hair had grizzled, and whose shaven cheeks had on them that grey pallor which is the product of the laboring years...

She waited for an instant, framed in the open space, lightly poised, with a pretty flush of interest warming her pale young cheeks, and leading a keener lustre to her grey eyes.

"Well, Lily Lass, what is it?" The girl whom the student addressed as Lily Lass leaned down and pressed her warm young cheek against the thin face of her interrogator.

"I do not wonder at that," the scholar interrupted, smiling up in the girl's fair face.

"Indeed," the man's eyebrows lifted a little. The girl laughed mischievously.

"Don't be frightened, dear; the gentlemen who have been presented to me to-day would make but the most shadowy of suitors.

"Yes, and only the ghosts of ghosts. They were pictures. The old inn has quite a gallery. All sorts of strange fellows in old-fashioned dresses...

"Do you know, I feel quite spectral myself coming from the company of those spectres. They were so wild and so wicked, and laughed and drank here so loud and so deep, and now here are their quips and cracks which used to sat the table in a roar...

panion scrutinized her face anxiously. "You seem to take these dead and buried wassailers very seriously, Lily Lass," he said.

"I don't know," she answered; "it seems to me as if I had seen some of them before, or should see them again soon—I hope not, and she looked over her shoulder hurriedly, as if she expected to see some one of those still last-century shadows standing behind her in all the glory of his maroon velvet and his powdered wig.

"The family history of the Mountmarvels," said the scholar, "is a tempestuous and jawing record. They are one of those families whose existence is like—"

"My Lord Mountmarvel to see you, if you please," he announced, and then promptly disappeared, leaving the visitor and his hosts face to face.

"I hope I have not visited you at an unopportune moment," he said, advancing towards the elder man; "but I only came back to Mountmarvel last night, and found your letter there. I thought it would be best, therefore, for me to ride over this morning—it was long past noon, but it was still morning to Lord Mountmarvel."

"I am your debtor, Lord Mountmarvel," he said, "for this prompt and personal reply to my letter. Pray be seated. But pray let me introduce you to my"—he paused for a moment, and then went on—"to Miss Geraldine."

"The young man bowed gracefully to the girl. His quick eyes had noticed her embarrassment as he entered; had noticed also with infinite satisfaction how young she was and how graceful.

"So you knew my father, Mr. Geraldine. This was what he said; what he was thinking of was that Miss Geraldine was most attractive. He could not make up his mind, however, whether she was or was not really pretty."

"In The Morning." "Four years ago," writes Col. David Wolfe, Brockville, Ont., May, 1888, "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was histored and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain. Many get up and walk in the same way."

on the strength of a promise he made me long ago that I took the liberty of writing to you."

Mr. Geraldine's voice was very soft and quiet—a scholar's voice—the voice of a man who has little time to waste in talking, but who wishes out of every love of language that all he says should be as well said as possible.

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grateful eyes to the stars that shone so brightly above her. "They are always there," she said, reverently; "however dark it seems. God is good. His tender mercies are over all His works, and what is best for me He will withhold."

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