

POETRY.

THREE TURKEYS.

Three turkeys came sorrowing home to roost... Each thought of the usual Christmas feast...

SELECT STORY.

A LORDLY LOVER.

By the author of 'A Mere Schoolboy,' 'The Ace of Spades,' etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED.

"Headache, how off you? Then the air will do it good. Now off with you and don't let me have any more nonsense..."

"Swearing, Olive, will you meet me at the old place on Thursday night at nine o'clock? I am yearning for another glimpse of your dear face..."

"You're more devoted lover, P.S.—As I dare not trust this to the post, for fear it might fall into other hands than yours, I am sending my servant to Rickton, with instructions himself to see it delivered into your fair fingers..."

"There is no proper signature, yet not for a second does Olive doubt the identity of the writer; and the letter, with its caressing words and the exciting break which it makes in the monotony of her life, came as a ray of hope to the miserable girl..."

"Possibly it may be in your power to save that unhappy young man Cartwright from the gallows..."

"That is the sentence which takes the greatest hold of all upon her. What would she not do to accomplish that?"

"Possibly the past month has not proved much more agreeable to Lord Rickton than it has to the girl over whose bright young life he has brought so heavy a cloud..."

"With a light heart and a gay mind, a man may find in a bachelor party in the wilds of Scotland all that there is of pure delight, but by the time that July takes its departure and August begins, Lord Rickton has quarrelled with every one of his fellow guests..."

"But on almost the last day of that unfortunate visit, in spite of poor Algernon's prudence and care, the fatal break comes. An interview takes place in which much strong language is used on both sides..."

"But how could we be married? There would not be time," the girl answers, seizing on the first objection which occurs to her..."

"The lady will be wealthy," remarks Mr. McGregor. "Greatly to her own astonishment, for she has not the slightest claim on me..."

"I thought it would do the best good to get your hands upon the reins again," the baronet tells him, as they stand by the side of the sleek, beautiful creature..."

"I do love him," she says, firmly. "I think I must have loved him for years, but not that, not that. He would not wish it..."

"How can you be so cruel? she wails. "Why don't you go without me? Ah! with a sudden, wild flash of hope—" go! go! If you love me, you say, go away! For my sake, save him..."

"A very fine notion; and pray, why should I do that which would give you and your charming sweetheart to each other? No, no, Miss Maudie, it is your own decision..."

"She shivers visibly, but as the night is, she quotes in her weary voice, "You cannot then have much for me?"

"I have not expected that return," she says, "but I am going home. I only came because of what you said about Bert..."

"You have wanted to deceive me, Lord Rickton. You have supposed that because I was only a girl, I would be close to the money-god, and that in other days, furnished them with a seat..."

"They had wandered on gradually, and with many a pause, until they were close to the moon-god's twinkling hair..."

"For as he has shaken out the spottles canonic, something which he has apparently drawn with him from his pocket, drops to the ground, and rolls to Olive's feet..."

"Why, what is it?" she echoes, in astonishment. "Do you carry brooches about with you, Lord Rickton? And how do they glitter?"

"Pale as death, he makes one stride towards her and tries to seize her hand. "Give it to me," he commands, hoarsely—"It is rubbish. Only a piece of glass give it to me!"

"But something in the terrified expression of his features has brought to her a sort of vague enlightenment. In a flash there seems to rise before her eyes the placard which she, in common with the rest of the world, has read, containing the description of Mrs. Cartwright's missing jewels..."

"A large amount of gold has been found in an Indian mound in Union County, Tennessee. Two weeks ago a Cherokee woman named McDonald, a granddaughter of Chief McIntosh, one of the famous chieftains of his tribe, appeared in the neighborhood with a map showing the location of a large amount of hidden treasure..."

"This may be an old one, but the teacher on whom it was 'sprung' thought it was a little too fresh. Here it is: Johnnie—Miss Black will you work out this example in arithmetic..."

"SHE WAS A SMART GIRL." A very bright young man in a neighboring town received at a hotel a roost which he merited and which very properly subdued him...

"Practical Helen is eight years old. She came into the house with a thoughtful face and the question, 'Mamma, dear, what is a stepmother?'"

"Well, mamma, if God were to take you from me, I should have to marry Aunt Sally and save us children the trouble of getting acquainted with a stranger..."

"I do love him," she says, firmly. "I think I must have loved him for years, but not that, not that. He would not wish it..."

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