

HOW AN ARTIST TREATED HIS VISITOR.

To the Editor of the Salem (Mass.) Register: I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this, had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounce on me so suddenly.

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

The inhabitants of St. Saviour are organizing a lottery for colonization purposes. At Edmonton, Man., wheat is quoted at \$2, barley \$1.25, oats \$1, and potatoes \$1 per bushel.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS!

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONTINUED. "Well, how you shall hear," says Fancy, appressed. "It happened to be passing the schoolroom, when I heard within voices uplifted, evidently in angry argument."

"What is it?" she asks, faintly, putting her fingers to her eyes in a vain endeavor to recollect. "Did I faint? How foolish of me!" "Well, yes, I really think so—very foolish," returns Kitty, who, like most people, is a little angry because very frightened.

"If I might only have gone with him." "Well, you know, in your place," says Lady Blunden, with determination. "I should certainly pack up my things and follow him. I have no patience with that young man's airs, separating people from their husbands."

"You are not my friend," returns he angrily, and with ruffled brow and set lips he takes up his hat and leaves the house.

CHAPTER XXX.

Delusion! but I fear some greater ill. I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom My heart were torn in fragments. —Melpomene Prodigiosa.

"You will not say to yourself, 'I shall delay until the morning; the day may bring relief.' You will wait for nothing, you will not hesitate, whatever that man may advise."

"Oh, would it were Delusion! but I fear some greater ill. I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom My heart were torn in fragments. —Melpomene Prodigiosa.

thought within her. Where is he now, at the station? Not yet, surely; but where then? And—where is she? and what is the matter with the walls? How they close and draw together!

"Five minutes later Kitty (who has calculated almost to a nicety the time of Kenneth's departure), enters the room, and finds her senseless, pale and wan as a snowdrop born of last night's dew, with her hands hanging listlessly at her sides.

"Every one thinks that at the hour of parting. It is all nonsense," says Kitty, briskly. "Why should you not see him again, and stronger and better than you have ever seen him? My dear, don't be morbid. It respects one so, and doesn't do the least good."

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CHAPTER XXXI.

I cannot bear to dream you so forsworn. I had rather be worthy of my love, Than to be loved again of you. —Peterson and Estarre.

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By her impetuous movement she has placed herself in front of a large mirror. In it he can see each line of her face and figure, can mark the haughty, beautiful features, the long dark lashes that cast faint shadows on her cheeks, the perfect mouth that once and not so long ago, had only smiles and tender words for him.

"Thank you," she says icily; "you were kind to bring it yourself; but Alinton could have spared you the trouble."

"I dare say you are right"—carelessly; "so for the future I shall ask Gretchen to direct my letters to myself. I can't think what she meant by enclosing it in yours."

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other hand rests, as though seeking support, upon the arm of the chair near her.

"What do you mean by that?" demands he, hastily. "Is it a threat?" "Whatever you like. Go; you are wasting your time here."

"The carriage is ready, my lady," says Minton, opening the door; and Blunden, feeling himself dismissed, with her last words ringing in his ears, leaves the room unwillingly, and descending the stairs, finds Arthur awaiting him in the library below.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

"I was about to protest I loved you." "But do not do so with all thy heart." "I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest." —Much Ado about Nothing.

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the earnest gaze of two large dark eyes that follow him intently as he goes.

"What if she had staid away because he had declined his intention of not being present?" His heart beats quickly at this thought. If he could only be believed that—

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