DISASTROUS FIRE IN

lading. I found myself in the somewhat since we me to coment. By a skilled his unusual position of accoolty proteins, Fr. Lewerds. Be still in guidents, for all legitimate avenuentse mon, might as well have floorished in another age. Myself, was proched upon a black hill, owner controlled the street of the objects of th

A Comaler. Into this dainty little dish each was to dip a as gone, except twenty pounds, rese ir marriage trip There was a sweet and trustful di There was a weet and trustful direct of business in this arrangement, quilt keeping with our frame of mind, as brought its own reward. If you could seen my little binshing Grace's half-and-mountrial appeals to the most-view was as ascred sarias, which not my also Could uill be opped in most a bewich the business of the second fashiot, and five and appeals to the most part of the second find to the business of the second fashiot, and five and appeals to the business of the second find to this his he to include the second find to this he to be a second find to the find the second find to the find the second find to the second find to the two pounds agreed on, I could hardly regret to be a second for the second find to the two pounds agreed on, I could hardly regret to be presented to the second find the s Upon our peaceful English shore, Heaven's love is resting evermore, And wealth of Heaven a boundless store But careless song of youth and maid, Mirth-making in the woodland glade, With music of the 'ird and bee, And hun of civic industry, Are borne o'er Engiand's guardian sea. Far off, our brethren cry to Heaven, By just, and hate, and hunger driven. Scathed as the oak by lightning riven.

And my boy Charlie, on a Surrey lawn:
The rackets sweetly click, the swift bails fly,
While "f unit!" and "deuce!" and "vantage!"
are the cry.
From the near village sounds the coach-guard's The air is soft and still, the sun is bright,
The Autumn beds are ful of crimson flowers
And scent of mignoneste. Ah! what a sight!
What gracious peace is this dear land of ours! Gracie hesitated.
"I thought of C—C—"
"Cornwall"
Gracie utered a little scream.
"Cornwall—you silly boy! Nonsense.
Camberwell," Tepeated, "by all means;
unless, indeed, your ladyship would prefer
the solitudes of Wapping! No, love; you
have unintentionally decided ms. W. 20 %40. breath
Lost in hoarse whispers. There the only cry
ls battle, murder, and most sudden death,
While flame and smoke sully the autumn sky.
Ah! what a scene for the All-ptring Eye!

— The Speciator. FOUNTAIN VIOLET.

CHAPTER L

A Story in Two Chapters. CHAPTER I.

Grace is a sweet name. I have been always curiously fond of Grace. A trie of sisters thus called, popular in antiquity, were no less distinguished for personal attractions than for purity of life and manners. At the State balls of Olympus, of which they were among the chief ornaments, there is reason to infer that these young ladies, eschewing the chaperonage of their mether, eachewing the chaperonage of their mether, such as the second of the control of

"Repastedly," was my boid reply, continued the percentage of the time of the time of the time. The percentage of the time of the time. Modern history has chimed in melediously with the records of old. Observe that, in medicaral times, little is heard of any Grace. A commendation of the time of