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LOVE AND A TITLE

Then, with a low bow, he takes off his hat, and smiles ironically. "To have an individual for this attention," he says, in a deep, musical voice.

Jeannie stares, speechless and apparently frozen. "Do you wish to speak to me?" he continues, "or is this the regular formality with which a stranger is greeted in Newton Regis?"

CHAPTER III. Before the ill-used stranger had had time to get out of sight, almost before he had opened the side door, another footstep sounds on the hard path. This time it is a lighter, more hesitating step, and it belongs to a small, slight-looking young man, with a bland, simple face.

CHAPTER IV. When Jeannie wakes next morning, Mrs. Frost rules supreme over Newton Regis; the casement windows are covered with a delicate filigree of rime, the roads are like iron, and the old chestnut tree, whose leaves brush her windows in summer time, is covered with white.

CHAPTER V. When Jeannie wakes next morning, Mrs. Frost rules supreme over Newton Regis; the casement windows are covered with a delicate filigree of rime, the roads are like iron, and the old chestnut tree, whose leaves brush her windows in summer time, is covered with white.

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"Hal will have to stay in this morning, smell of fusing acids, mingling with the odor of the bacon and sausages, and Uncle Dostrell himself emerges from his entangled in his buttons, and a shimmering of steel filings in his gray hair.

Uncle Dostrell's experiments never get any further than experiments, never produce anything more useful than a sulphurous smoke, and, unfortunately, by atrocious smells.

"Well, Jeannie, my dear," he says, smiling through his dazed, preoccupied eyes. "Got your skates ready? I'll be glad to see you after breakfast, if you'll let me have them after breakfast, I'll see if I can't fix a spring instead of clings to her skates."

"Oh, certainly, my dear," says the old man, fumbling in his pockets promptly, but he brings out nothing in the shape of money, save a shilling and a penny, depositing among bits of quartz, zinc, and copper, and Jeanne, laughing at his rueful face, drags him into the breakfast-room.

"Never mind, uncle, I'll get it out of aunt. Wait, let me check these pieces of cotton off your coat—that's it; now come on," and the old man, keeping pace in the hands of the young girl, is led to his seat.

Aunt Dostrell is just as practical as her brother is theoretical, and is already serving out the ham and eggs with the air of a matron at the Foundling Hospital. She looks up sharply as Jeannie enters.

"I was just going to send you to your room, I didn't expect to see you down. Your boots, Jane tells me, are wet through and through, and your shawl saturated with melted snow. Where did you go last night?—and Hal's boots are just the same."

Jeannie looks confused for a moment. Hal stares at his plate with an impatient grin struggling on his face. Jeanne has kept her mistake a profound secret even from Hal, has struggled to forget and wipe it from the memory of her own mind, but her heart beats apprehensively. Can the stranger have been mean enough to walk around and complain? The red flushes her face, then she puts on a bold front.

"The boots will dry, aunt. We were out in the snow yesterday afternoon. And, aunt, Hal wants five shillings for a pair of skates for the Park, you know."

"You can't buy skates in Newton Regis."

"Hal can walk over to Marly—"

"Hal will have to stay in this morning, smell of fusing acids, mingling with the odor of the bacon and sausages, and Uncle Dostrell himself emerges from his entangled in his buttons, and a shimmering of steel filings in his gray hair.

"Poor doggy!" says Jeannie, "what's the matter?"

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HOW TO MAKE THE MIXTURE. To make K-L, the kerosene and lime, in proper proportions, the kerosene should be mixed with this "stopy" mass, and should any kerosene separate out a little more of the "stopy" mass should be added.

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Woes of an Absent-Minded Man. During the rush home before dinner the other night a dignified man, deep in thought, smoking a cigar, and carrying a handsomely bound book, boarded a Troont avenue car at the Eighth street viaduct.

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T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N