

VOLUME I

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Price 1

(From t

LIFE

BY I

It was a cl
that two you
lance, one yo
man—might
from different
aristocratic day
apparently of
manner and d
and fashion, t
most calico dr
low cheek of
familiar with
sprang lightly
ushered into t
by an obsequ
proached and
the kitchen.

At the sam
sightly furnish
whose velvet c
licate velvet h
ess of the own
of the same fa
whose yielding
enry—a table
covered with l
ings. Throu
was visible b
back of a chair
inverted on th
from weary fe
necklace, war
ble.

How far the
night had fa
might be read
face and in t
movements.

by her side, t
and then, one
locks in the p
At length th
door, and in a
te, the young
just now in th

Why, Franc
of the boud
and warmly gr
angel moved y
ing? I thought

"I like good ar
I have been an
illness, that sh

This morning I
 asked, I wish to
 Standford's gra-
 report is true I
 Harry Wentworth
 Cleveland off
 Oh, as to the
 Mrs. Standford
 igit, rumour for
 Poor Cleave-
 miration—such
 fate. Almy, I
 Cleveland is
 I might have be-
 circumstances, I
 tell me if you a-
 mad, if I, who
 of luxury—I w
 all the elegance
 they are as nec-
 cessary—had e-
 pittance and ut
 Poverty is a ty-
 more than death
 Then luxury
 than love? Al-
 get that Cleave-
 admitted by ex-
 would gain was
 better than was
 Ah, but you
 which must in-
 tion, and all th

business. Yet he
real world of de
ter for all partia
like.

Well, Mary,
the world, with
which he long
called the hear
Mary Warton
men your view
horn, and just
yourself.

A lively little
into the room u
smiles.

Why, Annett
appeared to pu
check?

Ah, Miss Du
est tres bon. I
came over in
place, *Madam*
chambre. She
et une ange!

This English
whom we saw e
time as Frances
chatted of the b
pleated her mi

Original issues in P
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