## POOR DOCUMENT

## KATE VALLIANT.

room, and the rest of the time in the drawing-room. What women want with a boudoir I can't imagine, if they're not doing anything they're ashamed of.'

Yes—of warning! she replied; and the reading table again, murmuring:

'What is it? A note?' he asked lazily.

'What an unruly, unreasonable creature she has become, and how very plain!

Yes—of warning! she replied; and the reading table again, murmuring:

'What an unruly, unreasonable creature she has become, and how very plain!

Yes—of warning! she replied; and the last person in the world I should It looked more like the eagerness of hate. paintings on the wall of the room I sit in spring from his chair. most, Lucy said bashfully, at which little expression of sentiment Miss Dacres

snorted angrily and Kate laughed. Lucy went on turning over the watercolor drawings, trying her hardest to say
something appropriate and appreciative
of each one. But as they were chiefly
sketches of Italian and Scotch scenery,
with both of which she was unfamiliar,
the amiable task was a difficult one. At
length she came to something about
which she could find something to say.

What a hardesone were and even
which she could find something to say.

What a hardesone me half a dozen times.

He tried to dismiss her from his
thoughts, but failed to do so entirely.

Not that he feared she would betray him
to Lucy, and avert the marriage.

Kee when woman too well for that. She
kikes me too well to injure me,' he said
wouldn't take the chance. You've forced
me to come and demand to be told what
wouldn't take the chance to something to say.

What a hardesone were and who
wouldn't take the chance to come and demand to be told what
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to Lucy, and avert the marriage.

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thoughts, but failed to do so entirely.
Not that he feared she would betray him
to Lucy, and avert the marriage.

Khe tried to dismiss her from his
thoughts, but failed to do so entirely.
Not that he feared she would betray him
to Lucy, and avert the marriage.

Khe tried to dismiss her from his
a feeling of annoyance against herself
thoughts, but failed to do so entirely.
Not that he feared she would betray him
to Lucy, and av

model is living with us as parlor maid' They all crowded round Miss Dacres to

look at the wonderful accidental likeness

said jestingly; and then he was allowed to put away the sketch of the Roman

KATE VALLANT.

-OR—

With -:-the -:- Circus

(Continued.)

"There was a time when Fortune was less kind to me that she is now, and at the time I had to rely entirely on my brush for my bread." Mr. Valliant was black wild she was sorry, but stood to her opinion.

The father told her; and Kate said she was of your wife. Shall I let my hair grow yor wife. Shall I let my hair grow again, and do away with this black wig?
Oh! how I laugh to myself when I hear was your 'Roman model.'

She had got up while speaking, and taken of her bonnet. Suddenly she snatched off the dark wig, and bent her head towarda him.

The gold has turned to grey, you see,' vallence should go into service with the she tire? she your 'Roman model.'

The gold has turned to grey, you see,' vallence should go into service with the startling and unexpected one that the startling and unexpected one that the she is now, and with the startling and unexpected one that the startling and unexpected one that the startling and unexpected one that the she was not pleasant to have presently to your 'Roman model.'

She had got up while speaking, and bent her benerous again, and do away with this black wig?

Oh! how I laugh to myself when I hear was your 'Roman model.'

She had got up while speaking, and taken of her bonnet. Suddenly she snatched off the dark wig, and bent her head towarda him.

The gold has turned to grey, you see,' vallence should go into service with the startling and unexpected one that the dining-room, reading the Times, she said: 'all its brightness is gone, so it.'

the time I had to rely entirely on my brush for my bread," Mr. Valliant was sitting in his own airily.

'I should think that a man who could make a livelihood by his painting ought to be a shamed of himself if he ever gave it up," Miss Dacres said uncompromisingly.

'I am such a man, dear lady, yet I am not ashamed of myself," he replied. 'I am such a man, dear lady, will an ever had not dared attempt to rectify. Lucy and her hundred and fifty a year were in short less well endowed sister was one that he into the dare as well endowed sister was one that he in an instant.

'I am such a man, dear lady, yet I am not ashamed of myself," he replied. 'I constitute the dining-room, reading the Times, said; 'all its brightness is gone, so: which will never please your eyes again. There, I've worried you enough for once, less well endowed sister was one that he less well endowed sister was one that he had not dared attempt to rectify. Lucy and her hundred and fifty a year were in an instant.

'I am such a man, dear lady, yet I am not ashamed of myself,' he replied. 'I constitutely a short less well endowed sister was one that he in an instant.

'You't touch me as if I was something in an instant.

'Don't touch me as if I was something her future home, under the impression where the vallence should go into service with the said; 'all its brightness is gone, so: be said; 'all its brightness is gone, so:

are say I shall resume what has always been a favourite occupation of mine, in my hours of leisure here; perhaps decorate bould have thought twice before I ham pered myself with such an uninteresting lantly.

The value disagreeables that he had to 'Bont touch me as it I was something defiling,' she cried. 'I was good enough that Vallence would certainly accompany till I knew you, and tr. sted you.'

'My good woman, I can't tell you how deeply I regret that you ever did know me.'

Lucy reminded the woman.

Mr. Valliant handed it to her with his courtliest air, but his courtliest air, but his courtliest air was and leant her arms on her knees, and fastened her eyes on his face hungrily. 'I wonder I ever liked you, much less loved you, Leonard Valliant,' she went on one side, and left them to be used or abused by the servant, who collected all such scraps for fire-lighting purposes in the morning.

The remainder of the evening he spent on 'You're a vain old fribble now, and here complexion fair, it might be very liked you. But I don't mean you to sit down in comfort till the end of your lebleve, Mr. Valliant, your Roman model is living with us as parlor maid'.

look at the wonderful accidental likeness, and one and all were compelled to admit that it existed.

'Your parlor-maid must be a handsong woman. I wonder my artist's eye has overlooked her. The fact is I have been thinking too much of the mistress to give even a glance at the maid,' Mr. Valliant said jestingly; and then he was allowed to the new around the property of the means of the property of the deart of a rather realistically drawn Miss Gower.

By the time the story was finished he had come to the conclusion that had he pleased he might have married Nina, and eventually been the master of Blinden Property of the deart of a rather realistically drawn Miss Gower.

By the time the story was finished he had come to the conclusion that had he pleased he might have married Nina, and eventually been the master of Blinden! This possibility was borne in upon him so strongly that in an unlucky moment he wrote a brief postscript to the deaming with smiles in a moment round that it existed.

'Your wife as will be to-morrow must do to the conclusion that had he pleased he might have married Nina, and eventually been the master of Blinden Property of the death of the miss of the death of a rather realistically drawn Miss Gower.

By the time the story was finished he way from his wife during this speech, which he made no answer. So presently she gave him a little jog on the arm, and asked:

'To get rid of me? I believe you.'

To get rid of me? I believe you.'

said jestingly; and then he was allowed to put away the sketch of the Roman model in his portfolio again, and to his speciously. 'To make you happy,' Mr. Valliant said speciously. 'To make you happy,' Mr. Valliant said story setting forth the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife! 'You'd like to cut my throat this minute, if you dared,' she said taunting-ly. 'You hoped I was dead, didn't you? Yet the day was when you thought more yound. Kate went back to Blindon, and the wrote a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife! 'You'd like to cut my throat this minute, if you dared,' she said taunting-ly. 'You hoped I was dead, didn't you? Yet the day was when you thought more otnous woman by death, but I'm not of my wolden hair than you'll ever think to blook this stript follow and the wrote a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife! 'Anyone who had seen that face black with savage scowls just before, would rejoice in being rul of such a monotonous woman by death, but I'm not of my wolden hair than you'll ever think to blook this stript follow and the wrote a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife!

You'd like to cut my throat this minute, if you dared,' she said taunting-ly. 'You hoped I was dead, didn't you?

Yet the day was when you thought more of my wolden hair than you'll ever think the wrote a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife!

When the wrote a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife!

You'd like to cut my throat this minute, if you dared,' she said taunting-ly. 'You hoped I was dead, didn't you?

You dared, 'a hand of the wrote a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife!

You have here a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife!

You have here a brief postscript to the death from poison of his idealized-self's wife!

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ing,' her father told her; and Kate said and you want to tell some of your lies to had been drinking, or that the nervous

There's no room for a boudoir in this cottage, Mr. Valliant, and Lucy and I are too old-fashioned to feel the want of one. We have always lived in the way we were brought up—meals in the dining. room, and the rest of the time in the drawing-room. What women want with. "What is it? A note?' he asked lazily."

There's no room for a boudoir in this cottage, Mr. Valliant, and Lucy and I are too old-fashioned to feel the want of one. "Coward!"

She flung the word at him, then turned and left the room, pressing her bonnet on her head, and attempting to tie it as she went. He seated himself at his reading table again, murmuring:

"What an unruly unreasonable creating me."

"We had, mam; but to-night I've set the time to the time in the list of the time in the list of the time in the location of the time in the list of the time in the location of the location of the location of the location of the was thinking, when a ring at the bell disturbed him.

She flung the word at him, then turned and left the room, pressing her bonnet on her head, and attempting to tie it as she went. He seated himself at his reading table again, murmuring:

"What is it? A note?" he asked lazily. "What an unruly unreasonable crea." "I mean't what I said, Vallence replied with such an uninteresting me."

'Yes—of warning!' she replied; and sintent of the room I sit in spring from his chair.

'Yes—of warning!' she replied; and something in her tone made Mr. Valliant spring from his chair.

'Yes—of warning!' she replied; and something in her tone made Mr. Valliant spring from his chair.

'Yes—of warning!' she replied; and choose for a handmaid. I really trust spring from his chair.

'Who are you?'

'Ah! you needn't ask; you know already, she laughed mocking!y. 'You've tunpleasant page from the past to have turned over on the eve of my wedding.'

He tried to dismiss her from his a feeling of annoyance against herself.

What had she ever done te excite even a feeling of annoyance against herself.

taking the portrait from Lucy's hand, hereturned it to the portfolio; saying:

'It's a sketch of a model who used to sit to me in Rome. I didn't know it was there.'

'And he doesn't seem too well please, to see it there,' Miss Dacres thought, as she stretched her hand out and begger to be allowed to look at it.'

'An Way Villet the latter of the made another, this time and then you left me to fight for myself, representing the Dacres' parlor maid as a representing the very like the parlor maid as a representing the Dacres' parlor maid as a representing the Dacres' parlor maid as a representing the Dacres' parlor maid as a representing the very like then you for the term of the very of the term, you water lily, whose roots and spreading the very of the term, you are like very like and then you fell then then, you are like very like and then you of the then, you of the parlor maid as a representing th

story. In it a highly idealized study of but Vallence who has been parlour-mai 'What can I do?' he asked abjectly.

'Maintain me as comfortably as you unintentional winner of the heart of a wants to come and live with me now.

The Subscribers take pleasure

ly bestowed on our predeces-

Lucy reminded the woman.
'We had, mam; but to-night l've set-

What a hardsome woman and what lovely golden hair! she exclaimed. What 1 mean to do? he repeated vaguely.

What 2 mean to do? he repeated vaguely.

What 3 mean to do? he repeated vaguely.

Who is it?

Yes. What do you mean to do for me? You robbed me years ago, robbed me of taking the portrait from Lucy's hand, he wereything a man can rob a woman of, and then woman and what the woman of, artistic effort he made another, this time are the idea, and going over to his writing table made a clever little lost, and going over to he writing table made a clever little lost, and going over to he writing table made a clever little lost, and going over to his writing table made a clever little lost, and going over to he with the success of this little lost, and then writing table made and ender lost and ender lost and ender lost and ender lost and

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