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THE STAR

|  |  | mox mix．ame |  | Ode to Rum． <br> ＂Oh！thou invisible spirit of Rum，if thou hadst no other name by whici，to know thee，we would call thee Devil．＂ |
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THE STAR

## Beside the Brook．

 Softering breezes rich with dreamingGently o＇er my spirit stealing－ Gently o＇er my spirit stealing－
Lullying murmurs，hazy langour，
Flonting Floating on the evening arr． Roaring，dancing，laughing，gleaming，
Leaps the brook with music teaming， Dashing up in mimicanger，
Ikrows its white foam high in air． And the sunset rays are glinting
All the valley with rose tinting All the valley with rose tinting
All the trees like crimson banners，
Quiver o＇er the frasrant air．

Rich with mellow radiance beaming，
All the sunset sky is gleaming ； All the sunset sky is gleaming，
Drenching in a mity stlendor，
Distant hilltops fresh and fair． Softly o＇er my senses stealing，
Comes a peaceful drifting，$d$ Till I even cease to wonder
At this beauty，rich and rare．
And 1 drink，while deeply thinsting
All this sunset beauty bursting， Drink it it a a laimi of heaven，
Drink and deaden pain and ca
From God＇s fingers drop the gleamings From God＇s fingers drop the gleamin
Silver splendors，golden beamings；
He，in ail that＇s bright and glorious，
Shows his peser

Praise Him in the roseate dawning
In the twilight silver falling， In the twilight silver falling，
In the sombero hour of midnight；
Lift to Him a heart of prayer．
Love Him when the sunset fading，
Gloams the land in deepest shad


## 

Bought With a Price $\underset{\substack{\text { Chapter IX．} \\ \text { xstrux＇s triverphes．}}}{\text {［consinub．］}}$ STELLE was charmed with the


 her attention to him
In public he appea notite they receineded，
In Paris，Estelle＇s
 eould hardly bear the thought of tea
ing herself away from those charmi ing harselt
Parisians．
This．
This wa all very well at first－just as
it should be the syuire thought；but he it should be，the squire thought；bu
became wear of oft，when he saw
Estelle still absorbod all the notice． Estelle stil absorbed an idiots c
Surely these foreign ide
know he was a man of millions
Estelle was only worthy of notice，
But the Parisians still ignored him
though he tried to impress them wit his greatness，with all the energy could throw into his broken French．
It was no use－they still treated bi It was no use－they still treated bi
as the accidental appendage of＂la belle Estelle．＂ still the same－Eistelle attracted genera notice．
Painters raved about her；and she
was beset with prayers for her portrait to be painted．
Sculptors，too，were eager for the ho
our of immortalizing hes our of immortalizing her beaut
It was here，for the first It was here，for the first time， Estalle＇s pulls upon his purse had ne ther been few nor moderate．
She was willing to demand her price
for which she was bought．
But her husband had m
She was his wife，and，therefore，th splendour of her surroundings must conssistent with this fact．
Now，however，when Est
Now，however，when Estelle appear objects which the squire considered o no value，he made resistance． Estelle only scoffed at his ignorance profuse expenditure．
sist；and tauntingly told her，that was his money with which she was free－that she added nothing to th
store to prove his power over her，the Squi desired their return to England．
Once more on English grou Squire felt his old pompous self again Here，Estelle woold take her position－the milionairs＇s wife
The Squire had taken care to let the return to Ashton be known．
He hoped－what really took that their arrival would be attended wit some display．
In one thing，this ill－sorted couple pe fectly agreed－they were both eager f Both，then，were gratified at the Both，then，were
reception at Ashton，


