

The People Loved Her Much.

As through the dusky street I pass,
I mark some pleasant household group...

Dear Mother's Growing Old,
I have been just as nervous,
I have been just as nervous...

A fire broke out on Friday night in Mr. J. M. Woods' dry goods store,
which together with the entire stock...

How far away he is from suspecting
even that his sweet heart is bent
it already! Not only some of it, but the whole
of it; and not only the whole, but that
whole is in jeopardy!

CHAPTER IX.
WOMANLY, BUT NOT WEAK.
I shall make a point of writing to your
brother about the matter without delay...

my father distrusts Robert's prudence
for a moment. "It is just that I do distrust," Mr.
Mackiver puts in. "Robert's prudence is
one of the things heard of, but unseen, I am
thinking; and if I don't hold out now,
Dolly may have as little reason to thank
her father-in-law by-and-by as I think she
has to thank her brother now."

CHAPTER X.
ALL FOR DOLLY.
As Dolly insists on going, and you seem
unable to combat her obstinate determination,
I think it only fit that one of us, you
or I, Ronald, should escort her over and
see her safely housed at this outlandish
place."

to a woman who has erred and offended
unwillingly, and who is longing to make all
his amends, and be at perfect peace, to
listen to.
"I wish my face had been my fortune,
that you had chosen me for that alone," she says, sadly,
and then he bursts forth into a vehement defence of his
own sentiments regarding her, declaring
that the thought of her money never
entered his mind when he was learning to
love her.

CHAPTER XI.
THE MIDNIGHT SUN.
One of the grandest spectacles afforded
by Nature—None Graphic Description.
Nature is, indeed, very often skillful in
her arrangements, and shows a fine
sense of contrast, and knows how to set off
one thing by another. So at North Cape
the splendour of sea and sky is heightened
by a dull and uninteresting land.
The spectator stands upon a bare and gloomy
rock, and his vision ranges along a broken
but monotonous coast, attractive only when
the midnight sun comes out, having proclaimed
the rosy light that falls upon them from
the gorgeous heavens. Nothing, therefore,
draws the mind away from contemplation of
the expanse of water and sky over which
the sun lingers in its strength. Many a
traveller has sought to paint in words
the splendor of the scene when, at the
horizon glimmers over all a rich yet myste-
rious light. We may say that a sort of
night effect indescribable in words. The
light is that of day, but it is not day, and all
nature seems to sleep as though shrouded in
darkness. True, Lord Duferin celebrated a
"rooster" did not perceive the fact. An
unhappy bird was deceived into an idea
of perpetual sunrise, and, having proclaimed
the morn for thirty-six hours, died a
victim to impulse, combined with ignorance
of physical geography. Chautier's ex-
perience notwithstanding, there is, over
the whole scene, and in the mind of the
observer, a consciousness of night, which
makes the more wonderful and simultaneous
vision of the orb of the day. The impres-
sion cannot be communicated, but the impres-
sion has been again and again limned
for us by skillful pens, and by none more
successfully than that of Bayard Taylor,
who speaks of the "eddies of returning
birds, whose gleams in the nocturnal sun,
like drifts of beech-leaves in the October
air," and continues: "Far to the north
the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over
the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean.
A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated
above him, and, still higher in the sky,
were the saffron melted through delicate
roes color into blue, hung like wreaths of
vapor, touched with pearls, opaline flashes
of pink and golden gray." He describes
the sea as "a web of pale, delicate color,
shot through with threads of orange
and saffron," and the air as "filled with a
soft mysterious glow," while "between the
headlands stood the midnight sun shining
up with subdued fires, and with the gor-
geous coloring of an hour for which we
have no name, since it is neither sunrise
nor sunset, but the blended loveliness of
both—but shining at the same moment in
the heat and splendor of noonday on the
Pacific seas." Even on paper the magnificence
pleasures excites admiration and awe.
We are all sun-worshippers more or less.
We go up uncomfortable mountains to
watch the ordinary rise, and his setting
over sea or land, on height or in valley,
see a spectacle grand enough to justify
Jean Paul Richter's outburst: "I see the
sun standing amid roses in the western sky,
into which he has thrown the raybrush
wherever he had all day been painting the
most part, however, under ordinary con-
ditions, and lack the wonder of that upon
which Herr Stoll has recently been gazing.
Far deeper than any made by physical
beauty must be the impression due to the
thought of the dark and sleeping world out
of which the traveller has come to "look
through golden vistas into heaven." This
is the idea upon which Carlyle seized when
making his Tauffelbrock stand at the
farther northern limit of the continent.
"Silence as of death, for midnight even in
the Arctic latitude has its character; not
being but the granite cliffs, rusty-tinged, the
peaceful gurgle of that slow, leaving Polar
Ocean, over which, in the utmost north, the
great sun hangs low and lazy, as if too
wrought of crimson and cloth of gold; yet
does his light stream over the mirrors of
water, like a tremendous fire, the shooting
downward to the abyss, and hide itself
under my feet. In such moments solitude
also is invaluable; for who would speak or
be looked upon, when behind him lies all
Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the
watchmen, and before him the silent
immensity of the space of the Eternal,
whereof our lamp is but a torch lamp?"
We know not whether Herr Stoll had
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limited to the statement that he found two
spots on the sun's face; but in such spirit,
which soars far above science, should wor-
shippers penetrate to the holy places of
nature.—London Daily News.

in the second place, I — He stops and
gives another vigorous stir to the fire, and
Darragh takes her foot from off the fender
and her eyes away from his face, and turns
back to the table where Dolly is sitting
writing out a list of things that have to be
taken over to add to the comfort of the
Irish home.
"Let us be quite independent of these
men and go by ourselves, Dolly, you and I
alone," Darragh says, putting her hand on
Dolly's shoulder; "neither Mr. Mackiver
nor his son would enjoy it in one way; Mrs.
Mackiver would be too keenly alive to the
danger."
"Danger!" Dolly interrupts, putting
down her pen and looking round quickly.
Then, for the first time in her life, Dolly
feels out of place, in the way almost,
and perplexed about her relations
with Ronald. For he is looking at
Darragh in a half-angry, half deprecating
way, and Darragh is returning his look
with one in which confusion and reproach
are strongly blended.
"Yes, danger; it's not always as quiet
these men in Russell Square," Darragh
says, hurriedly. There may be a little
fuss when the agent goes round, and fuss
about the payment of money, that is
righteously due to the paid one would be
a novelty to Mr. Mackiver."

CHAPTER XII.
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