

...the Stanley Barn by running them
into it. ●
...remarked that the Authority has

Burke, Crabtree, and Howe; of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Bentham, Fawcett, Thornton, and other illustrious writers. Latin and French he hammered

A close-up photograph of the barrel of a rifle, showing the rifling and the muzzle. The barrel is dark and metallic, and the rifling is visible as a series of grooves. The muzzle is at the right end of the frame.



per 1,000 on the estimated pop-
h from scatology is all that was
... ..

questions affecting steelmaking, they would give it.

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E.C. Forster with his dog and, below at Ethelby
 bridge, early on the (Monday) morning. The male

Streathers, Piddis, Perkins, Harkness, Ingham,
McCorty, Taggart, and Robson.

of the Chester-le-Street Water Com.
Mr Tarabull, who had threatened to
IMITATION
NOT ANY A

er Moo-Main. J. White and Co. have

would that
from which
and he wo
scholar for
degree of curre
to write clock

darling, and I would have seen that we mercantile princes can afford to upon our daughters gems for which a duchess

"I thought that they would have even the share in doing so," said I. "I would lose him than I would was that I was not to be so much as I was, whilst her eyes flashed, and her lips opened."

"Is this the sort of thanks you give me for my so rare and valuable a present?" said he, almost angrily, as with a shaking hand put down untasted the glass of cherry wine which he had raised almost to his lips. "No," he added in softer tones, "such are unselfish beings as you evidently think them and I cannot but have my own feelings on one side, and I must would, you may depend upon it, deal sooner present the owner of such jewels to his mother, the Duchess of Devonshire."

would a girl no matter how innocent and whose entire bijouterie had been picked up in southern Arcadia. Such opats are a letter of commendation in themselves.

"Oh, dear papa, we will talk about all that time," responded the daughter, calling up a smile. "I am very grateful to you for the present, and will value it dearly for your part now I really must go and give orders for to be served up, for you may be sure that Rachel and cousin Nerisphina are already in places at table, with countenances expressing most shamefully ill-treated and put leaving her father hurriedly, Rose darted out library, bearing her present with her, and much wishing that it had been one of a simpler

of all given to have chosen opals—the un-
dones," she murmured to herself, with white
and fear-blanch'd cheeks, for though Aunt
had taught her little enough, she had during
half-dozen years inoculated her fair niece
with portion of her own superstition.

(To be continued.)

TTITIA THORNTON.

BY LOUISA BIGG.

AUTHOR OF "CLARA WELLMAN," ETC

CHAPTER IX

bell of Hampton in the Hills was ringing for church service on the second Sunday in February, and after another the villagers straggled across the fields and through slippery lanes to the Church. There were not many worshippers that day, for there had been a deal of snow in the village and many of the people were anxious and busy at home. Among those who came was poor Mary Preston, for the first time her trouble. She had not meant to come and sat at home staring at the fire, in the morning, on the bells began ringing for church. Her mother, old Mrs. Preston, said to her, "Come to church, Mary, and don't forget these going to Church, lass? I wish, these at try and begin. My Tom want the one to ha' these at sit moping at home. I'd go with thee the old man."

[illegible]

side was a row of free seats and it was to those that Mary made her way. They were not comfortable seats, for the wood was hard and the seats were not cushioned. Like the ones seen on either side of them, with their grackles, jackals, and ledgers for the prayerbooks. One of her neighbours dropped in and took their on the benches in front and behind, but no one to share Mary's seat. Several mutually resolved to come home with letters not to receive, but the first sort of intrusion to sit with a mourner on her Sunday: that was a thing for her kin to do, and so soft her by herself. She kept her thick veil down, did not notice who was in the pews near, though toward the doors of one of two close with a sharp knock. She did not see who it was, but she was sobbing for her sorrow, and wondering how to ease it.

Latitia had come into the Church a short time

Mary had taken her pistol, and when she rose from her knees, her eyes fell upon the formless figure below her. She uttered a cry, and then a low, wailing cry. Her mourning had never especially impressed a man, but there was something in Mary's heavy sobs and coarse words, that struck to her very heart, and shed her soft eyes with tears. She could not think of anything but her grief and sorrow. The priest, feeling that the afternoon she kept looking at her and trying to comfort her.

Finally the widow raised her veil, for the church was warm, and she felt sick and faint, and then her neighbour saw how pale and worn her face was, and how much she had suffered. She then turned to the priest and the congregation was kneeling. With visible impulse Lætitia glided down from her knees and kneeling beside Mary, said her anguished words. Mary was as much amazed as if an angel from heaven had come down to her. The little jewelled

and the diamonds on her fingers were hard in the cotton glove, and her fingers were on fire! Gradually the astonished alynees were given a comfort she could not comprehend stole over. There was such warmth and softness and strength in friendly clasp that little by little the world grew blank and painful to Mary's sense. She could not think of anything but the warm, strong fingers of the Litany echoed through the darkening night. Letitia stole back as silently as she had come, Mary wondered whether it was all a dream. She had thought it must be, only that the sense of rest and refreshment stayed with her, and made her onward way through the cold and snow less weary.

A few days afterwards another messenger came to her—she was so ill all night that they thought would have died, but when the sunshine of a sharp

"I'm meeting you here through the darkness," whispered a girl was lying at her side, and a ray of hope
 the darkness of her sorrow. And at midday
 Letitia came tripping lightly over the crisp path
 a basket of comfortable things for mother and
 the widow looked up at her with a wintry smile
 and her sorrow for tears, and Rob was lying at
 was lying at her side, and a ray of hope
 had occurred and fully approved of it.
 (To be continued.)

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