

...Fate given you to me to try...after an almost imperceptible passage he added...

...Imogene was bustling about the floating vias and perceiving opening ever and anon to her...

...Withdrawing her hand, she strove to repair the error of the moment, saying: "Give me time, cousin Gaston, I do not know my own heart to-day; I am afraid you misunderstand me..."

...Mr. Nicoll and Frank Delone passed the day of their drive to the Lake Plantation pleasantly and profitably...

...martyrdom, and so, pressing back the cry of self, that struggled to be heard, she said, tenderly: "If such love as I can give, will make your happiness..."

...Blindness of night had come before her eyes, and her little hands fluttered like white birds, until Frank, with a smile that showed the brightness of his soul...

...A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes the following letter: "Paris, March 8, 1860. An intoxicating drink of all kinds, as healthful beverages, are up for trial, I embrace every opportunity of obtaining reliable evidence..."