













NOT AS I WILL

Blindfolded and alone I stand, With unknown thresholds on each hand, The darkness deepens as I grope, Afraid to fear, afraid to hope...

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Mr. Simmons, with the quickness of his race, read what was passing in Horace's mind. His anger merged into pity for his cousin, kindly best. He repeated himself, and said with a pleasant smile...

CHAPTER XIV

After Beatrice had left the drawing-room Frank's mind motored for a couple of minutes. Even in the first bitterness of defeat he did not blame her...

room where the perfume of her dress still lingered. He stooped and picked up a flower which must have fallen from her dress. He took a glove, which was lying on the piano...

good night. Mordie's enthusiastic theory asserted that he ought not to despair had done him good, although he still swore he would not "grovel" and ask again...

REFORMATION IN GHOSTS. The Wonderful Change Apparent in the Specters of Current Lore—Polite and Unobtrusive Spirits. It is curious to observe what a remarkable change in ghosts has been effected by modern science...

churches, church-houses, and other dormitories of the dead where lamps of hell, clothed in the fleshy habiliments of red, bold nocturnal revelry. Burns seems to have thought that while the devils danced the dead men held the candle...

