

Poetry

The Lord of Our Land. The farmer is lord of our living. The labourer-crowned kind of the land...

Literature

THE THREE SISTERS.

CHAPTER I. And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers...

How long do we live in the world before we discover for ourselves that all is vanity...

CHAPTER II. How long do we live in the world before we discover for ourselves that all is vanity...

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tears come into her eyes and she goes off in a rage.

"Well, well, Mary," responded her husband, a little impatiently...

"But the Fanes are always gentle and ladylike," urged Mrs. Hamilton.

"Confound the Fanes!" ejaculated her lord. He was rather irritable...

But to return to the two girls. Alice Hamilton took out her watch.

"We can't possibly start yet, Mary. It is not yet half-past seven."

"Oh, Mary," cried the new-comer in breathless haste, her face radiant with delight.

"Signor Tivoli can't come to give me my lesson, mamma says."

"Indeed, then, you won't do anything of the sort," retorted Mary, sharply.

"Why should I not go?" said Olive, quickly; "mamma said I might."

"And we say you cannot," Alice answered, coldly.

"You are very unkind and selfish," retorted Olive; "and I will go."

The elder ones looked at each other. They were exceedingly annoyed.

They went to row two miles down the river to meet their favorite cousin, Frank Fane.

And a young man, his father's friend, who was called Signor Tivoli, was to accompany them.

There was a soft blush of color on her cheeks as she looked towards her sister.

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already heard a sharp reproof, was the climax of the afternoon's misfortune.

"Well!" proceeded her cousin. "He's a tremendous swell for this place."

"O Frank, a baronet!"

"Yes, my dear, a real, live baronet."

"Really, Olive, I don't quite see why you should ask so many questions."

"It does matter, retorted Olive, sharply. "Go on, Frank, there's a dear!"

"Sir George Fabian." "Sir George Fabian!" Olive reiterated under her breath.

There seemed more music to her in the name than in those of all the heathen gods put together.

"He and Jack Napier were chums at Eton and Oxford," pursued loquacious Frank.

"And they've asked him here dozens of times before. He'd be a stunning match for Flora Napier."

"He would not have her, not likely," exclaimed Mary. "I dare say they'll try to catch him, though. Is he good-looking, Frank?"

"A perfect Adonis, I believe, and precious conceited, too."

"I am sure he's not conceited!" interrupted Olive, quickly, and then blushed scarlet again.

"I suppose you think baronets are above such little weaknesses—oh, miss!" asked Frank, turning upon her.

"Oh, no, Frank, I did not mean that. I mean she is not conceited."

"Have you seen him?" cried her sisters in a breath.

"Yes, and spoke to him," returned Olive, with a good deal of triumph and importance.

And she proceeded to tell how he had landed on the bank, and met her for Miss Napier. The recital shot through the fair breasts of her sisters.

They were amply punished for their selfishness by the discovery that Olive had not only seen but spoken to this handsome baronet—an honor for which they would willingly have sacrificed half a dozen afternoons' work with their cousin and Mr. Algernon Stuart.

"He must have conceived a very odd notion of Miss Napier," said Mary, graciously. "It was a pity you were looking at such a figure, with your untidy hair and crumpled, stained dress."

"I don't know what on earth he could have thought of her!"

This remark had somewhat of its intended effect on Olive, in causing bitterness in her mind; but it was not altogether successful in persuading her that she had inspired feelings of contempt and repulsion. And Frank had said she was growing prettier.

With one more look into her eyes, he raised his cap, and turning, stepped into the boat.

She bent her head and turned aside; but when she thought he could no longer see her she came round and looked stealthily. Then she sat down again on the bank from which she had hastily risen when he landed, and somehow, as if the hand of a bright angel had touched her, she was now gladdened by the brightness of the summer day, and the blithe carol of the birds.

She looked at the river, and the occasional dunes of the river, and the occasional dunes of the river, and the occasional dunes of the river.

CHAPTER II. REPROACH IS INFINITE AND KNOWS NO END.

The long weary minutes fled swiftly enough now, and the shaded glades of the river girding past its banks, might have been a bower in Arcadia.

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