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| Never scar of siege or battle challenges the Never breach or warlike onset bolds the curious passer-byOndy |
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| the small movth cuzved and quivered as forsome denied caress,dhe fair young brow was knitted in an in-fartine distress. |
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| Yearly, down the billside sweeping, came the Bringing revel to Vaquero, joy and comfort toeach maid; |
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| Rose the thin high Spsnish tenor thet bespoke |
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| Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst tho laugh and wine <br> Some one Spoke of Concha's lover-heedless of the warning sign. |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson; "Speak no ill of him I pray, <br> He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day. |  |
| Died while speeding home from Russia, falling from a fractious horse <br> Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course! |  |
| Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banAnd a trembling figure rising fixed the awostruck gaze of all. |  |
| Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood; <br> Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood. |  |
| "Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All wero hushed as Concha drew <br> Closer yet her nun's attire. " Senor, pardon, she died too!' -Bret Hurte |  |



## sponsibilities for the abuse thereof, having been found by experience to promote the growth of crime and pau-




THE NEW FOOD.


For a few cents you can buy f your Grocer or Druggist a mide from pare Irish Moss, or Carrageen, which will make sixteen guarts of Blane Mange,
and a like quantity of Puddings, Custards, Creams, Charlotte Russe, ise. It is the cheapest, healthiest, and most deliciou: food in the world. It makes a splendid Dessert, and
has no equal as a light and delicate fool for Invalids and Children.

## A Glorions Chauge !

Plaritation Bitters.


