

THE INDEPENDENT.

WIDOWS, FERNS, AND ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"What possible connection can there be between the two?" says one of the...

It was a lovely day in September that a party was gathered in the porch of a cottage...

Grace outdid us all in fastidious seeking, but even she found that one lovely cluster of ferns was beyond her power...

"I thought a woman could do anything a man could do; how is that? You have failed; I will succeed," he began to chafe...

No, my dearest, for if it referred to color, the folly might as truthfully be termed gray...

It was that first opened my eyes to the fact that Dr. Malbone was infatuated with them...

Our party was composed of James and Hannah, John and Maria, pretty gray-haired Mrs. Bedell...

Little did I care, for Hi's talk was far more interesting to me than that of my companions...

The afflicted Hannah and John were happy to feel that there was one spot at which they could rest...

"Well, Charlotte," she said, "it does seem to me that you are a little bit of a fuss."

"Why, you know," proceeded Aunt Hannah, with a slightly malicious expression...

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"Remember nothing that it is a weakness to remember," she said, in the cold tone of a philosopher...

But his quick glance had caught the quiver of the sweetest mouth in the room...

"Oh, then you have decided to live a life of single blessedness, like Aunt Hannah, because of the sinfulness of man?"

For her life Lottie could not have repressed that little laugh, for Renshawe's drawl was inimitable...

"For shame, little one," he said, facing her suddenly, and forcing her to look at him...

"He was laughing at her. His bonny blue eyes were full of repressed fun. He caught her hand in his, and she could not free it."

"For shame yourself, Major Renshawe!" she flashed out at length, half crying.

"The best of all rights, my dear; I love you," he said, "I hate you!" cried Lottie desperately.

"He was quite grave now, and said rather sternly: 'Is that what you want, Lottie? Do you hate me?'"

"Lottie began to feel very much as though she were the guilty party. What had she done to him?"

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TOO HINDSOME TO BE HONEST.

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Major Renshawe was gallant and handsome, and looked every inch a soldier, notwithstanding the fact that he sang softly this little German love song to a very pretty girl...

Lottie lay shivering and looking at him with a look of intense interest. He was looking at her with a look of intense interest.

Everybody had warned her against the dashing young officer, who had been in town for a few weeks drumming up recruits for the army.

Yes, he looked very handsome and a trifle pale as he hummed the quaint little song, but that might have been the effect of the moonlight, and so Lottie tried to tell herself against him when he lifted his eyes to hers.

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With that he smiled half sadly at her, and went striding away in the moonlight.

Once he paused to look back, kissing his hand to the girl who stood watching him. He caught the flutter of a white handkerchief, and he saw that it was Lottie's.

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MAKING A LIVING.

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MOZART'S SPIRIT HOME.

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