

Daily Eagle

Lend Me a Shilling.

By AUTHOR OF "BLINDPITS."



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and pleasure at meeting unexpectedly, and explaining how they happened to be there, and where they were going, they talked chiefly of the kind of things that we talk of in railway carriages—the weather, the occasional lateness of the trains, accidents, people returning to town for the winter, etc., till the young lady said: "Mamma, I saw the girl that attacked you for a shilling come into the train; she must have succeeded in getting it from some one."

Burns is sometimes wrong. If we save ourselves as others see us, we might be apt to lose heart altogether. There's nothing like self-conceit, and plenty of it, especially to a person with common sense, of course a fool can't make a good use of it.

small motives. When he got into the house he looked through the letters lying for him; there was only one the least like the thing he expected—addressed in a woman's hand. This one he opened first, but it was merely an account for hay which he had been buying from a man whose wife acted as her husband's clerk.

alarmed at trifles, so that Katie knew that her absence when she was expected home would have made her miserable, probably ill. This caused her to remember the ticket adventure better than she would otherwise have done; also when she used her little brass bound note book her eye sometimes fell on the words: "James Jamieson, Justine, Kingsburgh;" and she thought kindly of the owner of the name, and all the circumstances of that October day came up vividly before her.

was nonsense, and the burns would have ceased to flow before you could have dislodged that opinion from his mind. James Jamieson, coming in, was taken into the family council. He had been in the Oxhaugh district, and reported favorably of it, and offered to go with the ladies to visit The Hawthorns.

not to carry away nuisances" asked Mr. Wright. "It does not carry away nuisances cheaply; even if nothing were offended but the eye, it is not cheap," said Mr. Bertram.



"Stick to turning out miles of paper." "Now, I think you have seen all that's to be seen," said Mr. Bertram as they looked at some paper, the product of the mill. "That paper will be better worth looking at when the thoughts of the world are printed on it."