

Attorneys at Law. JAMES E. HOLLIS. OFFICE OF THE PRACE. OFFICE with A. J. ... FALL OF 1872. HARD TIMES MADE EASY. MRS. PRICE & ARNOLD. WOULD respectfully inform the ladies ... THE SPECIAL FALL OPENING. DRESSMAKING. MISS ANNA BOWEN. HAIR WORK. TO LADIES ONLY. THE GREAT PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING ABDOMINAL CORSET. FINE ARTS. NEW SADDLE AND HARNESS MANUFACTORY. MEDICAL. DR. S. J. MENEZ. DR. TEMPLE & BARBER. DR. A. DE CHEN. DR. J. F. HASSELL, D. D. S. DR. SMALL, CHAMBERS & CO.

Lexington Caucasian. Largest Local and General Circulation, extending over all Territories. By DONAN & ALLEN. P. DONAN, A. S. KIEROLF, Editors. E. ALLEN, Business Manager. (From London Society.) Hush! what was that cry, so low yet so piercing, so strange yet so sorrowful? It was not the marmot upon the side of the ...

Orford, and had since been enjoying a trip upon the Continent; and on my return to London I found a letter awaiting me from my lawyers, informing me, somewhat in a peremptoryish manner, that I had succeeded to a small estate in Cumberland. I must tell you exactly how this came about. My mother was a Miss Ringwood, and she was the youngest of three children; the eldest was my father, the second was Geoffrey, and the third (my mother) Alice. Their mother (who had been a widow since my mother's birth) lived at this little place in Cumberland, and which was known as The Shallows. She died shortly after my mother's marriage with my father, Captain Westcar. My Aunt Aldina and my Uncle Geoffrey—the one at that time aged twenty-eight, and the other twenty-six—continued to reside at The Shallows. My father and mother had to go to India, where I was born, and where, when quite a child, I was left an orphan. A few months after my mother's marriage my aunt disappeared; a few days after she was laid out dead, as he was playing at cards with Mr. Marjory, the proprietor of a neighboring mansion known as The Mere. A fortnight after my uncle's death, the Shallows, and never left it again till she was carried out in her coffin to her grave in the church-yard. Ever since her return from her mysterious disappearance she maintained an impenetrable reticence. As a school boy I visited her twice or thrice, but these visits depressed my youthful spirits to such an extent that as I grew older I excluded myself from accepting my mother's not very pressing invitation to visit the place. I had heard that she was ill, and I was rather surprised, there fore, when she bequeathed me The Shallows, which as the surviving child, she inherited. Her mother's marriage and her uncle's death were like a long, sad sob of a wren, broken heart. Without staying to reason with myself, I quickly retraced my steps.

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