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WRECKED.

She stood upon the balcony and looked out seaward. The wind blew in with freshness on its wings, and fluttered her pretty yellow hair about her face.

Presently there arose a sound of carriage wheels, driving up to the entrance of the door. Miss Dorne turned her head to look.

"It must be they," "That must be John," she said. It was the man in the carriage was Miss Dorne.

Mr. Gresham entered the hotel with the lady on his arm. Olive quitted the room to greet her. Outside the door she met Mrs. Davenal.

"Be careful of that Miss Dorne," she whispered. "I believe her to be a dangerous woman—perfectly unscrupulous."

"My dear, I was thinking of your husband. Report goes that Gertrude Dorne once made havoc with his heart."

"I am so happy to meet your wife, John," said Miss Dorne, taking Olive's hand. "You look at me, my dear!—you are wondering to hear me call him 'John' so familiarly."

"Miss Dorne came down to dinner in a toilet as elaborate as any ever turned out by Madame Elise. It was the custom of the place to dress—and very absurd of the place, too."

the rest soon begged to know her. In conversation she was brilliant and witty, capable of holding her own on almost any subject under discussion.

"We must get Miss Dorne to sing for us," some one said in Olive's hearing. "She is a splendid singer."

"How do you know?" "I asked another." "She used to be when I met her a year or two ago."

"Oh, yes! He indulges me in everything!" "Oh, yes! He indulges me in everything!" "Oh, yes! He indulges me in everything!"

"We shall be here a month longer, I think. My aunt says the air suits her better than any she has ever tried."

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she cared nothing for his wife. She saw that it tortured her to see her husband so completely enthralled away, and the thought gave Miss Dorne a peculiar satisfaction.

Little by little—a word here and a word there, gathered from the undercurrent of whispers around—Olive learned correctly what the past had been—the story of John Gresham and Miss Dorne.

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were flocking up from all parts of the house, and the hall seemed full. "A railway accident," "a collision," was being whispered from one to another.

Yes. He whom they bore was John Gresham. John Gresham in life so recently, but dead now. One of the railway porters, who had come with the body explained.

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his hat far down over his eyes. Some distance above him an empty box car had been left standing on the track, which the force of the wind set in motion, and gathering impetus as it went, ran over the unfortunate man, killing him on the spot.

CULTIVATION OF SHAD IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER.—It will be remembered that Congress has made an appropriation to aid in the dissemination and propagation of various species of fish in different rivers throughout the country.

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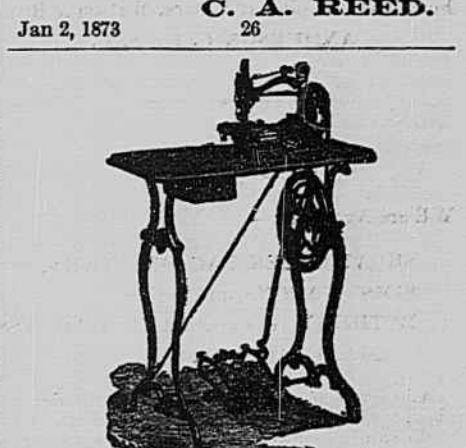
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The Great Southern Weekly. THE best and cheapest newspaper in the South. Devoted to Immigration, Education of the Masses, Agricultural and Mechanical Pursuits, to the Household and Fireside.

A singular accident occurred at Chicago recently. A man was walking on a railroad near the city, and as he was facing the wind, which was blowing a gale at the time, he had pulled