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A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER IV. BEATRICE'S PROPOSAL.

In describing Hazelwood House and its beauties, no mention has been made of Miss Clouston, for her position in that well-regulated establishment was, as yet, scarcely defined. She was neither mistress nor guest.

There is no reason for enlarging upon the admirable way in which Lady Clouston gained, or to which fate had assigned her. Socially and domestically—in the outward as well as the inward life—she was all a baronet's wife should be—all save that she presented her husband with no heir to his title and estates.

At last the Cloustons returned to England. After a while Sir Maingay almost forgot he had a daughter. The Cloustons settled down to continental life for an indefinite time.

Whether her ladyship wrote her book or not is a matter of uncertainty; anyway, it was never published. Beatrice made no objection to rejoining the family circle.

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think you ought to take a strange infant to sleep with you.

"Oh, nonsense, uncle Horace! See what a clean, beautiful boy it is. Whittaker, send a large can of hot water to my room. You may as well see how I can act the part of a nursemaid."

The three men sat together until it was too late to hope that matters would be cleared up that night.

After this the three men went back to the dining-room and talked the curious occurrence over and over.

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in a quick, decisive, quite-beyond-doubt way. His phrases followed one another like the detonations of a cracker.

But a funeral sermon was only due to a deceased member of one of the families of position to sleep the last night on the breast, and hammer and hammer away at that sin-hardened receptacle, as if meaning by a series of repeated blows to enforce conviction and obedience.

This afternoon Mr. Mordle felt the Talberts' excuses no slight to himself. He begged the brothers might be disturbed.

"And where are your unctions?" he asked. "Be quiet, damnably!" answered Beatrice, emphatically.

"Oh, Mr. Mordle," said Beatrice, "they are doing the best they can for me."

"What have I done to you?" he asked. "I have done nothing to you," answered Beatrice, emphatically.

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The last beat of the drums sounding tattoo had hardly died away when Captain Lyon, in full uniform entered the apartment.

A Story of Gens. Nathaniel Lyon and R. H. Anderson.

The following, which we have never seen in print, gives an account of an interesting incident in the early life of Gen. R. H. Anderson of Sumter County, who died some years ago.

Upon one occasion Captain Anderson, of the Second Dragoons, afterward a lieutenant-general in the Confederate service, gave a dinner party, at which were present several of the officers of the garrison as well as the members of a general court-martial that was then in session at the post.

Although Captain Anderson was a citizen of South Carolina, and his host, Lyon played as soon as he could get the opportunity into a harangue against the South and its peculiar institution, in which he used all the power of invective that he possessed in so great a degree.

"What shall we write about?" asked the editor. "The editor sits in his easy chair, racking his brains for the next issue, when the 'Devil' puts his head inside the door and calls for 'more copy'."

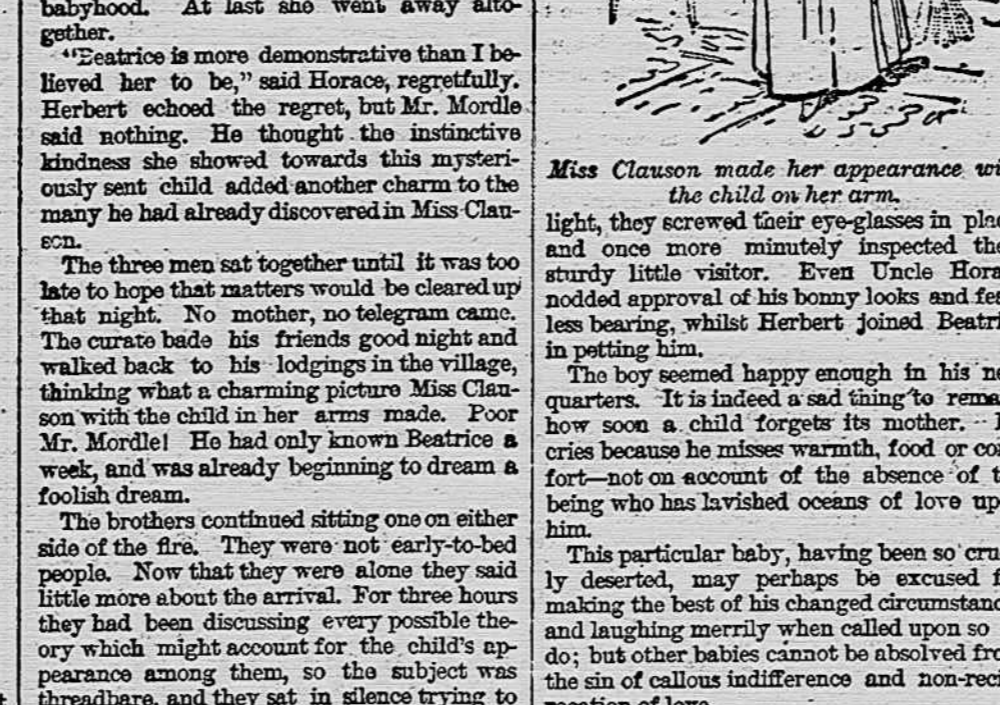
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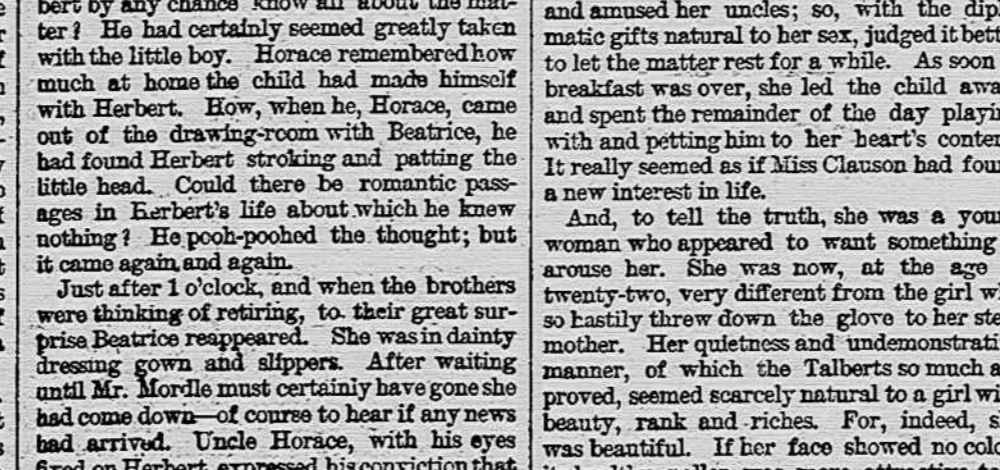
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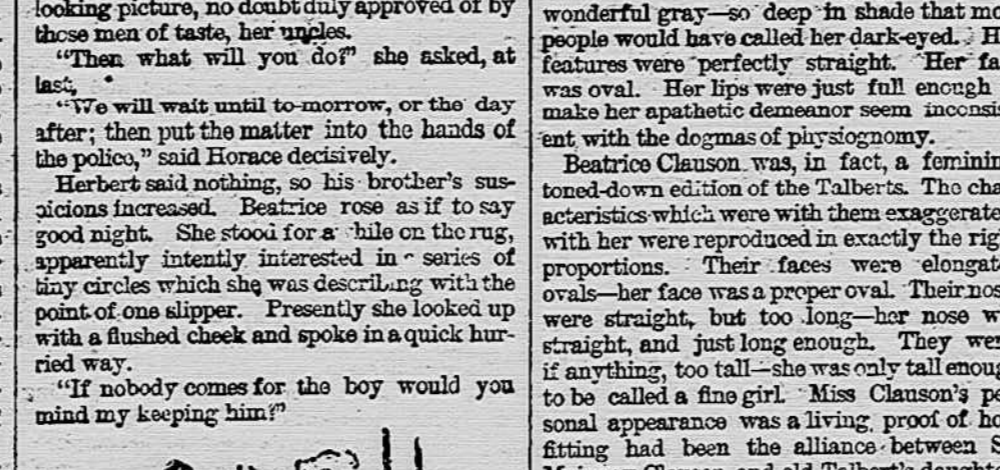
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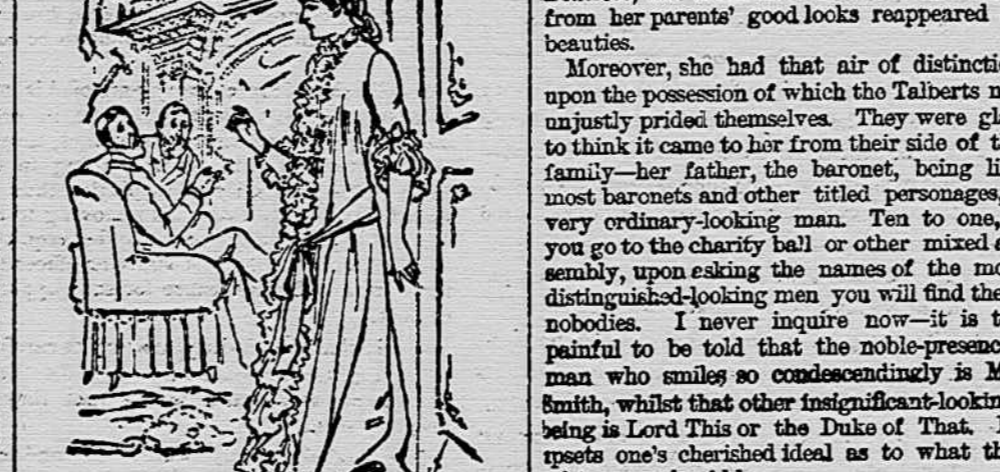
Miss Clouston made her appearance with the child on her arm.



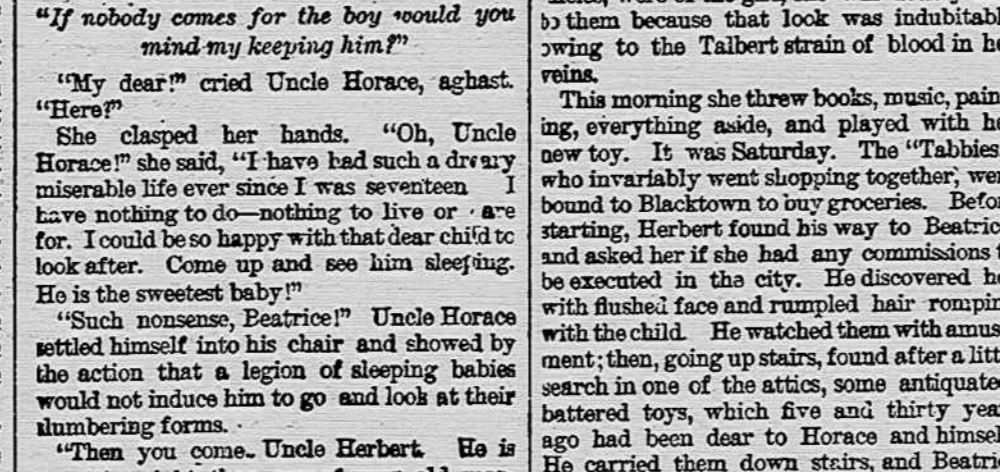
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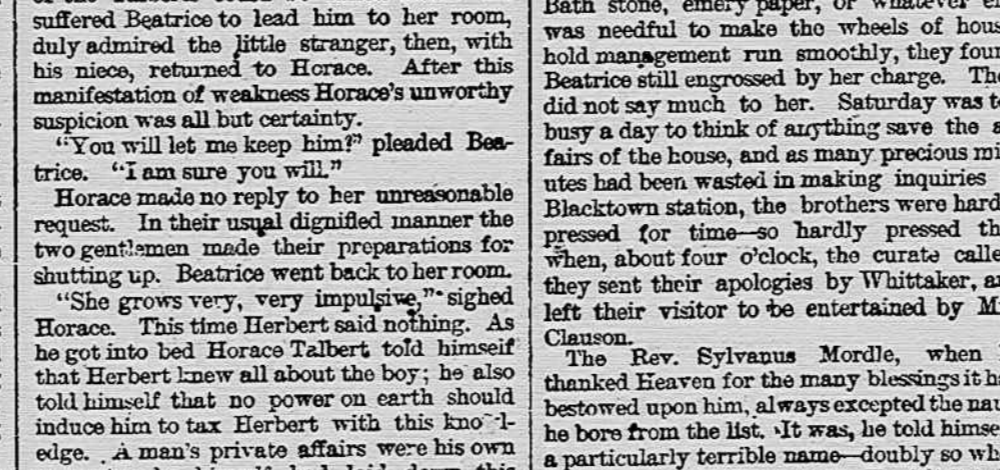
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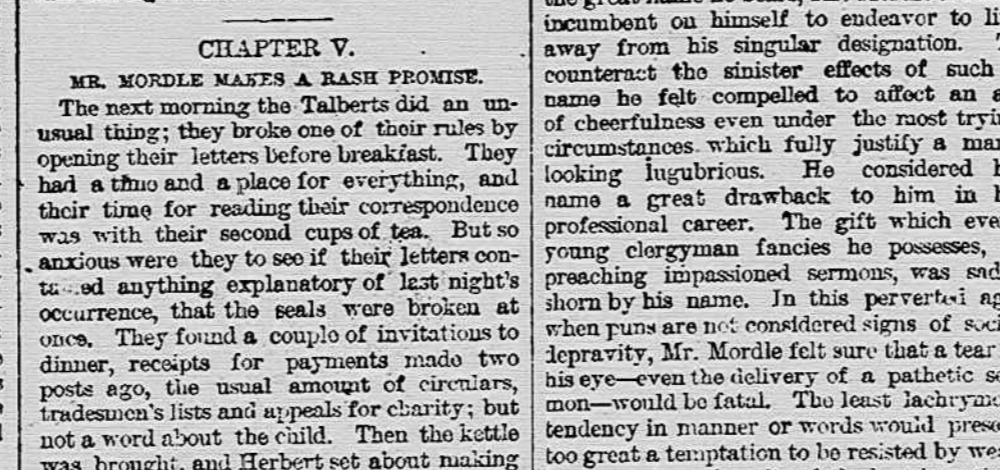
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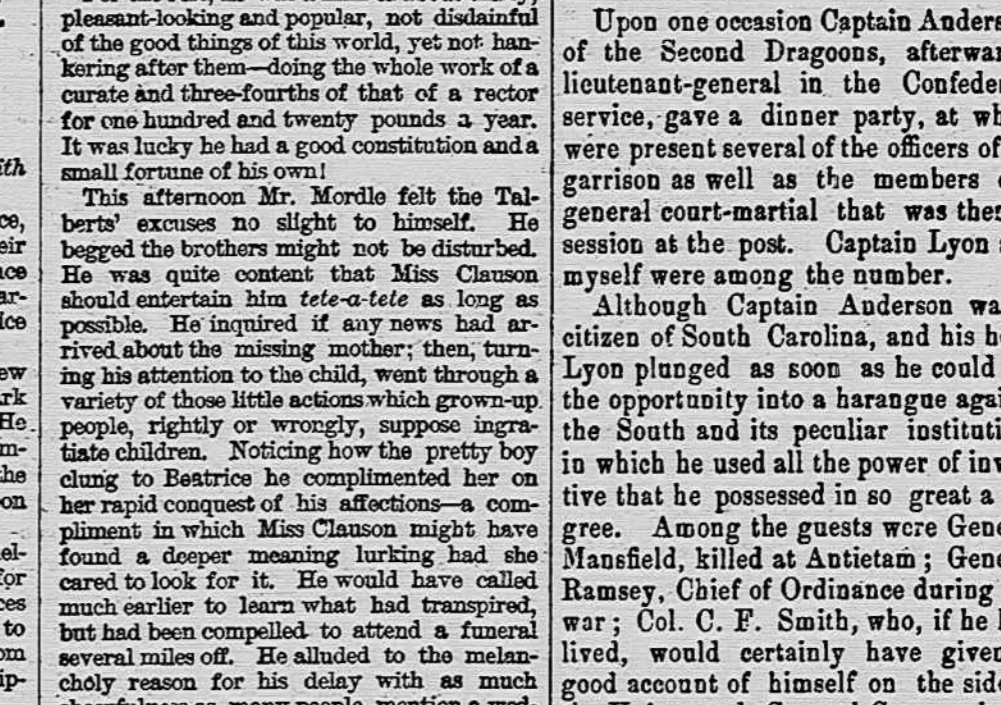
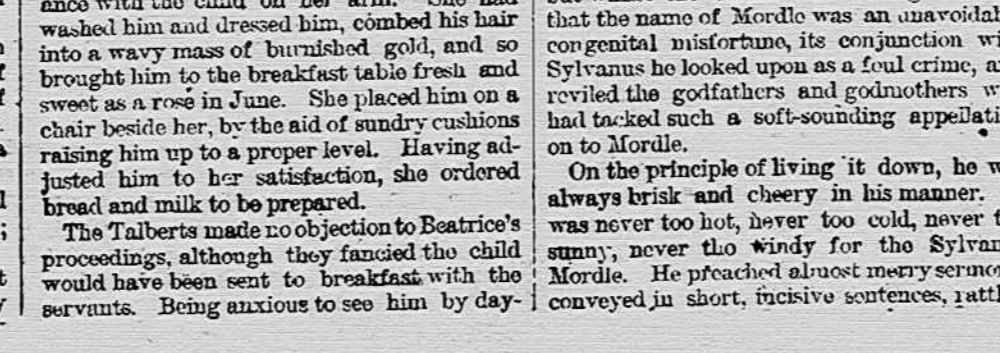
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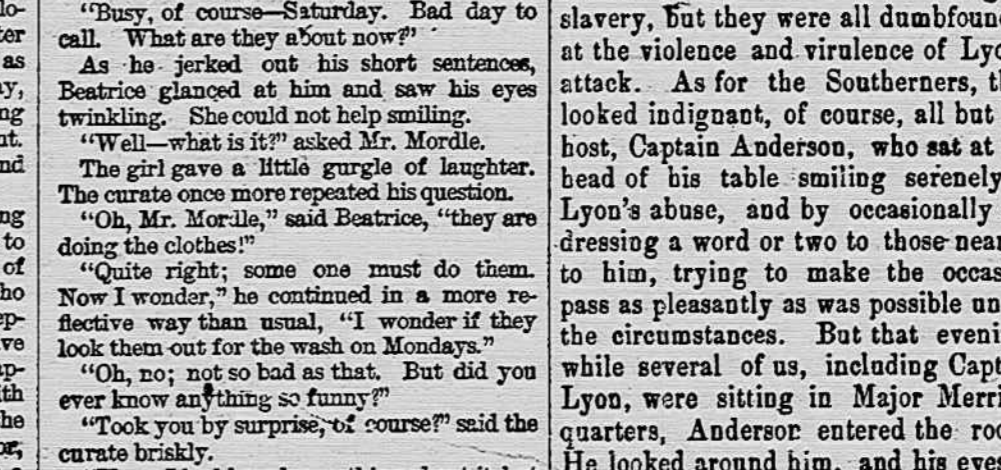
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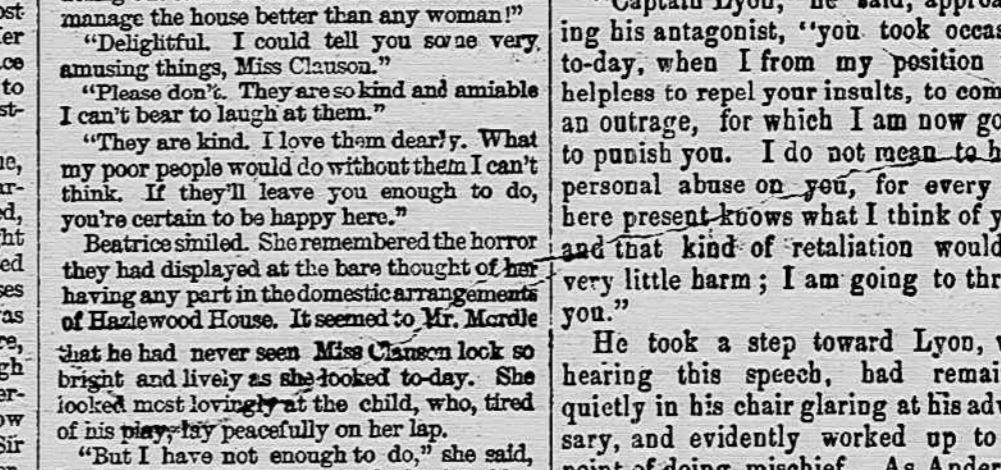
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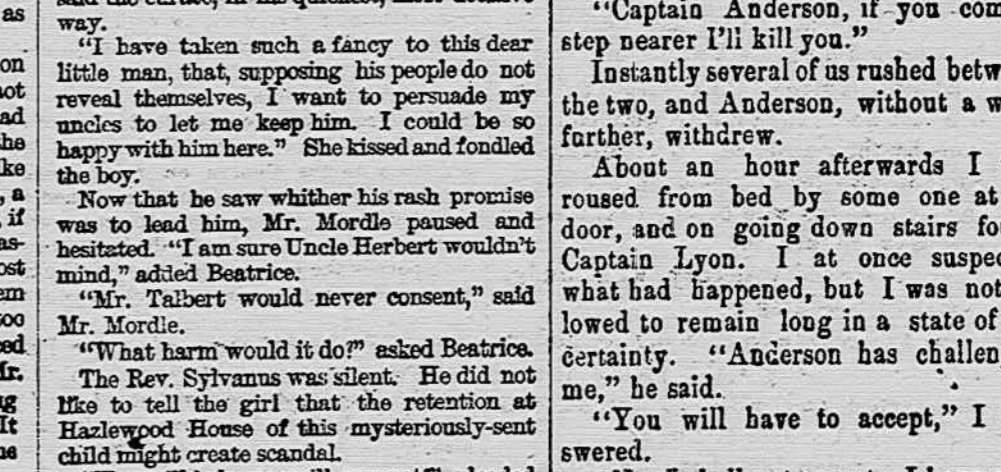
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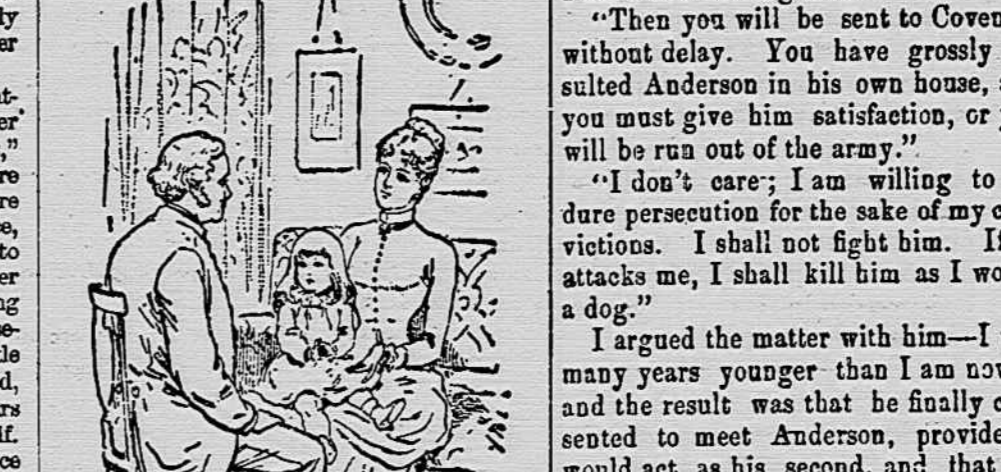
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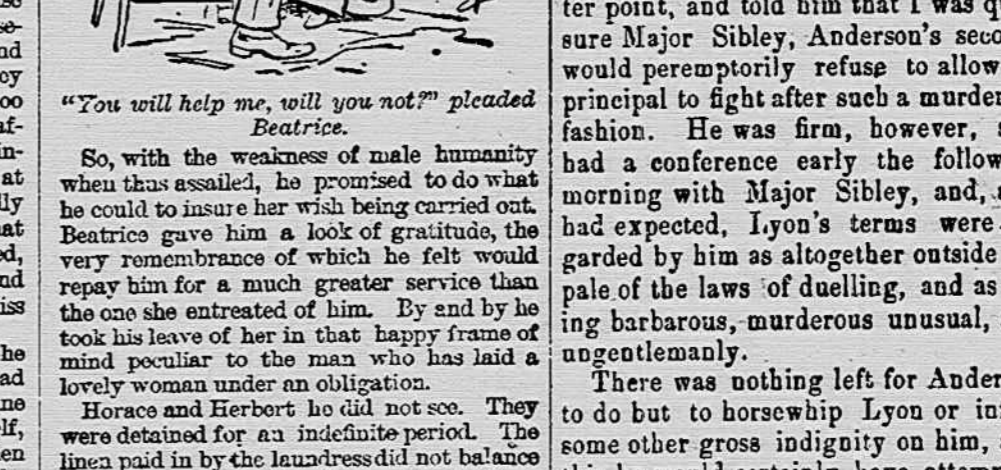
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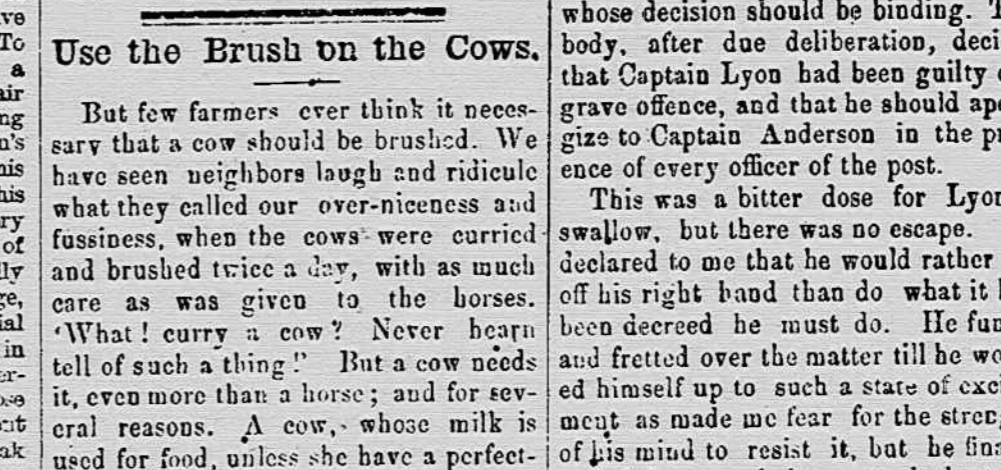
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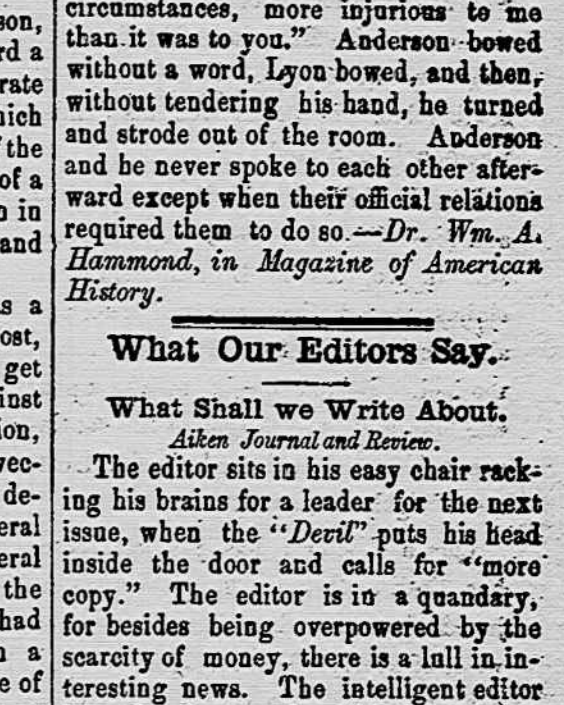
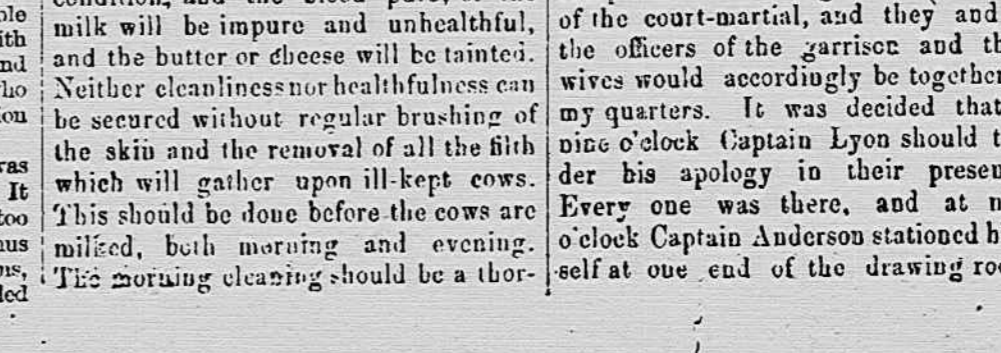
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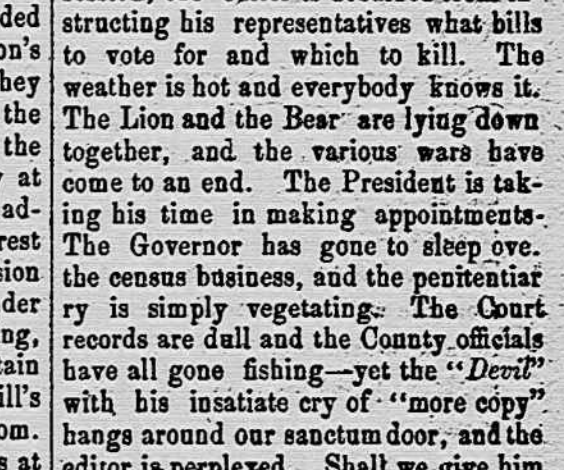
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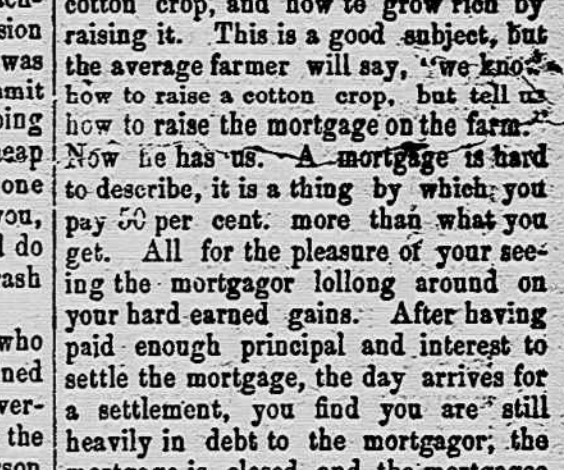
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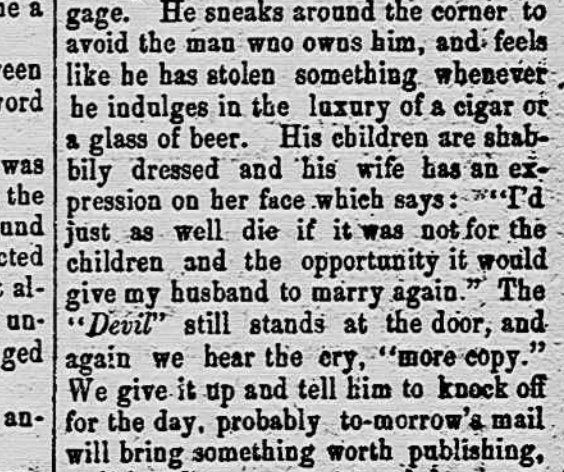
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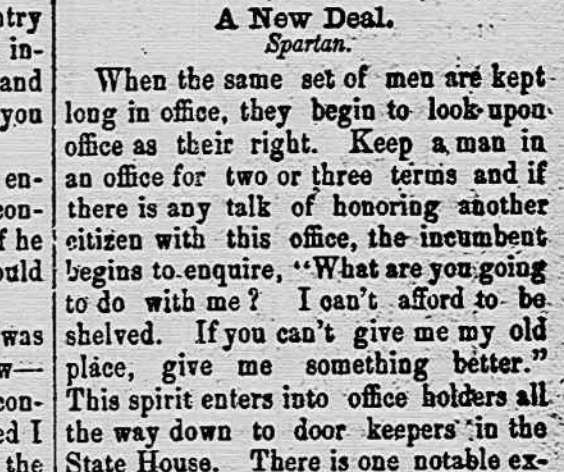
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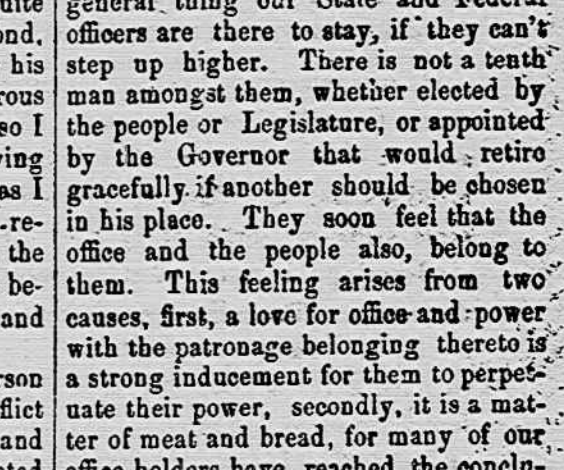
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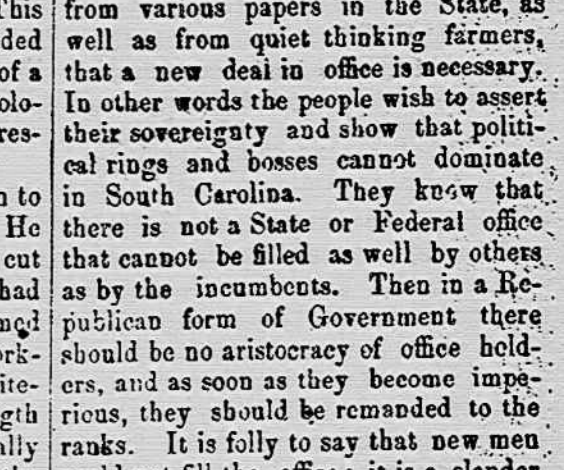
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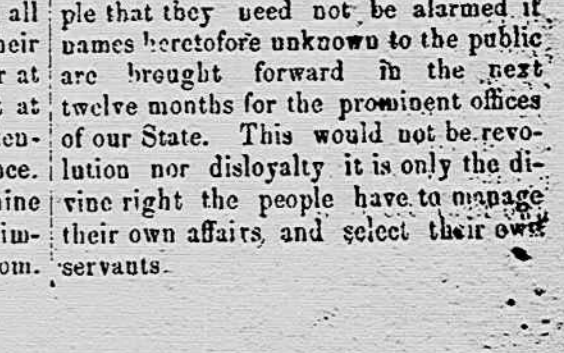
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Use the Brush on the Cows.

But few farmers ever think it necessary that a cow should be brushed. We have seen neighbors laugh and ridicule when they called our over-ripeness and fussiness, when the cows were carried and brushed twice a day, with as much care as was given to the horses.