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THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's often talk of noble deeds, And of the happy days...

My Uncle George.

I suppose you wonder, George, why I have never married—wondered, and most probably rejoiced for, at my death, you know, the old place will come to you...

My Uncle George and I were staying up at Barling, a small fishing-place of his in the Highlands, to which we resorted regularly twice a year for about a fortnight, in pursuit of salmon.

But to all these stories I turned a deaf ear. I knew enough of Uncle George to feel sure that there was not a shadow of truth in all of them.

I let my pet pipe, about the coloring of which I was so anxious, and drawing my chair nearer to the fire, prepared to listen in silence.

to some friends near Windsor. He promised me that when the school met again he would ride over, and give the fellows at my house the latest accounts of me.

"I did not return to Eaton till after the Christmas holidays, and Nora was gone—where I could not learn. In vain I made inquiries of different people in the town who knew the girl by sight.

"Well, time passed on, and when I was eighteen I left Eaton and went into the Guards. My mother took a house on Hartford street, and I lived with her. I went everywhere, and was made much of.

"I left a card for my uncle in Grosvenor square, a day or two after I returned home at an hour when I knew she would be out; and I declined, on the plea of a prior engagement, an invitation that I received to dine with them the following evening.

"She was dressed all in white—not the faintest trace of color about her—and her lovely face turned as white as her bridal wreath, as she came face to face with me.

"I never saw Nora again so as to speak to her during uncle's lifetime. I exchanged at once upon a regiment under orders for Canada.

On a late passage of the steamer Deer on the Hudson she was detained below Albany by a heavy fog.

"I'll tell you how an old German friend of mine years ago did it," and the passenger commenced by saying: "In the rich valley of the Mohawk there is a quiet little village called Spraker's Basin.

"What is this?" "That is a cat. Do you see the beautiful curve to his back? If you continue to be a good boy you shall some day have a thousand cats."

"At night, between the hours of 11 P. M. and 4 A. M. You have probably read items about bold, bad men flinging bootjacks, sticks of wood and other missiles at singing cats.

"Dig a well before you are thirsty. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth. Great wealth comes by d-stiny—moderate wealth by industry.

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