

THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY

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CHAPTER XIX

A LUCULAN BANQUET

Several evenings of those strange... The Lenten season was very near at hand; and Lent was a time when good Catholics were averse from visiting...

It was awkward, this elating of pleasant voices calling a young life to that relaxation and amusement which are indispensable. But the slow intellect of the uncle, ponderous and comprehensive enough to deal with gigantic problems in the metaphysics of life, was quite unable to grasp this petty difficulty.

He snuffed furiously for a few minutes. Then, Henry, with a little trepidation, pushed over a pretty, engraved wine-glass, and said, without a spic of mischief: "This open now, sir, and there's no use in letting it go to waste. Try one glass!"

"I haven't had time to read them much yet!" said Henry almost crying. "No, of course, except: 'Roselin, Roselin, Roselin roth, Roselin auf der Heiden'."

thou consider that half the poor of thy parish, who have gone supperless to bed to-night, and whose little ones cry vainly for bread, might be fed with the refuse of thy banquet?"

"I baptized her!" said her uncle, and then he was silent. The little remembrance softened him a good deal. For a few minutes they dined along in silence, till very near home, when Annie said: "Do you know, uncle, I have done a rash thing; but I hope it is all right."

figures. The walls were literally covered with all kinds of Hindu arms and ornaments—bead-work, entangled in all kinds of fancy devices; heavy lacquered wares, with strange Hindu emblems; costly Benares vases suspended on moulded brackets; and an armory of guns and pistols, and sabres crooked and vicious-looking, and Paythan knives with their heavy blades.

is the narrow bight of flood way far into the land. Coast Guard Station; and many a glass is levelled at But man's the world!"

Which was rather spiritless language toward such a giant as her uncle. "There may be reasons," he said, rather humbly, she thought. "We are just passing out into new conditions, where, perhaps, a better feeling should prevail."

Tea was announced in the next room, when the two young ladies were in ecstasy over all the pretty things that Father Liston had put together, or rather had presented with. For, of a truth he had scarcely spent £20 on his household effects; but his friends were well-to-do, and they had appreciated the old man's taste.

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CHAPTER XX. A VISIT AND A PROPHECY. Down along that moonlight drive of five or six miles with her uncle, Annie's heart was singing joyously, with the delight of having seen some of those fair fellows, and of having seen the spirit of a young girl rejoice, and also in having made a new acquaintance—that of a friend whose tastes and desires (so far as the material world was concerned) she had ascertained in their friendly colloquy (and her dinner) were exactly identical with her own.

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