A vivid color came into the woman's face, and her eyes flashed, but she made no sign, and Saintone did not note the change in the obscurity of the long, low, shadowy room is.

as he went on.
"Now, then, will you take me to one of these feasts, and let me see all?"
"No."

back.
Saintone laughed again.
"Be quiet, I won't," he said, in reply to
a whispered prayer from his companion to
give up. Then, taking out a second piece
he placed it on the first. "Now will you?"

"Those who fight against the serpent die.

"I nose wo night against the serpent dec.

Now go."

"Yes, we'll go now," said Saintone, draining his glass and relighting his cigar which had gone out. "Come, Jules, old fellow, we are refreshed and ready to continue our walk," he said aloud. "Adieu, madame—Mahme, I mean."

ahme, I mean."
He raised his hat, Deffrard followed

Mahme, I mean."

He raised his hat, Deffrard followed his example, and followed him out into the sunshine and past the smiling negress and one group of blacks, who once more went through their scene of assumed ignorance of their presence.

"Well, Deff, what do you think of it? I knew it was only a question of how much."

You'll never be mad enough to go?"

"I shall, and you will too. Bah, man, are you going to be frightened about a little negro jugglery! They are childish, and their acts the same."

"But you heard what she said. Those who fight against the serpent die."

"But you heard what she said. Those who fight against the serpent die."

"If they let him sting, of course. But we shall not do that. Deffrard, I have yound the head of affairs, and you shall be my most trusted chief. Yes, we will take our revolvers tonight and we will go."

They walked back in silence, while, without heeding the laughing and chatter which sprung up as soon as the two young men were out of sight, Mahme sat for a time motionless and rapt in thought, her hand that stretched out upon the bar clutching the coin.

A louder outburst of laughter than usual brought her back to herself, and she slowly drew in her arm, opened her hand, gazed at the coins for a few moments with her

the letter handed to him and running through it quickly.

"Lett the convent. Staying with a Madame Saintone at the Hotel Devine—going back to the West Indies at once. My dear old fellow!"

Bart Durham caught his friend's hand in

"Paul, old chap," he said, "is it so "Paul, old chap," he said, "is it so server to meet again. I've often laughed to himself, and thrusting his right hand into his pocket, he took out a gold piece and placed it in his palm, holding it out over the buffet counter. "There," he said, "I told you I did not want you to do it for nothing. Take us both, and I will give you that."

The woman shook her head and drew back.

Saintone laughed again.

"Be quiet I wou't," he said, in reply to Come with me."

"Paul, old chap," he said, "is it so server toous as this?"
"Serious? Man I love her, and she is going to be dragged away from me perhaps for us never to meet again. I've often laughed with you at these sentimental French fellows, who shut I can feel for them now."

"No you can't," said Bart savagely; "and don't talk like a fool. You're an Englishman. But, I say: this is very sudden. What are you going to do?"

"Go to the hotel at once and see her. Come with me."

The woman shook her head and drew back.

Saintone laughed again.

"Be quiet, I won't," he said, in reply to a whispered prayer from his companion to give up. Then, taking out a second piece he placed it on the first. "Now will you?" he whispered.

The woman's eyes glistened with a singular look of greed, but she shook her head.

Saintone placed a third piece on the others without avail. Then a fourth—a fifth—and on and on till nine glistening coins were lying on a little pile; and the woman shrank from them, and tried to avert her eyes, which kept on returning as if by the strong attraction of the bright metal.

"Give it up," whispered Deffrard again: but, with his teeth hard set, and a look of stubborn determination increasing in his countenance, Saintoine took out another coin and added it to the little pile still held out upon the bar.

"There," he whispered, "ten. More than you will make here in this wretched place in weeks, now will you take us?"

A sudden spasm seemed to convulse the woman's face, and in spite of her heaviness, her action was quick as lightning. The coins had hardly rested there till he had spoken, when Mahme's hand darted down upon his and closed upon the coins pinning his upon the counter as she said hoarsely—"I take no risk of what happens. If they kill you your blood be upon your own head. I have warned you."

"You will take us both to the first feast or meeting these people have?" said Saintonee, coolly, "contrive that we see everything?"

tone, coolly, "contrive that we see everything?"

"Everything ?" she whispered, with a look of awe in her eyes,
"Everything, even to the sacrifice," he said, with a mocking look at her.

She nodded.
"And if I want your aid to hurry on my initation you will help me in that?"

She nodded again.
"That's right," he said, withdrawing his hand. "When shall we come?"
"To-night," she whispered; "two hours after it is dark."
"So soon? Am I to swear secreev?" said.

after it is dark."

"So soon? Am I to swear secrecy?"said Saintone, with a mocking laugh.

"There will be no need," replied the woman, meaningly. "You will not tell tales after, for you will be one of them, and it would be betraying yourself."

"But if I did?"

"Those who fight excited?

"Miss Dulan. And as with me."

"Oh, Paul, darling. I made her come with me."

"Miss Dulau—Aube," said Paul, as he took both the hands which were resigned to him, cold and trembling, while Aube's dark eyes looked full in his, with a sad, desponding expression that thrilled him to

sponding expression that thrilled him to the core. Paul did not loosen his hold of those hands, but led their owner to a settee, while, following his example, Bart took Luce's, making her turn scarlet, as she faltered half hysterically—

"You have come with my brother, Mr. Dushere?"

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER V—(Continued.)
Saintone stared at her, so sudden had been the change.

"Nonsense!" he said; "but what do you know about my father?"

"That he was shot—perhaps in trying to do what his son wishes."

"Look here," began Saintone, angrily.

"There are people outside, and they have big ears," said the woman quietly.

"Yes, I know. Well then, I'll be frank with you."

"I do want o' try and take some position among my people."

"You take an unfair view of the matter, Mahme My father was a brawe man, and one of the great patriots of the country."

The woman halt closed her eyes, and nodded her head slowly.

"And I, his son, wish to tread in his steps."

"Ah!" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.

"Ah!" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.

"Ah!" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.

"Ah!" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.

"Ah!" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.

"Ah and go to the feats and drink yo ur sell dock,, and join in all their strange recurrence.

"Mahme, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," asid the young man proudly of the position and wants of the black race, fight for them in fact."

"And go to their featst and drink yo ur sell dock,, and join in all their strange recurrence."

"Mahme, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," asid the young man proudly "Thank — you've come."

"Mahme, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," asid the young man proudly "Thank — you've come."

"Mahme, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," asid the young man proudly "Thank — you've come."

"Mahme, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," asid the young man proudly "Thank — you've come."

"Mahme, I am a gentleman and the feet has the strangely."

"Mahme, I am a gentleman and the feet has the strangely."

"Man and your of young man proudly "Thank — you'v

om him.
"No," she said, half reproachfully.
"But, Aube, dearest, you must not—you

"But, Aube, dearest, you must not—you shall not go."

"What!" cried the girl, with more animation, and her eyes dilating.

"You must not leave us—Luce, who has treated you as a sister—dearest, you must not leave me. Aube, you are no longer a girl; be my dearest honoured wife. I am not rich, but—"

"And my mother—her prayer to me to join her again," said Aube, reproachfully.

"She has not thought of the danger—of the cruelty of dragging you away from those who love you. When she knows she will withdraw this terrible command. Aube, dearest, you will stay?"

will withdraw this terrible command. Anoc, dearest, you will stay?"

She looked at him again with her large eyes full of the reproach she felt as she slowly shook ber head.

"It is impossible," she said. "I must

go."
...Then you never loved me?" he cried, "Then you never loved me?" he cried, passionately.
"Loved you?" she said, dreamily. "I do not know. You have always been Luce's brother to me, and I would have suffered sooner than have given you pain."
"And yet—now you know all."
"Paul, brother, you are cruel to me; you will break my heart," she said, faintly, as the tears began to fall silently.
"Then you do love me, Aube?"
Her lips were silent, but her eyes, as they rested on his, said yes; and again he would have clasped her in her arms but she shrank away.

away.
"No," she whispered. "I must goshe has waited all these years—my mother

she has waited all these years—my mother. I must go."

"Aube!" he cried wildly.

"I shall never forget the happy days I have passed here—never forget you—but have pity on me. These partings—I am so weak and ill. Luce, Luce—sister—help me—what shall I do?"

At the first cry Luce darted to her side, and Aube threw herself in her arms, weeping silently, as she laid her head upon her shoulder.

"Tell him," she whispered, taintly.

"What shall I say to him, Aube? All that you have said to me—that you will never forget us, and that some day we may meet again—that you think you love him, dear?"

"Hush, hush!" whispered Aube.

ing the look to be provocative, but it failed of effect.

"We are quite ashamed to have driven you from your room, madame," said Luce, hurriedly, as Aube hastily dried her eyes.

"Oh, it is nothing, my dear. I am glad to help you all to say good-bye, but our charming Aube will soon forget all this. There is all the excitement of the visit and welcome. All so new to one fresh from the seclusion of the convent. I wish you were going too, my dear. We should be so happy. I could show you our lovely seas and skies, so blue as you cannot think, and our charming land, where our dear Aube's sweet mamma is waiting to take her darling to her heart. You will say goodbye now, for we have to go to our dinner."

Aube looked wildly at Paul as Madame Saintone passed her arm about her waist, sending a chill through her as if she were the evil angel whose mission it was to part her from him, she felt that she must love.

ove.

"Adieu, Monsieur Paul Lowther I will take good care of your dear sister till she goes back to the pension—the lay after to-morrow, when we set off for Aavre to sail. So delightful to see you all like brothers and sisters together. Adieu, adieu."

adieu."
"To be bowed out like that," cried Paul,

"To be bowed out like that," cried Paul, as soon as they were in the street. "Oh! I feel as if I could kill that woman. Has she some designs of her own?"

"Stuff, man, stuff! What designs could she have? Come cheer up, old fellow. Some day perhaps Madame Dulan may come back to Paris and bring her daughter here. She is young, and there is plenty of time."

time."

"Confound you! Drop that wretched stereotyped phrase about patienec and waiting. Bart, she loves me. It is breaking her heart to leave me, and as for me I—"

"Look here, Paul, old man. If you talk any stupid stuff about suicide I'll kick you —no, I'll poison you myself, and bring you back again."

hands, as if he were about to feel her pulse, and lead her to a chair in a window recess, where they were out of sight of the

when you get there? Go and see her mamma?"

"Ot course, Bart, old fellow, this has given me an idea. I want fresh ground for a picture or two. Hayti and its inhabitants, the gorgeous tropic colors, the foliage, sea and sky, and the picturesque people."

"Yes, a deal of paint you would spread on your canvas. Nonsense, man, you'll think differently before your month is up."

Paul looked at him with a peculiar mocking smile upon his lip, and began to arrange a canvas on his easel.

"Well, I must be going," said Bart, cheerily, "I've a couple of important operations to see at the Maisou Dieu. I say, are you going to the hotel this morning?"

"Yell, and Paul quietly "I have been."

say, are you going to the hotel this morning?"

"No," said Paul, quietly, "I have been."

"Did you see your sister?"
Paul smiled.

"Yes," he said.

"And Miss Dulau?"

"For a few minutes," said Paul, flushing.
"Bart, old fellow," he said, hastily, "I don't like that woman, Madame Santone. She is trying to keep us apart."

"Naturally, my boy; a lady who is appointed chaperone must set her face against unlicensed courting."

"I feel certain that she has some designs of her own."

"I feel certain that she has some designs of her own."
"Nonsense, old fellow! You look through a magnifying glass at things. For my own part. I think she behaved very well Here, I must be off. May see you to-night, but probably not till to-morrow morning. I say, though, are you going to see them off at the station?"
"I shall go to Havre with them, if I can."

"Is your sister going?"

"No."

Bart looked at his friend and then glanced at his watch, closed it, and hurried away, eager and interested in his studies; and, as he had anticipated, he was not able to look Paul up again till the next morning, when he met him just passing by the concierge's lodge.

"Going to the hotel?" he said, eagerly. Paul nodded.

"Take me with you, old fellow. Oh, I say, don't hesitate. Hang it all, I will feel for you in your trouble, so have a little pity on me. Your sister returns to the convent today."

"How do you know?" said Paul, drily.
"Well—er—the lact is she told me."
Paul laughed, but there was no mirth in that laugh.

Paul laughed, but there was no mirth in that laugh.

"Come along," he said, "you shall call with me again."

"That's right. I say, Paul, old fellow, I really am sorry for you."

"Oh, as sorry as a man can be who is perfectly happy," said Paul, bitterly. "Step out; it is nearly twelve."

"It was a needless request, for Bart was ready to break into a run, regardless of the felfect it would have had upon the sauntering people they passed. As it proved, he rather outwalked his companion, and the clocks were striking twelve as they reached the hotel. meet again—that you think you for the dear?"

"Hush, hush!" whispered Aube.
"But I must speak," said Luce, in a broken voice, "that you will never think of anyone but him, and that some day—"
"May we come in now?" said a sharp, thin voice: and without waiting for consent Madame Saintone entered with her daughter, who fixed her eyes in a half-mocking, ontemptuous way on Paul, evidently meaning the look to be provocative, but it failed of effect.

"Ye are quite ashamed to have driven"

"Step out; it is nearly twelve."
"Step out; it is nearly twelve."
"It was a needless request, for Bart was ready to break into a run, regardless of the effect it would have had upon the sauntering people they passed. As it proved, he rather outwalked his companion, and the clocks were striking twelve as they reached the hotel.

"Send up our cards to Madame Saintone," said Paul to the concierge.

The man looked at him wonderingly. "She is gone, sir."

"Ye are quite ashamed to have driven"

"Gone?"
"Yes, sir; but one of the young ladies is

there still."
"Quick; send up the cards to her, Bart. She has repented," he whispered.
Bart looked at him, half reproachfully.
"You know you are deceiving yourself, old chap," he said to himself, as he saw his friend begin to pace the hall excitedly, while his own heart beat, and he knew that he was not wrong in thinking that the young lady still in the Creole lady's room was lates.

he was not wrong in the Crool lady's room was Lucie.

"Will you step up, sir?" said an attendant, and directly after they were ushered into the presence of Lucie, who was writing, dressed for her departure, and who flew to her brother's arms.

"Oh, Paul dear!" she cried, bursting into

tears.
"What does this mean," he said, harshly;

"What does this mean,
"where is Aube?"
"Gone, dear," cried Lucie hysterically,
as she clung to her brother. "Don't—
don't be angry with me. I could not don't be angry who help it."
"Quick!" said Paul, who was pale as

"Quek:" said raul, who was pare as ashes.

Lucie tried to choke down her sobs and went on volubly.

"It was that Madame Saintone's doing, dear. I hate her. She is—"

"Go on—quick!" cried Paul, fiercely.
"Why has she gone before the appointed time?"

"Why has she gone before the appointed time?"
"Madame Saintone said it was her duty to Aube, to save her all the pain and suffering she could for one thing; and another was that she had had a telegram from Havre which necessitated her going to join the ship at once."

"And they went?"
"And they went an hour ago; and, Paul, I am sure it was to keep you from seeing Aube, for everything was packed ready."
"Yes," he said hoarsely, "and Aube—"
"Sent her loving farewell to you, but

"Who talks of suicide?" said Paul, with his face glowing, "when life is opening out to him—a very paradise which an angel will share."

"What?" cried Bart. "I say, old fellow, do come down off those verbal stilts.

"She loves me, Bart, and this business has made me certain of the truth."

"I wish you would speak plain English," muttered Bart.

"And there will be no parting, old fellow; no more sorrow."

"To follow them," he said shortly. "I am not satisfied that she should go with this woman. Bart, I trust to you food?"

"Go where?" cried Lucie, with a horrified start.

"Eh? Well, I oughtn't to have told you, perhaps, if he did not," said Bart, confusedly.

"My brother going to the West Indies?"

"Well, he talked about it—following them you know—and he said he had secured his berth, but it's some time yet, and all that will go out of his head before then."

"So Paul said he would follow Aube?"

"Yes; that's what he said," cried Bart, hastily.

hastily.
"Then he will go. Oh, what shall I do."

do—what shall I do?"

"Anything but cry," said Bart, excitedly. "It cuts me to the heart to see you like this."

"How can I help it," she sobbed, "when you tell me this. Mr. Durham, you do like Paul?"

"More than Land." Paul?"
More than I should ever have liked a

"And you would do that for him?"
"Do what for him?"
"Go with him to the West Indies?"

"No."
"Mr. Durham!" cried Lucie; "is that "Ar. Diram": Creek Lucie, is that being his brother?"
"I don't know," said Bart, sturdily; "but I will not do it for him, but if you ask me. I will do it for you."
"You will?" cried Lucie, joyously, and with all a girl's inconsistency and thought-

lessness.

"Yes; that I will. Why shouldn't I go?
It's six months before I can have possession
of my practice, and it you wish me to go
I'll take passage in the same boat and look
after him, and doctor him, and keep him
out of danger."

"You'll do this for my brother?" cried
Loois discharge learny

Lucie, flushing deeply.
"No," said Bart, "I'll do it for you if

"Really, Mr. Durham, I must go no w," cried Lucie, hurrying to the door, "and I think if you see me into a fiacre and tell the man to drive me to the convent, that would

think if you see me into a fiacre and tell the man to drive me to the convent, that would do."

"For me, in Paul's eyes!" said Bart, roughly, "not so untrustworthy as that. Miss Lowther needn't be afraid of me," he muttered bitterly, as he followed her out to the staircase and down through the hall, where they waited while a fiacre was obtained; and as soon as they were inside, Lucie began to chatter to her companion excitedly, so that he could not get in a word, and sulkily accepted the situation.

"I've offended her," he said to himself, "and all the time it was so genuine and true, for I would have gone to the world's end for her sake."

Soon after the fiacre drew up at the convent gate, and was allowed to enter the courtyard.

"We must say good-bye directly, Mr."

and then——"

He paused; and then aloud—
"Go to the West Indies for

shall see."

(To be continued.) There is danger in impure blood. There is safety in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. 100 doses one dollar.



low, do come down off those verbal stilts. "She loves me, Bart, and this business has made me certain of the truth." "I wish you would speak plain English, "uttered Bart. "And there will be no parting, old fellow; no more sorrow." "May dear boy, what do you mean? The poor girl must go." "Yes, old fellow, and I go too. In the same boat." "You're mad as a March hare." "CHAPTER VII.—"Gooding." "Oh, Paul. Paul." cried Lucie, bursting into his friend's studio the next morning, "not packing up, I see. Night's rest gives wisdom. Got over that travelling fit?" "I do not understand you." "I must go home now, Mr. Durham," said sobing less frequently now; "I must go home now, Mr. Durham," said sobing less frequently now; "I must go home now, Mr. Durham," said sobing less frequently now; "I must go home now, Mr. Durham," said sobbing less frequently now; "I must go home now, Mr. Durham," said sobbing less frequently now; "I must go home now, Mr. Durham," said sobing less frequently now; "I must go home now, Mr. Durham," said Lucie, "would it ace like this." "No, of course not," he said sympamot a bert to be had, though I offered the fact is working with you." "Mit. Durham," said Lucie, "would it easking too much of you if I begged you to follow Paul to Havre, to take care of him. Poor boy! he is half mad with grief." "No, of course not," he said sympamote a working with you." "No, of course not," he said sympamote will also regulate this. Answers will be asking too much of you if I begged you to follow Paul to Havre, to take care of him. Poor boy! he is half mad with grief." "You have?" "No have?" "Go where?" cried Lucie, with a horrigon were an idea. I want fresh ground "Course not," he said shortly. "I mot satisfied that she should go with the door. "To one the resting place offered for her head as Bart kneeled down by her.

But i twa solly for a few mainted by the said, sobbing as the door rows as closed; and somehow she did not recting the treating and the convention of the tot convent and her to review an interest in

considered. The first correct answers to history questions No.9, were received from Miss Lizzie Green, Germain street. Correct answers were also received from:

were also received from:

Lizzie Green, Germain street; T. Stewart, Hampton; Jack H. Vaughan, 171½
Princess st; "Hoposo," 192 Sydney street;
Clara Brennan, 67 Water street; "Canadian," 257 Princess street; Bertie Hegan,
40 Horsfield street; "Marie," Fredesic, ton; Aileen Dunn, City; Theresa Ferguson, 135 Orange street; "Skipper," Hampton; Houston Livingston, Weldford Station; Douglas Guest, Yarmouth; Jack Bently, Truro; "Rose Red," Quispamsis; "Fernelia," Upper Kintore.

Answers to History Questions, No. 9.

Answers to History Questions, No. 9. 1. How was the crownland grievance settled, as

In what year?

Ans.—By the passing of the civil list bill in 1837.

2. What was the name of the Indian town that occupied the site of Lower Quebec at the time Jacques Cartier first ascended the St. Lawrence?

Ans.—Stadacine.

3. Who was the founder of Canada?

A.S.—Samuel de Champlain.

4. Who was governor of Nova Scotia when the yalists landed in May 18th, 1783?

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION
No. 11.

1. In what house did the four knights
who murdered Thomas a Beckett meet before proceeding to Canterbury, and in
what county of England is it situated?
2. For what is the castle of that name
(Harwarden) noted in the nineteenth century in the reign of Queen Victoria?
3. On what occasion did King Philip of
France write the words, "Take care of
yourself—the devil is unloosed," and to
whom did he address them?
4. What was Edward I. surnamed?

Lucie, itsing deeply.

"No," said Bart, "I'll do it for you it you'll promise, to pay me for it some day in the way I ask."

"Mr. Durham, I'm said Lucie, rising and speaking hastily, "my eyes are better now, will you mind seeing me to the convent?"

"I am your slave, Miss Lucie, as I've proved to you. Wait one moment; you will pay me for going, as I ask?"

"I—I will give you as much money as can, Mr. Durham, but I am not rich."

"Money!" he said, "as if I wanted money. I want you to promise me that..."

"Really, Mr. Durham, I must go now," cried Lucie, hurrying to the door, "and I think if you see me into a fiacre and tell the man to drive me to the convent, that would have a supposed to the convent. The quarter was thrown into the hat and shaken up with the rest. The gentle-man shook up the quarters in his hat.

Soon after the fiacre drew up at the convent gate, and was allowed to enter the courtyard.

"We must say good-bye directly, Mr. Durham," said Lucie now, in a husky voice.

"Yes," he said, "Good-bye!"

"And you will go with Paul whatever he does?"

"You wish me to?" he said, as the carriage began to draw up at the entrance.

"Yes. Don't touch me now," she whispered. "Yes, do, do; and protect him always."

"And my payment by-and-bye? Lucie, I do love you with all my heart."

"Hush! Here is the sister," she whispered, as the door was opened and a thin, elderly woman in the nun's garb looked scandalised at seeing one of the pupils return like this. "Good-bye, Mr. Durham," she said, "and thank you for seeing me safely back. Ah—, She burst into their hand. "Good-bye—good-bye!"

She ran in, and Bart slowly entered the fiacre again and told the man to drive this lodgings.

"She did not promise me, but I promised her," he said to himself, "and I'll keep my word. Of course, she did not promise. What girl could promises so much to such a fellow as I am? But she shall see I'm staunch, that she shall. I'd go to the world's end for her.

And an hour later he was on his way to the station, with a small valise in his hand, ready to follow his friend to Havre and onward to the West Indies if he went.

"Not much luggage," he said to himself, but I can buy a clean shirt or two at Havre, and then.—""

He paused; and then aloud—
"Go to the West Indies for her? She

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, hasiage, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegen Consumption, Bronchitis, Casaraha, and all throat and Lung, Casaraha, and all throat and Lung. Nerrous Debility and all Nerrous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of casee, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desure to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

VOL. RID 0 THE ECC

Reason — —Hamilto Laskey Co six of his fo ate life, as ried into el being print streets. T senting it t Weatherhe him by his ings, who The acti the surpris ago. remarkable any surpris

centric wa

comment

quite gene

extravagai

Pretty soo It seems

who have takes that the past fer of Weathe disrated th when he h himself. duty since man and n Weatherh not please an opport ment that cused him tion to P strictly ag tain wheth certain in alliance n field street asked one not get his "I do not

> about the the allian called int had any a report that nigh "Yes, ten feet there." "Do y

> > "Yes.

"Yes.

reply. It so h

That w for his re It was as to h hang or neglecte him. T Prog dismissi in this c is it don

assignin it is m upon h intil the known. position had be without so with was dis some c if Lask not ag old or least, b

the bes upon bounce any res Poor

fortuna around a per