"Thou art the staunchest of all staunch Teries," cried Stickles, laughing as he shook my hand. "Thou believest in the divine right of robbers, who are good enough to steal thy own fat sheep. I am a jolly Tory, John; but thou art ten times jollier; oh, the grief in thy face at the thought of being robbed no

He laughed in a very unseemly manner, while I described nothing to laugh about. For we always like to see our way; and a sudden change upsets us. And unless it were in the loss of the farm, or the death of the King, or of Betty Muxworthy, there was nothing that could so unsettle our minds as the loss of the Doones of Bagworthy. loss of the Doones of Bagworthy.

And besides all this, I was thinking, of course, and thinking more than all the rest, about the troubles that might en-sue to my own beloved Lorna. If an rest, about the troubles that might en-sue to my own beloved Lorna. If an attack of Glen Doone were made by sav-age soldiers and rude trainbands, what might happen, or what might not to my delicate, innocent darling? Therefore, when Jeremy Stickles again placed the matter before me, commending my strength, and courage, and skill (to flatter me of the highest), and finished by saving that I would be worth at least four common men to him, I cut him short as follows: "Master Stick."

"Master Stickles, once for all, I will have naught to do with it. The reason why is no odds of thine, nor in any way disloyal. Only in thy plans remember that I will not strike a blow, neither give any counsel, neither guard any prisoners."

"Not strike a blow," cried Jeremy, "Not strike a blow, cried Jeremy,
"against thy father's murderers, John!"
"Not a single blow, Jeremy; unless I
knew the man who did it, and he gloried
in his sin. It was a foul and dastard
deed, yet not done in cold blood, neither
in cold blood will I take God's task of

avenging it."
"Very well, John," answered Master
Stickles, "I know thine obstinacy.
When thy mind is made up, to argue
with thee is pelting a rock with peppercorns. But thou has some other reason,
lad, unless I am much mistaken, over and
above thy merciful nature and Christian
forgiveness. Anyhow, come and see it. forgiveness. Anyhow, come and see it, John. There will be good sport, I reckon; especially when we thrust our claws into the nest of the ravens. Many a yeoman will find his daughter, and some of the Porlock lads their sweet-So A nice young maiden, now, for John; if, indeed, any—"No more of this!" I answered, very

sternly; sternly; "it is no business of thine, Jeremy; and I will have no joking upon

thy old couble-dealing uncle, Huckaback of Dulverton, and march him first to assault Doone Castle, sure as my name is Stickles. I hear that he hath often vowed to storm the valley himself, if only he could find a dozen musketeers to back him. Now we will give him chance to do it, and prove his loyalty to the King, which lies under some sus-picion of late."

With regard to this I had nothing to by; for it seemed to me and nothing to sad to do, and promised himself such vengeance. I made bold, however, to ask Master Stickles at what time he intended to carry out this great and hazardous attempt. He answered that tended to carry out this great and hazardous attempt. He answered that he had several things requiring first to be set in order, and that he must make an inland journey, even as far as Tiver-ton, and perhaps Crediton and Exeter, to collect his forces and ammunition for them. For he meant to have some of them. For he meant to have some of the yeomanry as well as of the train-bands, so that if the Doones should sally forth, as perhaps they would, or horse-back cavalry might be there to meet them and cut them off from returning. All this made me very uncomfortable, for many and many reasons, the chief and foremest being of course my anxiety

and foremost being of course my anxiety about Lorna. If the attack succeeded, what was to become of her? Who would rescue her from the brutal solwould rescue her from the brutal sol-diers, even supposing that she escaped from the hands of her own people, dur-ing the danger and ferocity? And in smaller ways I was much put out; for instance, who would insure our corn-ricks, sheep and cattle, ay, and even our fat hirs pay comping of phagon against well the thoughout and the control of the control o

chance of snapping at the Doones; and not only getting tit for tat, but every young man promising his sweetheart a gold chain, and his mother at least a gold chain, and his mother at least a shilling. And here was our own mow-yard, better filled than we could re-member, and perhaps every sheaf in it destined to be burned or stolen, before we had finished the bread we had baked.

we had finished the bread we had baked.

Among all these troubles, there was
however, or seemed to be, one comfort.

Tom Faggus returned from London very
proudly and very happily, with a royal
pardon in black and white, which everypardon in black and white, which every-body admired the more, because no one could read a word of it. The Squire himself acknowledged cheerfully that he would sooner take fifty purses than read a single line of it. Some people indeed went so far as to say that the parchment was made from a sheep Tom had stolen, and that was why it prevari-cated so in giving him a character. But

had stolen, and that was why it prevari-cated so in giving him a character. But I, knowing something by this time of lawyers, was able to contradict them: affirming that the wolf had more than the sheep to do with this matter. For, according to our old saying, the three learned professions live by regnery on the three parts of a man. The doctor mauls our bodies; the parson starves our souls; but the lawyer must be the adroitest innave, for he has to ensuare adroitest knave, for he has to ensnare our minds. Therefore he takes a care-

our minds. Therefore he takes a careful delight in covering his traps and
engines with a spreadof dead-leaf words,
whereof himself knows little more than
half the way to spell them.

But now Tom Faggus, although having wit to gallop away on his strawberry
mare, with the speed of terror, from
lawyers (having paid them with money
too honest to stop), yet fell into a reckless adventure ere ever he came home,
from which any lawer would have saved from which any lawyer would have saved from which any lawyer would have saved him, although he ought to have needed none beyond common thought for dear Annie. Now I am, and ever have been, so vexed about this story that I cannot tell it pleasantly (as I try to write in have robbed of another story, to which he was more entitled, and whom I have he was more entitled, and whom I have robbed of many speeches—which he thought very excellent—lest I should grieve any one with his lack of education—the last lack he ever felt, by-the-by), now, with your good leave, I will allow poor John to tell this tale in his by), now, with your good leave, I will allow poor John to tell this tale in his own words and style; which he has a knowth I be never in any hurry, and perfect right to do, having been the first to

perfect right to do, having been the first to tell us. For Squire Faggus kept it close, not trusting even Annie with it, for at least she said so); because no man knows much of his sweetheart's tongue until she has borne him a child or two.

Only before John begins his story, this I would say, in duty to him, and in common honesty, that I dare not write down some few of his words, because they are not convenient, for dialect or other causes; and that I cannot find any may of spelling many of the words which I do repeat; so that people not born on Exmoor may know how he pronunced them; even if they could bring their lips and their legs to the proper attitude. And in this I speak advisedly; having observed some thousand times having observed some thousand times

having observed some thousand times that the manner a man has of spreading his legs, and bending his knees, or stiffening, and even the way he will set his heal, make all the difference in his tone, and time of casting his voice aright, and power of coming home to you.

We always liked John's stories, not for any wit in them, but because we laughed at the man rather than the matter. The way he held his head was enough, with his chin fixed hard like a certainty (especially during his biggest lie), not a sign of a smile in his lips or nose, but a power of not laughing; and his eyes not turning to anybody, unless somebody had too much of it (as young girls always will), and went over the somebody had too much of it day swall, and went over the brink of laughter. Thereupon it was good to see John Fry; how he looked gravely first at the laughter, as much as to ask, "What is it now?" then, if the fool went laughing more, as he or she was bound to do upon that dry inquiry, John would look again, to be sure of it, and then at somebody else to learn whether the laugh had company; then, if he got another grin, all his mirth came out in glory with a sudden break, and he wiped his lips, and was grave again.

Sound people to be found near here? said the gentleman, lifting his hat to us, and the gentleman rode with the sam or zeven warships here, arl on 'em very see uns. Squaire Maunder there be the zinnyer. 'So the gentleman rode up to Squire Maunder, and raised his cocked hat in a manner that took the Squire out of course, knew nothing about His difference, for he could not do the like of it.

"Sir,' said he, 'good and worshipful sir, I am here to claim your good advice again.

Lazzie knew—John 17, was not sound to hearing—that this was not sound argument. For if it came to that, any of hearing—that this was not sound argument. For if it came to that, any of argument. For if it came to that, any of argument. For if it came to that, any of the hearing—that this was not sound argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, any of the argument. For if it came to that, and make him cast away among the poor if the money which he wane as the of it.

Such argument. For if it came to that, any of th girls always will), and went over the

"That be nayther here nor there,"
John continued, with some wrath at his own interruption: "Blacksmith knawed whut the Squire had been; and veared to lose his own custom, if Squire tuk to shooin' again. Shutt any man I would myzell as intervared wi' my trade laike. 'Lucky for thee," said Bill Blacksmith, tell all the men to be year there has been been so shart and fat Jan. Dree on us wor agooin' to shutt' ee, till us zeed how fat thee waz. Jan.' et all the waz. Jan.' et all the waz. Jan.' et all saluting like a soldier. 'as thee bee'st so shart and fat Jan.
Dree on us wor agooin' to shutt 'ee, till
us zeed how fat thee waz, Jan.'

"'Lor now, Bill!" I answered 'un, wi a girt cold swat upon me: 'shutt me, Bill; and my own waife niver drame of

it!"

Here John Fry looked round the kitchen; for he had never said anything of the kind, I doubt; but now made it part of his discourse, from thinking that Mistress Fry was come, as she generally did, to fetch him.

"Wull done then, Jan Vry," said the woman, who had entered quietly, but

woman, who had entered quietly, but was only our old Molly. "Wutt hand-some manners thee hast gat, Jan, to spake so well of thy waife laike; after arl the laife she lades thee!"

spake so well of thy ware lanke; after art the laife she lades thee!"

"Putt thee pot on the fire, old 'ooman and bile thee own bakkon," John answered her, very sharply: "nobody no raight to meddle wi a man's bad 'ooman but himzell. Wull, here was all these here men a-waitin, zum wi' harses, zum wi'out; the common volk wi' long girt guns, and the quarlity wi' girt broad-swords. Who wor there? Whay, latt guns, and the quarlity wi' girt broad-swords. Who wor there? Whay, latt me zee. There wor Squaire Maunder, here John assumed his full historical key, "him wi' the pot to his vittle-place; and Sir Richard Blewitt shaking over the zaddle, and Squaire Sanford of Lee, him wi' the long nose and one eye, and Sir Gronus Batchildor over to Ninehead Court, and ever so many more on 'em, tulling us how they was arl gooin' to be promoted for kitching of Tom Faggus.

promoted for kitching of Tom Faggus.

"'Hope to God,' says I to myzell, 'poor
Tom wun't coom here to-day: arl up
with her, if 'a doeth: and who be there
to suckzade 'un?' Mark me now, all
these charps was good to shutt 'un, as

"Wi that I pulled my vittles out, and zat a horse-barck, atin' of 'em, and oncommon good they was. 'Won't us have 'un this taime just,' saith Tim Potter, as keepeth the bull there; 'and yet I be law, her must; zo be her can only larn it. And now poor Tom will swing as high as the tops of they girt hashes there.'

"' Just thee kitch 'un virst,' says I maisure rope, wi' the body to "Hurra! her" II Blo

Bill Blacksmith, grinning; 'another coom to help us. What a grave gentleman! A warship of the pace, at laste!"

Taunton.

"Any Justice of the King's Peace, good people to be found near here?" said the gentleman, lifting his hat to us, and of hearing-

and he wiped his lips, and was grave again.

Now John, being too much encouraged by the girls (of which I could never break them), came into the house that December evening, with every inch of him full of a tale. Annie saw his commission; but Squire Maunder his commission; but Squire his commission his commission to make the commission his particle his commission to make the commission his particle his commission his particle

"All ready, Your Worship, saith Bill, saluting like a soldier.

"Then, one, two, dree, and shutt!' cries Squire Maunder, standing up in the irons of his stirrups.

"Thereupon they all blazed out, and the noise of it went all round the hills, with a girt thick cloud arising, and all the air smelling of powder. Before the cloud was gone so much as ten yards on the wind, the gentleman on the cue-bald horse shuts up his face like a pair of nut-cracks, as wide as it was long before, and out he pulls two girt pistols long-side of zaddle, and clap th one to Squire Maunder's head, and tother to Sir Richard Blewitt's.

"Hand forth your money and all your warrants,' he saith, like a clap of thunder; 'gentlemen, have you now the wit to apprehend Tom Faggus?'

"Squire Maunder swore so that he overly to be fined; but he nulled out his

thunder; 'gentlemen, have you now the wit to apprehend Tom Faggus?'

"Squire Maunder swore so that he ought to be fined; but he pulled out his purse none the slower for that, and so did Sir Richard Blewitt.

"'First man I see go to load a gun, I'll gie' un a bullet to do it with,' said Tom; for you see it was him and no other, looking quietly round upon all of them. Then he robbed all the rest of their warships, as pleasant as might be; and he saith, 'Now, gentlemen, do your duty; serve your warrants afore you imprison me:' with that he made them give up all the warrants, and he stuck them in the band of his hat, and then he made a bow with it.

"Good-morning to your warships now, and a merry Christmas all of you! And the merrier both for rich and poor, when gentlemen see their almgiving. Lest you deny yourselves the pleasure, I will all down warships. And to saye you the

to suckzade 'un?' Mark me now, all these charps was good to shutt 'un, as her coom crass the watter; the watter be waide enow there and stony, but no deeper than my knee-place."

"Thee cas'n goo no vurder,' Bill Blacksmith saith to me: nawbody lowed to crass the vord until such time as Faggus coom; praise God, us may mak sure of 'un."

"All this while he was casting their money among the noor folk by the hand."

That story of John Fry's, instead of causing any amusement, gave us great disquietude; not only because it showed that Tom Faggus could not resist sudden temptation and the delight of wildness, but also that we greatly feared lest the King's pardon might be annulled, and all his kindness canceled, by a reckless deed of that sort. It was true (as Annie insisted continually, even with tears, to wear in her arguments) that Tom had not brought away anything except the warrants, which were of no use

was a public benefactor, and entitled to every blessing. But I knew, and so Lizzie knew—John Fry being now out of hearing—that this was not sound argument. For if it came to that, any man might take the King by the throat,

by other sights; and then I looked again; yes, there could be no doubt about it; the signal was made for me to come, because my love was in danger. For me to enter the valley now during the broad daylight could have brought no comfort, but only harm to the maiden, and certain death to myself. Yet it was more than I could do keep altogether at distance; therefore I ran to the nearest place where I could remain unseen, and place where I could remain unseen, and

place where I could remain unseen, and watched the glen from the wooded height, for hours and hours, impatiently. However, no impatience of mine made any difference in the scene upon which I was gazing. In the part of the valley which I could see there was nothing moving except the water, and a few stolen cows going sadly along, as if knowing that they had no honest right there. It sunk very heavily into my

knowing that they had no honest right there. It sunk very heavily into my heart, with all the beds of dead leaves around it, and there was nothing I cared to do except blow on my fingers, and long for more wit.

For a frost was beginning, which made a great difference to Lorna and to myself, I trow, as well as to all the 5,000,000 people who dwell in this island of England; such a frost as never I saw before (if John Ridd lived until the year 1749 as so strong a man was bound) before (if John Ridd lived until the year 1740 as so strong a man was bound to do, he must have seen almost a harder frost; perhaps it put an end to him, for then he would be some fourscore years old. But tradition makes him "keep yatt," as he says, up to fivescore years, —Ed.) neither hope ever to see again; a time when it was impossible to milk a cow for icicles, or for a man to shave some of his beard (as I liked to do for Lorna's sake, because see was so smooth) without blunting his razor on hard gray ice. No man could "keep yatt" (as we say), even though he abandoned his work altogether, and thumped himself, all on the chest and the front, till his

his veins.

However, at present there was no frost, although for a fortnight threatening; and I was too young to know the meaning of the way the dead leaves hung, and the worm-casts prickling like women's combs, and the leaden tone upon everything, and the dead weight of the sky. Will Watcombe, the old man. the sky. Will Watcombe, the old man at Lynmouth, who had been half over at Lynmouth, who had been half over the world almost, and who talked so much of the Gulf Stream, had (as I after-ward called to mind) foretold a very bitter winter this year. But no one would listen to him, because there were not so many hips and haws as usual, whereas we have all learned from our grandfathers, that. Providence, never

that day. For otherwise I must have had no dinner, being unpersuaded, even by that, to quit my survey of the valley. However, by aid of poor Watch, I contrived to obtain a supply of food; for I sent him home with a note to Annie fastened upon his chest; and in less than an hour back he came, proud enough to wag his tail off, with his tongue hanging out, from the speed of his journey, and a large lump of bread and bacon fastened in a napkin around his neck. I had not told my sister, of course, what was to-that and the state of the st told my sister, of course, what was to-ward; for why should I make her

anxious?
When it grew toward dark, I was just When it grew toward dark, I was just beginning to prepare for my circuit around the hills, but suddenly Watch gave a long low growl; I kept myself close as possible, and ordered the dog to be silent, and presently saw a short figure approaching from a thickly wooded hollow on the left side of my hiding place. It was the same figure I had seen once before in the moonlight at Plovers Barrows, and proved to my great delight to be the little maid.

And now a thing came to pass which tested my adoration pretty sharply, inasmuch as I would far liefer have faced Carver Doone and his father, nay, even the roaring lion himself, with his hoofs and flaming nostrils, than have met in cold blood Sir Ensor Doone, the founder of all the colony, and the fear of the very flercest.

But that I was forced to do at this time, and in the manner following. When I went up one morning to look for my seven rooks' nests, behold there were but six to be seen; for the topmost of them all was gone, and the most conspicuous. I looked and looked, and rubbed my eyes, and turned to try them by other sights; and then I looked again; yes, there could be no doubt about it; the siene could be no doubt about it; the siene could be no doubt about it; the siene could consider the come have a comple of great Doones loungof mind under which I was laboring. As we crossed toward the Captain's house, we met a couple of great Doones lounging by the water-side. Gwenny said something to them; and although they stared very hard at me, they let me pass without hindrance. It is not too much to say that when the little maid opened Sir Ensor's door, my heart thumped quite as much with terror as with hope of Lorna's presence.

But in a moment the fear was gone.

But in a moment the fear was gone, for Lorna was trembling in my arms, and my courage rose to comfort her. The darling feared, beyond all things the darning leared, beyond all things close, lest I should be offended with her for what she had said to her grandfather, and for dragging me into his presence; but I told her almost a falsehood (the first and last that I ever did tell her), to-wit, that I cared not that much—and showed her the tip of my

some of his beard (as I liked to do for Lorna's sake, because sne was so smooth without blunting his razor on hard grayice. No man could "keep yatt" (as we say), even though he abandoned his work altogether, and thumped himself, all on the chest and the front, till his frozen hands would have been bleeding; except for the cold that kept still all his veins.

However, at present there was no frost although for a fortnight threatenthe window was open. That which I

of the things in it, though I marked that the window was open. That which I heeded was an old man, very stern and comely, with death upon his countenance; yet not lying in his bed, but sitting upright in a chair, with a loose red cloak thrown over him. Upon this his white hair fell, and his pallid fingers lay in a chastly fashion without a sign of in a ghastly fashion without a sign of life or movement, or of the power that kept him up; all rigid, calm and relent-less. Only in his great black eyes, fixed upon me solemnly, all the power of his body dwelt, all the life of his soul

was burning.
I could not look at him very nicely whereas we have all learned from our grandfathers that Providence never sends very hard winters without having furnished a large supply of berries for the birds to feed upon.

It was lucky for me, while I waited here, that our very best sheep-dog, old Watch, had chosen to accompany me that day. For otherwise I must have had no dinner, being unpersuaded, even the black of the wait we want to be a work of the valley.

I could not look at him very nicely being afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death in his face, and mean afraid of the death and of her truth, my poor blue eyes fell away from the blackness of his, as if it had been my collingle afraid of the death and of her truth, my poor blue eyes fell away from the blackness of his, as if it had been my collingle afraid of the death and of her tru

"Are you ignorant that Lorna Doone is born of the oldest families remaining in North Europe?"
"I was ignorant of that, your worship; yet I knew of her high descent from the

yet I knew of her high descent from the Doones of Bagworthy."
The old man's eyes, like fire, probed me whether I was jesting; then perceiving how grave I was, and thinking that I could not laugh (as many people suppose of me), he took on himself to make good the deficiency with a very bitter smile.

"And know you of your own low

use, or maid, who has ever ing- learned our understanding.

Therefore it came to pass that we saw fit to enter Sir Ensor's room in the following manner: Lorna, with her right hand swallowed entirely by the palm of mine, and her waist retired from view by means of my left arm. Ail one side of her hair came down, in a way to be rewireheared, monthe left and fairset. side of her hair came down, in a way to be remembered, upon the left and fairest part of my favorite otter skin waistcoat; and her head as well would have lain there doubtless, but for the danger of walking so. 1, for my part, was too far gone to lag behind in the matter, but carried my love bravely, fearing neither death nor hell while she

me.
Old Sir Ensor looked much astonished hold of Lorna. And indeed I was still afraid of him; only for loving Lorna so, and having to protect her.

him to begin, as became his age and rank in life.

zeal and flashing that her hands went forward; "nobody knows what John Ridd is, because he is so modest. I mean nobody except me, dear." And here she turned to me again, and rose upon tiptoe, and kissed me.

"I have seen a little of the world," said the old man, while I was half ashamed, although so proud of Lorna; "but this is beyond all I have seen and nearly all I have heard of. It is more

fit for southern climates than for the

fit for southern climates than for the fogs of Exmoor."
"It is fit for all the world, your worship; with your honor's good leave and will," I answered, in humility, being still ashamed of it; "when it happens so that you have the property of the control of the to people, there is nothing

back upon his brown chair-rail, which was built like a triangle, as in old farmno doubt, free from expense or grati-tude); as I spoke he coughed a little and he sighed a good deal more; and perhaps his dying heart desired to open perhaps his dying heart desired to open time again, with such a lift of warmth and hope as he descried in our eyes and arms. I could not understand him then, any more than a baby playing with his grandfather's spectacles: nevertheless I wondered whether, at this time of life, or rather on the brink of death, he was thinking of his youth and pride.

"Fools you are; be fools forever," said Sir Ensor Doone at last; while we feared to break his thoughts, but let each other know our own, with little ways of pressure; "it is the best thing I girl, until you have grandchildren.

Partly in bitterness he spoke, and partly in pure weariness, and then he turned so as not to see us; and his white hair fell, like a shroud, around him.

Once you have planted the blessings of joy within you, let its beams radiate throughout your household. Let the husband be a source of joy

From Ex A BEACON BY MARY KATI Editor's Note.—The Fi

Fair's first glimps ugly gash of a tow neath a lowering wh gave him no more i tination of his long; railroad hotel in Se railroad hotel in Se awaited the Alaska of the cities of the inns on his road bond by nature, sp by training, he an deep, vivid human where they led hi brought him to the North where men w ed earth for ray

He had known He had known or rush fame and he find Dawson primithe worst of them the desperate mad went the desperate mad went the desolate the land that luthem, seared the rotted them and taking payment is from soul. He had to see this Dawson to see this Dawson that he would rej efeat of other me their heart's desi their heart's desired the one thing in treally wanted—twoman—and the strangely bitter: With Dawson before twith almost The moody majes tains had east it him till his only the futility of human such might in nat Something of t quil heights how ment, for Fair may

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known Constant hai and Singap peheld vice as h in revolted disg its naked evil.

"Is there one this hole?" he the Times corre himself guide for "Sure" sai "Sure," sai No idea of his i

No idea of his father of the Sounds Russis Father Judge.
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