

POETRY.

HOLD THE TRAIN.

"Madam, we miss the train at B—"
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.
"Impossible, it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"In there no way? Oh, tell me, then,
Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"And are there souls among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
I think the fellow over here,
Gilding the engine, claims to be."
She threw upon the engine
A fair face white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, oh, sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B—"
"I will do no good; it is due at three,
And—" "Yes, but God can hold the train.
My dying child is calling me,
And I must see her face again;
Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place,
When Christians grasp the arms of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train
On time swept past wood and lea;
The engineer, with checks aflame,
Prayed, "Oh, Lord, hold the train at B—"
Then flung the throttles wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting side and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley, swept the train.

A half a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel
His glances lean, each nerve is strained.
And still he prays with fervent zeal;
Heart, hand and brain with one accord
Work while his prayer ascends to Heaven,
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage home and green hillsides,
The panting train obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides.

They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but he
Who listened while his children prayed,
In answer, held the train at B—

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER IX.

Did fell fate hover, even then, in that
sparkling perfume air, and in sinister
presence trace this tangling web of
threads, with grim intent to snare her
wayward feet?
Savants tell us that ages ago, in the dim
dawn, primeval raindrops made their
pattering print, and left it to harden on
the stone pages, awaiting decipherment
by human eyes and human brains, not
yet
"Born of the brainless Nature, who knew
not that which she bore."

As the handkerchief swayed in the
lawyer's grasp, Beryl saw the red "B. B."
like a bloody brand. At that instant she
felt that the death clutch fastened on her
throat; that fate had cast her adrift on
the black waves of despair. In her reel-
ing brain kaleidoscopic images danced:
her father's face, the lagoon sail of fishing
boats rocking on blue billows, white oxen
browsing amid purple iris clusters; she
heard her mother's voice, her brother's
gay laugh; she smelled the prussian acid
fragrance of the vivid olives, then over
all, like tongues of devouring flame,
flickered "Ricordo," "B. B."
In the frenzy of her desperation she
sprang forward, seized the arm that held
up the fatal handkerchief, and shook the
man, as if he had been an infant. Her
eyes, full of horror, were fixed on the
serap of linen, and a frantic cry rang
from her lips.

"Father! Father! There is no here-
after for you and me! Prayer is but the
mockery of fools! There is no heaven
for the pure, because there is no God!
No God!—to hear, to save the innocent
who trusted in Him. Oh—no God!"
Mr. Dunbar dropped the handkerchief,
and as the irresistible conviction of her
guilt rolled back, crushing the hope he
had cherished a moment before, a spasm
of pain seized his heart, and with a groan
that would not be suppressed, he covered
his eyes to shut out the vision of a de-
spairing woman, whose doom seemed
sealed. Her right hand, which uncon-
sciously clutched his left shoulder, shiv-
ered like an aspen, and he knew that for
the moment she was entirely oblivious of
his presence; blind to everything but the
assurance of her ruin.

The grasp on his shoulder relaxed, the
hand fell heavily. When he looked in
the face of his victim, he caught his
breath at the strange, inexplicable change
a few minutes had wrought. Protest and
resistance had come to an end. Surrender
was printed on every feature. The wild
fury of the passionate struggle that con-
vulsed her had spent itself; and as after
a violent winter frost the gale subsides
and the snow compassionately smooths
the scene, burying the dead sparrows, the
bruised flowers, so submission laid her
cold touch on this quivering face, and
veiled and froze it.

From afar the sound of rushing waters
seemed to smite Beryl's ears, to surge
nearer, to overflow her brain. She sank
suddenly to the floor, clinging with one
hand to the window bar, and her arched
head fell forward on the uplifted arm.
Thinking that she had fainted, Mr. Dun-
bar stooped and raised her face, holding
it in his palms. The eyes met his, un-
flinching, but mournful as those of a
tormented deer whom the hunters drag
from worrying woods. She writhed, freed
herself from his touch; and, resting
against the window sill, drew a long, deep
breath.

"You have succeeded in your mission
to-day. You have the only clue you
needed. You have no occasion to linger.
Now—will you leave me?"
He picked up the handkerchief.
"This is your handkerchief."
She made no answer. A leaden hand
was pressing upon her heart, her brain,
her arching eyes.
"You have basely deceived me. You
did go back that night, and you left this
betraying you. Saturated with chloroform
you laid it over your grandfather's face.
Lead your soul, with no more falsehoods.
Confess the deeds of that awful night."
"I did not go back. I never saw Elm
Bluff after I met you. I know no more
of the chloroform than you do. I have
told the truth, and I'll tell it always.
I have no confession to make. I am
innocent as you are. Innocent! Inocen-
ent! You are going to hang me for a
crime I did not commit. When you do,
you will murder an innocent woman!"

"She speaks slowly, solemnly, and as if
severely, as if she found it difficult to ex-
press her meaning. The passionate fire
was that of one standing where the river
of death flowed deep to her feet, and her
heart was laid bare with the transparent
light of earnest sincerity."
"I have no more to say," said Beryl,
and she turned to go.

"It was my handkerchief, but I am in-
nocent. Finish your work."
"How can you expect me to believe
your contradictory statements?"
Wearily she turned her head, and
looked at him. A strange drowsiness
dimmed her vision, thickened her speech.
"I expect nothing from you—but—
death."

"Will you explain how your handker-
chief came to be found on your grand-
father's pillow? Trust me, I am trying
to believe you. Tell me."
In his eagerness he seized her hand,
clasped it tightly, bent over her. She
made no reply, and the silky black lashes
sank lower, lower, until they touched
the violet circles suffering had worn under her
eyes. Like a lily too heavy for its stem,
the glossy head fell upon her breast. Her
hot fingers throbbled in his palm, and
when he felt her pulse, the rapid bound-
ing life defied his counting. Kneeling
beside her, he laid the head against his
shoulder.

"Are you ill? What is the matter?
Speak to me."
Her parched lips unrolled, and she
muttered with a sigh, like a child falling
asleep after long sobbing:
"My handkerchief—Tiberius—my—
han—"

She had fought against fearful odds,
with sleepless nights and fasting days
sapping her strength; and when the bat-
tle was over, though the will was faltering,
physical exhaustion triumphed, and de-
lirium mercifully took the tortured spirit
into her cradling arms.

CHAPTER X.
AUNT DYCE'S REQUEST.

When Leo Gordon celebrated her
twenty-second birthday, Judge Dent, ap-
preciating the importance of familiarizing
her with the business details and techni-
cally of commercial usage, incident to
the management of her large estate, had
insisted upon terminating his guardianship,
and transferring to her all the respon-
sibility for the future conduct of her
financial affairs.

Intensely loyal to the social standard,
usage and traditions of an aristocracy
that throughout the South had guarded
its patrician ranks with almost Brahmin
jealousy, she sternly decried every in-
fringement of caste, custom and etiquette.
However unwelcome Leo had found this
assumption of the grave duties of mature
womanhood, she met the responsibility
unflinchingly, and gathered very firmly
the reins transferred to her fair hands for
guidance. Judge Dent and Miss Patty
were the last of her family, except the
orphan niece who had been left to their
care, and as their earthly possessions
would ultimately descend to her, she had
been reared in the conviction that her
house was her only home.

Study and travel, potent factors in the
march of progress, had so enlarged the
periphery of Leo's intellectual vision, that
she frequently startled her prim aunt by
the enunciation of views much too ex-
tended and advanced for the narrow
horizons of her own generation. Her
chance before death; and her child, her
daughter that ought to be living in style
at Elm Bluff, like you are here, where is
she? Where is she? Flung down among
villains and malfactors, and the very
offspring of creation, she is to be
cherry! 'Tears to me like, if old Miss
is as high-headed and proud as she was
in this world, her spirit would tear down
the walls and set her grandchild free.
When I saw that beautiful young thing
beating her white hands against the iron
bars, it went to my heart like a carving
knife, and—"
Dyce burst into tears, and covered her
face with her apron. Leo patted her
shoulder softly, and essayed to comfort
her.

"Don't cry so bitterly; try to be hope-
ful. It is very, very sad; but if she is
innocent, her stay in prison will be short."
"There ain't no 'ifs' when it comes to
'using my Mistle's child of stealing and
murdering. Suppose the sheriff was to
right down here this mornin', and grab
you up, and tell folks 'spectable witness
swore you broke open your Uncle Mit-
chell's safe, and brained him with a
hand!' Would you think it friendly
for people to say, if she didn't will
soon turn her apron, 'Wouldn't it be
any warm puddles to your hurt feelin's?
It's the stingin' shame and the awful dis-
grace of being 'spioned that you never
would forgive."

"Yes, it is very dreadful, and I pity
the poor girl; but it seems that appearances
are all against her, and I am astonished,
if it difficult to explain some circumstances."
"If your ma was here to-day, she
wouldn't say that. When she was a
friend, she was stone deaf and mole blind
to every evil report against her loved.
Miss Marcia would go straight to that jail,
and put her arms round Miss Ellice's
neck, and stand by her till her last
breath; and the more she was persecuted,
the closer she would stick. Miss Leo, you
must take your ma's place, you must
help her friendship just like you do her
property. I have come to you 'cause I
am going to New York, and I don't know
till you promise me you will do what you
can. Miss Ellice is lying at the point of
death, and her poor child is so dejected
about her needin' comforts, that I tole
her 'Tis goin' to be all right, ma for her,
till she was so full and could her back.
I dreamt last night that ole Mistle
called me and Bedney, and said, 'Take
good care of Ellice'; and I got right out
of bed and packed my trunk. I'm just
from the penitentiary, and that poor
tormented child don't know no more
nothing. Trouble have run her plum
crazy, and what with brain fever and
them lies, God only knows what's to
become of her. Hand'ons ain't the only
god-forsaken things folks are murdered
with. Miss Leo, promise me you will go
see her while I am gone, and tend to it
that she has good nursing."

"I will do what is possible for her com-
fort; and it will be an expensive journey
to you, I will also help you to pay your
passage to New York. How much money—"
"I don't want your money, Miss Leo.
Bedney and me never is beholdin' to
nobody for money. We was too sharp to
drap our savings in the 'Freedman's
Bank'; 'cause we 'spioned the bottom
was not solid, and Master's briches'
pocket was a good enough bank
for us. We don't need to beg, borrow,
nor steal. As I tole you, I was the sean-
stus, and just before Miss Ellice run away
from the school, ole Mistle had a fine
lot of brand new clothes made ready for
her when she came home to be a young lady.
She never did come home; and when ole
Mistle died I just took them new clothes
I had made and packed 'em in a wooden
chest, and kept 'em hid away, 'cause I was
determined to keep 'em till Miss Ellice
wears 'em. I've hid 'em twenty-three
years, and now I've had 'em done up, and
one half I tuck to that jail for poor
young thing, and the rest of 'em I'm
goin' to carry to Miss Ellice. They
shan't need money nor clothes, for Bed-

ney and me has got too much family pride
to let outsiders do for our own folks; but
Miss Leo, you can do what nobody else in
this wide world can. I ain't a gwine to
walk the devil round the stump, and you
ain't take no fence, when I jumps plans
to the pint. Mars Lennox is huntin'
down Miss Ellice's child like a hungry
hound runs a rabbit and I want you to
call him off. If he thinks half as much
of you as he oughter, you can stop him.
Oh, Miss Leo, for God's sake—call him
off—muzzle him!"
Leo rose haughtily, and a quick flash
of her cheek; but as she looked at the
old woman's quivering mouth and stream-
ing eyes, compassion arrested her dis-
pleasure.
"Aunt Dyce, there are some things
with which ladies should not meddle,
and I cannot interfere with any gentle-
man's business affairs."
"Oh, honey! if Miss Marcia was living,
she wouldn't say that! She would just
put her arm round Miss Beryl, and tell
Mars Lennox, 'If you had to hang my
friend's child, you shan't marry my
daughter! If you had to pluck enuf to
stop him. Mark what I say; that poor
child is innocent, and the Lord will clear
up everything some day, and then he
will require the blood of them that con-
demned the innocent. Suppose's appear-
ment that poor helpless, young creature
all agin Joseph's bruthern when the
money and the silver cup was found
in their bags, and then after'n home?
And if the 'Gyptian lie-overs' could
have got their claws on that case, don't you
know they would have proved them in-
nocent boys guilty, and a hung 'em? Oh,
I am afeard of Mars Lennox, for he
favors his pa mightily; he has got the
keenest scent of all the pack; and he
went up yonder and 'cused, and 'bused,
and browbeat, and aggravated, and tor-
mented that poor, helpless, young creature
till she fell down in a dead faint on the
jail floor; and since then the doctor says
her mind is done clean gone. Don't get
mad with me, Miss Leo; I am bound to
show my conscience; and now I have
done my duty, I am gwine to leave my
poor, young Mistle's child in God's hands,
and in yours, Miss Leo; and when I
come back, you must gim' me an account
of your stewardship. You are enuf like
Miss Marcia not to shirk your duty; and
as you do by that persecuted child, I pray
the Lord to do by me."

She seized Leo's hand, kissed it and
left the room.
For some moments Leo sat, with one
finger between the creamy leaves of her
favorite book, but the charm was broken
when she thought of the story of Aepuleia,
and the very story she had volume and
rang the library bell.
"Justine is Mrs. Graham here?"
"She is coming now; I see the carriage
at the door."
"Do not invite her into Aunt Patty's
room until I have seen her. Tell Aunt
to harness Gyp, and bring my phonon
to the door; and, Justine, carry my hat,
driving gloves, and fur jacket to Aunt
Patty's room."
Confined to her bed by a severe attack
of chronic, inflammatory rheumatism,
Miss Dent had sent for her dearest friend
and faithful colleague in church work,
Mrs. Graham, who came to spend a day
and night and discuss the affairs of the
parish.
"Aunt Patty, Mrs. Graham is in the
parlor, and as I am well aware you can
both cheerfully dispense with my society
for the present, I am going into town.
Dyce Darrington has been here, and
she has been wandering far from the
parish, and she is in prison."
"Leo Gordon, you don't mean to tell
me that you are going into the penitentiary?"
"Why not?"
"It is highly improper for a young lady
to visit such places, and I am astonished
that you should feel any inclination to
see the countenances of the depraved
wretches herded there. I totally dis-
approve of such an incomprehensible freak."
"I shall not mind the scheme in abeyance
until I ask Uncle Mitchell's advice.
I shall call at his office, and request him
to go with me."
"Don't you know that the grand jury
brought in a true bill against that young
woman? She is indicted for murder,
robbery and the destruction of her father's
will. Mitchell tells me the evi-
dence is overwhelming against her, and
you know he was disposed to defend her
at first."
"Yes, Auntie, I am aware that every-
thing she has done is the most unfor-
tunate. I am sure she is very ill, and as it
cannot possibly injure me to endeavor to
contribute to her physical comfort, I shall
go and see her, unless Uncle Mitchell re-
fuses his consent to my visit to the prison."
"Mr. Dunbar will never forgive such a
step; because, like all other men, no mat-
ter how much license he allows himself,
he is very exacting and fastidious about
the demeanor of his lady-love."
"I shall not ask abolition of Mr. Dun-
bar, and I hope my reasonable intentions
are a safer and more refined guide than
any man's fastidiousness. Remember,
Aunt Patty, religion's holiest work con-
sists in ministering to souls steeped in
sin. Are you too pure to follow where
Christ led the way?"
TO BE CONTINUED.

the description of the private Ambarvilla
celebrated by Marius at "White Nights."
It had appealed so powerfully to her
earnest, exalted nature, that she failed to
observe the signs of her pet riding
cooling on the ledge outside. Finally
her impromptu tapping on the glass
arrested her attention, and she raised the
sash and scattered a handful of rice and
millet seed; whereupon a cloud of dainty
wings swept down, and into the library,
hovering around her sun-baked head, and
pecking the food from her open palms.
One dove seemed particularly attracted by
the glitter of the diamond in her engage-
ment ring, and perched on her wrist,
made repeated attempts to dislodge the
jewel from its crown setting.

"No, no, you sunny scamp! I can't af-
ford to feed you on diamonds from my
sacred ring! Did you get your greedy
nature from some sallow Donegan an-
cestress? If we had lived three thousand
years ago, I might be superseding you
in your freak into an oracular pro-
phesy against my engagement. Feathered
augurs survive their shrines. Clear out!
you heretic!"
As she tossed into the garden, and
closed the window, the portiere of the
library was drawn aside, and her dis-
approach, followed by a female figure
dressed in a shawl, and wearing a lofty
turban.

"Miss Leo, Aunt Dyce wants to see you
on some important business."
"How? Dyce, Aunt Dyce? It is a long
time since you paid a visit. Justine,
push up a chair for her, and then open
the cages and let the birds out for an hour.
What is the matter, Aunt Dyce?—you
look troubled. Sit down and tell me your
troubles."
"Yes, Miss Leo, I am in deep water,
up to my chin in trouble, and my heart is
dragging me down, for it's heavier 'an
a bushel of lead. You don't remember your
ma, do you?"
"I wish I did; but I was only five
months old when she died."

"Well, if she was living to-day, and
would stretch her two hands and pull me
out of muddy waves; and that's why I
have come to you. You see Miss Marcia
and my young Mistle, Miss Ellice, was
born friends, playmates, and like
sisters. They named their dolls after
one another, and many a time your ma
brought her wax doll to our house for
me to dress it like Miss Ellice's. Now,
your ma in glory, and you is the richest belle
in the state; and my 'poor young Mistle'
is in the worst way, and she comes before
death; and her child, her daughter that
ought to be living in style at Elm Bluff,
like you are here, where is she? Where
is she? Flung down among villains and
malfactors, and the very offspring of
creation, she is to be cherry! 'Tears to
me like, if old Miss is as high-headed
and proud as she was in this world, her
spirit would tear down the walls and set
her grandchild free.

When I saw that beautiful young thing
beating her white hands against the iron
bars, it went to my heart like a carving
knife, and—"
Dyce burst into tears, and covered her
face with her apron. Leo patted her
shoulder softly, and essayed to comfort
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"Don't cry so bitterly; try to be hope-
ful. It is very, very sad; but if she is
innocent, her stay in prison will be short."
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the poor girl; but it seems that appearances
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Patty's room."
Confined to her bed by a severe attack
of chronic, inflammatory rheumatism,
Miss Dent had sent for her dearest friend
and faithful colleague in church work,
Mrs. Graham, who came to spend a day
and night and discuss the affairs of the
parish.
"Aunt Patty, Mrs. Graham is in the
parlor, and as I am well aware you can
both cheerfully dispense with my society
for the present, I am going into town.
Dyce Darrington has been here, and
she has been wandering far from the
parish, and she is in prison."
"Leo Gordon, you don't mean to tell
me that you are going into the penitentiary?"
"Why not?"
"It is highly improper for a young lady
to visit such places, and I am astonished
that you should feel any inclination to
see the countenances of the depraved
wretches herded there. I totally dis-
approve of such an incomprehensible freak."
"I shall not mind the scheme in abeyance
until I ask Uncle Mitchell's advice.
I shall call at his office, and request him
to go with me."
"Don't you know that the grand jury
brought in a true bill against that young
woman? She is indicted for murder,
robbery and the destruction of her father's
will. Mitchell tells me the evi-
dence is overwhelming against her, and
you know he was disposed to defend her
at first."
"Yes, Auntie, I am aware that every-
thing she has done is the most unfor-
tunate. I am sure she is very ill, and as it
cannot possibly injure me to endeavor to
contribute to her physical comfort, I shall
go and see her, unless Uncle Mitchell re-
fuses his consent to my visit to the prison."
"Mr. Dunbar will never forgive such a
step; because, like all other men, no mat-
ter how much license he allows himself,
he is very exacting and fastidious about
the demeanor of his lady-love."
"I shall not ask abolition of Mr. Dun-
bar, and I hope my reasonable intentions
are a safer and more refined guide than
any man's fastidiousness. Remember,
Aunt Patty, religion's holiest work con-
sists in ministering to souls steeped in
sin. Are you too pure to follow where
Christ led the way?"
TO BE CONTINUED.

COMING EVENTS.
Coming consumption is foreshadowed
by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain
in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at
once by taking Hagar's Pectoral Bal-
sam, which never fails to cure coughs,
colic, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and
even in confirmed consumption affords
great relief.
The bill poster knows his place, and
there he sticks.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver
Oil. If you have any Throat Trouble—
Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35
cents per bottle.

A clergyman said he would visit the
families in his district, "embracing the
servant girls as he went along."

"I think she is a two-faced creature,"
said one of the girls indignantly. "Oh,
no," returned Miss Cordial, "if she had
two faces she would never use this one."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by millions of mothers for their
children while teething. If disturbed
at night and broken of rest by a sick
child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth,
send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs.
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children
Teething. It will relieve the poor little
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it
mothers, there is no mistake about it. It
cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach
and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums
and reduces Inflammation. It is pleasant
to the taste. The prescription of one of the
oldest and best female physicians and nurses
in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents
per bottle by all druggists throughout the
world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Win-
sloe's Soothing Syrup."

"But, doctor, you said, you know, that
I must avoid all excitement." "Certainly;
it hurts you. I have always told you so."
"Why, then, did you send me your bill
yesterday?"
"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DIS-
EASES."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT."
No itching, no medicine required. Cures
letter, eczema, itch, all eruptions of the
face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin
clear, white and healthy. Its great heal-
ing and curative powers are possessed by
no other remedy. Ask your druggist for
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

She shed a tear upon his vest;
The effort made him wince;
The vest was made of flannel, and
He hasn't seen it since.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver
Oil. If you have Tightness of the Chest
—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35
cents per bottle.

Butcher (to artist)—I am not quite
satisfied with the portrait. The right side
of the chest should bulge somewhat—
that is where I keep my pocket-book."
GOOD DEEDS DONE.
The good deeds done by that unequal-
led family liniment, Hagar's Yellow
Oil, during the thirty years it has been
here in ever-increasing esteem by the
public, would fill volumes. We cannot
here enumerate all its good qualities, but
that it can be relied on as a cure for
croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all
pains, goes without saying.

Wagg—Smith, the baker, is a very
scholarly person. Quigley—Why so?
Wagg—He has a sign over his
counter, "Such stuff as dreams are made
of."
DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S
Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver
Oil. If you have Bronchitis—Use it.
For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per
bottle.

He—I am sure we could get along on
your income. I am not a man of ex-
pensive tastes.
She—Anyone who wants to marry me
is a man of very expensive tastes.
CULLODEN CULLINGS.
Gentlemen,—In 1886 I was severely
afflicted with gravel of the kidneys from
which I suffered great pain. I was recom-
mended to take Burdock Blood Bitters,
which I did, finding great relief, and
after taking four bottles can truly say I
am cured and have not since been
troubled. I highly recommend it.
Perez War, Culloden P. O., Ont.

Little Johnnie—Does Santa Claus fill
his own stockings, pa?
"It is highly improper for a young lady
to visit such places, and I am astonished
that you should feel any inclination to
see the countenances of the depraved
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