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MOTHER'S SACRIFICE;

OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll

CHAPTER XVIII.

The prisoner's countenance looked serene, and even happy on the conclusion of Bertoni's speech; so happy that Mrs. Delmar adjusted her glass a second and third time to be sure she saw aright-a man almost smiling in the very shadow of the gibbet-for in her mind, as in nearly every other in the court-room, the last speech had left little hope for the prisoner, but she would not despair, however; the trial was not yet finished, and something would, something must, happen if no to effect an acquittal, at least to cause a comparatively light sentence.

She desired her daughter to look at Hubert in order to be convinced that her own eyes had not deceived her. But Louise was already looking-looking with such a hopeless, heart sick look in her eyes, and such a pitiful quivering of pain about her mouth, that any one save her vain, fashionable mother would have been moved to compassion and sympathy.
"It is very strange that he can look

so pleasantly," said Mrs. Delmar, "in the face of all that evidence against him. I can't understand it, unless in her face suddenly brightened deed. "that he is aware of something yet to be shown, which will alter the effect of all previous testimony;" and quite assured by that thought she put down her glass, and disposed herself comfortably while she made disparag ing remarks about that "odious Margaret Calvert.

Her daughter made no reply; she scarcely heard, being so absorbed in watching Hubert, and when he had gone-having departed with the same earless, erect gait with which he had entered, she turned her gaze on motion less, veiled Margaret, wondering what were her feelings; if her heart was just such a quivering, aching thing as she, poor spoiled child of fashion, was bearing for the first time in her whole life: but she thought that could not be.
Margaret Calvert engaged to an-

other, must be unable to grieve over her cousin's doom, as one would do, who loved that cousin, and when Eugene, having escorted her and his mother to their carriage, was about to leave them that he might tender, as on former occasions, his sympathy to Margaret, Louise detained him to whisper:

"Come home soon-I want to know what you think-how much hope there s for-for Hubert.'

To any eyes than those of her unsuspecting, honest hearted brother, the sudden color that swept into her face, and the strange trembling hesita tion with which she spoke would have betrayed her unhappy attachment, but he, little dreaming of the real facts in the case, gave his opinion as he would have given it to one of his club-com panions had the latter asked it.

"I am afraid there is very little hope for him, and I think that Plowden egins to entertain the same fear.

He closed the carriage door, and turned away.

Mrs. Delmar leaned back, still ply ing her fan, and asked languidly "What did he say, my dear?"

Louise tremblingly responded, "Pshaw!" said her mother pet hly "An elegant voung t like Hubert Bernot will never be hung; it would be an outrage-a sin crying for vengeance from society if they should treat him as they do those

the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by T. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. V. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system. It cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders

Mrs. JENNIE WILLIAMS, of Mohawk, Lane Co.

cond sleep , and that bad, nervous feeling and the back soon left me. I can walk sever-





poor, low common wretches one shudders to look at."

Louise buried her face in her hands, and said she had a headache, in the hope that her mother would cease her tiresome twaddle, and the carriage rolled on, and tired, heated pedestrians envied the occupants of the costly equipage, and many of them perhaps would have smiled incredulously if told of the anxiety and discontent which reigned in the heart of one of those occupants, the utter misery which filled the other.

Sad, hopeless Margaret; she could not answer Delmar when he murmured his low, gentle-toned expressions sympathy, but she pressed his hand in grateful acknowledgment, and quietly took her way between him and Plow den to the back in waiting. Berton stood in conversation with a gentle man near the entrance of a private corridor which led from the court room. He looked up on the approach of Margaret and her escorts and bowed profoundly to the former-in the same instant, from without, they heard a coarse, bass voice saying in a high excited key.

"I tell you it's Mind, and Mind only that makes or mars the manand such a mind as yonder grea lawyer has, will succumb to nothing that time or circumstances may produce.

Bertoni's eyes flashed with triumph but he turned with an apparently careless air to resume his suddenly in terrupted conversation, and the part passed out, confronting in the passage the man who had just given utterance to that singular comment on the lawyer. He was still talking in that same high key-a heavy-whiskered black-eyed man, having the swarthy complexion of a Spaniard, and very much of the ferocious look which novels ascribe to the bandits of that country — evidently disputing with a mild-faced individual at his side, who was meekly endeavoring to show the disastrous results of intellect when untempered by religion. But the fierce looking man was not to be convinced that anything save Mind itself wa necessary in the world, or that a great mind required to be dependent on higher power than itself.

Plowden, whispering to his com mions to proceed and wait for him, laid his hand on the dark-looking in dividual's arm, and said, quietly, though with the appearance of one who was holding a severe struggle with himself,
"Wait until you have witnessed the

end of this trial, and then, if Bertoni's mind appears as great under bitter defeat as it has done to day in fancied triumph, speak, as you have spoken, if not, return to the allegiance you

we to your Creator."

He turned quickly and followed Margaret and Delmar. Who is he?" asked the astounded,

dark-looking man of his companion; the latter answered:
"Why, you ought to know him-

Mr. Plowden, the counsel for the deense-a very good man, with a great mind also, but a mind that is not too proud to acknowledge its Maker. say he is a Catholic. 'And what is Bertoni?" asked a

stranger who had been listening with great interest to the dispute.

"What a modern little men would erm an infidel-what I call a freeman; ree from all your abject, slavish worships, relying, dwelling alone upon that which elevates man above his fellows-Mind," said Bertoni himself, who in the act of passing out, had heard the last question and, as he an swered it, drew himself up with a naughty gesture of defiance and went mickly on

The mild-faced man blessed himself and the dark looking individual gazed after the lawyer with an expression of passionate admiration.

'To have a mind like his," he said "to be one of the most talented men of a century, who would not be willing to resign the trammels of religion?"

"Nay," replied his companion with a shudder, "but to avoid being like him who would not grovel all his days a poor, simple, hooted fool, with no knowledge but that which had told and

taught him to worship his Creator. Margaret and Delmar, waiting in an outer passage for Plowden, did not hear his remark to the stranger, no did the lawver refer to it-he seemed absorbed in very troubled thought, too absorbed to do more than press slightly Delmar's hand, when the latter having assisted to escort Margaret to the hack cok his leave.

In the vehicle, Plowden threw him self back, and shaded his face with his hands as if to prevent its expressi being seen by his companion. waited the withdrawal of his hand to ask the question which trembled on he lips-she could scarcely explain to herself why her question should be stayed by that trifling circumstance, unless for the reason that often actuate troubled minds-the desire for any pretext, however slight in order to delay that which they are eager to hear and

et which they dread to know. But Plowden retained his hand in ts position, and not until the back had almost reached her own door did Mar garet find courage to speak ; then she said, suddenly, and with such anguish in her voice, that he dropped his hand

and looked up with a start 'Is Hubert's case as hopeless as it seems? Will Bertoni cause the sent ence to be death?"

Plowden looked away for a moment as if something in the street through which they were rapidly passing had attracted his attention, but it was to conceal from her the expression which her words had called to his face. The lawyer was becoming less able to mask his feelings in presence of this girl whom he loved as only strong, passionate natures can love.

said, when at length he turned to her.

"I must think a little longer—till to- war between Right and Wrong began Perhaps - perhaps " - his morrow. voice grew strangely tremulous-"all will be well."

They were at Madame Bernot's door, and he paused on the stoop to ask at what hour he should return to escort her to Hubert. He bowed at her re-ply, and with a brief adieu hurried back to the vehicle, while she, enter ing the house, rushed to her room and poured out in a wild burst of tears the grief that seemed stifling her.

Hubert Bernot was as calm and selfpossessed when Margaret visited him in his cell, as he had appeared to be. in the court-room, three hours previ

Ordinary spectators looking at the wo, and listening to the young man's quiet, and even cheerful conversation, ould have thought him the comferter. and Margaret the only grieving one. On this occasion such appeared to be the fact, for Margaret was saying in a oice choked with sobs :

'Why, oh, why, Hubert, did you carry that knife with you after-after that dreadful night? You assured me when we parted that you would be careful and guarded : you repeated, when you returned, that you had been, and yet see how much you revealed to Mrs. Murburd. Oh, Hubert!"

"Ah, Margaret! I fancied that the carrying about me of that knife from which you had cleaned the bloody stain, would inure me to the thought of what did-would give me a certain brava do ; but on the occasion of my handing t to Mrs. Murburd her close examina ion of it unnerved me. I feared there night be still a stain upon it, that per aps you had not taken all off, but ould not allow myself to think that he attached such importance to the manner in which I treated Hugh's re nark about it. Never after, though ontinued to carry the knife, did llow it to betray me. I was careful

"Think," said Margaret anxiously, think, if, while you were away, you et any word or action betray secret to Mrs. Murbard's son-probably, they will examine him to mor-

"If I did," he answered, "it wa nconsciously to myself-but even in hat case what does it matter? it will out aid everybody to arrive quicker at the truth, and procure speedier justic or me. I hope I have betrayed myself o him, and that 'Roquelare' will eave nothing undone to prove my guilt. Would you have it otherwise, Margaret?

"Yes," she answered piteously, " would not have such evidence given as nust make your life the penalty of your crime, and I would be released from my pledge to give in my testimony the confidence with which you entrusted me, for that will supply the last link, and, together with Mrs. Murburd's evidence, will be sufficient tohang you.'

She gasped the last words. Hubert only smiled, and reiterated what had been frequently on his lips during the interview.

" I feel that the salvation of my soul demands this: 'a life for a life. Nothing less can obtain pardon for my

crime. She besought him at least, to permit her to tell certain circumstances which might extenuate his guilt in the eyes of the law, but he immediately became stern and angry.

"If you would recall all the pledges you have given me of your affection, if you would leave me now when you have been faithful so long "-his voice dropped suddenly into an accent of touching mournfulness—"do then as you desire-but, if you would be true to the last, if you would have your image enshrined in my heart as that of her who brought peace to my soul, and helped to win for me God's pardon, tell, to-morrow, or whenever they sum mon you to the witness-stand, when, and where, I murdered Cecil

Margaret wrung her hands, saying "If only your mother knew-if she could only be told, she would release us both from our promise." Hubert's face brightened.

"Margaret," he said, softly, "do you not see how even Providence seems to accept the atonement I am trying to make. I have offered my life to Him; I have prayed Him to accept it; and I am confident that He will, else, why, when my mother's per mission to tell what might possibly lighten the penalty of my crime, is so much desired, does He render her state such that she cannot even be made acquainted with what I have done?" Margaret summoned her strength

for a last effort. "And when they have brought in a verdict of guilty-when they ask if you have anything to say why sentence of death "-her voice faltered despite her endeavor to keep it firm-"should not be pronounced upon you, will you even then say nothing? Will you not then tell the circumstances of the

He put his hand on her head and stroked softly the curls which escaped from her bonnet as if he would soothe her into calmness before he spoke.

"Even then I would only acknowledge the justice of the verdict, and pray in my heart that no earthly mercy might be shown me.

Margaret shrank from him to the other end of the pallet on which they woman's fancied strength when there bursts upon her the full consciousness that a passionately beloved object is about to be removed-her staunchest virtues are subjected to the merciless attacks of the tempter. So it was with Margaret. There leaped up suddenly within her Hubert wished—not to tell the con-

war between Right and Wrong began in her heart; a war during which she half savagely wondered why God made some people suffer so much while others, apparently careless of His very existence, seemed so happy. And then she became frightened at herself and she looked up at Hubert, who was sadly watching her, and visions of a rope encircling his slender neck and his visage bloated and purple, rose before her. Her overcharged feelings could endure no more. She threw herself at his feet

and sobbed out : " If I could but die too -but to have

to live when it is all over." You forget my mother," he whis pered, and just then the cell door opened and Margaret hastily rose. was Delmar, who, feeling that he had disturbed the cousins, would have immediately retired, but Hubert beck oned him forward. "I should not have intruded," apologized the young man "but the time is almost up, and if I had waited longer I could not have

seen you to-day," grasping Bernot's extended hand with the pressure of incere, manly friendship. Margaret would have retired, feeling utterly unable to assume a composed demeanor, and wanting to take where she invariably took it in it

her poor, distracted, struggling heart, disturbed moments-to the foot of the altar; but Plowden, who had escorted her to the prison-without entering however, on the plea of business con nected with Hubert's case which de manded his presence elsewhere-had promised to return for her; so there was no alternative after her trembling response to Delmar's greeting, but to avert her face, and try as best she might to repress every outward sign of her grief.

Hubert put his arm through Delmar's and drawing him to an opposite corner of the cell, began a wh conference. He need hardly have taken such precautions to guard his communication from Margaret's ears for every faculty of hers was so ab sorbed in contemplating that fearful probability-his death-that she had almost lost consciousness of her present

position. Delmar's face as he listened to Hubert, grew graver and sadder, and at length as if he would hear no more he interrupted with an eagerly whis pered :

"Why speak of such things yet Your sentence may be much lighter han you anticipate; there will be sufficient time when you know what he end is to be

Hubert shook his head. "When I know what the end is e the time will be too brief to attend to other matters, and I must know now you are willing to assume this responsibility. I cannot speak of this natter to Margaret-she would not listen to money affairs now—to what will come into her possession at my death. I broached the subject twice

"I don't wonder," burst out Delmar with his usual frankness, "being Miss Calvert's accepted suitor he would have been less than a man to be willing to listen to what your execution would

bring his promised wife."
"Promised wife!" echoed Hubert, almost aloud in his surprise, and then he smiled bitterly, and continued, half order and restoring her former transavagely, though he lowered his voice to its first whisper. "Report has mad a long, long stride in advance of the truth, and has duped you too.

Without seeming to notice Delmar's start, or the wondering, incredulous expression which came into his face, he poured forth the story of his own and Margaret's love, but in so passionate a manner that it seemed more like the incoherent rayings of a demented mind than the tale of a devoted and mutual attachment.

'you understand why I am anxious to provide for her comfort—since I cannot for her happiness-to place her beyond the possibility of want in the event of my mother's death which would leave her alone and unprotected. This is the only return I can make for her long and true devotion-to give her the for tune which, as my wife, she should possess. And you, Eugene, who have so nobly proved your friendship for me. will, for my sake, not withhold the same from her. I want it all settled now, while I have time and opportunity to think and speak about it Prom ish me, Eugene, that you will assume this trust, as I desire.

Delmar bowed his head. His astonishment at what he had heard kept him silent. But Hubert was satisfied, and he turned away to Margaret. She was still absorbed in that bitter reverie and it required a third repetition of her name to make her raise her eyes. Delmar was taking his leave; he

wanted to be out somewhere—that he might have space in which to reflect upon the strange, sad story of those two unhappy hearts. The kindly feeling young fellow had pitied Hubert and Margaret before; but now his heart had all the tender sorrow of a woman's nature, and when he murmured his adieu, his eyes glistened with something very like a woman's

tears. At the prison entrance a man dashed by him with such strangely excited manner, that it was only after a second look he recognized Plowden-Plowden who had excused himself from entering with Margaret, because he wanted time to wrestle with thoughts which he could keep no longer at bay. He had shut himself into a private room in the immediate vicinity of the prison, and here leaped up suddenly within her never had man a fiercer, or more des-wild burning desire not to do as perate struggle. Once, when the contest was at its height, he raised his Catholic Review.

"I cannot quite answer you yet," he fidence which would help so materially head and caught the reflection of his face in the small mirror opposite veins in his torehead were frightfully swollen, his whole countenance of a purple hue, and overspread with heavy drops of perspiration — he shuddered, and covered it again with his hands, till the minutes wore on, and a knock at the door in obedience to his previous order, lest in his excited thoughts he should forget the lapse of time, made

him start to his feet. "For her sake," he muttered fiercely and pouring out the brandy which he had ordered, but until that moment had left untouched, he drank it quick and hastily departed.

He saw Delmar as he dashed by him at the prison door ; he had no desir o speak, and in the excitement of hi own fierce thoughts he cared little what he young man might think; and simple, ingenuous Delmar passed his band across his forehead, and said to himself as he walked slowly on :
"Plowden is a strange man, a very

trange man - I can't understand

Wiser heads than Delmars could scarcely have understood, even could they have known the antagonistic feel ngs which struggled for the mastery in the proud, passionate heart of the awyer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Peace of the Soul.

God created the heart of man to no other end than to love Him, and be be loved by Him again. The excellence of this end of the creation ought to convince us that it is the most excellent work of His Almighty hand.

On the government of this alone, depends our spiritual life and death. The art of governing it must need be very easy, since its true character is to act through love and to do nothing

All we have to do is to watch with great calmness, the true spirit of our ections.

To observe from whence they spring and whither they tend.
Whether they are achieved by the heart, the source of divine love, or by the understanding from whence rises

human vain glory.
You will discover that it is the heart which influences you in your good works, through a motive of love when all you do for God seems little, and after doing your best, you are ashamed

of having done so little. But you may conclude that your actions proceed from the understanding moved by worldly motives when your good works, instead of producing meek and humble sentiments, leave nothing behind them but the empty illusions of vain glory, puffing you up with a false notion of having performed wonders, when in fact you have done nothing

that is praiseworthy. Man's warfare mentioned by Job, consists in watching thus continually

ver ourselves This is to be performed without the east peevishness or anxiety; for what o Plowden, but neither would he is aimed at, is to give peace to the soul, to calm and appease its emotions, when troubled or disturbed in its opera tions or prayers. For we may be as sured, in such a condition, will be very indifferently said, till the soul be freed from all uneasiness.

Know that this may be affected by a single emotion of mildness, which is the only means of remedying this disquility.

Missions to Non-Catholics.

The Catholic Truth Society of Eng land lately held, at Bristol, a confer ence at which Rev. Sydney Smith, S. J., read a paper on the Apostolate of Public Halls. In the course of it he said: "It has been found within the last few years, in London and to a limited extent elsewhere, that Protest ants will readily attend lectures on Catholic subjects if given in some public hall, or place not otherwise devoted to Catholic worship. diocese of Westminster, Father John Vaughan, supported by Monsignor Croke Robinson, Canon Moyes, Father Luke Rivington, Mr. Lister Drummond, and others, has started a move ment of this kind. Town halls in the different divisions of the Metropolis, north of the Thames — at Islington, Hamstead, Lime house, Shoreditch, Holloway, Fulhoam, and Holborn—have been successively engaged for courses of seven and eight lectures each, one lecture being given in the week. the south side of the river similar lectures have been given under the aus pices of the Saint George's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, the origin and maintenance of which are chiefly due to the zeal of Mr. Britten, the Honorary Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, and Mr. Thomas King Honorary Secretary of the Saint George's Branch. The attendance George's Branch. The attendance throughout has in both cases been most edifying. Without any very extens ive advertisement, large and interested audiences have been attracted, in which the number of non Catholics has been always considerable, and at times, perhaps, predominant, while the number of men has compared favor ably with that of women. counted bench after bench and found the men in the majority, and the walls towards the end are usually lined with At the Westminister lectures men. questions may be put by the persons in the audience either in writing or orally, and this feature adds to the in terest and helps to spread the very information that is needed. Similar lectures have also been given at Cardiff and Lewisham, with satisfactory late of Public Halls be undertaken in

every city and town in this country?-

MONSIEU

NOVEMBI

Perhaps I had myself who bestowhich his only claimanner and his formanner and his formanner and his formanner and his formanner and his way ting crowd of woulstall, at which I with a gaunt, erebiest of tail coats, made for a persor reaching only abo "Madamoiselle here," he said, wigetic smile, as heap he wore; "perhaps get a little in what you the days have be would come for a myself—"

myself—"
Here he shrug sively and heave next moment, wit next moment, with and manner. ... complain! Thing Meantime he velisurely and mplaced before his mother, slowly informed me in was about the size at last selected; his hand into his; an air of lordly mix-penny piece,

six-penny piece,
"Never mind
tone at once jaur
mously digmine
caught my reimprice of the hatit is for a good
take down my
send! That is a
he paused and w
reflection—"in in
myself. Maden
could not carry
ing his new pu
away, dignified a
It was not ti
came across him
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wanted a room w
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in reach of pos
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advertisement w
of course, sign
recognize him
grandiose tone
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moment I saw h
address given in
street in a bus
were many offic
ing three stairs

a door bearing ion:
"M. Andre
French Langus
I knocked, a
door was open
M. le Counte hi
doubt the very
none the better
since. He ren
seeing me, and seeing me, and "Ah, the lad an apartment and turning b lobby, he called tive tone, "Jar As no one, to his call, he

with an apologo "I fear I mu my good Janet mademoiselle mademoisette follow me?" three steps alorair flung ope "This," he sa person confer drawing room, mademoiselle. the ladies—" motte" motto."
I cast a look
and absolutely
chairs—one of
small wooden
dow looked to e walls was

said so.
"But," I a
deprive you of
"Mademois "It gives me for this root shoulders and mademoiselle mademoiselle does not recei you call delic most part. I service of ma bow and an or expressive of that disclaime accept thanks To speak of seemed actus Still it had to could, I hint what rent was "Ah, as to me—I do not

me—I do not here comes m be able to set As he was a very slow, h stairs; and old woman, bonnet and market bask large-boned vefore the we broad back it shock slight! the dull, pathorse.
"Janett," ised to accome the use of the "Hoots, a favers!" expoke with a low, deep, all trasted strain jaunty tones when he get turning to wanting, me Behind hemossieur w.

A privi selle—a privi in a deprec heard by the he added, lo you to settle you to settle with a bow the room.
"Ay, it's folk to dae muttered w retreated fr to me, she a room ?"
Evidently speak of mo her reason demands, a

fire there culty. I'm aye of gotten war West stree cleaning of as I can cat that bad part for wark—voice died could not for