Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1900. NO. 4.

Professional Cards.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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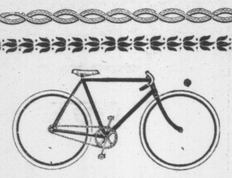

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In our warerooms next door to Medical Hall we are showing such good wheels as the
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There can be no better show.

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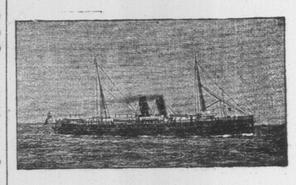

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2 - Trips a Week - 2
The fast and popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p. m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.
U. S. and Royal mail carried on this steamer.
Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
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Yarmouth, Oct. 11th, 1899.

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A RECONSTRUCTOR,
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Three great remedies are combined in Parker's Perfect Emulsion. The purest Cod Liver Oil (Emulsionized) which is the most effective food for consumptives, Anæmics, Fever Convalescents and those with broken down systems. The purest Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which are the most effective reconstructors of wasted tissues. Guaiacol which the foremost medical authorities the world over are administering with wonderful success in consumption.
PARK'S Perfect Emulsion
is the only preparation containing all three of these great remedies. It's results far exceed all others. It reconstructs wasted tissues, aids digestion, stimulates the appetite, enhances assimilation and brings new vigor to the whole body. One gains in flesh and spirits from the first dose. Try it and see. You will be grateful for the advice.
Price 50 cents per Bottle, of all Druggists.
—Manufactured by—
HATTIE & MYLIUS,
HALIFAX, N. S.
For sale by S. N. Weare, Bridgetown.

JUST ARRIVED
CARLOAD OF
FEED
Will sell very low for Cash.
N. H. PHINNEY.
Lawrencetown, March 19th, 1900.

Protect our Food.

The doctors inform us that alum is a poison, and that alum baking powders should be avoided because they make the food unwholesome. Prominent hygienists, who have given the matter most study, regard these powders as an evil that should be suppressed by state action. In Minnesota and Wisconsin alum powders are not permitted to be sold unless they are branded to warn customers of their true characters, while in the District of Columbia the authorities have under the direction of Congress, adopted regulations to prohibit the use of alum in bread altogether.

Are not the people of other states as well as those of Minnesota and Wisconsin, entitled to warning of a danger which is apparently menacing them at close hand, and is not the whole country entitled to absolute protection, as the people of the District of Columbia are protected, by legislation which is entirely prohibitive?

Until we can have protection in the form of a statute, how can our state boards of health, state analysts or food commissions better serve the public than by publishing in the newspapers from time to time the names of the baking powders which they find to be made from alum?

Meanwhile, it will aid the housewife in designating the alum powders to remember that all powders sold at twenty-five cents or less per pound are of this dangerous class. Pure cream of tartar powders are usually sold at from forty-five to fifty cents a pound.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

—A man well known in this country and Europe as a profound scholar and linguist, made a resolution in the first years of his married life to give one hour each day absolutely to his children. During that time his whole thoughts and attention were devoted to understanding their characters and influencing them in the right direction. Business, invitations, visitors, whatever would have interfered with that hour, were all put aside. "I have an engagement," was the inexorable answer.

His daughters grew to maidenhood. Their mother was dead, and they had no friend so near as their father. All their little school troubles, their plans and pleasures, they brought eagerly to him, and were always sure of his sympathy.

His boys became young men; they, too, had their ambitions, their downfalls, their successes—most of all, their temptations. They were never afraid to go to him with any of them, as to an elder brother.

A friend met him walking down the streets one day with one of his boys. Father and son were joking and laughing together.

"How do you become so intimate with your sons?" inquired the friend afterward. "I used to see mine as babies about the house, and presto! they are men—but almost strangers to me!"

"I gave them a little time each day, got down to their level, as children, and so grew up with them."

"Bah! I am too busy grubbing all day to earn something to leave them. I have no time for such idleness!"

The two men separated. One bequeathed to his undisciplined children wealth, which they speedily squandered; the other gave to his, not so much money, to be sure, but firm, controlled characters, every point of which had been influenced by his experience, his Christian faith and love.
—*Union Signal.*

—Lord Beauchamp, the Governor of New South Wales, has had a novel experience. While on a visit to the colliers of Newcastle he was entertained at a banquet in a coal mine 300 feet below the surface of the earth. In a chamber 90 feet long, 15 feet wide and nine feet high, several guests sat down to dinner. The novel dining room showed no signs of what it had been, for electric lights, flags, evergreens and carpets had transformed it into an elegant apartment.

—Since the beginning of the war between 20,000 and 30,000 mules have been landed in South Africa, and have been distributed in depots at the various bases.

Poetry.

The Easter Bells are Pealing.

The Easter bells are pealing from many a belfry tower,
Telling that Christ is risen. In this bright morning hour
As I awake from sleeping, my heart joins in the lay
Which heaven and earth are raising on this glad Easter day.
For Christ our Lord is risen, our Saviour's gone on high,
'Mid angel hosts His throne is set beyond the shining sky;
Awake, my soul, to praise Him; awake, my lips, to sing
Hosannas, glad hosannas, to Christ our risen King!

The Easter bells are pealing from many a belfry tower,
And Easter flowers are shedding fresh fragrance from this hour;
All nature wakes and praises. Shall I alone be dumb
When Christ our Lord is risen, is risen from the tomb?
I'll give my life to praise Him, and at life's parting breath
Join in the Easter anthem of souls redeemed from death;
In heaven then to praise Him, in heaven then to sing
Hosannas, glad hosannas, to Christ, our risen King!

The Easter bells are pealing the whole glad world around,
In every land beneath the sun is heard the joyful sound;
From shrines and heathen temples, from palm and orange grove,
From our beloved hillsides, rings out the sound we love.
One grand, triumphant chorus let all unite to raise,
Of joy and loving service through all the coming days.
Awake, all souls, and praise Him; awake all lips, and sing
Hosannas, glad hosannas, to Christ, our risen King!

Laura C. Calhoun.

Select Literature.

Dr. Fortescue's Patients.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY OF A MEDICAL MAN

I used to say to Stephen sometimes that my strangest experiences usually took place in the most unlikely places; for there are spots on the earth's globe in which one might think adventure and hairbreadth escape had no place at all—dull places, dingy, ugly, apparently commonplace. The strangest things in my life have unrolled their histories before my eyes—there!

The story I am about to relate took place in a very ugly little mining village called Magus. It lies in the western district of Scotland, near the great coal area of Lanark. I had settled in practice there, rather unwillingly. I was a young man then, but I could not afford to buy a better place, and Stephen and I tried to make the best of it. The village consisted of one long and appallingly ugly street of miners' cottages with the library and reading-room at one end and the kirk at the other. The big place of the neighborhood stood at some distance, and its inmates, though reaping a large revenue from the coal pits, regarded the village with ineffable disdain, and drove through it as seldom as possible. The minister's wife looked after the people. Sturdy, independent people they were—steady, as a rule, but with curious and unexpected faults, the chief of which was a reckless extravagance, which would spend its entire wage in one day's festivity, and starve cheerfully for the remaining six!

Shortly after my arrival I made the acquaintance of Rodney Lee, the underground manager of the pits. He was an Englishman, but had worked here for twenty years. He was an immense man, of great physical strength—not exactly good-looking—and very taciturn and silent. He did not mix with the other men—even the superior ones—but he was universally liked and respected for all that. He was always doing kind things in a secret, abrupt way, and kind things have a way of leaking out, but the miner or the miner's wife did not live who would have dared to thank him! He would walk a mile roudd the village to avoid passing the cottage of some sick woman or man whom he had secretly helped. His own cottage was, of course, vastly superior to the rest; he seemed to be a man of education. In the little conversation I had with him I formed a very high opinion of his shrewd sense, and of his quick power of deduction.

The minister told me his history one day, under the seal of secrecy. He had learned it unexpectedly, through meeting the vicar of the parish in England in which Lee had been born and brought up.

He had been engaged to a very pretty girl, the daughter of a farmer, and had passionately loved her. For years he had adored her in silence, saving every penny, denying himself almost the necessaries of life. He bought a little villa, good furniture—even a piano, then pleaded his love, and was accepted. They were to be married on Thursday, and on the Wednesday he went into the nearest town to buy the ring. When he returned, it was to find that she had eloped with, and was then married to, a young man who had been living at the big house of the place. She wrote him a heartless cruel letter, he must forget her and marry some one else; this lover would 'make a lady of her.'

Leaving instructions that everything was to be sold, he disappeared from the ken of everyone who had known him, and Rodney Lee was heard of no more.

The man's story gave me a strange sympathy with him. I got him to join our literary society. One night he read a paper on 'The Origin of Coal,' to which the men listened with absorbed interest. I have rarely heard a paper so full of the closest observance and profound knowledge of the subject. We begged him to publish it, but he shook his head in disdain. He was utterly without ambition! That had been wrecked, too, with a life's happiness and hope. Oh, these women! these women!

"Curiously enough, I see his rival's name in the paper now and then," the minister said to me one day in speaking of Lee. 'He went in for parliament lately, in a Welsh district. He is very rich—sets up for being a philanthropist, I believe, and travels round making speeches. The wife is still alive—they have flourished like the green-bay tree—and the man whose heart they broke will go down to his grave lonely and unknown! It is a curious world!"

"But I'd rather be in his shoes than theirs in the next one," I commented. "What was the other man's name?"

"Betterton—Philip Betterton."

"I trust he won't come lecturing here!" I remarked. "These new people at Magus are bent on educating us, Mr. Gray, and their guests vary from the last fashionable poet and actor to the latest preacher and politican. I trust the new Magus people won't bring him here!"

"Not likely!" the minister said, smiling, and we parted with these words.

Magus had been bought by an English family who were as bent upon our education and reformation as the old family had been determined to pass us by on the other side. I am not sure but that the minister and I preferred the first treatment. When you are talked to from an immense altitude, and expected to receive all favors with rapturous gratitude, the mind is apt to grow restive—especially the Scotch mind. The new club, the Temperance Society, the Coal and Meal Club, the Mutual Improvement League, the Shakespeare Society—none of them flourished at first. The men were a respectable and hard-working set, on the whole, but they did not want to be improved and educated off the face of the earth! In order to discuss the 'wickedness' of their behaviour, the minister and I were invited up to dinner one night at the big house, and went with extreme reluctance. We felt quite like culprits!

"The young ladies worry my wife to death with their well-meant efforts!" the minister confided to me. "They want to start three new sewing-meetings and a mother's class! The women think one enough. They can't be always sewing for heathens, with six bairns of their own to sew for. My wife wouldn't go in for the Zenna work parties at all. The young ladies drove her to desperation at last. "Is there no way in which we could help you?" they said. She told them "Yes, if they would kindly let her alone?"

I could not help laughing at that—even a minister's wife will turn, if sufficiently nagged!

We found quite a large party at dinner. I noticed one little man, with a self-important fussy manner, to whom people listened with rather bored patience. He always spoke as if he thought some invisible person were taking him down in shorthand. You had the impression, from his manner, that some one must be.

I thought what he said was eminently commonplace, and not always sound. I wondered why they listened so well. After dinner my host came up to me, the little man with him.

"Dr. Fortescue, I want someone to take Mr. Betterton down one of the pits. I believe you have been before. Can you go with Mr. Betterton? Dr. Fortescue—Mr. Betterton. I should esteem it a great favor if you would."

I bowed—I think I started first. Was this Rodney Lee's old enemy?

"You may have heard my name?" the other was saying ('You are a ingoramus if you have not!" his manner expressed)—'Philip Betterton. I have the honor to represent the Mattereley Division in Wales. Naturally I am interested in coal, and have long desired to see a Scotch pit. You will come with me?'

I agreed—I could do nothing else; but I did not fancy my new acquaintance, and I wondered how he and Rodney Lee would meet.

I dared not give the latter a hint—no one, he thought, knew his story—yet I should have liked to warn him, for he would have to take us round.

The minister, however, when consulted later, advised doing and saying nothing.

"Even if they recognize each other, nothing can come of it," he said; "it is an old story—more than twenty years ago. I should think Lee despises them both too heartily to care about, or even remember the thing."

I said nothing. I, who had suffered too, knew how little twenty years can do for some natures.

We had arranged that the Magus carriage should call for me on its way to the pit-head. There would not be many men down, for it was an 'idle day,' but Mr. Gartley, the new proprietor, had written, he said, to the ground manager to meet us at the foot of the shaft. He would not go himself; Mrs. Gartley was nervous, and would not permit of it—at which confession, I fancy, Mr. Philip Betterton slightly sneered.

We went down in the cage after getting our safety-lamps, and bidding Gartley au revoir; we were not to stay long, for I had my country round still to go. The dark pit-shaft engulfed us. When we reached the foot, the first sensation was of a blackness unimaginable, as if one had never known what the "terror of a great darkness" could mean before. The lamps seemed to lighten nothing; they were mere twinkling sparks. When our eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom we could see a kind of dark cavern, from which passages branched in every direction. Down one of these, now, we could see a figure approaching, and we walked towards it.

"I suppose this is our guide?" Betterton remarked. He had a very peculiar voice—high and rasping. I could see Rodney Lee start suddenly and then stand still. I thought it better to get the introduction over.

"Here we are, Mr. Lee," I said, holding out my hand. "This is Mr. Betterton, of whom Mr. Gartley wrote."

"Philip Betterton," the other said, affably, and he, too, held out his hand. We are entrusting ourselves to your good offices. Mr. Lee; you—"

And then he paused. Lee had made no motion to take his hand; he was looking steadily through the little space which separated them. I could see his eyes burn.

"I knew a Mr. Betterton twenty years ago," he said in his deep voice, "in Brierley village. My name is Rodney Lee. I think we need not shake hands, Mr. Philip Betterton!"

The other gave a kind of gasp; I saw he remembered. He fidgeted a moment, then laughed nervously.

"Dear me, how odd! how very odd! But I am sure Mr. Lee bears me no grudge for such an old affair."

The manhood of the one noble heart met the paltry littleness of the other. They both forgot, utterly, I saw, that I was there. It was as if they had met in another world alone—they two together.

"I shall hate you till I die!" Lee said quietly. "That is all! I shall hate you till I die!"

It was a strange scene. I think we all three forgot where we were for a moment. All sense of their surroundings slips from the actors in a life drama in the great crises of life. But Mr. Philip Betterton recovered himself first. The smaller nature would do so naturally.

"Come, I don't think we will talk in that foolish way" he said. "We are men of the world, and it is an old story. All fair in love and war, you know! And if the lady preferred me—"

"Keep her name out of it!"

"As you please. Now, shall we pass from this foolish old story and see the pit? We came down to do that, I think."

Rodney Lee turned then and looked at me. "Can you get no one else to take you, doctor?" he said.

"I am afraid not, Lee. But I will go back to the cage and see. Will you come, Mr. Betterton?"

We returned to the cage, finding the men working at it. "Is anything wrong?" I asked, hoping I was not going to be detained. They told me that the cage had jammed badly, and would take some hours to put right. No one could be spared to go with us. I wondered Mr. Betterton did not give it up, but he did not. He did not like to be baulked in trifles. He fumed and fretted furiously, then walked away restively, and presently I saw him enter one of the passages alone. I called to him sharply, and he returned.

"Mr. Betterton," I said curtly, angry with the man's folly, "You surely know better than to go down these passages alone? Are you aware that they twist about in a most confusing way, and that in every pit there is a certain amount of danger.

"Danger? Nonsense! Mr. Gartley told me there had been no accident here for twenty years."

"Which is no reason that there should not be one to day," I said.

For answer he turned off like a sulky schoolboy. I could have shaken him.

"I have been in the catacombs in Rome and in Paris," he said scornfully. "I am not nervous, doctor, if you are; and I shall be back in five minutes."

He walked off deliberately.

Rodney Lee had gone back to the cage, and did not see him go. He came up to me soon after, remarking that the accident to the cage was more serious than he had supposed, Then he said sharply:

"Where is that man?"

"He is an obstinate fool!" I said angrily. "He has gone off by himself. We must follow him, Lee."

"I will go," he said darkly. "He is a fool! He may blunder into some danger. There is a place not far from here where the roof may fall in at any hour. I told the men so only yesterday, and told them not to go near it."

He was trimming his miner's-lamp. his expression one of fierce, sullen anger. Suddenly he laughed harshly.

"Life is an odd business, doctor—an odd business! Hate of that man has blasted my life—burnt up all the good within me—for twenty years! I hated all women and all men for the sake of these two. Sometimes I have thought I would feel better if I could taste revenge. But how am I likely ever to have the chance of that? He stole my sweetheart from me. She was all I had—and he stole her!"

"He is a miserable creature," I said; "and yours was too brave a heart to be broken by a man like that. Why is he not coming back? Lee, will you go—will you follow him?"

He had fastened his lamp in his cap again. He looked around at me strangely.

"What if I give him a scare, doctor? He left me in the dark for twenty years." What if I leave him in the dark now?"

The man's tone frightened me; his harsh laugh startled and grated on me. Evil lies latent in us all. I knew that—it leaps up when least expected.

"I dond't believe you would do such a thing!" I cried. "You are too fine a nature! You are too brave a man!

"Fine! I am not fine at all. I hate him!"

"You hate him, but you could never look upon human suffering, even your enemy's," I said. "I know that! Come, Lee, go!"

He seemed to draw a long breath, but he went. I was left alone, waiting for them. And the moments passed. But they did not come back!

I was left the prey of the most torturing anxiety, and yet I did not wish to confide my fears to the men. Had I done so, they would very naturally have suggested that Rodney Lee was showing Mr. Betterton the working of the pit. They were busy, too, with the cage, and I did not like to disturb them. I paced to and fro, seeking through the dark eagerly with anxious eyes. You know how the minutes drag when you are eager that they should be lengthened out.

They trailed past now, as if weighted by lead. If we were delayed to any extent, there might be patients clamoring for me. I consulted my watch again and again. My patience had just reached its limit, and I was turning to the men to inquire if one of them could not go in search of Mr. Betterton and Lee, when a curious, dull, rushing sound made us all start and raise our heads. The men stopped working and stared at each other blankly.

"The water has broken in at the splint seam!" one man cried. Turning then to me: "The stranger did not go that way, did he doctor?"

"The guv'nor was with him. He knows the place," another man said. And yet they all stood still, and the horrible distant rushing sound continued Something in the sound chilled my blood. I could see it terrified the men.

"Maister Lee knows the place," I heard one mutter. "He knows it. He said to me only last week that the water might break through that old working, and he warned the men. He'd never risk his own life!"

"But he followed Mr. Betterton!" I cried, "If anything happened to detain them! If the water has overtaken them! And I suppose we can do nothing?"

Two men had gone off as if to prospect. They returned now, saying that the lower seam must be flooded; but they could see nothing of the missing men.

I made them return with me till we reached the top of the "dock," or incline leading to the lower level. They prevented my going further, but one man went on till his boots were covered with water.

I pressed on a little in pursuit of him, straining my eyes. He said the water must be breast-high lower down. Betterton was a small, weak man. What chance had he? What was that?

A cry from the men in advance! A sound as of some one pressing through the water—a panting, labored breathing, a dim outline of a huge, dark man approaching us.

"Why!" the man Sharpe called out suddenly, "it's the guv'nor, carrying the stranger gent. It's Mr. Lee."

We all of us rushed forward, and they appeared soon on the high level. Lee stood there, half leaning against the wall of coal, panting heavily.

He had slipped Betterton down from his back, and I bent over him on the floor. I could make no thorough examination; and just as the men put him down his arms relaxed their terrified grip on Lee's neck, and he lost consciousness; but I could see that he had received some serious injury.

The men told me that there were always stretchers kept in the cage in case of accidents. They ran for one of these, the rest returning to their work at the cage, which, they said, was almost concluded. I had time then to attend to Lee.

His left arm hung useless; he was deadly pale, fearfully exhausted, black from head to foot with coal water.

He told me briefly that he had found Betterton had gone down the "dook," and was walking towards the very place he knew to be dangerous. He called to him sharply and peremptorily to turn, and went forward to make him do so by force, if necessary. His hand was on the other's arm, when a great crash above made him realize that what he had feared had taken place. Betterton sank struck down he knew not how; a crashing weight falling on his left arm disabled Lee also. Their lamps went out, his struck from his hat, and Betterton was calling for help. Lee caught him with his good arm, and was pulling him up, groping through the dark and the crash of falling coal and stone from the roof, when the rushing sound which we had heard broke on our ears. In a few moments he was ankle deep—knee deep; the water rose, and rose, and rose! They had a sore fight for their lives.

"But—you carried him here? You saved him?"

He was looking down at the unconscious figure.

"He wasn't able to do anything," he said, slowly; "I think he's hurt internally. He was very scared. I got him hoisted on my back somehow."

"With your broken arm?"

"Yes; somehow!" he repeated. "I'll allow it wasn't easy work tramping up the dook through the water. It was breast high, and up to my neck at least. But I'm a big man, doctor, and I'm bad to beat!"

He gave a kind of grim smile. The inherent nobility of the man was such that I think for the time he had actually forgotten all that had passed, and that the man he had rescued so bravely was the man he had hated and would hate, he had declared, as long as they two should live.

He stooped with the others, as if mechanically, to help raise the stretcher, when the men called out that the cage would work and we could ascend. I drew him back, reminding him of his own injury.

"It will set!" he said laconically. "You'll come and put it right, doctor, after you've seen to him!"

I nodded, saying nothing, and we ascended in the cage. Lee went off striding alone to his own cottage once we were up. They were telling the story in scattered groups, but he paid no heed—I could see him shake off some men who came up, and seemed to be praising him.

"What are you talking about?" he cried, roughly. "Would you have me leave the man to drown? Stop your chatter, and leave me alone!"

They watched him go. I could see them standing to look after him admiringly, though they shook their heads.

"Queer man, the guv'nor; always made nought o' a' he did. And his arm badly broke, too, and him in a goodish bit of pain! Wonder if he'd let the new Jubilee nurse do any little thing for him afor' you come, doctor?"

"You can try," I said. "She's new, and maybe won't take a rebuff. Got her head on her shoulders, too. I'll come as soon as I can." And I went off with Philip Betterton.

Mr. Betterton was very ill, and his wife and daughter were telegraphed for. Some of his ribs were broken, and he had, besides suffered some internal injury. His wife brought a celebrated London physician with her; but for days his life hung on a thread. Lee, too, had been obliged to stay indoors for much longer than he liked. Even his iron frame was not impervious, and he had caught a chill while fighting with the icy black waters. He was obliged to stay in bed, and the new Jubilee parish nurse—a tall, sweet faced woman from Glasgow Infirmary—attended him. I warned her he would prove a most refractory patient, and she laughed blithely.

"I know them, doctor! I know men's little ways. They are big babies—and they do hate to be made to obey! But this man—after the first tussle—gave in like a lamb!"

"You must be a witch!" I said, at which the Jubilee nurse laughed again.

An odd fancy came to me when I saw how docile Rodney Lee was on any occasion on which I met them together.

Could the unhealed sore of a life be cured, after all, under a woman's magic smile? Was this thing possible?

He asked me one day, not looking at me, how Mr. Betterton was. I answered him: "Rather better."

"I saw the wife and daughter," Nurse Bertha said innocently. "They were driving. She's a good-looking woman, but faded and delicate-looking. The daughter was pretty with such curly dark hair! Have you seen her, doctor?"

I could see Lee turn his head away. Had his old sweetheart had just such hair? It was strange to think of them here. Would Mr. Betterton ever tell his wife the story! Would they ever meet? Not likely. Betterton was to be taken south, I heard, whenever able to travel. I did not think he was the kind of man to make any generous amends, or even to be be capable of generous gratitude. But I might be wrong.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

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