

EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Edith was just passing through the room on her way to take an afternoon walk. She paused by the table and glanced at the book...

Clara, do potato-balls ever grow into potatoes? he asked anxiously. In the evening the Dalzell minister arrived and took their minister away with them...

She knelt at once, for her mother's and her own sake, with a murmured, "Please to bless me, Lord." But when he had given the blessing, laying his hand upon her head, and looking down into her face with that expression of serious earnestness...

With the finger pointing to a passage on which he had closed his eyes: "I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an O altitudo!" From that the reader had gone out into the mystery of sleep with a smile lingering on his face...

Alon had thirty-one days should be produced this time. Good-by to July! I would have spoken you more courteously, O month of Caesar! had you not stood between my friend and me...

As a friend of the family brought young Christie a game of patience. The youngster did not seem to be enchanted with the present, however, he thanked the giver and said: "It is really for me."

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