

Dyspepsia

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 152 pounds, suffering burning pain in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years my life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a weakman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as cured his wife of the same complaint. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Intense Suffering

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla, as cured his wife of the same complaint. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

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I've Heard Some People Say.

That friendship's but a fable, That human hearts are cold, And that the lock of Love is turned But by a key of gold. And that this grizzling human race Is born to sin and sorrow; That light of heart to-day but means A heavy heart to-morrow.

That all is grim vexation And vanity below; That life's a game of hazard, Our years a span of woe. But this is how I found it, I have more friends than foes; More sun than shadow tints my path. I have more joys than woes, It clouds obscure my path to-day. I know the sun will follow; So smilingly I wait to catch The glory of the morrow.

The world is as we view it, Our days are gold or gray, And life is what we make it, Whatever people say.

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P. CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE PIKES IN GOOD REPAIR." In the grey light of early morning a little village, some six or seven Irish miles from the city of this story, began to present a scene of unusual animation.

From all parts of the surrounding country men began to make their appearance by ones and twos, and in parties of larger number. Men of the peasant class mostly, covered up in huge frieze coats, not only to protect them against the air, which even in these days of early summer was chill in the hours of dawn, but also, as it would appear, for the purpose of concealing certain mysteries and bulky objects not usually part of the peasant's implements.

These men, as they gradually began to accumulate in the narrow little street which formed the principal artery of human existence in the hamlet, exchanged with each other certain words of greeting symbolic of association, and, satisfied with each other's brotherhood, organized themselves into larger bodies, as drops of water run together to form a shining pool.

By the time that the morning had lived two or three hours the whole village was densely crowded with these strange invaders.

Conspicuous amongst this mass of men were half a dozen young men, who moved lithely and thither in all directions, giving orders, exchanging greetings, and with no inconsiderable degree of military skill and precision arranging the somewhat disordered mob of humanity into distinct and well-organized groups.

At the door of one of the cabins a young man sat and superintended the distribution of a quantity of weapons which were brought out for him from the interior, weapons of all sorts and kinds, and of various degrees of usefulness, from the latest form of rifle created in Transatlantic factories to pike heads that had been hammered on the model of weapons that had served in the heart of the Wicklow hills in 1803.

Revolvers and swords there were too, in considerable quantity, and where the more regular implements of warfare ran short, axes and even scythes were pressed into requisition in order to make some one of that vast crowd who were eagerly clamoring for arms better fitted to be a fighting animal.

The man who was distributing the weapons was Brian Fermanagh. The other young men were gradually getting the crowd into shape, who were apportioning off those men who had been already armed, or who had brought arms with them, into separate squads, and here and there putting a few of the less taught through some hasty measures of drill, were members of the Confederate Association, colleagues and companions of Fermanagh, devoted adherents and admirers of MacMurrough.

As the morning slowly wore on, the process of distributing arms, of drilling, and of organizing went on rapidly. The village itself was, under the directions of one of the Confederates, aided by a picked squad of men with pikes and shovels, put into a condition to resist an attack; which showed that a considerable knowledge of military strategy was not wanting in the ranks of the Young Irishmen.

By the time that the early sunlight rays over the world the process of organizing was almost complete, though still man after man and detachment after detachment continued to pour into the village as to a common centre from all the hills around.

About 9 o'clock, just as Fermanagh was distributing the contents of the last batch of weapons that had been brought up and laid before him from the interior of the cabin, a shout was heard from the distance, where a vedette had been placed to give warning of any approach.

The shout, which seemed a joyous one, was promptly and loudly taken up. Brian Fermanagh sprang to his feet, and in another moment the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and through the crowd, parting to left and right with shouts of wild enthusiasm, MacMurrough, followed by Cormac, rode down the little street, and, leaping off his horse, grasped his friend by the hand.

It was a scene of the most passionate enthusiasm. The two leaders standing by a very ingenious and original process, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., are enabled to extract the essential properties of the materials used in the preparation of their famous "Ayer's Sarsaparilla," thus securing a purity and strength that can be obtained in no other way.

there with clasped hands, with the pure sunlight on their pale young faces and the soft summer air stirring the dark locks of the one and the yellow hair of the other; the little knot of men of like age who stood by, the companions of their cause, the colleagues of their counsel; and all about and around thronging the open space of the hamlet the eager Celtic faces of the men who rallied there obedient to a summons to strike, undisciplined and ill-armed, a blow for freedom.

The sunlight shining on that mass of men and weapons now glanced upon another object, on which the eyes of all were turned. A great pole had been erected close by the cabin where Fermanagh had been distributing the weapons. Now, in perfect silence, and while every head was reverentially uncovered, a green flag was slowly hoisted to the summit of the staff, and flung out to the free air the folds on which the uncrowned golden harp caught the gleaming sunshine proudly.

For some seconds the silence was preserved, as if that wild, passionate assemblage found itself awed into stillness by the sight of some sacred relic. Then there broke from numbers of throats cheers and shouts so tumultuous that their echoes rolled far down the valley and into the hollows of the encircling hills, startling the wild birds in the woods and stirring the hearts of men far away with wonder.

It sounded strangely in the ears of a company of horsemen who were riding in the direction of the city, and who heard it ring out upon the morning breeze while they were yet more than a mile away from the village which lay between them and the city to which their course was directed.

The cosmopolitan sun which had lingered so caressingly upon the green banners and the gleaming weapons of the Young Irishmen glanced through the thick foliage with as kindly a glow upon the scarlet coats of these riders, and glinted brightly from their shining sabres.

The crimson-coated riders were part of a cavalry regiment that had been summoned from a distant town to reinforce the garrison of the southern city.

In those summer months of 1848, when insurrection was in the air, and when authority, uncertain as to the actual magnitude of the danger with which it had to deal, was taking all manner of precautions and making all kinds of military movements in order to be able to strike at rebellion wherever it might raise its armed hand, the incessant movement of troops in all parts of the country from one place to another was one of the features of the time.

So the red pageant horse and foot was no unfamiliar sight on Irish roads and highways, and this body of cavalry aroused no wonder, but only a fierce sense of wrong in the villages through which it flashed and clattered on that July morning as it rode towards the distant city.

The officer in command was riding quietly at the head of his men, conversing with another officer, when that wild cry which greeted the hoisting of the Irish standard in the village ahead rang out and startled their horses, making them rear and plunge for a moment in wild confusion.

Captain Amber looked at his companion inquiring. He knew that the Government expected rebellion; he knew that the Young Ireland party talked and thought rebellion; but he had himself disbelieved in it, and laughed at it. He had regarded the orders which were now sending him to the city as a wearisome and harassing piece of unnecessary precaution against an imaginary danger, and he had been chafing at the worry of the change to his companion.

There was something in that ringing shout, however, which seemed to impress him ominously, for after a few whispered words with the other officers, he gave the order to trot, and in another moment the whole body of men were moving with accelerated rapidity in the direction of the village.

In the village itself by this time the military was known and prepared for. The green flag had not been floating many moments, the cry of joy which had greeted it had barely died away, when a scout came rushing in breathless to tell MacMurrough that a body of soldiers were coming down upon them, were at that moment little more than a mile away.

The consultation of the Young Irishmen upon this unexpected tidings was brief; their decision prompt.

CHAPTER XXV. GREEN AND RED.

When Captain Amber at the head of his men reached the village, he found the entrance skilfully barricaded by a pile of felled tree-trunks, behind which gleamed a level line of rifles.

Between the barricade and the armed men stood Brian Fermanagh, with his crossed hands resting on the hilt of his sword.

As Captain Amber came close to the barricade he gave the word to halt, and the cavalry closed up behind him, a shining mass of steel and scarlet.

For a moment the two forces surveyed each other silently, then Fermanagh, in a loud, clear voice, asked the officer what he wanted.

Captain Amber replied gravely that he wanted to pass through the village on his way to the city beyond.

Prevention is Better Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used by thousands with great success. It is the best blood purifier.

"Then," said Fermanagh, "if you are allowed a free passage, will you give me your word of honour that you will pass through peacefully and make no attempt against us?"

Fermanagh had thought at first that this attachment of cavalry was sent on purpose against them, probably with the intention of securing the persons of the rebel leaders. After a consultation with MacMurrough, they had agreed not to risk the shock of an encounter unnecessarily.

Captain Amber reflected a moment over Fermanagh's request. His position was awkward. He had known nothing of the intended rising. He had no instructions to deal with any rising. His duty was only to reach the city as rapidly as possible. Under these conditions it seemed to him that the best thing he could do was to accede to Fermanagh's request. He saw that if he refused it would be by no means an easy thing to force his way through the village. The barricade was skilfully constructed. The number of men behind it was considerable and determined. The attempt might end in the destruction of the force under his command, and must inevitably cause prolonged fighting and much bloodshed before it could be decided either way.

After a few moments' reflection, therefore, he announced to Fermanagh that he accepted his conditions. Fermanagh gave the necessary orders, and in a few minutes a number of eager hands had removed the ponderous barricade, and allowed admittance for the soldiers.

Captain Amber gave the word to advance, and rode slowly into the village, followed by his men.

Each side of the street was lined by the armed peasantry; and it was a curious sight to see the cavalry in their shining accoutrements moving slowly down the narrow line between these two walls of armed rebellion.

As they passed by the great staff from which the green flag was floating, Captain Amber glanced up at the insurrectionary standard, and first frowned and then smiled. He glanced at MacMurrough, who was standing beneath it with his arms folded, watching the strange pageant go by.

MacMurrough glanced back at him, and Amber ordered a halt. Sharply the men came to a stand-still with a rattle and clank of their accoutrements.

An angry murmur ran through the armed crowds on either side, and for a moment they seemed to be about to close in upon the soldiers. But MacMurrough raised his hand and advanced a little, for he saw that the English captain wished to speak with him.

Amber leaned to a pike with his horse, and, addressing MacMurrough, said, "Am I right in supposing that you are the leader of these men?"

"I am their leader," answered MacMurrough, looking fixedly at him. "For a few moments their gaze continued, then Captain Amber drew himself up again.

"We shall meet again, sir," he said. "I hope so," answered MacMurrough, drawing back.

Amber gave the order to advance, and the soldiers filed slowly through the streets of the village, and out to the road beyond; and then Amber gave the order to gallop, and in a few moments they were out of sight.

Fermanagh came up to MacMurrough. "They will spread the alarm, and be upon us again soon enough. We have no time to lose!"

CHAPTER XXVI. REBELLION'S FRONT. Mountmarvel and Lillias Geraldine walking on the terrace after breakfast saw in the distance, on the road beneath them, a little crowd of cavalry flash like a crimson comet and disappear in their dust in the direction of the city.

Lillias admired the picturesque effect of the fleeting vision; but Mountmarvel looked after the departing cavalry with a sombre face.

Something had happened, or was going to happen, to make them gallop at such a day, he thought to himself, and the thought, coupled with the knowledge of MacMurrough's escape, set his fancy working unasily.

But he took good care to express none of his uneasiness to Lillias, and they walked up and down the terrace for some time talking together.

Mr. Geraldine was inside poring eagerly over the masses of Oriental manuscripts which the care of the late Mountmarvel had accumulated, and which the present lord had left to lie in helpless confusion, from which the enthusiastic Orientalist was now delightfully endeavoring to extract them.

Mountmarvel had taken Lillias Geraldine all over the grounds that surrounded Mountmarvel Castle. He had shown her his horses and his dogs, and the portraits of the ancestral Mountmarvels, including, of course, in their number another portrait of that face with which Lillias had already been made familiar, and whose living likeness was by her side—the face of the Mountmarvel whom the MacMurrough of the last century had killed in the duel.

Now they had come back to the terrace, and were walking up and down waiting till Mr. Geraldine would consent to leave his treasure-trove for a while and come for a ride.

Lord Mountmarvel was a pleasant companion. He was an amusing talker, and he was exceedingly eager to please Lillias, and so he talked his way through the village.

He was attempting to drift slightly from the conversational into the sentimental vein, and was thinking of hazarding some remarks upon the comparative emptiness and loneliness of his life, when their talk was interrupted in a somewhat strange and startling manner.

From out of one of the wooded copses which lay below the terrace some eight or ten men suddenly burst, and sped rapidly up the decline towards the Castle doors.

Mountmarvel stopped in the middle of a sentence, stiffened into silence by surprise.

The men who were making so eagerly to him were, as he saw at once, constabulary. They were carrying rifles in their hands, and were running at full speed, evidently flying from some unseen danger.

"What is the matter?" asked Lillias, startled by the unexpected sight and by the sudden change in Mountmarvel's face.

"I don't know," he answered, stifling something like an oath; and in another moment the fugitives were before him, breathless upon the terrace.

"What is the matter?" Mountmarvel asked.

One of the constabulary answered him—"My lord!" he gasped, "the country is up, the rebels have just attacked the police barracks yonder," he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the village some few miles away. "There has been a scuffle, some of them were shot, and we have been obliged to fly for our lives. They are coming here, my lord, to look for arms. Get in at once, and shut your doors, there is not a moment to lose."

Mountmarvel saw in a second that the danger was serious. Mountmarvel Castle was famous for its collection of arms and armour, and Mountmarvel perceived readily enough that the exaggerated rumours which floated about the country side as to the quantity and nature of these weapons would naturally attract the attention of any body of rebels seeking arms.

In another moment he had hurried Lillias inside the castle, and summoned his servants, set to work at once, aided by the constabulary, to resist the threatened attack.

Mr. Geraldine, disturbed by the noise and tumult from his peaceful studies, emerged from the study in surprise, to find Mountmarvel's household putting up shutters everywhere, and barricading doors, to find Mountmarvel distributing rifles and revolvers among his servants, and the wide hall in possession of a body of armed constabulary, who were looking carefully to the loading of their weapons, and making loop-holes in the shutters of the lower windows.

Lillias was standing by herself in a corner, her hands clasped, her face set and pale. As soon as she saw Mr. Geraldine she sprang to his side.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Geraldine. But before she had time to answer Mountmarvel interposed.

"Some of these scoundrels have broken out at last, and are coming here to search for weapons. I think we shall give them a warm reception," he said, as he glanced around upon the preparations for defence and on the armed men about him, who did not, however, express in their faces any pleasurable anticipations of the coming conflict.

Mr. Geraldine gazed at his host in surprise.

"Why, this is most exciting," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that we really are about to be besieged? If so, I must lend you a hand. Give me a gun or something, I used to be familiar enough with weapons once, and an still not altogether useless."

He reached out his hand for the revolver Mountmarvel handed him. As he took it Lillias caught him by the arm.

"Edward," she whispered, almost fiercely, "you will not fight against these men? They are our countrymen! They are fighting for their freedom! Remember that you are a Geraldine!"

"Look there!" he said; "there's a pleasant sight to see on one's lawn." He pointed to the loop-hole, and Mr. Geraldine, bending forward, looked through it at the strange scene outside.

CHAPTER XXVII. PREPARING FOR SIEGE. Outside, where the soft, green lawn sloped from the thickly wooded plantation to the gentle elevation on which the terrace stretched, stood a motley crowd of men, variously and curiously armed. Over their heads floated a green banner, and in front of their roughly formed ranks some half-dozen men, who appeared to be leaders, were standing together in apparent consultation.

The effect, to Mr. Geraldine's unconcerned and impartial mind, was pleasing enough. The background of the thick, dark pine trees, the view of the distant hills and winding river far away, the soft grassy platform and the warm summer sky, all served to compose a very admirable natural theatre for the picturesque body of armed men who were now drawn up in menacing attitude in front of Mountmarvel Castle.

Mr. Geraldine had always an eye for the picturesque. In circumstances of danger—and he had been in many dangerous places in his time—he could never shake himself free from the habit of regarding the whole matter more from the point of view of an unconcerned though interested observer than as a direct participator in its possible peril.

At the present moment he might have been more inclined to appreciate the danger, because it menaced less himself than the host beneath whose roof he was staying, and beneath whose roof, also, so gordly a collection of Oriental MSS. was gathered together.

A faint pang shot through Mr. Geraldine's heart as he thought of the risks to which these priceless documents might be exposed in case of any serious attack upon the Castle.

But the pang was a transient one, and passed rapidly away, leaving Mr. Geraldine merely the interested spectator of what promised to be a highly dramatic episode.

"A fine-looking set of men," he whispered to Mountmarvel, who was standing next to him. "A fine-looking set of men, but sadly armed."

"Confound them!" was Mountmarvel's brief ejaculation in answer to Mr. Geraldine, who, hardly heeding them, went on—

"They remind me a little," he said, "of a group of Arabs who once attacked our caravan not far from Aleppo. Of course, I don't mean that the men are like Arabs; but the general effect, the curious and eccentric display of weapons, the rough grouping, this odd moment of pause before action, all these—"

Here Mr. Geraldine stopped short in his somewhat untimely reminiscences, and said in a changed tone of voice, "I think they are sending an envoy towards us."

From the group of young men who stood in front of the armed crowd one indeed did now detach himself, and came forward very leisurely up the gentle incline towards the terrace.

Mountmarvel lifted the rifle that lay beside him, put it to his shoulder, and was about to take aim.

Mr. Geraldine caught his hand and stayed him.

"The laws of war, my dear sir," he said; "the laws of war. The man is an envoy, he is coming alone—the bearer of terms. We must conduct this campaign, if campaign it be, on regular principles."

Mountmarvel glanced up half angrily at Mr. Geraldine. But there was something in the elder man's grave, determined manner which seemed to impress the younger. With a shrug of his shoulders he laid the rifle down, and awaited the coming of the hostile envoy in silence.

The young man meanwhile advanced leisurely up the inclination till he came to the terrace, when he paused before the doorway of the Castle.

In the course of his quiet advance he had keenly noted all the surroundings of the situation, all the strengths and weaknesses of Mountmarvel Castle for sustaining a rapid and even hurried attack.

Brian Fermanagh, for it was he, often in later days described to me this strange siege, until I seemed almost as well acquainted with the topography of Mountmarvel as if I had been by his side on that July morning.

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