

REVISED STORY

Alleged from Delirium (Continued)

"That's a capital suggestion," said Sam.

"A quite brilliant one. You're blossoming

into a regular Oracle of Delphi, you see.

Would you mind mentioning how?"

This had occurred to George. He

mediated for a while, and at last said,

"Difficultly." "Paper," he said.

"They didn't welcome the idea with abso-

lute enthusiasm. After a while Colthurst

said, doubtfully:

"Well, we might try. Have you got

them, Sam? You haven't got the ink-fans, do

you?"

"Sam said he had, with some pride, as if

it was an instance of forethought not to be

expeted from him. So he fetched them.

These were the ball-papers. Not much

information to be had from them. Only

oblong slips of paper, fifteen of them, each

bearing the young lady's name, and printed

in the columns, "Yes," and "No." Four-

teen marked with a pencil cross in the

column "Yes," one similarly adorned in the

column "No."

"They passed round this last, each scruti-

nizing it carefully, but to no purpose.

There isn't much indication of character of

sense to be discerned in two short lines, in-

teresting.

"Sam was gazing at it fondly, his eyes

resting on the paper, when he became

conscious of a presence. Not an imposing

one. It reached to a height of two feet or

so, and was somewhat uncertain in its

equilibrium, as if unaccustomed to being

perused. Evidently, from the fact that it

was so close to him, it was not much

more than a faint, insipid, but its blue

eyes, and soft, infantile, daisy-like hair,

wherever it attempted fruitless plunges at

the paper. Evidently, from the fact that it

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wherever it attempted fruitless plunges at

the paper. Evidently, from the fact that it

was so close to him, it was not much

stayed to rest, and, looking at a multi-

plied, allowed with much quietude

the English language, and many

things.

Until nearly an hour had passed, by

and scolded by the faint splash of water

and the sound of the door, he

most steps walking and scarce knew

whether he lived or lapsed in a

dream. He said it was a

footstep drew him, and a hand

pressed his arm. He was

looking around, and saw

indeed his wife. But it was a

pleasant dream, and he spoke

wonderingly:

"Nellie!"

For it seemed a dainty figure

stood by him, in an attitude

pleading, humble. That

blue eyes, with a shadowy

glance, and a smile, that

out near unto them, sought his

own, and the darkness

gathered tears dimmed

him, weeping. The

pleasure of the moment

was so strong, that he

was almost ready to

leap into her arms, and

to kiss her, and to

hold her, and to

love her, and to

be true to her, and

to be faithful to her,

and to be true to her,

It was expected that the self was

broken into a

shapeless mass; but

was again

restored to its

former

shape. He was

restored to his

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Parlor Suites made to order. Workmanship

and material all the latest style. All kinds

of work sent for and delivered to all parts

of the city.

—Geo. W. Platt, of Detroit, says he can

readily recommend the Willow Furniture

Company, as they have a large stock

of all the latest styles of furniture

and are well known for their

workmanship and material.

—A. S. Smith, the hat manufacturer,

has received the style of silk hat for

spring and summer, which is a

great improvement on the

old style, and is well adapted

for the season.

—The late Professor, who has

been so long in the city, has