

MISS BEE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CONTINUED.

The door was answered by a chubby, round-faced girl, with beady eyes and a mouth, who shook her head. 'Master's gone down the wash, she said. 'Missus is in. Like to see her? The visitor said he would. And, evidently under the impression that he was a patient, the girl led him into the little surgery, and left him without a word. Fred Hesselby raised his eyebrows, and took in the scene at a glance. The little room looked like a scion cut from country chemist's shop, grafted on to the stock of an old study; and by the window, with a phial in one hand, a large, stoppered gold labelled bottle in the other, stood, with her head thrown back, the doctor's daughter herself, carefully counting the drops that fell from the larger vessel, their speed being controlled by the glass stopper half out, and deftly kept in its place by one long white finger.

She quite answered to the description given by her father; and as Fred had the opportunity of inspecting her closely in her plain green cloth robe, with its cuffs, and plain collar about her large shapely throat, he acknowledged to himself that she was a very fine woman. The other occupant of the room was a very brown, very wrinkled man of sixty-five or so. As he sat on a well-polished Windsor chair, resting his feet on a table, and his hands upon his stick, his back seemed curved and his brow furrowed, as if he bore in miniature the reflection of some of the ridges he had ploughed in many a field. He was watching the falling of the drops as intently as the lady who made them drip, and neither paid the slightest heed to the newcomer.

'Fifty!' rang out, in a clear, pleasant voice; and the stopper was driven home with a click, the big bottle put back in a small drawer opened, and a little clock found, which was nipped and bitten so between some little white teeth, before speaking with apparent resentment, it was thrust into the bottle. The next proceeding was the moistening of a label with the mouth that contained the teeth; the label was affixed to the bottle, and said: 'Poison. For outward application only.'

'There, Dick,' said the lady, handing it to the rustic. 'Now, mind, that is to rubbin' in; you must not take a single drop.'

'Aw raight, Miss Bee, I know; and will it case them that grinding pains, or keep me wacken all night?'

'Yes, I believe it will. Sorry my father or was out.'

'Oh, for ye needn't be, Miss. I'd just as soon go by what you say as the doctor, anny day. Morn', Miss Bee. Morn', Mester, and he shuffled out of the room.

'My father is out,' said the lady quietly. 'Can I do anything for you?'

'What, Mester?' said the visitor. 'The young lady nodded. 'Well, yes, please. Some breakfast. I'm starving. I'm Fred Hesselby.'

'Of course you are,' cried the lady, frankly, as she held out her hand. 'Glad to see you. Papa will be back to dinner.'

Half an hour after Fred Hesselby was thoroughly enjoying a hearty Lincolnshire breakfast—no despicable meal after a long walk—and all the time, chatting freely, he was making himself acquainted with the character of his hostess, fully aware that in a free, straightforward fashion she was inspecting and examining him.

After breakfast Bee proposed what she called a look round, speaking in a quick, sharp, peremptory tone. 'You London gentlemen don't see much of our rough rustic ways,' she said. 'Come and see the horses.'

'Won't do for me,' said Fred to himself. 'But I'll be as civil as I can. How foolish of my father to get this crocheted into his head.'

'Better put on your hat,' said Bee. 'Thank you, I will,' he said. 'And you?'

'Oh no. Fresh air never hurts me. Come along.'

Fred followed, and Bee led the way to the neat stables, where a couple of horses turned their heads to gaze at them with their great soft eyes, seeming to enjoy the caresses of their young mistress, as she went into each stall and slapped their necks and rubbed their muzzles before turning to her visitor.

'Joe-boy is rising three, and up to any weight,' she said. 'Carries my father easily. Silly Sally is aged, but full of go. I ride her. Joe-boy could carry you well. Can you ride?'

'Well—a little,' said Fred, quietly. 'Won't you pat them. They won't hurt you.'

'Think not,' said Fred in a hesitating voice; and he went delicately amongst the straw, and just touched each horse, making the young lady's lip curl with scorn.

'Papa must have been mad to propose such a thing,' she said, mentally. 'The dreadful country hoyden,' thought Fred. 'Talk about a strong-

mailed woman. Bah! the governor must have been off his head.'

'Come and see the cows,' said the lady, imperatively; and Fred bowed, and followed meekly to where three beautiful moss-colored Jersey cows were ruminating in a field.

These among their tails lazily and blotted as they were pulled their horns tufted, the visitor standing at a respectful distance watching his guide, who then took him to where a frail, old man was perched by itself ready to show its appreciation of the caressing hand by making dashes at it with a very long curved tongue.

'Nasty creature,' said Fred to himself, as he saw Bee wiping her white hands on her pocket handkerchief. 'You don't like cows,' she said, half scornfully.

'But I appreciate their works,' he said, civilly.

'My spary,' said the lady, stopping before a row of wooden hives. 'Perhaps you had better not come too near, as you are strange,' she added, as she went from hive to hive more than once, stretching out a hand to let the busy bees in and out, and out settle on her forefinger, to crawl about for a moment before continuing their journey. 'Don't they sting?'

'Sometimes,' said Bee, calmly. 'I don't mind.'

'Who manages them when they swarm?'

'No,' said Bee. 'Do you like honey?'

The tour of inspection was continued; and the bees were watched with the stumpy birch broom, the poultry and bees were fed; the garden was well weeded over, and the visitor followed to the gardener and examined. He was told that he need not be afraid of the bees. Bee's upper lip curled a good deal as she saw her father carefully remove two or three marks from his trousers; and at last the bees returned to give the warmest of greetings and welcomes to their friend's son.

Dinner followed in due time; plans were made for the next day; and at last Fred Hesselby retired to rest, after playing a three-handed whist, and taking a very good night's sleep, too tired even to think.

CHAPTER IV.

OIL AND WATER DO NOT MIX. A week passed, and Bee was in the surgery with her father, while Fred was writing a letter to Bloomsburg.

'Well, my dear; how are matters going on?' said the doctor.

'Oh beautifully, papa,' said Bee, laughing. 'Oh how glad I am that we are country folk.'

'But, come; you are rather hard upon Fred.'

'Herd? How can you talk so, dear? What is there in him to like? Did you ever see anything so ridiculous as the way he rides?'

'Well, he has a bad seat, certainly, but he sticks on, and when we had that canter on Monday he kept up.'

'For very shame, father dear. Oh, how can anyone be so unmanly as to be afraid of horse-back?'

'Many people are, my dear; but I must confess that he is not quite what I expected.'

'He's a miserable coward,' said the girl, frowning, and I'm ashamed of him. 'My dear Bee?'

'Well, I am, papa; and I do wish he was not your dear old friend's son. Was Mr. Hesselby like him when he was young?'

'By George! no, my dear. He was a daring rider and a splendid oar. He fished, shot, did anything. Why, he was A. 1. at athletics. You see Fred has led a London life. But he's very clever, my dear.'

'At saying unpleasant, sarcastic things. 'But he has a great depth of knowledge of the world—politics, and people, and the like.'

'He knows nothing about people such as we are,' and Bee, with her eyes, flashing, 'and I hate him! I wouldn't marry him for all the world. Only let him dare to ask me to—that's all!'

Doctor Banks sat looking at the door through which his daughter had passed, thoughtfully forking up his grey hair with his fingers the while.

'I was afraid it would not do. Poor old Tom will be horribly disappointed; but it is all a blunder.'

Meanwhile, Fred Hesselby was getting on with his letter to the thoughtful solicitor in Serjeants' Inn.

'I am almost beginning to sympathise with Harry the Bluff,' he said, amongst other things. 'I never did amongst bachelors; but there was an occasion when history the truthful states that he exclaimed, "They have lattered me to a Flemish mare!" I quite conceive his sensations upon that occasion. Not that I am lattered; not that I mean to be. Again, not that the lady to whom I have been led is a Flemish mare, but a very handsome, healthy, robust young Englishwoman, who might make some man happy, but who, with me, would either be a divorced wife on questions of tempo, or a widow at the end of a year. Now, my dear father, I do honestly wish

to fall in with your notions; but, as I am sure that you don't want to see my name in the Divorce Court, and perfectly certain that you would sooner die yourself than go into mourning on my behalf, I am obliged to tell you that a union between Belinda or Bee Banks and your affectionate son is utterly out of the question.'

'You will say, Why?'

'I simply answer, that we entertain a thoroughly mutual dislike. I rather suspect that she has been making herself out worse than she really is to disgust me; and I cannot complain; for certainly if I have a best I have not put it on. You know I am rather odd, and here I have some sympathy with you! He is a perfect specimen of a true-hearted, pure-minded country gentleman, and my mind here has thoroughly made me comprehend why your friendship has endured. Well, I am chatting with him over a cigar, and these are the pleasant moments that I have here. But fancy the talk veering to partridge-shooting, and my being informed that the light double gun in the case is Bee's!'

'But surely she doesn't shoot? I say "Birds, Sir? Why she'll bring down her birds right and left better than any man I know. Wonderfully clever girl, my dear boy," the old gentleman goes on. 'The help she is to me in my profession is immense. The poor people prefer her to me. Look at that.'

'My dear father, I look at that. To my horror, it is an exceedingly large, coarse thumb in a bottle, pickled in spirits, and I am informed that on one occasion John Hodgkin contrived to get two fingers smashed and his thumb injured in a thrashing-machine; that the doctor was away for a couple of days, and that Miss Bee went to the knife-case, did a bit of amputation, dressed the stumps, and so well that the pieces healed. Very satisfactory, of course, for the wife of a surgeon in a new colony; but, my dear father, can you expect me to marry a woman like that? She gives me the creeps. I shall be back the day after tomorrow.'

But Fred Hesselby did not go back the day after tomorrow, for he stopped another week. And then, somehow, he stayed another week.

'The place is doing me good, and the doctor is the quintessence of hospitality. I'm getting some excellent shooting and fishing,' he wrote, 'so I may as well finish my holiday here. I see very little of Miss Bee now. There is a sort of truce between us. We let each other alone, while the doctor and I are always together. Talk about fishing, though, I had a day after the jack with her ladyship on a big lake there is here. I never had such pike fishing before. We took sixteen, and the smallest was three pounds and a half. Her ladyship landed one of twenty-five pounds, and I got one of fourteen. She fishes just like a man, only better. Fancy seeing a lady land a big pike by sticking a finger and thumb into its orbits and lifting it out. Ugh!'

Another week and another, and then came a letter which took the old solicitor's breath away. It was very brief. Here was the pith:

'It has all been a mistake on both sides. Bee and I are engaged. My dear father, congratulate me, for I am the happiest of men. Home tomorrow, and will tell you all.'

Mr. Thomas Hesselby, of Serjeants' Inn, was at home in his gloomy dining-room at Great Guildford street when this letter came. He had just dined, and was about to enjoy his glass of wine. As above said, the surprise took the quiet solicitor's breath away, but it soon came back; and, rising from his seat, he took a key from a drawer in the sideboard, went into the hall, lit a chamber candle, and went down to the cellar for a pint of the bottle of a very old and peculiar port, over which he meditated upon the peculiarities of the human race in connection with marriage.

CHAPTER V. A SURPRISE.

How was it? Oh, as follows: In spite of what nearly approached mutual disgust, certainly dislike. Fred Hesselby was enjoying his visit to the country, and a fortnight went very quickly; so did the third week nearly to the end, when on morning at breakfast the doctor said, in a curious, hesitating way—

'You won't mind pouring out for yourself, will you, my boy?'

'Oh, no, of course not,' said Fred, seizing the coffee-pot. Then, as if recollecting himself, 'Miss Bee not coming down?'

'Fact is she's not at home. Not been back all night; and I'm a little uneasy.'

Fred set down the coffee-pot, and stared. This was beyond all that had gone before. A young lady who stepped out all night! Well, certainly it was enough to make any father a little uneasy.

'I don't quite know what to do about you when she comes back, Fred,' continued the doctor, in a curious, furtive

manner. 'I'm quite used to this sort of thing.'

'The dickens you are!' thought Fred. 'I never give it a thought when she comes and goes; but this time it makes it awkward about you.'

'Pray don't let me cause any uneasiness, my dear Sir,' said the young barrister. 'I'll thank you warmly for your kindness, and if you think it better, I'll bring my visit to a close.'

'I should be very sorry, my boy,' said the doctor, warmly, 'for it has been a treat to me to have you here. I only wish you and Bee could have hit it better; but if you feel at all nervous about meeting her afterwards, perhaps you had better go back.'

'Nervous?' said Fred. 'Well, timid about taking it; some people are. Of course, we are so used to it that we never give it a thought.'

'I'm afraid, doctor, we are playing at cross questions and crooked answers,' said Fred, in his barristerial manner. 'Pray what do you mean?'

'Why, what I say, my dear boy, about your meeting Bee when she comes back from the Thurgoods.'

'The Thurgoods, Sir?'

'Yes; they've got typhus there, badly. Widow Thurgood, poor woman, the little cottage down Bower Lane. Large family. She's down, and two children; and when I told Bee of it, she said she'd go and nurse them. She went directly after dinner last night.'

'God bless her for a true woman!' exclaimed Fred; and the doctor stared, while the speaker felt startled—the words came out in so involuntary a manner.

'Perhaps you had better not risk the infection,' said the doctor.

'Oh, I'm not afraid,' said Fred, gently; and he stayed, and during the next few days he found himself taking flowers and fruits, and medicines and spirits, and nourishing things to the cottage, and seeing Bee and talking to her, and taking messages back; and when an old friend of the widow came and relieved guard, and Bee returned home, the doctor felt quite cheerful to see how much better the young folk got on.

'Why don't you go down to the weir, and have a day with the barbel?' he said; 'they would be on wonderfully such weather as this. You like barbel-fishing, Fred?'

'I should enjoy it immensely if Miss Bee would come,' he replied; and the plans were made, all parting very warmly that night to meet next morning for the fishing excursion, the doctor promising to join them later in the day.

CHAPTER VI. A DAY'S FISHING.

Nothing could have been added to make that morning more beautiful as the punt was moored in the swift water below the weir, towards which Bee forced it easily and well, handling the punt-pole as she stood up in the front with practised hands, Fred watching her the while, and thinking how handsome and graceful she looked, but only to check himself directly, for he had had a night's rest.

'Impossible!' he muttered; 'it would not do. She's a brave true-hearted woman, but she's always doing something I could not stand. Bah! Absurd!'

A similar fit had attacked Bee Banks. For days past she had been warning towards Fred, his conduct during the fever having softened her towards him; but this particular morning, as if from sheer feminine willfulness, she did everything she could think of to make herself distasteful to her father's guest, and the warmth of the previous evening was replaced by a frigid bearing that grew more chilly as the day wore on.

And what a golden day was that: the ever falling water murmured deliciously at the weir, and bubbled and foamed about the boat; the lock-house looked lovely against the back-ground of trees. The lock-keeper's child played upon the bank, and gathered the marsh mangle and ruy perisicaria, or tufts of waving sedge grass. Slow-moving barges came down the river or up the river, passed through the lock, and were gone. Here and there the sleepy cattle cropped the rich grass in the meadows, or came down to stare lazily at the punt; and, as the water foamed and flashed in the sun, or lay calm and mirror-like beneath the overhanging trees in that glen afternoon, the fish bit and were caught, till, in very weariness of the glut, Fred laid down his rod, and wished that the doctor would come, so that he might have someone to whom he could speak.

'She disgusts me,' he said to himself. 'I declare I hate her. How can a woman treat a worm like that?'

It did not occur to the young man that he had impaled a good many wriggling worms that day upon his hook; he could only think of Bee doing the same with her white fingers. Then, too, twice over, she had snipped up great lob worms with a pair of scissors, in pieces an inch long, to act as ground bait; and at this Fred had shuddered, and she had seen it, and making a mocking grimace as she continued her occupation, so that he might not miss the slightest portion of her repulsive task.

'If the doctor would but come,' thought Fred, for the tenth time; but

he came not, and Bee fished, and the lock-keeper's child played upon the bank, and the sun shone warm, and the young man thought he should like to smoke; and then he began to feel drowsy, and then he started back to wakefulness as he heard a cry from towards the lock, some thirty yards away. At the same moment there was a splash, and an ejaculation from Bee.

It was all momentary; and then Fred Hesselby sat spell-bound, as he saw Bee rise up in the boat and plunge right into the boiling stream to rise and swim easily towards where the lock-keeper's child had fallen from the bank, and was being swept away.

'Good Heavens!' ejaculated Fred, and, stripping off his white flannel jacket he, too, took a header into the stream, and began swimming after Bee.

The Lincoln Tress runs swiftly by Bolderford Bridge and the low weir, and Fred Hesselby soon found that he had all his work to do to keep from being swept round by the water back towards the weir; and that, if he wished to reach the child that the doctor's daughter was trying to save, he must swim strongly and well. In fact, it was a hard fight; and in a few minutes they were all three far below the boat and lock-house, Bee much nearer to the child but losing her first quiet methodical stroke for one that was hasty and labored—signs that sent the blood flushing to Fred's face, for, as a practised swimmer, he knew that she was beginning to lose her nerve.

Throwing himself on his side, he made a tremendous effort to overtake her, and was soon close by.

'Be cool,' he shouted, firmly. 'Slowly. Ah, don't do that!'

For she had turned a blanched face towards him, with a wild despairing look in her eyes, and, ceasing swimming, she caught at his arm.

His stern, commanding tone had its effect, and with a gasp she once more struck out towards the shore, but swimming still a quick, excited way.

He did not know what induced him to say the next words, but they came as if by an inspiration; and he exclaimed, raising up the idea of another's peril to chase away the absorbing sense of self—

'We must be steady or we shall be too late.'

Bee uttered a quick, gasping cry; her strokes calmed down to one time for time with those of her companion, and together they swam, partly with the stream, and nearer and nearer to the rapidly sinking bundle of clothes that was being carried along near the shore—reached it; and then there were a few strong strokes. Fred found footing, caught at Bee's hand as she was being swept by; and then—he never knew how—they had staggered through the thick sedge over the towing path, and sunk, panting, upon their knees on either side of the half-drowned child.

For a minute neither could do more than draw painful breath in gasps; then Bee burst into a hysterical fit of crying, caught Fred's hand in hers, and sobbed forth—

'Oh! what a brave thing to do; and I thought—I thought—'

She could say no more; but, self-forgetful now, she applied herself in the most business-like way to trying to restore the child; while, in his helplessness, Fred bent over her, now wringing the water from her streaming hair, now from some portion of her clothes, while the color began to come back to Bee's cheeks, then to her forehead, and lastly he could see the warm flush all down her soft white neck.

Just then the child began to sob and cry loudly, and the tragedy turned to comedy, as the mother from the lock-house, who had just missed her, came running up, furious and angry.

'She's allus a tumbler' in a hussy,' she cried, in strident tones, as she realised the truth. 'There, get home with you. You'll be drowned some day.'

Anger against her offspring filled all the mother's breast, to the exclusion of every thought of gratitude of those who had saved its life, and she followed the sobbing girl, abusing her angrily, till her voice was hushed by the closing of the lock-house door, and with a laugh in his eyes, Fred exclaimed in tragicomic tones—

'Virtue is its own reward.'

Bee laughed, but very faintly, as she held out her hands to her companion; while virtue, in the person of Fred Hesselby, found, if he could read his companion's eyes aright, that he was welcome to other and greater reward, if it was his will.

'You saved my life,' she said, in a tone very different to her usual way of speaking.

'Oh, nonsense!' he cried, quickly. 'Here, I say, doctor; oughtn't we to make haste home and change? Let's walk sharply up to the lock and cross. Hullo! there's your father in the dog cart.'

'Let's walk back,' said Bee, gently. 'It will be better for both.'

It was not a long walk, only lasting about a quarter of an hour, but somehow it was wonderful what was got into it by two people who were dripping wet. It began almost solely in looks, and then all at once, as if warmed up to a tremendous pitch of enthusiasm, there were words:—

'You brave little woman! I never saw anything grander in my life.'

'If I were,' she said, softly. 'Oh, no. It was you who were so brave. Oh, Fred, and I thought you so different to that.'

'Oh, nonsense!' he cried. 'Any fallow could have done that. But, Bee—come now—confess you have been doing all you could to make me think you quite a different girl.'

'Don't you think it is you who ought to confess?' she said, with the tears in her eyes, and her lips—they really were beautifully curved lips—quivering with suppressed emotion. 'Oh, you made me so angry the very first day. I knew why you had come, and it irritated me, and when you looked at me so superciliously, and I saw that sneering smile at me when I was dispensing the aconite lotion, it made me feel as if I must hate you; and I did.'

There was a passionate sob here.

'And—and—my brave, true, unselfish, little woman, you'll go on hating me like this to the very end?'

Their eyes were looking deeply searching each into each just then; and then Bee's lids fell, her head drooped, and in very unmanly fashion, she let her lips fall upon the strong white hand that clasped hers so tightly. It was a simple action, that of a slave some might interpret, acknowledging fealty to a master. At all events, it was Bee's—uncultured Bee's—way of showing her resignation to her fate; and as Fred Hesselby felt the warm, soft touch his heart gave a bound, and—there is no doubt about the matter—he would have clasped his companion in his arms had not the rapid beat of hoofs been heard, and the noise of wheels.

It was the doctor's gig, as he overtook them, after going round by the bridge.

'Why, hallo!' he cried; 'been in?'

'Yes, doctor,' cried Fred, merrily; 'and we are in deeply now—over head and ears, never to come out again.'

'Why, Bee!' cried the doctor; 'it is really true?'

Her lips formed the word 'Yes'; at least they parted for it to come, but no sound was heard. A time came, though, when she said it: that all might hear.

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