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*The Methods of Mr. Sellyer*

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going to be a pretty stiff proposition."

But he had no time for further speculation.

Another lady entered.

This time even to an eye less trained than Mr. Sellyer's the deep, expensive mourning and the pensive eye proclaimed the sentimental widow.

"Something new in fiction," repeated the manager, "yes, madam—here's a charming thing—'Golden Dreams'"—he hung lovingly on the words, "a very sweet story, singularly sweet, in fact, madam, the crit-

