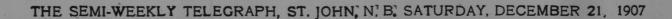
POOR DOCUMENT



the rustling of leaves there in the elm trees, the faint night wind, like the mur-muring of angels? Life your head! Was there anything ever sweeter than the per-fume from that hedge of honeysuckle? "You are so kind," she said, softly. "I shall always like to think of this. And things-and--" "Go on!" "And the woman he loves! There I

5)

LOST



