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BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

CHAPTER XL.

All day the storm had raged and battered and shook the windows with angry hand...

From the widow of a residence, a beautiful country seat, the face peered out into the sunlit eventide...

With a mother's touch and caress Miriam soothed him to untroubled repose again...

He had lived to see his dream fulfilled, however. He had gained, what he had longed for, the life of a man...

And their boy—the bright, winsome little son, inheriting his mother's dark eyes...

These had been his plans, but the best laid plans of mice and men often go wrong...

A light broke over the face as the fastidious eyes met her wild, gleaming locks...

Below stairs the nurse-girl was lifting the child to rest with a sweet cradle song...

The mother bore away the little son, so soon to become fatherless, and the tender-hearted nurse-girl, turning away, burst into tears.

"Oh! it must be an awful thing to die and leave one's friends," she moaned to herself, going about the room...

Miriam shut her eyes and leaned back in the depths of her chair to dream of the things that were to be...

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to her breathing heart and pressed passionately kisses on the cold lips.

"Why was this?" she asked of the midwife, who had been kneeling by the couch Miriam drew the death-damp brow...

They had her away also, then, away from her beloved dead. She sat down beside the sleeping, fatherless child, and throwing one arm over the unconscious body, looked away the night in a vigil of fire.

"Why was this?" she asked of the midwife, who had been kneeling by the couch Miriam drew the death-damp brow...

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Poor old fellow; he had the dress of the Highlander and doubtless thought the music of his bagpipes equal to any of Scotland's minstrel melodies.

"Why do you sing that sorrowful song, my friend?" questioned Miriam, examining lower and recognizing in the dreamy light the picturesque garb of the aged man...

"Then your love is dead, as well as mine," said Miriam, with a tremor of hopeless pain, "and you are here to sing of it."

"Don't! don't!" he cried, "I am a helpless one, you mean to comfort me, but I can not say with you that I am not unhappy."

On the master's white, nagged-looking face, shrewdly guessing it was from the gleam of his eyes, and trying to divine the contents of the old man's mind.

Presently the old man looked wearily, sadly from the letter to the anxious face of the young woman, and he said to her, "I am a helpless one, you mean to comfort me, but I can not say with you that I am not unhappy."

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his loose corner of the building. There he was at work where the fire single stairway and dark, and for shaft. Three fire protection considerably agitated by the fire and carried in, an attempt building proposed, but not...

THE WENT OUT. the incidents of the building...

ASASTERS. Claims Six...

the Minneapolis Families...

the corner of the street was...

the second dwelling by him...

the fact of her being hastened her...

It has not yet been decided...

the President in the house...

the Chinese country's...

the effort has been now ended...

the act of killing hearing...

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the act of killing hearing...

Rue Louis le Grand seemed seized with vertigo, jumping about like sheep...

Guatemala's Crops Go to Waste for Lack of Harvesters.

A. Havelly Antipathy Rio Toll-It Costs Almost Nothing to Live-The Boom Has Arrived.

Guatemala Correspondence New York Tribune...

The Hodag Was Sick.

New York Sun: We had forty minutes to wait at the depot in St. Thomas...

There Was a Moral Lesson in It.

New York Sun: It was agreed by everybody...

MR. DOCKERY WAS THERE.

New York Sun: We were about to leave Louisville on a down-river steamer...

Why are you here?

How long are you in for?

Yes, I'm a murderer.

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