

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1904.



CHAPTER XXXV.-Continued.

They have in this country a par of marvellous fineness prepared from the skin of some sea bird, and ink of a most excellent quality. Night after night f have covered these sheets up with writing, and have now brought the narrative up to the present date. Henceforth, I shall coutinns it from time to time, putting down, as often as I can find leisure to do so, such time it from time to time, putting down, as often as I can find leisure to do so, such events as many interest you. This will en-able me to close the story at almost any moment, and leave you as complete a record as possible. I am impelled to do this by no foolish fear of death or dis-stream a. Land where human existence seems to be held cheap by both Nature and man. I know that under the circumstances, Ordeaux, you will not smile at any faults of diction you may find in what I have written. You are, I know, a stylist; and unevenly balanced sentences iar on your sensitive ear. But you will take this as a

And yet tonight I cannot keep you from my, thoughts, and it seems as though I were for the moment the old Dr. Silex, of Hanbury. House, scholar, pedant, and collector, of books. Up to now I have avoided all personal intercourse in my marrative. I have told, it as an author tells his fittion to the world, not as as one friend writes to another. My purpose has been to gain your undivided attention to my story, and not to pain you with personal thoughts of one whom you may personal thoughts of one whom you may look upon as dead. But tonight it seems took upon as dead. But tonight it seems different. The past rises before me, and I have not been able to resist the tempta-tion of adding these few lines to my nar-rative. If you care to publish this story to the world you can cut them out, for they, will be of little interest to any but recurrent to yourself.* I am lonely and wretched and home-I am ionely and wretched and home-sick tonight, Cordeaux. Perhaps it is that I have a moment's freedom from work; for I have now finished my business of the state and also my formal narrative to you of all that has taken place. At last I have leisure to think, and for the tirt time for the provide the state of the first time for many months my thoughts have wandered to England. It is now 11 have wandered to England. It is now 11 p. m., by Greenwich mean time. The sun is still circling round the horizon, and the light is beginning to weary me. From the window of the tower in which I sit, I can see afar off a thin blue line of sea, and beyond that the white glitter of the eternal ice. It is the wall of my prison. But my eye follows still further south, and I see you reading in your study, with the lamplight on your face; and I can al-most smell the scent of the roses coming in from your garden. I tell you, Cordeaux, that if it were not for the woman I love most smell the scent of the roses coming in from your garden. I tell you, Oordeaur, that if it were not for the woman I love I would crawl out across the ice and try to make for the mainland, preferring my chance of death to this living tomb.
But enough of this. A trumpet call on the battlements has roused me to my true self again. I am tempted to put my pen through all the words I have writ-ten. But on second thoughts I am leaving them. It will do you good to know that for a moment Dr. Siler has been his old self-weak and sentimental.
That trumpet call is the signal for me to go. The troops are gathering in the fourtyard, and I can hear the clattering of their arms. We all have to be in Ar-ranches tonight, for the Queen of As-turms and married to Count Guy of Mar-morel.
God bless you, Cordeaur, and keep some

Otto Thorlasen, mysell, and 500 noise the fact and noticing phones, and fain ing steel, and noding phones, and fain ing area of seats and stands covered with the state of ne phin were the preparations ing in size and magnificmene accovered with the state of ne phin were the preparations ing in size and magnificmene accovered with the state of ne phin were the preparations ing in size and magnificmene accovered with the state of a grant feats and stands covered with the state of grant feats and stands covered with the state of grant feats and stands the down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is is down of the hands and kissed if reverently. This is down of the state of the the state of the the down of the state of the the st

uneventy balanced sentences jar on your sensitive ear. But you will take this as a plain tale of fact, told by a man who has seen and heard the things he writes about and who has endeavored, however feebly, to convery his own impression to your mind.

and who has endewored, however feely, or specified in the second me, it was out the hold second as the period second me, it was out the hold secon wept for very joy. When the procession had entered the castle, the whole town was given up to feasting and revery. For the first time feasting and revery. For the first time for many years the poorer classes had plenty of money in their pockets. The liberal wages paid by the Princess to ex-pedite the rebuilding of Avranches, had enabled a naturally frugal people to put by considerable sums in their leather purses. And they spent it now right with food. Huge fires blazed on the heart-stones. The luscious smell of baking meat permeated the darkest and humblest streets. The sound of laughter rang out even from those homes that were still shadowed by death.

city of the dead. Not a living be-and the queen of more than this party in my fingers seemed to give me strength kingdom, but still a woman. It was the in my fingers seemed to give me strength and hope. She must have seen the moveand the queen of more than this paltry and deliberately, and the feel of the butt en a city of the dead. Not a living beand houses. Not a sound of any descrip- woman that made me start on this expedition came to my listening ears. It was ta scene of singular peace and beauty. One cannot see anything like it in England, where rest only comes with darkness, and the first gleam of light awakens all the toil and tamult of the dev toil and tumult of the day.

to his king. It was a woman that a mom-ment ago hung between life and death, who might even now have been less than For myself there was no rest that night, nor could any scene on earth bring peace the meanest beggar in all the world, and who is yet so thankless to her God that to my fevered brain. Two days hence my dear lady would be formally crowned

the tears still sparkled.

offer, though but a few moments ago I CARLETON COUNTY, JES ment of my hand, and divined my thoughts "No, dear lady," I cried, "I am not al for a look of horror crossed her face, and together vile and selfish. In a moment of

she shrank from me, as one would shrink passion I was blind. But now I see what from some loathsome reptile. "You would die yourself," I said in a I have asked of you. The love of your country, your hopes and plans for its

eproachful voice, "yet you would not let appiness, your oath to a dead man, you "Not die in dishonor," she replied. "Sir ambition and the better part you have chosen. All these I have asked, that Edward, I have read your thoughts. You are too old a friend to mind plain words. What you meditated would set me free may break and crumble them, that I may cast them into the fire of passion and

dear one, I look to you to help me in this weight of sorrow. I am afraid of temptation. After all, I am but a woman feared him that the vile thought of murder came to me. It was rather that I might make the result more centain. But with a woman's heart." shall see with your own eyes that I do I knelt at her feet and kissed her hand. not fear him." "I will serve you with all the strength of

"He will not fight you." "He shall, or I will shoot him like I my body and soul," I replied; "if love is anything more than a thing of earth, anything better than mere possession and happiness. Though my hand may never touch yours again, it will always be near to defand you. They have been appear

you. Good-bye, my dearest one." I rose to my feet and clasped her to m in one long embrace. Then I left her, with trembling limbs and a heart that burned like the flames of hell. As I strode along the courtyard to my chamber, I passed the chapel door. It was open, and

her whole frame was shaken with sous. In a flash I turned sharply on my heel and recrossed the wall. Before I had covered half distance she looked up and I covered half distance she looked up and I

HAVE A CLOSE CALL

Their Horse Frightened by Careless Blasting - One Pitched Out and the Horse Carried Through Plateglass Window.

Centreville, Carleton county, June 20 .---Al bad runaway accident occurred here to-day. Miss Perkins, daughter of S. Perkins, who has been in poor health for sev-eral weeks, and her sister, Miss Cora Perkins, took a drive in the afternoon to-wards Greenfield. It was a beautiful day and the drive was much enjoyed until the sudden interruption at the Ritchie Hill. Here several men of the district were reiring the road. They were blasting and pairing the road. They were blasting and not having guards or the road barricaded, the young ladies drove within a rod of the ock into which the "charge" had been placed and the fuse was already burning. They made an attempt to turn and in this succeeded. But just as they were turned the "charge" exploded. Rocks flew about them. One of the young ladies fell out, the horse ran away and presently precipi-tated the other. The horse ran all the way to Centreville, a distance of about three miles. It could not make the turn into the stable at the hotel and struck against the plate glass window in the store occupied by W. F. Dibblee & Son, break-

ing it in pieces. John Smith, of Williamstown, saw the horse coming and was trying to get out of the way. He failed, however, and was knocked through the window and badly, though not fatally, injured. The young ladies had a wonderfully narrow escape breathe a word in your ear beyond the chatter of a courtier or the advice of a and were not injured beyond a bad shak-ing up. The horse was injured and the wagon hadly broken.

KING'S COLLEGE CLOSING.

The Reconstruction of the Faculty Has Made Many Changes

Windsor, N. S., June 23-The gover-nors of King's College had a long session on Wednesday, from 3 p. m. until midight. About twenty-five members were The work of reorganization, resent. which had been in the hands of a com-mittee, was submitted. The reconstruction f the faculty resulted in Ian Campbell Hannah, M. A., Trinity College, Cam-bridge, being chosen president; Dr. Willetts, vice-president and professor in clas-sics; Dr. Vroom, professor in divinity; Dr. Kennedy, science; W. H. Salmon, M. A., of Queen's College, Cambridge, and London, England, physics and mathemati-

s; Prof. Bober, in modern languages, and

morel. God bless you, Cordeaux, and keep some memory of me in your heart.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Day of Triumph.

July 16th-Six days ago the Court en July 16th—Six days ago the Court en-tered Avranches with all the military and civil pomp that a nation could display. It was a day of general rejoicing. The whole poplation of the fown, now restored to their former homes, thronged the streets and filled every available inch of roof or window along the route. The Queen rode a white horse, and she was clothed in a sparking dress of white and gold. Her beautiful face was flushed with the keen air, and the excitement of the moment. air, and the excitement of the moment. In her hands she bore a small golden casket, set with precious gems. It con-tained all that was mortal of John Silver, the Lord of Argentenil. She had resolved that his ashes should enter the city in triumph, and that the next day should tained all that was mortal of John Silver, the Lord of Argentenil. She had resolved that his ashes should enter the city in triumph, and that the next day should be set apart for a solemn service to his

CHAPTER XXXVI-(Continued.)

The castle itself was a scene of gorged splendor. No one under the rank of a knight or his lady was lodged within its walks. The squires and attendants had to find accommodation in the inner circle of the fortifications, and the open ground between this wall and the castle was white with the tents of the Queen's Guard, a with the tents of the Queen's Guard, a body of men recruited from her own pri-vate estates, and bound to her by personal and feudal ties. Probably never in the history of Asturnia had so many people of high rank been gathered together in one building. It was an heraldic education to note the devices blazoned on the long lines of shields, which by the custom of the country were hung round the wills of the country were hung round the walls of the courtyard. On many of them I saw the

half-witted brother. It was true that the new Queen was to be married to a consort but no one who knew her intimately had any doubt that, although her husband might govern the kingdom by the force of arms, she herself would hold the throne through the love of her people. For six days the festivities continued;

Was scattered broadcast to the poor, the troubadours sang a thousand songs prais-ing the beauty and virtues of the new Queen. Everywhere there was the sound of laughter and music. The Queen herself, on the eve of her sacrifice, smiled and jested with the merriest of her countiers.

By her side rode Count Guy of Mar-morel, his dark eyes flashing from face to face as he passed; his steel-clad figure erect upon his horse, and the white plumes of his helmet in the dancing sunlight. A fine figure of a man indeed, Behind them rode Sir Thule de Brie, Lord Fulk of Brabancon, Sir Hugh de La Perche, Sir

wall and tower, rock and stream glowed like some scene from fairyland. "My country," she said simply; "there

longer, I loosed her wrist and quick as thought leaned over the edge and gripped her tight under the arms. "My country," she said simply; "there is not an acre of it that is not dear to me. Not a peasant tolling in its fields whose liberty I would not give all to purchase. How much has been given for me; how many lives, how many ruined homes. And how fittle I have to give. Do you ask me to, shrink from the giving?" and she turned upon me with an almost fierce look in her eyes. "Your happiness is dearer to me than a thousand kingdoms," I cried. "I would the earthquake had sunk this accursed land under the sea, so long as it left us and Nature has made a man of me, Cor-deaux, and, as you know, my physique af-forded the possibilities of development. With a tremendous effort I drew her up till her face was level with my own and her golden hair brushed my cheek. It was no time for thoughts of love, but I confees that my pulse quickened as her lips almost touched my own land under the sea, so long as it left us

touched my own. "Put your arms around my neck," 1 cried, "I have you tight." She did so, and loosing my hold, I caught her by the waist, threw all the weight of my body and strength of my limbs backwards, and draw her once the refer She weight of two free to do what we desire." "You speak of Asturnia," she answere in a cold, even voice; "the country tha

stop to speak to you.' Why waste time in defending your actions to one who has no right to judge them?" For answer she walked away to the edge of the parapet and buried her face in her hands. I followed her, and she

CHAPTER XXXVII.

i drew back, but too late. I sipped; grasp-e ed the air; falling, caught the stone; and too late repeneted of my wickedness. From that moment till you came, I lived my whole life through. The vile desertion of my duty flamed before my eyes as 1 looked up to heaven, and cried to it. I , prayed, and my prayer was answered. What do you think could turn me from my duty now?"

in the castle. "God has been doubly goo to me," she said slowly. "He has preserved me from death, and"-then she hesitated. I looked at her inquiringly, and my heart beat very fast indeed. "And by the hands of a trusty friend and servant," she continued with her eyes fixed on the ground. "One who will not speak of what he has seen, or tell of what he has done." My heart grew cold as ice, and the pas-sion died out of me, as fire dies under a sion died out of me, as fire dies under a For six days the festivities continued; banquet followed banquet, and every night some new and splendid entertainment was devised and carried out by Count Guy of Marmorel. Everyone seemed to have given themselves over to pleasure, and thrust aside the serious affairs of life. Tourneys were held in the plain, largess was scattered broadcast to the poor, the troubadours sang a thousand sones praisdeluge of water. "It is the duty of a servant to b

ference, if not with absolute aversion. But I had not dreamt of such a misery as this During the past week she had smiled or silent," I answered coldly; "every we'l trained lackey can hold his tongue." She looked up at me with a pained ex-pression on her face. "Are you angry with me, Sir Edward?" she said. "I am scrry if I have displeased you." The tenderness in her voice once more mart the blacd curring through my mins burning the past week she had shined of her courtiers, and borne herself as a proud and triumphant queen. Now knew the truth, and my heart was so overwhelmed with fear and grief that could not say a word to comfort her in her sorrow or dissuade her from her pur sent the blood surging through my veins. The thought that within a few hours 1

pose. "My dear lady," I said brokenly, "my dea dady-if only I could help you-if you would only let me help you. Surely there her for ever broke down the should lose barrier of my self-restraint. I moved closer

By her side rode Count Guy of Mar-morel, his dark eyes flashing from face to face as he passed; his steel-clad figure erect upon his horse, and the white plumes of his helmet in the dancing simlight. A fine figure of a man, indeed, Behind them rode Sir Thule de Brie, Lord Fulk of Brabancon, Sir Hugh de La Perche, Sir "Note by Sir John Cordeaux—I have de-cided to retain these words, as showing in some measure the hind of Dr. Sitex."

Guy tomorrow," she said in a low voice. I was silent and still was afraid to look upon her face.

"If you fight him," she continued, "you will die. There is not his equal in this kingdom-save one. Your efforts will be useless, and-I shall lose a friend. I have not many of them." "Many have died in your cause," I an-

swered, still not raising my eyes, "one more or less will scarcely matter." And as I spoke, I despised myself, for I had made a wild guess at the truth, and was only trying to confirm the hopes and fancies in my brain.

"Promise me you will not fight," she

repeated, almost pitifully. "I have only your happiness at heart," means so much to me, and—and you are mistaken—if you think—that I am not free to do as I desire." I looked her in the face, and she lowered her eyes to the I replied; "your marriage with Count Guy of Marmorel will bring you lifelong nisery."

ground. Her cheeks flamed crimson in the sinnlight, and her two hands were pressed closely to her breast. I moved a step near "Promise me you will not fight," she murmured, "and—you will give me all the happiness in your power." My heart beat like a sledge hammer, the blood rushed to my head so that I could scarcely hear or see. Then I raisclosely to her breast. I moved er to her. "Lady Thora," I said quietly, "it is a waste of time to argue with me. You have only to say 'I do not desire your presence; even if I were a poor woman, I would not to make the weak to you." Why waste time

ed my face, and seeing all the glorious truth in her eyes, caught her in my arms and pressed her lips to mine, She broke away from me with a cry, and buried her face in her hands.

"Is it true?" I cried hoarsely. "Is it "Is it true?" I cried hoarsely. "Is it true? Oh, my God, is it true! This one moment is the crown of my life. I will wear it till death, though it pierce me like a crown of thorns. My dearest, my queen—my queen," and advancing to her, I would have taken her in my arms again. She stepped back, and holding out her hands to stop my advance, smiled at me through her taxes turned on me with flashing eyes in which "How dare you?" she cried. "Oh, my God, why do you speak to me like this? Have you no sense of honor, no spark of manhood left in you? If you come a step

hands to stop my advance, smiled at me through her tears. ""No, no," she cried, "that is over and done with. You know the truth. I would not have told you, except to save your life. It only remains for us to forget. We have much need of courage, you and I. I look to you to help me in the battle." "I cannot forget," I answered. "Oh, my dearest one, let me take you away from this. Let us hide in some lonely and deso-late part of the country. Give up your crown and your kingdom of sorrow, and let us live in happiness. Let us go forth on the eternal ice, and try and reach Europe. A relief expedition cannot be nearer to me, I will throw myself from the battlements. It will not be the first time the thought has been in my mind." "Not the first time?" I gasped, recall-ing how I had found her. "You do not "I mean that already I have stood on the edge in hesitation. Half swaying in my mind, I leant outwards. repenting, drew back, but too late. I slipped; grasp Europe. A relief expedition cannot be far off now. Will you not give up all for me-and for love?" "I would give up all," she answered

my duty now?" I stood in silence, too horrified at what slowly, "for you and for love, if it were not that I have sworn an oath to a dead man, and I will keep it to the bitter end. I would give up all, but my path has been marked out for me by God, and I must tread it apart from you. My country and my people claim all that I have to give

"Why should you sacrifice yourself?" I cried. "Count Guy would rule this king-dom without you by his side. He is arm in the saddle now. He has risen by your name. He would not care if you left him. He does not love you." "Count Guy would rule them," she re-plied, "but their happiness is in my hands.

I have my father's work to do. He be queathed' it to me as an inheritance. He died himself for the sake of the work that I must finish. And Count Guy-Coun buy loves me with all his heart and soul. "Yet, if Count Guy were dead,"

whispered. "No, you mistake me, it will not be by my hand. But if he were "If Count Guy were dead," she replied

lowly; "if Count Guy were dead it would impossible for me to be your wife, if I mained Queen of Asturnia. No one of ion race could share the throne of this Not'a lord or knight, nor even a peasant in the kingdom would suffer it Yet, if Count Guy were dead"-she stopped, and I looked eagerly into her face. which glowed with love. Then a feeling of hame swept over me. I could not accept Dept. 6,

AT MONCTON BROKE

vigil with his God.

to defend you. Though my lips may never

statesman, yet they are always at your service to give you counsel and upho'd your will. I will try to be as brave as

within I saw the gigantic form of a man kneeling before the altar with a great sword pressed to his lips. The sunlight streamed through the windows and fel

on the steel of his armour, and the blaz

onry of his shield which lay beside him. It was Sir Thule de Brie keeping a lonely

(To be continued.)

Simassie Captures Free-for-

All in Straight Heats

in 2141-2.

2:20 Trot and Pace.

2.40 Trot and Pace.

Free-For-All.

2.25 Trot and Pace.

oston, starter; W. F. Linton, Truro) Sheri terling, Fredericton; Dr. Calkins, Sackville dges. The timers were Hon, F. J. Sweeney

ou are old. It's

s The Tear.

using Can

e Corn Cream

Mrs. Smith-"Will yo

Smith-"Well wa

ou while you

Don Gro

Peo

Viola Mac, A. J. McManus, Memram-

Sussex...... LeRoi Willis,

new professor in engineering to be ap-pointed. The college course will be re-urranged to work out affiliation with Mc-The encoenia service was held in the Windsor parish church at 10.30 a

> Convocation hall was filled Convocation hall was filled at 2.30 o'clock. The chancellor, Justics Hodgson, presided, Vice-Chancellor Dr. Willetts assisting. Many prominent prople were present, and the governors and graduates, were on the platform. Prizes of the Col-legiate School were presented, and de-

rees conferred. Dr. Silas Alward, dean of the law school,

gave an address. The alumnae orator was Rev. A. P. Shatford; W. B. Stewart was aledictorian.

FRETTING CHILDI

Moncton, N. B., June 24-(Special)-About 1,000 people attended the first day's racing on the exhibition speedway and witnessed a good race. The 2.20 class was especially good, five heats being required, the favorile, Lord Alverston, owned by E. LeRoi Willis, was badly out of it, finishing no better than last in any of the five heats. The fight for first money in this class was between Clayson Jr and Drusil, but the latter proved the bet-ter stayer and won out. The fastest half of the day. 1.09½, was made in the final heat in the 2.20 class. In the 2.40 class, Guinnia P. won in straight heats; Harry second. The following is a summary:-When a child tinuously the uinnia P, A. B. Etter, Amherst.....1 1 Iarry, D. W. Wilbur, Moncton.2 2 Jewy Guy, Fred. Warren, Springhill. 3 Iiss Arrowwood, Thos. Raymond, Fair-Bay, Ont. Tablete the

est medicine in the world for Tablets the cleast mentione in the world of the ailments of little ones. No mother should be watchout them," Sold by all druggists or sent be mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Mediine Co., Brockville, Ont. Hopewell Hill News

Hopewell Hill, June 22 .- A large numper of relatives and friends attended the funeral of the late Abram Bray, of Lowr Cape, which took place yesterday af-

ernoon. A short service was held at the house, after which the body was taken to the Baptist church at Lower Cape,

six years of age, grandson of Jas. O'Boyle, of Chemical Road, died on Monday a short time after undergoing an operation for in-ternal trouble. The funeral took place yesterday, interment being in the new ceme-tery here. Rev. Allan W. Smithers, of the Church of England, conducted the

services. H. H. Stimut, principal of the Superior School, again occurried the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening, in the absence of the passor, Rev. Mr. King-

Sussex Weddings.

Sussex, N. B., June 23-(Special)-A quiet wedding took place this afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Foster when their daughter Ola May was united in marriage to Hazen Carmichael, of Amherst. Rev. Mr. Camp performed the cenneony. The bride received many peautiful and costly presents, the groom's being \$100 in gold and a gold locket and hain. Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael left by P. R. for Amherst, where a reception

At the residence of the bride's parents: at Hillsdale, Chas. D. McKnight, formerly of Mill Stream, but now of Boston, was united in marriage to Julia E. Snerwood, the ceremony was conducted by Rev. B. H. Nobles, of Sussex, Mr. and Mrs. Me-Knight left today for their future frome in Boston.

"Two things make my wife mad." "What are they?" "To get ready for company the dosen't come, and to have company or when she isn't ready." ry, Bowmanville, Ont.

place tomorrow. Moneton, N. B., June 26-(Special)-The two days' races held by the Moneton Exhibition Association were a great success. The at-tendance was large, fully up to expectations, and everything passed off most satisfactorily. Saturday's races were witnessed by more than 2,000 people, and the event of the day was the breaking of the maritime record by Simassie, the new Halifax mare, who made her first appearance in a maritime race. In the first heat of the free-for-all, Simas-sie lowered the record from 2.15% to 2.14%, and the new mark was also equalled by her in the second heats. The last quarter in the first and second heats was done in 31% sec-onds, or a 2.07 clip. In the opinion of many, where a sermon was preached by the pas-tor, Rev. Dr. Brown. Miss Bertha L. West returned on Mon-day from Fredericton, where she has been attending Normal School. Carleton O'Boyle, a bright little boy, nest and second nears was done in one second nears was done in one second in any second nears was done in one second to second have lowered the record to 2.12 or lower if she had been called upon to do so. She showed wonderful bursts o speed and her fast work was the sensation of the day. In the 2.25 class, Viola Mac won in straightheats, being closely pressed by Kickapoo in the second and the the 2.25 class, viola blac work in scalar heats, being closely pressed by Kickapo in the first and Casamira in the second and third. The fast time of 2.20% was made in the first heat of this race, the first quarter of the heat being done at a 2.16 clip. The summary is as follows:-

ink Baby's Own Time-2.30; 2.2934; 2.25. The free-for-all and the 2.25 class will take place tomorrow.