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GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Nothing could have shown more clearly the change in Lawrence Gerald than his manner of receiving this proposal. Instead of expressing at once his aversion, and reproaching his wife that she could believe it possible for him to go sight-seeing at such a time, he stopped to consider if what she thought best might not be best, however it should seem to him.

"You must think for me now, Annette," he said with a sort of despair. "You know I do not wish to seek pleasure nor distraction; but I suppose I must live."

She sent for a carriage at once, and they went out under the full moon, which was beginning to replace, with its pearly southern lights and northern shadows, the fading cross-lights of the sun. They drove to the Colosseum, and, kneeling there in the dust, made the stations in their own way. Annette named each one as they reached it, then left her husband to make his meditation, or to utter the ejaculation that started up from his tormented heart, as sharp as a blade from its sheath.

At last they stood together by the crucifix, with the moonlight falling on them and through the great arches in a silvery rain.

Annette saw her husband wipe his forehead, though the night was cool. He breathed heavily, and looked at the earth beneath his feet, as if he saw through it, and beheld the martyr lying where he fell centuries before.

"O my dear!" she said, "I know that there is no lion like remorse. But is it not comfort to you that you are not alone?"

"It is both a comfort and a pain," he answered gently. "I should be desolate without you, and I should have done something desperate, perhaps, if I had been alone. You must understand my gratitude and my regret without expecting me to express them. I cannot speak. I know I have wronged you bitterly, and that you are an angel of goodness to me; but I can say no more about it. If I were at my mother's feet this moment, I should be speechless. I cannot pray even. I acknowledge the justice of God, and will endure whatever He sends. That is all I can say."

He had forced himself to speak, she perceived, with a great effort. The season of complaints and outcries had gone past, and he had entered on the way of silence.

They went out, and left the ruin to its solemn tenants—the gliding shadows, which might be the troubled ghosts of the slayers, and the floating lights, which might be the glorified souls of the slain, visiting the loved spot where they had seen the heavens open for them.

The streets were nearly deserted when the two returned to them, their horses walking. They stopped at the fountain of Trevi, leaned awhile on the stone rail, and watched the streams that burst in snowy foam all along the front.

"What a heap of coals and ashes Rome would be without her fountains!" Annette said. "It would be like a family of patriarchs where no children are seen. And yet the waters do not always seem to me so childish. Theirs is the youth and freshness of angels. See how triumphant they look! They have been a long while in the dark, till they may have despaired of ever seeing the sun again. It is the way of souls, Lawrence. They walk in darkness and pain, they cannot see their way, and they sometimes doubt if light any longer exists. And at last they burst from their prison, and find themselves in the city of God."

"Yes," he said, "but they have not sinned; they have only suffered. I have always thought, Annette, that the saints have the easier life. You know we are told that the way of the transgressor is hard."

"But the saints did not choose that life because it was the easier," she replied. "They gave no thought to such a reward, but it was bestowed on them; and probably, when they chose, the other way assumed the easier. In spite of what the preacher says, the person who chooses a good life because it is the easier will never persevere in it; for the devil will always persuade him that he has made a mistake, and, since he chose from a selfish motive, God will owe him no help. The saints took what was hard, and what seemed the hardest because it was right, and they had their reward. The sinner takes what seems the easiest, and

never gets it."

"I have a difficult duty to perform," he said, "and I want all the help I can get. So make yourselves as saintly as possible, my dear friends. Confess and prepare yourselves for Holy Communion as if it were to be your last, and pray with all your strength, and do not allow a single smallest venial sin to touch you all day."

F. Chevreuse often asked them to pray for his intention, and all they observed in this was his unusual earnestness. It had the effect of making them also unusually earnest in their devotion. Mrs. Gerald was, indeed, so absorbed that she failed to notice that when Honora came from the priest's house, where she had been just before evening, she did not look quite well.

F. Chevreuse had requested her to come to the school, before going home, and she had been with him nearly an hour.

"So you have been to confession," Mrs. Gerald said, arranging the tray for their tea. "I thought we would go there together this evening."

She spoke in a very gentle almost absent way; for she had been saying, as she went about, all the short prayers she could remember to the Blessed Virgin, and would resume them presently.

"So we will go together," Miss Pembroke replied. "But I wanted to see F. Chevreuse this afternoon."

She seated herself in a shady corner of the room, and opened her prayer-book; but it trembled so in her hand that she was forced to lay it aside, and pretend to be occupied with her rosary instead. Now and then she stole a glance at her companion, and saw with thankfulness that she was entirely occupied with her devotions. As she went about, preparing with dainty care their simple meal, her lips were moving; and sometimes she would pause a moment to bless herself, or to kiss the crucifix suspended from her neck, or to dwell on some sweet thought she had found hidden in a little prayer, like a blossom under a leaf.

And later in the evening, when the two returned from the priest's house, there was nothing to attract attention in Miss Pembroke's manner; for they sat reading and meditating till it was bed-time. It was their custom, since they lived alone, to prepare thus strictly for the reception of the Holy Eucharist.

Mrs. Gerald stood a minute before the embers of the dying fire, when they were ready to go upstairs, the hand she had stretched for the bed-candle resting on the edge of the mantel-piece near it. "How peaceful we are here, Honora!" she said in her soft way, yet rather suddenly.

thinks only of himself; and he, too, has his reward. Do not the waters look lovely? They are so fresh and new! How beautiful an image it is to compare divine grace to a fountain!"

They drove on through the town, across the bridge of S. Angelo, and saw the angel sheathing his sword—or was he unshathing it?—against the sky, and, leaving their carriage at the entrance of the piazza of S. Peter's, walked across it to that majestic temple, which, more than any other, and at that hour more than ever, seemed worthy of the Spouse of the Spirit. Golden and white, the mystical flood of moonlight veiled it, rippling along its colonnades, glittering in its fountains, setting a pavement of chalcidony across the piazza and up the wide ascent, and trembling round the dome that swelled upward like a breast full with the divine milk and honey with which the Church nourishes her children.

Lawrence stopped near the obelisk. "The first question the Church asked of me when I was brought before her, an infant," he said, "was what I had come to ask of her, and my sponsors answered for me, Faith. Now once again she asks the same question."

He was silent a moment, looking up at the church, but with eyes that saw only the sacred Mother. Tears rolled down his face, and his lips trembled; but there was no sign of that desperate passion which had so sworn him. "I ask for forgiveness and perseverance," he said.

She observed that he did not ask for peace.

He went forward to the steps, and knelt there, and as he went and prayed, his wife heard over the same path that God would have mercy on his mother, that in some way He would spare her the blow that threatened to fall upon her and that she might know how he loved her and mourned his ingratitude.

Annette withdrew from her husband, and paced to and fro not far away. She, too, had a mother who was about to be stricken with grief on her account, and whom she might never again see in life.

She had almost forgotten her husband and how time was flying, when she heard his voice at her side.

"My poor Annette, I am killing you," he said. "Come home. See! the day is breaking."

The east was, indeed, growing pale with the early dawn, and the western colonnade was throwing long shadows as the moon declined. It was time for them to return. Chilled and exhausted, they entered their carriage, and were driven home.

The dawn of that same day, when in its course the sun rose from the Atlantic, and brightened the New England shore, saw Mrs. Gerald and Honora Pembroke go to early Mass together.

F. Chevreuse had visited them the morning before, and requested them to go to Communion that day, and pray for themselves, their friends, and for his intention.

"I have a difficult duty to perform," he said, "and I want all the help I can get. So make yourselves as saintly as possible, my dear friends. Confess and prepare yourselves for Holy Communion as if it were to be your last, and pray with all your strength, and do not allow a single smallest venial sin to touch you all day."

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Miss Pembroke was bending to push the few remaining coals back, and her reply was indistinct, yet sounded like an affirmative.

"We have so much to be grateful for," Mrs. Gerald went on. "I do not think that we could be more comfortable. I am sure that greater riches would disturb me. Indeed, I never wanted riches, except for Lawrence; and now he does not need them. I can truly say that I have all I desire."

Miss Pembroke did not reply nor look up. She only stooped lower, and stretched her hands out over the coals, as if to warm them. Yet the two had always been so in harmony that her silence seemed to be assent.

"F. Chevreuse spoke beautifully to me to-night," Mrs. Gerald continued, still lingering. "He kept me some time talking after I had made my confession; and what is unusual with him, he spoke of himself. He said that all the favors he has to ask God are for others; but that when he comes to pray for himself, he can only say, 'Amen.' Now and then, he said, he thinks to ask some special favor; but when he lifts his eyes to heaven, only one word comes: 'Amen! amen!' I did not understand, while he spoke, how much it meant; but I have been thinking it over since I came home, and I see that the word may include all that a Christian need say."

A murmured "Yes!" came from Honora, who turned her head aside that the candle might not shine in her face. "And now, dear Mrs. Gerald, had better go to bed. Can I do anything for you? Is there anything to do to-night?"

"Nothing, thank you, dear!"

They went up stairs together, and, when they parted, Miss Pembroke embraced her friend with unusual tenderness. "May you have a good night's sleep!" she said; and, in the anguish of her heart, could almost have added, "And may you never wake!"

For F. Chevreuse had wisely judged it best to prepare her to sustain her friend when the hour of trial should come; and Honora, better than any other perhaps, understood what that should be.

"Go out in the morning and dismiss your school for the day," the priest had said to her. "Then return home immediately, and make some excuse for a headache, if any. Tell Mrs. Gerald that F. O'Donovan is coming to see you, so that she may not go out. And pray, my child, pray! What else is there for any of us to do in this terrible world but pray?"

Honora was obliged to make her excuses before going to school, for Mrs. Gerald at length noticed her altered looks, and almost insisted on dismissing the school for her. But she would not allow that.

"I shall feel better to go out than to sit in the house waiting," she said, quite truly. "But I will come back at once. Pray do not be anxious about me. You know I am strong and healthy."

When she returned, she found that Mrs. Gerald had, with motherly affection, made every preparation for her comfort. A deep sofa was pushed into her shady corner of the sitting-room, pillows and a shawl were laid ready, and, as she entered the room, she perceived the pleasant odor of pennyroyal, their favorite remedy for colds and headaches.

Mrs. Gerald set down the steaming cup she held, and began to remove her young friend's bonnet and shawl. "I thought you would rather lie down here than go up stairs by yourself," she said. "I will keep everything quiet."

Honora submitted to be made an invalid of, since this tender soul could have no greater pleasure than to relieve suffering; allowed herself to be assisted to the sofa; let Mrs. Gerald arrange the pillows under her head and cover her with the shawl; then drank obediently, and was ready to go to bed. But all the while her heart was laid ready, and an agony of apprehension, and she listened breathlessly for a step which was to bring doom to this unconscious victim.

"Now what else can I do for you, dear?" her nurse asked, looking vainly to see what had not been done.

Honora answered, "Nothing;" but, recollecting that something might be needed, if not for her, added, "You might place a glass of water and the camphor-bottle here where I can reach them."

Mrs. Gerald brought them, from the mere pleasure of serving. "But you must not drink the water, for you are to be kept warm," she said. "Your hands are quite cold now. And, you know, camphor never does you any good."

She was about turning away when Honora took her hand, and detained her. She dared not look up, but she held the hand close to her cheek on the pillow. "Dear friend," she said in a stifled voice, "it sometimes almost hurts me to remember how good and kind you have always been to me. I hope I have never seemed ungrateful; I have never felt so. But in future I want to be more than ever to you. Let me be your daughter, and live with you always. I do not want to go away with any one else."

"My daughter!" said Mrs. Gerald, full of loving surprise and pleasure; and stooped to leave a kiss on the girl's forehead.

"And now, dear mother," said Honora, "do not fancy that I am very sick. In an hour, all will be over."

Mrs. Gerald smiled at this promise of sudden cure.

"Then I will leave you quiet a little while, and go out to water my plants. The seeds have come up which I sowed in the tracks my other two children made; and in a day or two,

when Lawrence and Annette come home, their footprints will be quite green."

She spoke with a gentle gaiety, for she was happy. So much affection had been shown her, she seemed to be of such help and value to those she loved best, that life assumed for her an aspect of spring and youth, and a gladness long unknown to her rose up in her heart.

As she left the room, Honora looked eagerly after her, raising herself on her elbow, as soon as she was out of sight, and listening toward the door. When she heard her step on the veranda, she started off the sofa, and ran to look out through a blind into the garden. Mrs. Gerald was on her knees by the precious tracks, which she had carefully enclosed with slender pegs of wood, and was sprinkling with water the tiny blades of green that grew thickly inside. A soft and tender smile played round her lips, and the wrinkles that pain and anxiety sometimes drew in her face were all smoothed away. The spring morning hung over her like a benediction, silent and bright, not a breath of wind stirring; and in that secluded street, with its cottages and embowering trees, she was as safe from public observation as she would have been in the country.

Honora glanced at the clock. It wanted five minutes of ten.

"Five minutes more of happiness!" she murmured, and, from faintness, sank on her knees before the window, looking out still with her eyes fixed on that quiet, bending figure.

Mrs. Gerald stretched her hand and slowly made the sign of the cross over each one of those precious footprints. "May all their steps be toward heaven!" she whispered. "May angels guard them now and for ever, and may the blessing of the poor and the suffering spring up wherever they go, like these flowers, in their path."

She rose and stood looking off into distance, tears of earnest feeling glistening in her eyes.

"Two minutes longer!" murmured Honora, who felt as if the room were swimming around her, so that she had to grasp the window-ledge for support. She could not see, but she heard a step on the sidewalk, and, though it was more measured than usual, there was no possibility of mistaking it. Only one step would come in that way and stop at their gate this morning. She heard F. O'Donovan's voice, and presently the two came into the entry together.

"Perhaps you had better come into the parlor," Mrs. Gerald was saying. "Honora is lying down in there. She has a bad headache this morning."

"Nevertheless, we will go in and see her," was the reply.

Miss Pembroke started up, frightened at her own weakness. It would never do to fail now, when all the strength she could show would be needed. She had only time to seat herself on the sofa when they entered the room.

"My dear child! why did you not lie still?" Mrs. Gerald exclaimed. "I am sure F. O'Donovan would excuse you."

"I would rather sit up, if you will come and sit by me," Honora answered; and, taking Mrs. Gerald's hands, drew her down to the sofa, and sat there holding her in a half embrace.

The lady noticed with surprise that no greeting passed between the priest and Honora, and that he had not uttered a word of sympathy for her illness, nor, indeed, scarcely glanced at her. He went to the window, and opened one of the blinds.

"Allow me to have a ray of sunshine in the room," he said. "Why should we shut it out? It is like divine love in a sorrowful world."

Mrs. Gerald had hardly time to notice this somewhat unusual freedom of manner on the part of F. O'Donovan, for, as he came and seated himself near her, she was struck by the paleness and gravity of his face.

"Are you ill? Has anything happened?" she asked hastily; but he saw that in her anxiety there was no thought of danger to herself. It was a friendly solicitude for him; and she instantly glanced at Honora, as if connecting her illness with his altered appearance. That her young friend might have some cause of trouble seemed to her quite possible; for she had never been able to disabuse her mind of the belief that Honora had become more interested in Mr. Schöninger than she would own, and that she had never recovered entirely from the shock of his disgrace.

"I have great news to tell you," said F. O'Donovan. "Mr. Schöninger is proved innocent, and will immediately be set at liberty."

"How glad I am!" exclaimed Mrs. Gerald, who immediately believed that she understood all. "But how is it known?"

"The real criminal has confessed," the priest went on; "and the confession and the circumstances are all of a sort to excite our deepest compassion. For it was not a deliberate crime, but only one of those steps which a man who has once consented to walk in the wrong path seems compelled to take. The poor fellow was deceived, and led on as all sinners are. He was in pecuniary difficulties, and yielded to a temptation to take F. Chevreuse's money, intending to repay it. The rest followed almost as a matter of course. Mother Chevreuse poor sinner had to secure what he had risked so much to obtain, and escape the disgrace of detection. Others were approaching, and he was desperate. He gave an unlucky push, with no intention but to free himself, and the devil looked out for the result. But, if you could know how entirely that poor fellow,

soul has repented, not only the fatal step in which his errors ended, but every smallest fault that led to it, you would have only pity for him. Mother Chevreuse died a good and holy woman, full of years and good works, and perhaps her death will be the cause of one man being a saint. He promises everything for the future, and that with a fervor which no one can doubt. He acknowledges the justice of any punishment and suffering and loss which may befall him. The only thought too hard for him to bear is that of the sorrow he has brought on his own family. If he could suffer alone, he would not complain; he would suffer tenfold, if it were possible, to spare those he loves."

Mrs. Gerald had listened with intense interest to this story, and when it was ended she drew a long breath. "Poor man!" she sighed. "Has he a wife?"

"Yes; he has a wife who is all devotion to him, and who will follow him to the last. She will never be separated from him."

"Will she go to prison with him? Will she be allowed to do that?" Mrs. Gerald asked in surprise.

"Oh! it is not a question of imprisonment," the priest replied. "He has escaped, and will probably never be taken. His confession was written, sealed, and entrusted to a priest, to be opened at a certain time. It was opened this morning."

The two watched Mrs. Gerald with trembling anxiety as she sat a moment with downcast eyes, musing over this strange story. Honora did not dare to breathe or stir, lest she should loosen the thunderbolt that hung suspended over their heads, ready to drop, and the priest was inwardly praying for wisdom to speak the right word.

"I hope he has no mother," Mrs. Gerald said without looking up.

"That is the hardest part of all," said F. O'Donovan. "He has a mother, so terrible. But fortunately she is a Christian woman, who will know how to bend to the will of God, and leave her afflictions at His feet. She will be comforted by the thought that her son is a sincere penitent, and is by this awful lesson put forever on his guard against sins which might otherwise have seemed to him trivial."

"Oh! but think of her responsibility!" exclaimed Mrs. Gerald raising her eyes quickly. "Think of her remorse and fear when she looks back on her training of that child, and thinks that all his faults and crimes may be laid at her door. I know a mother's heart, F. O'Donovan, and I tell you there will be no comfort for that mother. Where is she? Where is she? Where is she?"

"She does not yet know," replied the priest, almost in a whisper, and stopped there, though other words seemed about to follow.

She gazed at him in surprise, and her look began to grow sterner. She only looked intently, but said nothing; and in that dreadful silence Honora Pembroke's arm closed tightly about her waist, and her breath trembled on the mother's paling cheek.

"Cast yourself into the arms of God!" exclaimed F. O'Donovan. Do not think. Do not fear nor look abroad. Hide yourself in the bosom of God! Sin and sorrow are but passing clouds, but heaven and hope and peace are eternal!"

Those beautiful violet eyes that had wept so many tears, now dry and dimming, were fixed upon him, and the face changed slowly. One wave of deep red had flown over it and sunk, and from pale it had grown deathly white, and over that whiteness had stolen a faint gray shade.

"Mother! mother! speak!" cried Honora Pembroke, weeping; but the form she clasped was rigid, and the face was beginning to have a blank, unnatural expression.

"Live for your son's sake!" said F. O'Donovan, taking in his her cold hands—"live to see his repentance, to see him win the forgiveness of the world and of God."

But that blankness overspread her face, and the light in her fixed eyes grew more dim.

The priest stood up, still holding strongly one of her hands, and with his other made the sign of the cross over her, giving with it the final absolution. Then he seated himself beside her, and while Honora fell at her feet, put his arm around the rigid form, and touched the cheeks with his warm, magnetic hand and pleaded tenderly and with tears, as if she had been his own mother, now a word of human love, now a word of divine hope; and suddenly she stopped, and Honora, with her face hidden in Mrs. Gerald's lap, heard him exclaim, "Depart, Christian soul, out of the body, in the name of the Father who created thee, in the name of the Son who redeemed thee, and in the name of the Holy Ghost who has sanctified thee."

She started up with a faint cry, and saw that Mrs. Gerald's head had dropped sideways on to her shoulder, her eyes were half closed, and her relaxing form was sinking backward, supported by F. O'Donovan.

How it happened she did not know, but almost at the same instant Mrs. Macon entered the room followed by a doctor, and to Honora's confused sense it seemed as though helpers were all about and she was separated from her friend. She heard F. O'Donovan's voice repeating the prayers for the dead, and presently the weeping responses of the servant, but she was powerless to join them.

She raised herself only when she heard the priest speak her name. "Did I make any mistake? Did I do well, do you think?" he asked anxiously. "I did not know any better way."

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