strode with an air of great importance

for the napkins on the laundry table-

suffer for it yet-the heretic.

his ring to summon Miss Calvert.

to Miss Calvert through the keyhole,

the latter, having asked, without ris ing from the bed, who knocked.

Margaret forced herself to get up,

and so unconscious of outward things as to be heedless even of the somewhat

meet the priest.

stair, he broke forth :

supernatural strength!

for you ; go to her.

bereaved mother.

disorder of her attire, she descended to

He was waiting in the hall as if his

vet descending the last steps of the

"Thank God, my child, your pray-

What a wonderful effect his words

produced - that form, late so bowed

and trembling, so reluctant to make

the least physical effort, was suddenly

How did she learn it? -how doe

"Providence Himself seemed t

bring it about; and she bears it with

She turned to obey the injunction,

then suddenly paused-the thought o

her evidence was upon her with crush-

ing weight - how, having furnished

such damaging testimony against Madame Bernot's only child, could she

look into the face of that soon-to-be

hurriedly to the priest, " my evidence

"I do know, my child," he inter-

rupted, rightly divining the agony

into which the giving of that evidence

had thrown her, and which he felt she

was now about to describe to him, "I heard it all: I was present in the

diately after, and you said nothing for

which to reproach yourself. As I told

you when you consulted me before

upon this point, your evidence cannot

make any great material difference

a disinterested spectator would have

affirmed the same on one look at

the most singular, and not the least

striking thing about it was the resem .

blance in its expression to the agony

depicted in the pictured face opposite

as if her long and perpetual survey of

the suffering lineaments in the paint-ing, had suddenly imprinted a like-

Margaret, Margaret!" - the cry

was so like Hubert's wail of agony months before — and Margaret knelt, bursting into passionate sobs, and the

invalid dropped the first tears she had

"My own boy! Margaret, my only one! Oh my God! it is hard to say now Thy will be done! But what am

saving?" and her eyes turned to the

"Bring me his letters-his last let-

ters — and read them to me again. Father Germain says I am the desolate

mother mentioned there -that my son

is the poor young man who may be

hanged. Oh, my God! Thou hast not

accepted my sacrifice after all - Thou

hast not pardoned that first sin, or this

Margaret brought the letters and

read them all, though with frequent

auses, because of the tears which

what message she should bear to

Hubert-would it be one of forgiveness

"It is not for a poor, frail mortal

"That is God's right : but tell him

that my love for him is deeper, more

tender now in his affliction and pent

tence than it has ever been - Oh! that

hot on the helpless hands in her lap.

And her mother's tears fell fast and

She would know everything that had

nurder; in vain Margaret begged her

like me to give or withhold pardon

hoked her voice; and then she asked

would not have followed.

- was her response.

he could have doubted it.

shed for nearly nine long years.

pictured face.

ess of them in her own features.

Now, go to that break

for even if you had refused to testify

Bertoni would still find means to con

You do not yet know, she began

erect, and endowed, as it were, with

she bear it?" she eagerly asked.

ers are at last answered - Madame Ber

ot knows all about her son.'

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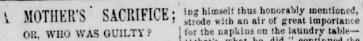
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By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll

CHAPTER XX. CONTINUED.

Eugene, anxious himself for haste in order to ascertain Miss Calvert's condition, was only too obedient to the injunction; he half led, half luncheon bell, or letting Annie Corthe injunction; he half led, half pulled his mother through the crowd, bin in, only telling her she was better, regardless of the rude treatment to which he was subjecting her elegant attire, and wholly deaf to her expostulations. When at last, she found herself seated in the carriage, with leisure to survey her crumpled, and torn lace shawl, her anger was raised a white heat; but her dutiful son, without waiting for the maternal reproaches, closed the carriage door, and hurried to see Miss Calvert.

She had gone home, some employe told him, had gone immediately that she recovered from her swoon-and his search for Plowden was equally uusuccessful. That gentleman had also, contrary to his wont, hurried off, so there was no alternative for Delmar but to return home, where his sister anxiously met him to know if he had ound an opportunity to deliver her learned from er mother much of the day's proceedings, but when Eugene told her in truthful, kindly way, she sighed and repeated sadly :

anxiety would not permit him to re-main in the parlor and while she was Poor, poor Margaret !" Sorrow for another was helping to ssuage her own woes.

Mrs. Delmar barely waited to par take of an immoderately hurried lunch, so eager was she to call on Hubert, in order to congratulate him on the sudden bright aspect his case had assumed. Louise, still pleading illness, was excused from accompany ing her.

But I shall convey to him your congratulations also, shall I not?" said the mother, "and tell him how anxi ous you are for his acquittal.

"Certainly; tell him all that," was the reply, with a significance in her hich Eugene understood.

And Mrs. Delmar swept out to the carriage still in waiting, charitably hoping that Miss Calvert's swoon would keep her from paying her visit that day to the pri on.

Margaret had gone home directly on her recovery. Physical and mental powers were so utterly prostrated that she had but one desire, to shut herself away from everybody; to meet n to hear no voice, only to be let alone in her agony. An employe had kindly summoned a back for her, and had as kindly promised to tell Mr. Plowden that she had felt too ill to re-

When she arrived at home she did not, as on every other occasion, go to her aunt's apartment, but she hurried to her own room, locked the door, and waiting only to remove her hat threw herself upon the bed.

Hours passed ; the servants were all at home, and at their various duties, snatching opportunities, however, in which to interchange comments and opinions on the testimony of the day. Some were surprised at, and inclined pass his end. From random remarks to censure, Miss Calvert's evidence, which I heard on my way here, there insisting that she might have refused, is still reason to hope that the worst as Hugh Murburd had done, to return will not occur. Now, go to that break uny answers when Bertoni pressed her ing heart up stairs "
to hardly, but Hannah Moore was loud The breaking heart up stairs and obstinate in her defence.

"He flustered her, the sneaking, deceitful viilain, as he flustered me, and the whole of us, saving 'Little Sam 'there."-" Little Sam " on hear-



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to think of the injury it might do her; in vain she besought her to wait until the hour for Doctor Durant's arrival, that they might be guided by his advice; she only answered: 'There are some things which are the occasion of supernatural strength,

and this is one of them : so do not fear Margaret told it all - the torture of hemonths before Hubert's arrest; his

desire to atone : the proceedings of the long? trial, down even to her own fatal testimony

'that's what he did." continued the cook, working herself into a state of She half feared and expected that righteous indignation, "and it wasn't the latter would obliterate whatever kindly feelings Madame Bernot might enough for him, the heartless blackguard, when she fainted, but he must entertain toward her for her efforts to comfort Hubert. But far from it. make everything she said plainer to invalid, from very suffering, rendered | den's hands. keen in penetrating hearts, understood all that the sorrowful creature beside her had undergone, and never, perhaps, was riven heart more swe comforted than was Margaret's by and didn't want anything. Oh! he'll that saint like mother.

Now, that you know it all," said There was a sudden and sharp tinkle the weeping girl, "you will release Hubert and me from that promise we of the parlor bell.
"That must be Miss Calvert," said both gave you beside Maurice's coffinone, to which Hannah Moore respondyou will let the past be told - it may

I hope so, for it's an awful thing nfluence those who are trying to think of her staying all alone, and she in such trouble." Hubert's case."

"Certainly - my poor boy; to fear But it was Father Germain, and he to confide in his mother - as if a mother could be harsh or unforgiving : requested Annie Corbin who answered but there is much to be done - 1 must see this Mr. Plowden; send for him must see her," he said ; " if she is unimmediately, Margaret — nay, don't look at me, but obey for my peace of able to leave her room, I shall go to The little maid delivered the message mind is at stake now.

A messenger was hastily despatched for the lawyer, and Madam Bernot insisted that Margaret should go below and take some refreshment, as it was now evening, and she had tasted nothing save a draught of ice water in the early morning. Kreble moned to attend the invalid. Kreble was sum-

Plowden, on learning that Margaret had gone home ill, also hurried from the court, without speaking to any one, or even replying to the salutations which greeted him as he passed out, and having arrived at home he shut himself in his room to write unintermittingly for hours, crossing, erasing, and adding to the legal papers that lay before him; here connecting clews, and there inventing questions which must elict unmistakable statements from the witnesses, who, on the next day, were to be examined, until his work was completed, when evening shades had fallen over the city. He ordered a cup of strong coffee, and drinking it quickly, put on his hat and singular calmness-but she is waiting

hurried forth. A grim, dark building raised its gloomy front in an obscure, side street — a building where the windows were constantly draped with curtains as dark stone walls themselves; where little feet never pattered, and little voices never sounded, and about which the only signs of life were the dark-robed, austere-looking forms that sometimes passed to and from the massive portals rom its position the very sun only shone on it at rare intervals, and its peculiar style of architecture caused it to stand out in lonely grimness, a very monument, as it were, of the victor that was there gained over rebellious

court all the time you were on the stand, though obliged to leave imme-Before this edifice Plowden paused and rang the bell with an impatient hand. He was admitted, the person giving admission keeping himself hid den from view until the lawyer had wholly entered the bare, dimly-lighted hall. Then the spare, serge clothed form, having closed and barred the door, inquired the business of the visitor. To see Lorguette," was the reply

The form bowed, and conducted the lawyer to an apartment that opened from the hall. Like the hall it also was but dimly lighted and destitute of er covering, and fo furniture had only a few rush-bottomed chairs, a common table and a picture of the Crucifixion. Madame Bernot's countenance - and

Plowden seated himself to await the coming of the person summoned.

In a few minutes there entered a man not clad in serge, not wearing the trailing, loosely cut robe of the residents of that grim building, but hav ing a short heavy cloak over his comnon citizen's dress, and which was swung round to one shoulder so that his form was well displayed.

That form was a painfully tottering thing-with every step the head shook, as if the very tread was too feeble t maintain a proper balance; while in singular and startling contrast to this apparent weakness, was the impression of strength and beauty given by the appearance of the form itself, -every mb was in magnificent proportion the head set grandly on the shoulders the superb eyes flashing with the lustre of vigorous manhood. His age was probably fifty, though the unmixed gray of his long, abundant hair made him seem older.

Piowden sprang to his feet, and stood with flushed face and folded arms while the tottering form, having care fully closed the door, slowly advanced closed the door, slowly advanced He looked in silence as if to be sure of the identity of his visitor before he spoke; then he said in a whisper: You have come at last-Heaven

has answered my prayer."
"Yes, at last," Plowden replied with gloomy earnestness, and in a louder tone than he had spoken, who had been summoned as Lorguette.

"Hush!" said the latter putting his finger on his lips, and glancing uneasy about him, "no one here must know anything yet."

provided for that. have answered the lawyer, taking a paper from his pocket. "Read this; it contains all that you

would know.' Lorguette repaired with the paper to the low pendant lamp, turned the latter so that its rays fell full upon the written contents, and hurriedly read. His face flushed, and his eyes, when he had finished the perusal, seemed to have become more brilliant. He hastened back to Plowden.

"You are prepared for all the con "All," was the hoarse reply.

"There is no necessity even for that, maladies. What "Your motive for doing this thing for it is in my power to bring forward will also cure you.

penitence, his remorse, his passionate now, when you have spared yourself so evidence which will put a new and "To rend a wrong which separates

two young lives, to restore happiness to a broken heart. "And what do you expect to sustain

ou in the last dread ordeal.' ' A woman's prayers.' The tottering form grasped Plow-

"My boy, by the old, old love which cemented us so closely; by her mem-ory which we both love and revere, I onjure you to answer me truly-are the feelings in your breast now that were there when you answered no to all her pleadings-that you had when

e parted ?" The lawyer bent his head and nswered softly:

They are not. "Neither unforgiveness, nor hatred, in company with the physician nor desire for revenge?

"Through whose or what agency have they disappeared?'

"Through the 'silent, unconscious influence of a woman who was brave enough to do her duty in suffering, de fiant enough of the world's opinion to proclaim in public that she had no claim beyond that of charity, to her position; and from whose teachings to another. I have learned of the peace

which true penitence brings. "God bless her, whoever she may be; she hath wrought a wonderful work.

And the white, trembling bands which belonged to that tottering form were clasped earnestly together.

"You will not fail me to morrow said Plowden, preparing to take his

departure.
"A thousand times no!" was the response. And when the massive door had closed upon the lawyer, the totter-

ing form ascending to an oratory muttered : " Free at last ! free ! free !

When midnight was chiming over the city, and a chorus of voices ascend ed from the cowled forms assembled in the chapel of that grim building, there was one wearing no cowl, and having the upper part of his dress hidden by a short cloak, who knelt in their rear and said his beads for Margaret Cal-

The messenger despatched for Plow den had been obliged to wait for that gentleman, so that the evening was far advanced when the lawyer arrived at Madame Bernot's residence. fain would not have met Margaret, at least until the next morning ; but the summons was too imperative for him to refuse, and he perved himself to conceal the excitement under which he abored.

Dr Durant had arrived a few minutes before, and was astounded to learn that Madame Bernot had been told the dread tidings, and as yet had betrayed no symptoms of any injury caused by the communication.

"It is most unaccountable," he said, hurrying to the sick room, while Mar-garet herself answered Plowden's

The lawyer also was surprised to learn that Madame knew everything about Hubert; but he bit his lip with sudden vexation, when told that a subpoena had been served that evening

upon Kreble. 'So," she continued, "It seemed to be providential that Hubert's mother she carefully refrained from saying "aunt" any more-" should have known all before the subporna came: courtesy, to her daughter: but the for Kreble, when enlightened by the latter had gone with Eugene for a server' as to what was required of her, could obtain no sort of command over her feelings. Divided between her fear that harm may be meant to herself, and her sorrow for Hubert she

is giving away continually to fits of crying. Just then a knock sounded at the door, and Kreble's German face bearing the traces of very recent tear stains, looked in to say in very broken English that madame wanted to know

if the gentleman had come. The object of the invalid's confer ence with Plowden, and during which the doctor and Margaret were present. was for the purpose of announcing her intention to be present in the court, on the morrow, in order to give her testi-

monv. All three of her auditors stared aghast, and Dr. Durant searched for symptoms of the attack with which he confident she would be immediately seized. Madame smiled slightly even while submitting to his examina-

tion, saying:
"I am stronger, doctor, and my mental faculties are clearer than the have been for some time. The puzzled physician had to assent

to the truth of her assertion.

"But how will you get there, my dear madame?" asked Plowden, on whom her remarkable appearance was the first time he had seen her-had produced a strange and indescribable effect. "Go in my chair as I was borne to

this house," was the calm reply.
"It will kill you," said Margaret weeping, "to go through such an ordeal " Nay, my dear girl; I have gone through an ordeal as severe in the

past, as you know, and it did not kill "But," said Plowden, "there is no necessity for your appearance in court; it is fully understood that you have

been kept in ignorance of all that has happened. And what testimony have you to give?" "The story of the past, which, as it falls from a mother's lips, will act as

the plea for her only child, and, as such, purifier, may win leniency for my boy. A wonderfully softened look came into the lawyer's face as he answered:

different aspect on the case-which will make your plea only superfluous.

said Madame Bernot, "he has taken, according to his own confession, the life of a fellow-creature-I would not have that fact denied, but I would tell publicly of the past, so that people may not judge too hardly of my poor boy; and it will be in some measure an atonement for the selfish manner in which I have shut myself from his pursuits and his interests these nine long years.'

It was vain to attempt to dissuade her : Dr. Durant insisted on permission to accompany her, knowing, he said, that she would need his services before she should leave the court room ; and Plowden having promised to call them in the morning took his departure

Then began Kreble's lamentations she was obliged to search her mistress wardrobe for a suitable dress, in which to array her, and having learned the purport of such an unwonted proceed ing, she lifted up her hands and cried:
"Mein Gott! dot I come to dis coun-

try where dyin' peoples goes out of Plowden had parted with the physician, and, impelled by some strange, wild fancy, had taken the direction of Hubert's prison. He wandered round the gloomy pile; at length, reclining

under an arch formed by one of the projections; To-morrow," he murmured, raising his eyes to the clear, starlit sky, "to morrow, and where shall I be?"

A sad, pale, coffined face stole before his mental vision, and another as sad and pale, but with young life in

its features, came beside it.
"Aye," he murmured, addressing the imaginary countenances, "you shall both be avenged; and the one in her grave shall be at peace, and the living one-oh, Margaret, Margaret! he broke forth aloud, "will you keep your promise? will you think kindly when you know me as I am?

He rushed from the spot and dashed

omeward. Within those prison walls, Hubert was thinking sadly of Margaret; he had not for one moment supposed, nor wished, that she should have proclaimed the truth about her position in his family, and, in order to counteract, as it were, her statement, he would have told there in open court, had he been permitted, that she held as dear a place in his own, and his mother's heart, as the closest relationship could have given : and all the afternoon he had waited and longed for her, that he might tell her what perhaps he had never said in so many words beforehow he fain would shield her with his love from the coldness | and scorn with which the world would be sure to treat her now. He wanted to tell her, that, though dissatisfied because she had not given her evidence in the manner which he had desired, yet how dear to him she had been made by the struggje which it had cost her to give that evi dence: and he wanted to be assured that her faiting fit, of which he accused himself as the cause, was nothing

But she did not come : no one came save Mrs. Delmar, and, glad of any diversion from his painful fears and anxieties, he was rather more civil than usual to that lady, who accord ingly returned home in a very elated state, to describe Hubert's delightful

drive. Louise, anxious to escape from her thoughts had made the proposition to her brother, and the good natured fellow, in order to gratify her, gave up, though not without much secret reluctance, his intended visit to the prison.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Can the Souls of the Departed Return to Earth

According to St. Augustine it would be a great temerity to deny that the souls of the departed cannot, with God's permission, return to us. St. Thomas and St. Augustine both incline to the opinion that in many cases there occurs a supernatural action of angels on the mind of those to whom such manifestations are granted. Moreover, it is likely that the souls, like the angels, can manifest themselves in such a man ner that they produce perceptible im ages on a person's mind without appearing visible to him.

Whenever our attention is directed to the departed souls by manifestation of any kind it is a sign of the great mercy of God towards the Suffering Souls and towards us. They make us aware of the great distress of the Church Suffering, of which Church we on earth often have not the least conception, and which yet is entirely dependent on us for help. A Holy Mass,

a Rosary, an alms, a mortification, some other good work, even a compas sionate ejaculation or pious thought offered up confidently to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the Suffering Souls, is powerful to create an ineffable joy in that mystic abode. At the same time, a visible manifestation of the distress of a Suffering Soul is a salutary admonition for the living, whereby they are reminded most impressively amid their carelessness, frivolity, and tepidity, of the severe judgments of

The numerous cures of rheumatism by the use of the old standard blood-Ayer's Sarsaparilla, show conclusively that it is an effective remedy, if not indeed the specific, for this most painful and persistent of maladies. What has cured others

YETH'S MALI ENTRACT!

Monsieur le Cure wa not like to doubt the w priest as he was himsel supple youth standing fitting to be one of thos who had recently gone the new Governor, the ick souls. For he had is luminous eyes and richly red as pomegra asceticism in his per than most faces of Spatiane was torn and all heavy dews, and clogs, sand, it was worn with footed, with every fatigue and faint for old man a supplicant they were equal—yethe dominance of an "Thou wast on the those who travelled windians, Padre Felipo asked after a long she had not gone to coming here to Mobile "I have told thee the Padre Felipo iffied of close curling, be straight down into the theother. For a motated, but, ashamed o "Since the Holy steps to me, remain hit to do so."

"To aid thee in thy questioned, and adde "Dost thou not fever is in the settled distress among us, theu wouldst dwell can scarcely do the y people. What to go to those who in souls cured."

His doubt and ince Felipo replied: "I do not fear the

PADRE I CHAP

"That is well, the beased that the bits of fearlessly.

He was a lenely of the English had confied of the French Padre Felipo would he latter—he was had, it was evident to hearts worn out of the East, crowded cities to the fast, crowded cities to the fast, crowded cities to the fast the devil.

"Sit here, my so ing to a chair nethat Padre Felipo since he came an lines of weariness i Glad to ease his in the huge chair. him, and he lean his broad, long last the peace of the had journeyed faceding ones, and the little wooden he studied and we verdure in the moments passed,

his eyes or le cure seeing that brous table and be to France, also t packet would go it next morning at the bois, whom he keeped thence. In take a letter to 2 neyed thence. In the Spanish pries solace him in this Two hours pas Felipo slept on and as he wrote eyes for longing blood who dwelt a was and above the that never, untireceive him in I any who had be Theretore his signed and the self of the self C

The heat lesser day surged into was cool with the the Gulf and ca the pinerres ove Monsieur le Co to Vespers in the residence. He di it seemed to his figure and ba weary even to t the chapel. Bu he sighed and weakness in let

weakness in let on.

He was abse many people dr was done—they their joys, and counce fall to wrapglin of a fight than I Finally it went home, we still askep.

Remi, the ohim, met him than usual ar visage. A lig which he held a guest. guest.

Ouais, mon
here who sleep
he be consecra
no faith in him
"Remi, thou

"Remi, thou those oranges Monsieur le curling his firuit," he con when fire has "What dos puckering his as if carved fr "This-put it is sweetmen in the heat o sharp and bitt fast, a king m"Chut," R anger. "Ar ing, and thou anger. "Ar ing, and thou for thy break dian." ior thy bread dian."

"Awake, mus," Monsieu hand on Padr A slight rupward gestu heavy fringing the light of R like one who night. But his brain he sweetness:

sweetness:
"The Indi
"They wo
quake,"Rem
"Remi, se
Felipo is ov
restored."
"Yes, Mo
Yet he wen

and st