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statement as to... my own... my own... my own... my own... my own...

MIRIAM

By MANDA L. CROCKER. Copyright, 1909.

CHAPTER I

The gallery I never can forget it, rather, the memory of those faces will never slip from my mental vision.

"I have heard of it," she said, "but such things, although very much to be deplored, ought never to make differences between friends."

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And I could almost have shouted for joy at the promise of report, but controlling myself with an effort...

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To be thus struck out of their rank in life and society, to be thrust out of the bosom of a household, to be banished from the bosom of a household...

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inquiry stamped on every feature of her face. "Your mother has been refused to even hear me, and has repudiated me shamefully, but that need not—will not separate us. Trust me."

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she put her arms around her mother's neck



your blessing if you please; your curse if you please

alleviate the sorrow she felt had fallen, somewhere and somehow, on the idolized nurse.

It was his mistake. "Look here, Mr. Higginbottom, said the grocer, by way of a joke to the old farmer.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A wealthy widow living in Leipzig, Hungary, had her attention attracted by the murder of her six children. She was not suspected of the crime until it was accidentally discovered that a dairy which she kept contained a cow which had written with its hooves a list of circumstances of detail that appalled the doctor.

my own... my own... my own... my own... my own...

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