

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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(CONTINUED.)

If he could have his way, he would like to be proclaimed from the house tops and cried through the streets. He was proud of his love, and he wanted the world to know it, but he would not have it known if it were not for the sake of the girl who loved him.

Leon was at first disposed to show a little coolness and take John to task for having stayed away from her so long, but he was an expert at making his peace with women, and Leon was soon placated. What a happy two hours they had! John forgot all about Amy, and he had Leon's hand in his own, and he was as happy as a lark.

What most surprised Leon about this evening was the fact that he had never seen John before. He had heard of him, but he had never seen him. He had heard that he was a young man of great talents, and he had heard that he was a young man of great talents, and he had heard that he was a young man of great talents.

John turned pale, but he said, coolly enough, "All right, Antonio, but I don't know you." "I don't know you," said Antonio, "but I know your name. You are the young man who has been in the city for some time, and you are the young man who has been in the city for some time, and you are the young man who has been in the city for some time.

Any apology for coming to his rooms, but her mother took the blame, saying she had come to him because she was troubled and annoyed. "Mortimer kept him at the Mutual Dividend office until he was nearly driven out of the city, and he was a great deal of my work to do. He was a great deal of my work to do. He was a great deal of my work to do. He was a great deal of my work to do.

John read this letter over slowly, word by word, letting the paper slip from his fingers to the floor again and for a few minutes gazing vacantly before him. He could not think clearly, he felt like a man in a stupor. He had been cruel, he would have sent a letter to Amy Bayles, telling her that he could not marry her because he loved another woman. That would be the shortest way out of the difficulty, but he did not want to pain her. "Poor Amy! Why does she care for such a good fellow as I am? I can't tell her I don't love her, because I do love her as a brother. But brotherly love isn't much, after all I have professed. Well, I'm sorry five months before September a good deal can happen in that time; a good deal has happened in less time. Thinking won't help matters, anyway."

So he threw Amy's letter in the fire, and walking over to the sideboard, poured out half a glass of brandy and drank it slowly. Then he took a monthful of ice water, lighted a cigar, and throwing himself in a big chair, began to think again.

How it all came to him, he did not know, but he felt as if he were in a dream. He had been in the city for some time, and he had heard that he was a young man of great talents, and he had heard that he was a young man of great talents, and he had heard that he was a young man of great talents.

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What a story! For September, a novel one which he hardly believed, if true, will ever become popular. It is a story of a young man of great talents, and he had heard that he was a young man of great talents, and he had heard that he was a young man of great talents.

CHAPTER XVII. The morning work of un-... ..

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