

NATURAL HEALER

it would have been indecent, would it not, in spite of my repugnance for his mother, if I had refrained from every manifestation of feeling? I went down stairs with Bowser, who seemed to be crying. Do I doubt that he was crying? I can hardly tell. But, anyhow, there in the parlor lay poor Geordie, cold and white and still, on the red cushion of the settee, and Mrs. Collins knelt beside him, moaning and weeping and wringing her hands. All the invalids of the hotel were in the room or at the door, and three-