THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905



"There Ned will act exactly as he before the fire. pleases," returned the other, sipping naby, my good fellow, you say some mind?" prayers before you go to bed, I his wine; "that's entirely his affair. hope? wouldn't for the world interiere

with my son, Haredale, beyond a cer-tain point. The relationship between sir," returned old John, officiously. "Mi father and son, you know, is positive- "I'm afraid there ain't much good ly quite a holy kind of bond .-- Won't

you let me persuade you to take one turning to him. "Not I," he answered. "I know "Not I," he answered. "I know himself again.

"Chester," said Mr. Haredale, after a short silence, during which he had eyed his smiling face from time to time intently, "you have the head and heart of an evil spirit in all matters of deception.

"Your health!" said the other, with "But I have interrupted a nod. you

"If now," pursued Mr. Haredale, "we shoul find it difficult to separate these young people, and break off to go before, bowed himself out of their intercourse-if, for instance, you the room, and inter intercourse-if, for instance, you the Maypole's ancient bed. find it difficul's on your side, what course do you intend to take?"

"Nothing plainer, my good fellow, nothing easier," returned the other, shrugging his shoulders and stretchthe fire. I shall then exert those to be at home when his father's powers on which you flatter me so courtly guest presented himself behighly-though, upon my word, I fore the Maypole door-that is, if it don't deserve your compliments to had not perversely chanced to be one their full extent-and resort to a few of the half-dozen days in the whole little trivial subterfuges for rousing year on which he was at liberty to jealovsy and resentment. You see?" absent himself for as many hours the end, we are, as a last resource would have contrived, by hook or for tearing them asunder, to resort crook, to dive to the very bottom to 'reaccery and-and lying," Mr. Haredale.

the other, relishing a pinch of snuff confidential adviser. In that fortunextremely. "Not lying. Only a lit- ate case, the lovers would have had the management, a little diplomacy, quick warning of the ills that threat-a little-intriguing; that's the word." ened them, and the aid of various

moving on again, like one who was action, and all his sympathies and ill at ease, "that this could have been good wishes, were enlisted in favor foreseen or prevented. But as it has of the young people, and were staunch us to act, it is of no use shrinking this disposition arose out of his your endeavors to the utmost of my young lady, whose history had surpower. There is one topic in the rounded her in his mind, almost from whole wide range of human thought his cradle, with circumstances of unon which we both agree. We shall usual interest; or from his attachact in concert, but apart. There will ment towards the young gentleman, be no need, I hope, for us to meet into whose confidence he had, through again.

"Let me light you down the stairs." most imperceptibly glided; whether Pray

the other dryly, "I know the way." these sources, or in the habit natural So, waving his hand slightly, and to youth, or in the constant badger-putting on his hat as he turned up- ing of his venerable parent, or in on his heel, he went clanking out as any hidden little love affair of his led finally to an enclosure surround- pointm something of a ling a large, old, red-brick mansion- sure." he had come, shut the door behind him, and tramped down the echoing fellow-feeling in the matter, it is

Barnaby nodded, "He has some

in 'em.

as you please," he added, helping himself again. "Chester," said Mr. Haredale, after

"He's quite a animal, sir," John "You'll excuse him, I'm sure. If he has any soul at all, sir, it must be to be quiet under it." such a very small one, that it don't "Let him have signify what he does or doesn't in

that way. Good-night, sir!" The guest rejoined "God bless you!"

ing; and John, beckoning his guards the room, and left him to his rest in

CHAPTER XIII.

If Joseph Willet, the denounced and himself more comfortably before proscribed of 'prentices, had happened "In short, justifying the means by without question or reproach - he said of Mr. Chester's mystery, and to come at his purpose with as much

"Oh, dear, no. Fie, fie!" returned certainty as though he had been his

"I wish," said Mr. Haredale, mov- timely and wise suggestions to boot; ing to and fro, and stopping, and for all Joe's readiness of thought and gone so far, and it is necessary for in devotion to their cause. Whether or regretting. Well! I shall second old prepossessions in favor of the his shrewdness and alacrity, and the "Are you going?" said Mr. Ches-ter, rising with a graceful indolence. vices as a spy and messenger, al-wise to turn up a hyway leading to ber mother Would keep your seat," returned they had their origin in either of

truth, I don't care," said Joe. 'Come, father, give me the money, and in the name of patience let me

don't make too much haste back, but

"And don't you score up too much objected, and the spring nosegay, all

"Then why don't you let me have father? What do you send me into London for, giving me only the right

with a prvor that was quite affect- tolls, hasn't he one and sixpence?" "One and sixpence!" repeated his

son contemptuously. "Yes, sir," and sixpence. When 1 was your age,

the like of that. The other sixpence is to spend in the diversions of London; and the diversion I recommend is going to the top of the Monument, and sitting there. There's no temptawomen-no bad, characters of any sort-nothing but imagination. That's solved to stroll up another street for the way I enjoyed myself when I was five minutes, then up another street

stalwart, manly horseman he looked, deserving a better charger than it was for her rider), until man and beast minutes, when he began to think they were gone, and slowly re-entering the

The unfortunate gray mare, who was the agony of Joe's life, floundered along at her own will and pleasure until the Maypole was no her legs into what in a puppet would have been looked upon as a clumsy and awkward imitation of a canter, mended her pace all at once, and did it of her own accord. The acquaintwise to turn up a by-way, leading to her mother. Would you mind giv--not to London, but through lanes ing 'em to Mrs. Varden, Joe?" running parallel with the road they had come, and passing within a few deavoring, but not with the greatest

the same of which mention was made

"And do you suppose he minds templation of the building or the tree

"Good-night! Ear-give the mare a long rest.-Do you as he crossed his horse again, "No departed; saying under his breath errand for me to-day!" But the air of smartness, the cock

will need it, Heaven knows."

"Mind that too.

some money of my own?" retorted smith. So, indeed, it turned out; for Joe, sorrowfully; "why don't you, when he had settled with the vintner to call for my dinner at the Black street, and who was as purple-faced Lion, which you're to pay for next an old gentleman as if he had all his

"Let him have money!" cried astonishment of the purple-faced vint-John in a drowsy reverie. "What ner, who, gimlet in hand, had pro-

accidents-the mare casting a shoe, or tracted by the eyes of blooming Dolly

tion there, sir-no drink-no young means make up his mind to walk

your age, sir. To this Joe made no answer, but

led finally to an enclosure surround- pointment. "I shall be very glad, I'm

with an assumed air of idleness don't know, and to say the and indifference, but always keeping an eye upon the window he had singled out at first. After some quar-

ter of an hour's delay, a small white hand was waved to him for an in-"There it is, sir," replied John ; stant from this casement, and the and take care of it; and mind you young man, with a respectful 'low.

"Ay, I mind," returned Joe. "She

the Black Lion," said John. betokened some little errand of his

own, having a more interesting object than a vintner or even a lock-

right of you. You can't expect me declined tasting more than three

I had never seen so much money, in and John's advice, he turned his steps a heap. A shilling of it is in case of towards the locksmith's house, at-

Varden. Joe was by no 'neans a sheepish fellow, but, for all that, when he got to the corner of the street in which the locksmith lived, he could by no straight to the house. First, he re-

for five minutes more, and so on until he had lost fall half an hour, when beckoning Hugh, leaped into the sad-dle and rode away; and a very himself with a red face and a beating heart in the smoky workshop. "Joe Willet, or his ghost?" his fortune to bestride. John stood Varden, rising from his desk at staring after him, or rather after which he was busy with his books. which he was busy with his books, the gray mare (for he had no eyes and looking at him under his spectacles. had been out of sight some twenty eh? the Chigwell company, Joe?"

"Much as usual, sir-they and house, fell into a gentle dose. agree as well as ever." "Well, well!" said the locksmith. We must be patient, Joe, and bear with old folks' foibles. How's the mare, Joe? Does she do the four longer visible, and then, contracting miles an hour as easily as ever? Ha, ha, ha! Does she, Joe? Eh!-What have we there, Joe-a nosegay!" "A very poor one, sir-I thought Miss Dolly'

"No, no," said Gabriel, dropping ance with her rider's usual mode of his voice, and shaking his head, proceeding, which suggested this im- "not Dolly. Give 'em to her mother, "Oh, no, sir," Jee replied, and enhundred yards of the Maypole, which possible success, to hide his disap-

"That's right," said the locksmith,

SIXTH MONTH THE June SACRED HEART **30 DAYS** DAY OF 0 ¥ 1905 ¥ MC of the hat to which John Willet had T. w. Ascension of Our Lord, Holy Day of Obligation. F. S. Eugene I., Pope. S. Mary Magdalene dei Pazzi. 2 w. S. 3 w. Within the Octave of Ascension Su. M. S. Francis Caracciolo w. S. Boniface. r. T. W. T. S. Norbert. w. S. Augustine of Canterbury. w. Octave of Ascension. w. F. S. S. Bede the Venerable ₩. 9 10 Vigil of Pentecost. Fast. Pentecos Su. M. 11 Pentecost. r. Of the Octave. 12 T. W. 13 Of the Octave. Ender Day. Fast. Of the Octave. 14 r. Of the Octave. T. 15 г. Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave, r. S. Ember. Day. Fast. Of the Octave. 17 r. Trinity Sunday Trinity Sunday. 18 Su. w. S. Juliana de Falconieri. M. 19 W. Silverius, Pope. Т. 20 W. S. Aloysius Gonzaga. 21 w. Corpus Christi. S. Mark, Evangelist. T. 22 W F. 23 w. S. John the Baptist. 24 S. w Second Sunday After Pentecost Su. M. S. Gallicanus. 25 26 г. SS. John and Paul. r. T. W William Abbot. 27 28 W Leo II., Pope. W. SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles. T. 29 F. 30 Sacred Heart of Jesus. A complete course in 20 lessons. The system is easy and prac said LEARN tical. Everybody needs Shorthand. Anyone can learn our system in a few months and be able to write 100 words a minute SHORTHAND Canadian Correspondence College, Limited "Which is it? Joe in the flesh, BY MAIL That's hearty. And how are all TORONTO, CAN.

profane.

such though I am but a servant."

"Answering me, Miggs, and provid-ing yourself," retorted her mistress, looking round with dignity, "is one and the same thing. How dare you and round, and ruminate on all the speak of angels in connection with your sinful fellow-beings-mere" said Mrs. Varden, glancing at her- Gabriel was dull too. It was self in a neighboring mirror, and ar- part of the certain uncertainty of ranging the ribbon or her cap in a more becoming fashion-"mere worms | they and grovellers as we are!"

"I did not intend, mim, if you "I need have a cheerful disposition, lease, to give offence," said Miggs, I am sure," said the smiling houseplease, to give offence. confident in the strength of her com- wife, "to preserve any spirits at all: pliment, and developing strongly in and how I do it I can scarcely tell." "Not a bit, sir."—Dear heart, how the throat as usual, "and I did not "Ah, mim," sighed Miggs, "begging "Come in," said Gabriel. "I have interruption, I hope I know my own unworthiness there and the many like you." and I hate and despise myself and all my fellow-creatures as every practicable Christian should.'

"Miggs," said Mrs. Varden, "you're -with the whole party doting on and

adoring her, and wanting to marry her. Miggs was hovering about too; "Begging your pardon, mim," re-turned Miggs, with shrill rapidity, and the fact of her existence, the "such was not my intentions, and mere circumstance of her ever having I hope is not my character, been born, appeared, after Dolly, such an unaccountable practical joke. was impossible to talk. It couldn't be done. He had nothing left for it but to stir his tea round, and round,

fascinations of the locksmith's lovely daughter.

Mrs. Varden's temper, that when were in this condition, she should be gay and sprightly.

-whose place of business was down in some deep cellars hard by Thames

time you go, as if I was not to be life supported their arched roof on trusted with a few shillings? Why his head,-whe he had settled the whispered in his ear with dignity. do you use me like this? It's not account, and taken the receipt and glasses of old sherry, to the unbounded

does he call money-guineas? Hasn't jected an attack upon at least a he got money? Over and above the score of dusky casks, and who stood transfixed, or morally gimleted as it were, to his own wall-when he had done all this, and disposed besides of

returned John, "one a frugal dinner at the Black Lion in Whitechapel; spurning the Monument

needless to inquire-especially as Joe stairs

rough brute. Quite a human bad- on one side or the other. ger

procession old John Willet had care- hard cash, his account with a cerand ride away thoughtfully at a or less, was the end and object of a footpace. After some consideration, journey for Joe, so surely as the year t was decided that he had left the and day came round. gentleman above for dead, and had This journey was performed upon an adopted this stratagem to divert old grey mare, concerning whom John suspicion or pursuit.

cessity of their going upstairs forth- could win a plate or cup if she tried. with, they were about to ascend in She never had tried, and probably nethe order they had agreed upon, when ver would now, being some fourteen a smart ringing at the guest's bell, or fifteen years of age, short in wind, as if he had pulled it vigorously, long in body, and rather the werse overthrew all their speculations, and for wear in respect of her mane and strongest and stoutest fellows on the retired into the bar, and there, in a premises, who were to make their ap- secret grove of lemons, laughed with pearance under pretence of clearing pride. away the glasses.

without trembling. But when it was bone!" brought, and he leant his sturdy | There was bone enough beyond all observed to look very hard into his as he sat sideways in the saddle, lazboots as he pulled them off, and, by ily doubled up with his chin nearly ing them full of blood. He took oc- little green before the door. casion, too, to examine the gentle- "Mind you take good care of her,

from chair.

est inspection, holding his candle to kill the wintner, sir?' ing him feel extremely warm about Now your mind's at ease, father. which they had come, and held, drawn drops, eh, sir?" out near the fire for warmth, a great

faded brocade, and ornamented at that, I hope: the top of each carved post, with a plume of feathers that had once been si!'' said Mr. Willet, disdainfully, white, but with dust and age had 'to go supposing that wintners care

"Pah! A very coarse animal, in- was out of the way, and had no opdeed!" said Mr. Chester, composing portunity on that particular occasion stop, in a little copse thereabout, she himself in the easy-chair again. "A of testifying to his sentiments either It was, in fact, the twenty-fifth of trunk of a tree.

John Willet and his friends, who March, which, as most people know bad been listening intently for the to their cost, is, and has been time clash of swords, or firing of pistols, out of mind, one of those unpleasant in the great room, and has indeed set- epochs termed quarter-days. On this tled the order in which they should twenty-fifth of March, it was John rush in when summoned-in which Willet's pride annually to settle, in fully arranged that he should bring tain vintner and distiller in the foot. up the rear-were very much aston- city of London; to give into whose ished to see Mr. Haredale come down hands a canvas bag containing its without a scratch, call for his horse, exact amount, and not a penny more

had an indistinct set of ideas hover-As this conclusion involved the ne- ing about him, to the effect that she

shoulder to the guest, Mr. Willet was doubt; and so Hugh seemed to think, opening his eyes much wider than us- touching his knees; and heedless of ual, to appear to express some sur- the dangling stirrups and loose bridleprise and disappointment at not find- rein, sauntered up and down on the

man as closely as he could, expect- sir," said John, appealing from this

some internal wound, "the wer, he generally wound up by bid-

Hugh! Follow up, sir, with the easy- at him for a little time, in a species of stupefaction, "by cocking his hat In this order- and still, in his earn- to such an extent! Are you a-going

very close to the guest; now mak- "No," said Joe, tartly; "I'm not.

the legs, now threatened to set his "With a milintary air, too!" said wig on fire, and constantly begging Mr. Willet, surveying him from top his pardon with great awkwardness to toe; "with a swaggering, fire-eatand embarrassment-John led the ing, biling-water drinking sort of way party to the best bedroom, which was with him! And what do you mean nearly as large as the chamber from by pulling up the crocuses and snow-

"It's only a little nosegay, said old spectral bedstead, hung with Joe, reddening. "There's no harm in faded brocade, and ornamented at that, I hope?"

white, but with dust and age had "to go supposing that winthers care now grown hearse-like and funeral. for nosegays." "Good-night, my friends," said Mr. "I don't suppose anything of the Chester with a sweet smile, seating kind," returned Joe. "Let them keep himself, when he had surveyed the their red noses for hottles and tank-room from end to end, in the casy- ards. These are going to Mr. Var-chair which his atlendants wheeled den's house."

as the Warren in the first chapter of patting him on the back. "It don't this history. Coming to a dead matter who has 'em, Joe?" "Not a bit, sir."-Dear heart, how suffered her rider to dismount with the words stuck in his throat!

right good-will, and to tie her to the just been called to tea. She's in the "Stay there, old girl," said Joe, parlor."

"and let us see whether there's any "She," thought Joe. "Which little commission for me to-day. 'em, I wonder-Mrs. or Miss?" The So saying, he left her to browse upon locksmith settled the doubt as neatly such stunted grass and weeds as hap- as if it had been expressed aloud, by pened to grow within the length of leading him to the door, and saying, her tether, and passing through a "Martha, my dear, here's young Mr. Willet." wicket gate, entered the grounds on

Now, Mrs. Varden, regarding the The pathway, after a very few Maypole as a sort of human manminutes' walking, brought him close trap, or decoy for husbands; viewing to the house, towards which, and es- its proprietor, and all who aided and pecially towards one particular abetted him, in the light of so many window, he directed many covert poachers among Christian men; and

glances. It was a dreary, silent believing, moreover, that the publibuilding, with echoing courtyards, de- cans coupled with sinners in Holy solated turret-chambers, and whole Writ were veritable licensed victualsuites of rooms shut up and moulder- lers; was far from being favorably ing to ruin. disposed towards her visitor. Where-

The terrace-garden, dark with the fore she was taken faint directly; and shade of overhanging trees, had an being duly presented with the croair of melancholy that was quite op- cuses and snowdrops, divined on furpressive. Great iron gates, disused ther consideration that they were the for many years, and red with rust, occasion of the languor which had drooping on their hinges and over- seized upon her spirits. "I'm afraid involved them in great uncertainty tail. Notwithstanding these slight drooping on their hinges and over- seized upon her spirits. "I'm afraid and doubt. At length Mr. Willet defects, John perfectly gloried in the grown with long rank grass, seemed I couldn't bear the room another and doubt. At length MI, which delects, John perfectly gloried in the as though they tried to sink into the minute," said the good lady, "if they agreed to go upstairs himsen, escort- animal, and when she was brought ground, and hide their fallen state remained here. Would you excuse my among the friendly weeds. The fan- putting them out of the window?'

tastic monsters on the walls, green Joe begged she wouldn't mention it with age and damp, and covered here on any account, and smiled feebly as "There's a bit of horseflesh, Hugh!" and there with moss, looked grim he saw them deposited on the sill Under this protection, the brave said John, when he had recovered en- and desolate. There was a sombre outside. If anybody could have and broad-faced John boldly entered ough self-command to appear at the spect even on that part of the man-known the pains he had taken to the room half a foot in advance, and door again. "There's a comely crea-received an order for a boot-jack tur! There's high mettle! There's in good repair, that struck the be-bunch of flowers! sion which was inhabited and kept make up that despised and misused

holder with a sense of sadness; of "I feel it quite a relief to get rid something forlorn and failing, whence of them, I assure you," said Mrs. cheerfulness was banished. It would Varden. "I'm better already." And have been difficult to imagine a bright indeed she did appear to have plucked fire blazing in the dull and darkened up her spirits. rooms, or to picture any gayety of heart or revelry that the frowning vidence for this favorable dispensa-

It seemed a place tion, and tried to look as if he didn't where such things had been, but wonder where Dolly was.

ing to discover sundry loop-holes in his person, pierced by his adversary's sword. Finding none, however, and observing in course of ti e that his guest was as coel and unruffled, both in his dress and temper, as he had in his dress and temper of its present occupant; into the work into the manison, it seemed the very into the manison, it seemed the very into the temper of him temper here was some into the temper of him the temper of him the temper of him the temper of him temper of him the temper of him t in his dress and temper, as he had been all day, old John at last braved a deep sigh, and began to think no duel had been fought that night. in his dress and temper, as he had been all day, old John at last braved duel had been fought that night. in his dress and temper, as he had so dread to go. But Joe gave ''None of your impudence, sir, if you please,'' retorted old John. 'What would you ride, sir?'' A wild "And now, Willet," said Mr. Ches-ter, "if the room's well aired, I'll try the merits of that famous bed." "What would you ride, sir?" A wild to ride a roaring lion, wouldn't you, wouldn't would be too tame for the steward's would have been its predestined thea-excuse. I would rather pay the mon-ter wears upon years ago. Viewed to ride a roaring lion, wouldn't you, wouldn't you, wouldn't would you ride, sir?" A wild try the merits of that famous bed." ter, "if the room's well aired, 1'll you, wouldn't he, eh, sir? You'd like with Telefence to this regend, the den come home like a respectable and the prettiest hand in the world— on the prettiest hand in the world— on the ledge of the open window, and her little finger provokingly and her little finger provokingly and taking up the candle, and hunging when Mr. Willet, in his differences wear a black and suffer character, great emphasis, "that offends and ber little finger provokingly and ber

voice would raise the listener's and don't let us talk about sots. Joe paced up and down the path.

sometimes stopping in affected con- toast.

Varden. won't she is waiting at home under such circumstances. If you don't believe they bore her down the street. know ne, as I

"to step up-stairs and see if Dolly go." has finished dressing, and to tell her that the chair that was ordered for to see that you don't take your tea, Varden, and that you don't take yours, Mr. Joseph; though, of course, it would be foolish of me to expect that anything that can be had home, and in the company of iemales, would please you. in

This pronoun was understood gentlemen, upon both of whom it herself, and Joe had as great a pick with him. Good-night! liking for the female society of the Having uttered these words with locksmith's house-or for a part of great sweetness of manner, the good it at all events-as man could well lady dropped a courtesy remarkable entertain.

But he had no opportunity to say withdrew. anything in his own defence, for at And it was for this Joe had lookthat moment Dolly herself appeared, ed forward to the twenty-fifth of and struck him quite dumb with her March for weeks and weeks, and had beauty. Never had Dolly looked so gathered the flowers with so much handsome as she did then, in all the care, and had cocked his hat, and glow and grace of youth, with all her made himself so smart! This was charms increased a hundred-fold by a the end of all his bold determination. most becoming dress, by a thousand resolved upon for the hundredth little coquettish ways which nobody time, to speak out to Dolly and tell could assume with a better grace, and her how he loved her! To see her all the sparkling expectation of that for a minute-for but a minute -toaccursed party. It is impossible to find her going out to a party and tell how Joe hated that party wher- glad to go; to be looked upon as a ever it was, and all the other people common pipe-smoker, beer-bibber, who were going to it, whoever they spirit-guzzler, and tosspot! He bade

It's a very unpleasant sub- real as you think, and I could look set spurs to the gray mare, and was ject I have no doubt, though I quite as well myself if I took the at his side directly. say it's personal"-Miggs pains! To hear that provoking pre. coughed-"whatever I may be forced cious little scream when the chair said, touching his hat. "A fair to think," Miggs sneezed expressively. was hoisted on its poles, and to catch evening, sir. Glad to see you out of "You never will know, Varden, and that transient but not-to-be-forgotten doors again." "You never will know, Varden, and vision of the happy face within-what The gentleman smiled and nodded. nobody at young Mr. Willet's age - torments and aggravations, and yet "What gay things have been going on you'll excuse me, sir-can be expected torments and aggravations, and yet "What gay things have been going on to know, what a woman suffers when what delights were these! The very to-day, Joe? Is she as pretty as chairmen seemed favored rivals as ever? Nay, don't blush, man.

me, as I know you don't, here's There never was such an alteration Miggs, who is only too often a wit-ness of it—ask her." "Oh! she were very bad the other night, sir, indeed she were," said Miggs. "If you hadn't the sweet-ness of an angel in you, mim, I do not think you could a-bear it, I real-ly don't." There never was such an alteration did, it was to think I should have been such a fool as ever to have any hope of her. She's as far out of my reach as—as Heaven is." "Well, Joe, I hope that's not alto-gether beyond it," said Edward, could calculate fluttering about her (To be Continued.)

"Ah, mim," sighed Miggs, "begging

"Take away, Miggs," said Mrs-Varden, rising, "taking away, pray. I know I'm a restraint here, and as "You'll have the goodness, if you I wish everybody to enjoy themselves please," said Mrs. Varden loftily, as they best can, I feel I had better I wish everybody to enjoy themselves

"No, no, Martha," cried the locksmith. "Stop here. I'm sure we her will be here in a minute, and shall be very sorry to lose you, eh. that if she keeps it waiting, I shall Joe?" Joe started and said "Cer-send it away that instant-I'm sorry tainly."

"Thank you, Varden, my dear," returned his wife; "but I know your wishes better. Tobacco and beer, or spirits, have much greater attractions at than any I can boast of, and therefor I shall go and sit up-stairs and look out of the window, my love. Good-night, Mr. Joseph. I'm very the plural sense, and included both glad to have seen you, and only wish I could have provided something more was rather hard and undeserved, for suitable to your taste. Remember Gabriel had applied himself to the me very kindly, if you please, to old meal with a very promising appetite Mr. Willet, and tell him that when-until it was spoiled by Mrs. Varden ever he comes here i have a crow to

for its condescension, and serenely

He bade farewell to his friend the locksmith

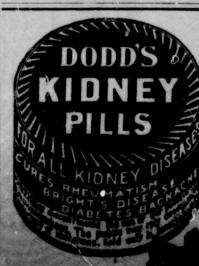
to take horse at the Black Lion,

wind, became a very phantom whose voice would raise the listener's and don't let us talk about sots, come that delicate bodice, and how dreadfully with bold strangers-which from some internal wound, "the wer, he generally wound, "the original bold his tongue." voice would raise the listener's hair on end: and every leafless bough tankard. Barnaby, take you that other candle, and go on before. It will be the time in a species of the bar about the start of the bar about them. I dare bar about them, I dare bar about them and looking back, saw a bar about them are none bar about them. At this crisis, Miggs appeared with knowing how all this loveliness was well-mounted gentleman advancing at got up, and of being in the secret of a smart canter. As this rider passed "I dare sar he does not," said Mrs. every string and pin and hook and he checked his steed, and called him Varden; "and I dare say you do not, eye, and of saying it ain't half as of the Maypole by his name. Joe

"I thought it was you, sir," he

you don't believe they bore her down the street. you don't here's There never was such an alteration said Joe, "which I didn't know I did, it was to think I should have "If I color at all, Mr. Edward,"

1111 PILLS DNEY



walls shut in. could be no more-the very ghost of could be no more—the very ghost of a house, haunting the old spot in its outward form, and that was all. Much of this decayed and some a some

