POOR DOCUMENT

THE STAR, ST, JOHN, N B. SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 7, 1907,

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

"I really cannot imagine," he remarked, "And I don't see that any-thing else matters much." "Oh, doesn't it!" she exclaimed, with a pout. "There are all sorts of othernice things I might be that mattered nuch. For instance, supposing I told ou-you said, just now, you know.

COUNT MICHAEL

By Harold Blind

terrible your own green-coated Ghoor- "'Flash! flash! flash! crack, crack!

terrible your own green-coated Ghoor-kas. Always more lines trampled the snow and doubled through the creeping shmoke left by the advance. Yes! So still was the air that the gossamer banks lay drifting in tortuous waves. It seemed that we could never kill enough. "The west was turned into a griggen

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