SUNDAY MORNING

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

TANUARY 5 1913

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T SUNDAY.) hing. cording to you t good for any-

many things, who could talk to men of any profession or to the mere man of pleasure, and could interest them in what he said, and force their respect and liking. And he was very good, and had, they said, seen much trouble.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

had, they said, seen much trouble. "I am afraid I interrupted you," said the young man, tentatively. "No, I have interrupted myself," re-plied the bishop. "I don't seem to make th's clear to myself," he said, touching the paper in front of him, "and so I very much doubt if I am go-ing to make it clear to any one else. However," he added, smiling, as he pushed the manuscript to one side, "we are not going to talk about that now. are not going to talk about that now. What have you to tell me that is new?" The young man glanced up quickly at this, but the bishop's face showed

(Copyright, 1891, by Charles Scrib-ner's Sons.) (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Young Latimer stood on one of the lower steps of the hall stairs, leaning with one hand on the broad railing and smiling down at her. She had followed him from the

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ing as tho he intended to discuss it with her at some length. "How can I go," he said, argumenta-tively, "with you standing there—look-ing like that?" "I really believe," the girl said, slow-ing the that?" "I really believe," the girl said, slow-ing to him, "you were so brave." "Oh, I am sure I never said that," may be brave, in fact I am quite brave, buit I never said I was. Some one

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The Story of a Man With a Past and of a Woman Whose Love Did Not Survive Her Discovery of it.



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ill you? Goodshakes 1 m curious," says alks out to

something ro-"We've met be-

good tasta" ame to you; and n you at that.

there; but Mr. ed over sol e'd gone twenty embers

ys he, "I suppose about my those contracts. ild, wasn't he?" right," says L

ned him," mys Do I look like a out, send 'em

air Mr. Robert What tickles e that came for enger. I finds it e: so both the when I opens it. ays Aunt Marbeked and scan-ly's picture!" she a dream,

een lecturin me Zenobia breaktha,' says she

vays sixty-three be Alicia Vernname on na Ashton Hem-

She's a beauty,

savs L iff rence to Aunt tho. She didladies to voung in' me how long

and " said Zenobia, an guess who it corki for a corkin' bureat my way to foreign tellin' W



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