

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPERITO SANTO."

CHAPTER XIII.

Oh, Civilization! the abominations that are committed in thy name! Oh, relentless Progress, murderer of young romance and tender idealism! With the new era of manufacturing industry and wealth a wreath of soot and smoke was coming to crown the brows of the fair Queen of the Straits. The peaceful farms and comfortable residences of the older inhabitants were to suffer a change, to be converted into factories and docks and freight-yards, with the shrieking of steam, and the puffing of engines. My grandfather's orchard was the first in the outlying districts to be sacrificed, and for a while the only one, for the outbreak of the Southern rebellion delayed the march of progress for a time.

I tried to comfort the old man, as he faltered on his explanation. He had made his sacrifice without a murmur till he learned that it cost a sacrifice for me also. Then his self-reproach was pitiful.

"But, Pepe, why was any sacrifice necessary? I am young and strong. I have my profession, I shall surely be able to earn something. We raise nearly everything we need on the farm itself, so that we require very little ready money. We can live like princes on my income, let alone what I may earn or what you may have."

"You do not understand, Roderic," he said, wearily. "I cannot conceal it from you any longer. My boy, you have not only lost your stock, you were being encircled out of all you possessed. I tried to rescue something for you, that is all."

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed. "Mr. Arthur has invested my money unfortunately, it seems to me stupidly. He may have served his own interests better than mine, but is there anything more?"

"Ay, ay, there is more, but that is the maddening part of it. He has done nothing criminal, nothing illegal, nothing that we can fight in the courts. It is business, that is all, but you and I do not understand business, Rory, my boy. We drag our notions of honor and morality into our money dealings with our friend, and it seems that is not their position, but that, again, is not business. We are fools, you and I, Roderic, a pair of sentimental fools, and we must suffer for our folly."

"I know that we are suffering, grandfather, but I do not yet know what our folly is."

"I forgot, I must explain. Your guardian told you that as you could not afford any longer to be assessed for the yearly deficit of the Forest Lake Mine, you had surrendered your stock and been released from your share of the bonded indebtedness. He did not mention that you had paid \$18,000 in cash for this release, in addition to the surrender of your stock. Ay, you will exclaim and look incredulous! Do you think I paid a penny of it till I had consulted the best lawyer I could find in New York and paid him handsomely for his opinion? They offered me the choice of two things—to be assessed several thousand dollars yearly to cover the annual deficit, with no certainty of success in the end, and should you refuse to go deeper into debt, threatened liquidation, in which case you would be liable for your share of the bonded indebtedness, \$36,000. The other proposition was for you to purchase your release from the whole concern by the surrender of your stock and the payment of \$18,000. The lawyer advised the latter course, as he said that none but a capitalist could afford either to help on to an uncertain venture as copper or to fail for such an amount."

"I understand!" I said, bitterly. "Arthur and McIr can afford to hold on, for have they not had sixty-three thousand dollars from me in the past, besides the payment of nearly \$2,000 a year for the last four years, and now a present of \$18,000 more? They can well afford to wait for a few uncertain years, till the mine begins to pay dividends, for then they will not have to share their profits with me, but can pocket them all. And the man who drives this bargain with me is my father's friend, the trustee of his orphaned child!"

"Ay, but he has another orphan under his guidance, and an Arthur to boot," cried the Chevalier, the blood of the de Maclarets boiling in his veins. "You were right, Roderic, in your suspicion, for I have it from Emilio McNiff—who is one of their clerks, though he is not responsible for their doings—that Mont-gomeric Moir wished to withdraw from the venture four years ago, and threatened to expose its management if they did not let him do so. It was a species of blackmail which you or I would not stoop to, but it succeeded from his point of view, for they all consented to his terms, to buy his stock of him at par value, dollar for dollar. Now his name appears again on their books in your place as a stockholder to the amount of \$63,000. You have been frozen out, poor fellow, and Moir reaps the benefit."

"And was there nothing, nothing we could do?" I groaned. It was so hard to sit still and be imposed upon. I felt an insane desire to kill somebody, it did not matter who.

willing to accept your lumber interest in lieu of cash payment made me certain that it was worth several times what he valued it at. Then I turned to see what I could realize from property of my own—the farm and the orchard. Nobody wanted the farm, but the Yonotega Iron Works needed the orchard, with the pier and four hundred feet frontage on the river. They paid me \$29,000 for the property, and I have put the balance aside for you to develop your timber lands with. I did not know it would break your poor heart like this my boy!"

We were both flushed and choking, but I did my best to cheer him up. "Never mind, Pepe! We will take the money that is left, and we will cut down the lumber and make a fortune. Then we will buy back the orchard, tear down their old factory, and plant the field again with French pears, with peaches, and genuine Calville apples, and it will be like old times again."

He tried to believe me, and I tried to believe in myself, and so we comforted each other and strove to forget. The stately elms and forest trees that bordered the lawn helped to shut out the hideous brick walls of the factory, and we could still catch a glimpse of the river and of Belle Isle across the lawns and orchards of our neighbors. But it was not so easy to shut out from our hearts the sting of injustice, the bitter sense of helplessness under a cruel wrong, the pain of injury at the hands of a friend, so much deeper than any pain that can be wrought by a known enemy.

It was some relief to my feelings to write a full account of affairs to my loyal little friend Etienne. It was enough to tell her what had happened. I should not need to describe the emotions I had passed through, for she knew me and she would understand them. I never for an instant doubted that I should have her complete sympathy, nor was I mistaken. It was a month before I received her answer, and when it came the letter was post-marked "New York." She wrote that in spite of her mother's tears and protestations, her father had insisted on their returning to America and had offered his services to the country as surgeon in the campaign against the Southern rebels. The rest of her letter was all about me and my affairs. It was straight to the point, full of loyalty to my interests, of indignation for my unjust treatment, of perfect comprehension of all my sentiments, and of confidence in my ability to right my wrongs and confound my enemies. It was signed "Etienne." Yes, dear little girl, with all her vanities and ambitions, her love of finery and success, she was true gold at heart, and I could rely on her loyal, whole-hearted, sympathetic friendship as long as we both should live. I felt better, more at peace with myself, and I had read her letter, and the touch of it near my heart, where it lay for many a day, brought me precious moments of consolation.

It seems strange to me now that I did not reply to her letter as promptly as she had responded to mine, the stranger that in it she had asked me some questions. In a first postscript Moir any knowledge of this affair? We see a great deal of him, for he came over in the steamer with us, and I know her is related to Mr. Arthur. He never likes to talk about you, and when I ask him why, he replies that I am too young to understand. Do you suppose that he knows about the way you have been treated and feels too sensitive to speak of it, or do you suspect any other reason why he should avoid your name? I cannot rest till I find out whether he is your friend or your foe."

The second postscript was shorter. It merely said, "Was the rest of your family plantation in Cuba the 'Selva Alegre'?" I did not deserve to hear from her again when I could neglect to reply to such a letter, but a few days later came a shorter note to say that her father and Remy had both joined the Union army, that she and her mother would not return to Detroit, but would stay in New York until the trouble was over, so as to be nearer the seat of war if anything happened. Many young Americans in Paris had returned to go to the war. Mr. Moir would have liked to enlist, but he had injured his knee some years before and though he showed no traces of lameness now, yet he could not stand a soldier's life. He returned to America because he had invested in some Cuban property, where he was sure a fortune could be made in sugar, owing to the troubles in our Southern sugar-producing States.

It provoked me that she should write so much about Mr. Moir. What did I care about his knee or his speculations in Cuban sugar? Why need she add that he would be much missed in Paris, as he was one of the exceptional men in the American colony there, that he talked exquisite French, had delightful manners, and understood art, music and European politics, so that one must often do for one's countrymen. Why did she not write more about me and my affairs? Why did she not reproach me for leaving her first letter unanswered? I did not like this second letter at all, so I tore it up, though I did not disturb the former one from its resting-place.

I fully intended to write her at some time, but I was greatly occupied in looking for a chance to establish myself in my profession. By day and night I was engrossed with the conception of a deep waterway through the flats and shifting sand-bars at the mouth of the Sainte-Clair River. I was planning the design of a double canal, with stone abutments crowned with shrubs and trees, and with light-houses built after the model of a Venetian canalier. The sands would be held back by myriads of piles driven into them, on which might be built boat houses, shooting-boxes—even hotels for the benefit of the sportsmen who came in great numbers every season to the flats for the fishing and duck shooting. What an opportunity for engineer and architect to work together and make from these unsightly, dangerous shoals,

not only a passage for the largest ships to the commerce of the upper lakes, but also a miniature Venice, a floating, fairy city of the Straits!

The United States Ledge Survey then had its headquarters in Detroit. As the government employed also the services of civil engineers and contractors, I had the opportunity to compete for some of their enterprises, and at the same time bring some of my projects to their notice. They were pleased with my skill at draughtsmanship, and seemed to take no clear-headed and energetic in organizing and directing the practical portions of the work assigned me, but I had to receive many a mild snubbing about my "fancy schemes," as they called them, and to endure some good-natured criticism levelled at foreign-born Americans who were always trying to distort the genius of a new country into the likeness of an older civilization. I suppose they felt towards my projects much as I felt in regard to the dreams of the young Edison lad at Fort Gratiot, with whom I had struck up a friendship in some of my shooting or surveying expeditions up the Sainte-Clair River. His father was care-taker of the fort, one of the oldest of the military outposts, founded by Du Lhut in 1688, and called Fort St. Joseph, which had played a part in the early warfare with the Indians and in the War of 1812. It was an antiquated affair, long since abandoned as a post, but still preserved by the government as an historical monument. The caretaker's son had always interested me greatly, and was certainly an extraordinary lad, working out alone and unaided the most delicate and complicated electrical experiments, but unfortunately he was exceedingly unpractical, or so I thought, wasting his skill and talents on the government as an electrical schemes. It seemed to me that while young Edison and I were both dreaming dreams for the benefit of mankind, there was this essential difference between them—my dreams, though perhaps artistically somewhat in advance of our Western progress, were eminently practical and easy of fulfilment in our rich, energetic, growing young country, while the dreams of Thomas Edison were as impracticable, as futile, and vague as the impossible visions which Balzer was to embody in "The Coming Race."

And so I dreamed and schemed, and worked and planned, trying to forget such ugly facts as the loss of my Nita's last letter, till I was rudely awakened by the Chevalier. My grandfather was deeply engrossed in the news from the seat of disturbance at the South. He buried himself in the newspapers, he talked politics incessantly with his neighbors, and he called a Republican and La Farge, an anti-slavery Democrat. But with neighbor Dennison, a Democrat of the variety known as "Copperhead," he had little discussion. It was evident that the Chevalier strongly favored the war, and that he could not understand and was deeply hurt by my lack of interest in it.

"But, Pepe," I exclaimed, "how can a man fight if he has no sympathy for either side? I cannot wish the North to win, for that would entail the freeing of the slaves, which I should regard as a great calamity. On the other hand, how can I wish the South to win, when it would mean the destruction of the Union, which would also be a calamity? Neither cause appeals to me."

"Cause?" echoed the Chevalier. "Who talks about a cause? Who cares about a cause? I have a country, and my country's cause is mine, for better, for worse, till death do us part! Why did my great-grandfather leave Ireland? To seek freedom? Why did my father leave France? To help others obtain freedom! What country did my father fight for? The United States. What country did I fight for in 1812? The United States! I know of no Confederate States! I know neither North nor South, East nor West! The United States is my country, its cause is my cause, and it is the cause of freedom for all, black or white, Irish or French or African! Child, child! have you a drop of Irish blood in you and yet can sit still at such a time? Can you see such a fight going on and not take a gun?"

I paced my room through that night in great agitation, and I did not think I could sleep, or that my grandfather thought me one; I simply had no desire to fight because I loved peace, I loved my profession, and the things my heart was bound up in were the things of peace and not the things of war. Besides, I was drawn by ties of kinship on the paternal side to the South; the Irish blood just then and struggled fiercely against my Northern breeding and the lessons of patriotism instilled by my grandfather. To add to this was my deep-rooted repulsion to the negro race, which made me turn with aversion from the thought of their emancipation. Yet there had been a time when, at the bidding of a girl I loved, I had risked my life for a negro's freedom! Could I doubt what Alix would ask me to do now? All at once I seemed to remember the touch of Etienne's innocent hand on mine as she gave me the little picture of the martyr Stephen, praying for his enemy. With a rush there came over me the memory of Father Leclair's last words to me, spoken with illumined countenance and penetrating, far-seeing eyes. "Never forget, my child, that you are the follower of Him Who died for His enemies."

I sank on my knees before my crucifix, and I thought, do not fight! Fight for those I loathed? Must I leave the things of peace that I loved to the profession I had studied so hard and had made such a good start in, the schemes with which I hoped to do so much good, the dear home and the loving grandfather, who would break

his heart if I were killed, and yet would break it if I shunned death? Must I leave Nita for God knows how long, with my mortal enemy by her side, perhaps making love to her, perhaps slandering me, perhaps winning her during my absence and silence?

Clearly and more clearly came back to me words which seemed now inspired. I saw the white-robed figure of a saint, the eyes of the saintly Dominican, as he said to me, "You cannot, as the citizen of a great Democracy, be indifferent to its various public vicissitudes, and you may be called upon to act in the full measure of your strength." So this, then, was the strength of my love for the man Who forgave His enemies, the strength of my patriotism and my citizenship! I clasped the crucifix to my breast and a great calm sank on my spirit.

"I will go," I murmured. "For my God and my country—my God and my country!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The history of my career during the Civil War will be short writing. It contained naught of glory, little of adventure, less of reward, much of suffering. I was offered a commission on the staff of a general of volunteers, but I refused, knowing nothing of military drill or tactics. To be sure, other volunteers, equally inexperienced, were going as captains, and even as colonels, but that was their affair. I knew that I could not command, but that I should make a good private, for I could handle a gun, I could shoot a straight, I could endure much fatigue—being used to roughing it with Indian traps and trappers—and at least I could always fall back to the thought of my loved ones. I was appointed to a volunteer engineer regiment, and we were despatched to the Cumberland Valley, where we operated with the division under Brigadier-General Rosecrans.

The day after my arrival in camp I was greeted by a hearty "welcome" from the shoulder from no light hand, and by a friendly voice, exclaiming, "Well, young fellow! you air grown a mite since I last seen you. Air your ready, Mr. Brown?" Haw, haw, haw! But I war ready for 'em! And, turning, I recognized the raw-boned Ohio engineer of the ice-bound tug on the night of the rescue of the fugitive slave.

"Liz," but I can hear that devil of an Indian yell now! Reckon he war some friend of yourn?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Haliburton," I said, as I shook his long, lean hand cordially. "He taught me nearly everything I know in the way of boat-making, fishing, and trapping, and he was loyal to his country. I might have known I should meet you here, sir, fighting in such a cause."

"You needn't to sir me, though they do call me major hereabouts. Yes, sirree! I raised a company of niggers, all runaway slaves. Most of 'em I'd helped over to Canada, and they war glad to come back and fight for the freedom of their fellow-citizens. Some nice boys among 'em. But, sho! how is it airn't a general at least? How come it you got on a plain private's rig—no stars, no straps, hey? I'd 'a' thought you war born to lead a brigade if not an army corps."

I have just joined as a private of the volunteer engineer corps, and it is only my second day in camp. They haven't discovered my talents yet." I laughed, "but I expect a brigadier-general's commission next week."

"It didn't take me no week or no hour to find out your talents," grumbled Major Haliburton. "You make road, you air a general, and that kind of thing? Say, I can give you p'int about roads in this part of the country. You don't find no paving-stones all shaped to your order lying about here, nor no Doric columns, but I know a thing or two about gettin' a wagon through a swamp, or you make road, and leaving me in charge, he made a bee-line across lots for a squall-looking tavern on the outskirts of the town. In the course of the afternoon an adjutant rode up in haste with orders for the engineers to abandon the work, as the enemy were coming upon us in force. I sent the men back, and then left it my duty to warn my lieutenant of his danger. I found him at the tavern in a state of semi-intoxication, and with some difficulty dragged him forth, but as soon as he began to comprehend the danger he started at a dead run across the fields. He was splendid mark for sharpshooters, and the bullets soon began to whistle. There was nothing for me to do but rush into the open after him and drag him towards the woods nearest to our lines. We did not pause on reaching shelter, but ran on ignominiously for nearly half-mile through swamps and tangled underbrush, when suddenly we saw a form crouching in the bushes a little way ahead of us. The young officer turned and darted off at a tangent, while I stood to cover his flight, and drew my revolver, determined to sell my life dearly."

"Gawd's sake, massa, don't shoot!" cried a piteous voice, and in the heat of humanity that crawled forth from the bushes I recognized one of Major Haliburton's negro volunteers.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, sternly, though he might well have put the same question to me.

"Gawd knows couldn't help it, massa," he stammered. "I jus' had to run away! We was gettin' nigher and nigher de ole plantation whar I use ter work, an' I heared de Seeces was likin' de Yankees, an' I thought ole massa would come along wid de blood-hounds and take me back. I couldn't stay to march any nigher; no, dat's walk I couldn't, I jus' had to run away. I suspicion yere an ole berry swamp whar I done hide when I firs' run from ole massa, and use ter lay listenin' in de water to de barkin' ob de dogs. I thought ter get up ter de North, as I did befo', but I'se done hurt my leg, and I can't walk, massa; can't walk, and I'se bound to stay yere till I die, widouten you carry me back to de camp."

over, I was quick to see that not only the commanding officer but also the subalterns resented the idea of receiving advice from the ranks, and that for the sake of discipline I must hold my tongue and carry out orders, even where I knew them to be blunders.

My five weeks of service in the Union army were uneventful. Our outposts were engaged in frequent small skirmishes with Confederate sharpshooters, in which we did not always come out best, and the news that leaked down to the ranks from higher circles was not of an encouraging character. It was rumored that the Confederate forces had captured the Confederates and were marching victoriously through Pennsylvania, that the columns of Jackson's army were sweeping up the Mississippi Valley and would soon force us to retreat. The men whispered the news under their breath, and were on the verge of a panic. We were kept busy on roads, for the transportation question was an exceedingly serious one, and caused many embarrassing delays. I hewed logs and shovelled dirt till my unaccustomed muscles ached, and the blanket in which I wrapped myself at night did not keep out the dampness of the marshy ground on which we lay. When I had been no lack of hemlock boughs for couches, and the soil was either of sandy or rocky nature, the air crisp and invigorating; but the swamps of Tennessee and Mississippi were of a different character. My joints were rapidly stiffening, and my frame shook with nightly chills.

"Cuss! cuss! cuss!" exclaimed my Buckeye friend, hacking viciously with his jack-knife at a huge chunk of tobacco. "It's enough to make a Quaker swear to see you making yo'rself sick there over a day-laborer's work, when you air fitted to stand over the whole doggone lot of 'em. I tell you what it is, Robert, you better quit in your regiment. One of my lieutenants had to go and break his thigh-bone by his horse steppin' in a hole and throwin' him. The place is yorn for the askin'! What'd you say?"

I did not wish to hurt my friend's feelings by a refusal, I did not wish to appear to hold myself above any human being, black or white, but I could not as a lieutenant in a negro regiment was more than I could stand, and I somewhat reluctantly I told him the story of my infancy and my tragic associations with the negro race.

"Sho! now! I don't blame you; it's against human nature to forget such a thing as that! I can't ask you to do it, for it airn't in flesh and blood to get over them things. I see you air a Christian, and you wouldn't do 'em no evil in return; you even fight for 'em, which does you honor; and doubtless you call to mind they have a pretty big case against the white folks on their side; but I wouldn't try ter force you into no associations contrary to human nature. But, say! however come it that you was out a-rescuin' a runaway nigger at the peril of yo'r own life? I'll bet you there war some gal at the bottom o' that! There! what I tell you? You air as red as a turkey-cock! Jehosphaphat! but it beats all what a man'll do if a gal just ask him!"

Unwillingly enough I gave the poor wretch the desired promise, and he was soon wandering off in a delirium. Now it was so dark I could no longer discern his face or form, and he had ceased groaning, but was singing, in a faint, hoarse voice, old camp-meeting hymns and "spirituals!"

"Judas call in de moonlight! Judas call in de moonlight! An' I airn't got time ter lairy. Come home! Come home! Come home! Come home!"

The long evening passed, and still God's child lingered and the pathetic wail kept on in the peculiar intervals of the barbaric scale, with halting rhythms and choking breath:

"Come home! Come home! See God's child, dey linger!"

Even though the night hid his face from me, even though we stood together in the darkness of the shadow of death, I could not control the repulsion of race and association. It startled me to see such depth of hatred and loathing in my soul, and with one supreme effort I groaned, "O Christ! teach me to forgive and to forget," and, bending down, I took the repulsive figure in my arm, bowed over the rough head, and, standing up to my knees in the slimy ooze, I forced myself to bathe the swollen, fevered cheeks and brow with the brackish water of the swamp. As I did so, my repugnance gradually disappeared, tears welled from my eyes, and unutterable tenderness filled my heart.

"Poor child of God!" I whispered, "you are safe now. He is taking you to His breast. The gates of glory will open to you soon. There is no fear or danger there."

"Frabbit on! my weary soul! I heared from hebbin to-day."

"Hurry on, my weary soul! My Fader call an' I mus' go!"

plastered with mud and slime, the broken bone almost sticking through the skin of his leg, which was inflamed and swollen to the size of two. His eyes rolled till only the whites were to be seen.

"Carry you back to camp!" I exclaimed, crossly. "Why, man, it's as much as I can do to run fast enough to save my own skin, let alone stopping to carry you."

A peculiar singing noise came in time to emphasize my words.

"Massa! don't leave me here for de dogs to get! Carry me back to de deepes' part o' de swamp, fo' de lub o' Gawd!"

There was not much love of God in my heart just then, nothing but impatience and anger at this delay, for the bullets were whistling near us, and every second's loss of time was lessening my hope of safety by flight. With an exclamation of mingled rage and disgust, I stooped and picked up the loathsome object and half carried, half dragged him back into the oozy depths of the morass, silencing his groans with repeated warnings. He clung to me, frenzied with pain and terror. I could not shake off, and, indeed, I began to realize that I might as well make up my mind to stay with him in his hiding-place; for I could tell by the forest sounds that the woods were rapidly filling up with Confederate scouts and sharpshooters. They did not hear us, for the poor negro groaned incessantly, and I could not hush his outcries of pain with every movement. I laid him down in a damp bed among the reeds, and crouched beside him to listen. The distant human sounds were growing fainter and farther off, but my ear, trained by Indian trappers, could easily detect the direction in which they were proceeding, and I knew that the enemy now stood between us and the Union position, cutting off our road to liberty, and that they were encamping within gunshot of our hiding-place.

The negro, his sufferings greatly aggravated by fright, was now in a high fever. Weakened by pain, hunger, and exposure, his life was doomed, and I began to think over the chances of saving my own. My only hope was to steal away in the darkness that was fast gathering in around us, and by a wide detour pass beyond the rebels' outposts.

"Massa!" wailed the voice by my side. "I'se a-gwine to die, I knows it! I can't hold on much longer, but I don't want de dogs to get at me! Stay by me, massa, till I go—it won't be long—and bury me deep, deep in de water, whar de dogs will lose de scent and won't ter me up. Promise me, massa, good massa!"

Unwillingly enough I gave the poor wretch the desired promise, and he was soon wandering off in a delirium. Now it was so dark I could no longer discern his face or form, and he had ceased groaning, but was singing, in a faint, hoarse voice, old camp-meeting hymns and "spirituals!"

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