friends to enjoy it, there is no place like home.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Indeed?" Gillian says, mechani- And I must die for want of one bold eally, a cold, slow weight beginning to settle down on her heart and

'Yes," he says again, in the same dubious way, and speaking rather huskily. "It is a thing I have been trying for, and hoping for, for a long time, a very long time. I told Mr. Damer about it some time ago, and, though he doesn't like the idea of my leaving him at all, still he would not stand in my way, he said, for a moment."

"Then you are thinking of leaving Mr. Damer's agency for some-thing better?" Gillian inquires, with just the correct amount of ladylike interest and sympathy in her voice, whilst her very heart seems to be tearing in twain with

an anguish of suspense.
"Yes," George says, speaking frank'y in reply to that cool, lady-like question; "I have studied mineralogy and petrology for years; it is quite a favorite study of mine, it is guite a favorite study of mine, seems to come naturally to me, you know," he says, hurriedly, with a careless laugh. "And I have written a few papers on various subjects for the society—the Geological. I am a member, and I think I have a good chance now, through one of the members, a friend of mine who is getting men together for what they call an industrial expedition out to Manitoba and Colpedition out to Manitoba and Colorado, to report on the land in its various aspects, you know, miner-alogical, agricultural, and so

understand," Gillian says, quietly, and he notices—he cannot but notice—the dull, faint, weary tone, "And if all be arranged sat-sfactorily to-morrow you will go?" "Yes, I hope so," he says, thought-fully. "The pay is not much, but it may lead to comething better. In lead to something better. In

fact, Dalroy, my friend, said it was sure to do so."
"Yes, and you go soon?"
There is agony in the swift despairing glance in George's composed face, and eyes gazing out into the twifferb.

As soon as Mr. Damer can supply cannot get on for a time very well with Dick Mahon as his under stew-Dick is a sensible, shrewd fel-

overeen coat. "You do care a little bit for me, and you won't ever go way from me, will you?"

There is another dead silence. Gillan does not ask any question about Dick Mahon, or Mr. Damer or the industrial expedition. She does not care nor comprehend. What are those people or the wide world to her now? What is money, or youth, or even the girlish beauty she has begun to prize? What is her residence in Mount Ossory, her stay in Darragh Castle, her innocent schemes, her golden hopes, her sweet, precious dreams of that future which she thinks at moments she sees drawing near her like a vision of paradise? It thinks at moments she sees drawing near her like a vision of paradise? It has been but a miserable mirage in the desert of her loveless, blighted

had been only a delirious dream. and the waking has covered her with shame and self-scorn. She stands desolate, stricken

speechless, gazing out insecing eyes at the dark shadows of the trees and shrubs planted at intervals around the hedge of the old-

Instituted garden.
They look like gloomy spectres gathering around her: a blacker shadow than the black outline of Slieve-na-Mor against the orange flush of the evening sky has fallen

Castle Hill, half shrouded in the mists of twilight, seems to her fevered fancy like a vista of that valley where the shadow of death

falls.

She gazes unseeing, she stands unhearing, though his voice is speaking to her, the voice she soon will hier no more. Though his eyes are auxiously watching her—those dear, blue eyes which, it may be after this night she will never see negato.

he is dish mored if he speak, cannot sudden hape of desperation—an poken repetition of poor Elaine's

word,"

And one fair, soft little hand—the dainty little hand with the ring of splendid pearls—steals out swiftly from amongst the warm white shawls and clasp George's big, muscular, sunburned hand with a passionate grasp. ate grasp.
"Must you go?" she whispers, quite
hoarsely, in her agony of shame and
fear at her own desperate boldness. And George stooping nearer to her.

pers back, his own face white as here in his own emotion: "I won't if you tell me to stav!" The grasp of the little white han tightens on the strong brown one as

and drawing her closer to him, whis

she rises to her feet. 'Yes, I Co. Do stay! Oh, do stay! she mutters, through burning blushes, and eyes blinded with great, bright tenrs, and then, somehow, the little white hand and the ring of milky pearls is round George's big, muscular neck, and George's arms are locked around her, and his face is pressed to hers.

CHAPTER XIX.

He was going away from her-for-ever, perchance. Ah, that miserable "was!" He is going to stay near her, beside her all the days of their lives, Ah, blissful present and future! to them, standing by the window in the soft, autumn gloaming, as fair a pic ture as the tender twilight ever saw He, tall and strong and fair as a Viking; she, slender, fragile, dark-haired, dark-cyed, timid and loving. Trusting to his strength in her physical weakness, trusting to his houor in her friendless innocence, trusting to his love with all the unlimited love and trust of her heart

to his love with all the unlimited love and trust of her heart.

They do not speak for some minutes, the man in mingled despair, happiness, and perplexity; the girl in wordless rapture. And then George, bending down his head—she is only "as high as his heart," of a surety—

"as high as his heart," of a surety—cssays his first lover's speech—rather an odd one.

"You know," he mutters, smiling and flushing, as he clasps the slimgirlish form tenderly closer, "you know you have done for me now! I never meant—never! that you should know I was fond of you."

"But I do know it now, don't I?" she whispers hack, ruffling the soft, brown hair against George's velknow you have done for me now! I never meant—never! that you should know I was fond of you."

"But I do know it now, don't I?" she whispers back, ruffling the soft, brown hair against George's velveteen cont. "You do care a little bit for me, 'and you won't ever go away from me, will you?"

ably, intended that that sum should that that sum should that the sum should ray ward-obe only exclusive of your jeweler's bills, or a few costlier luxuries"—this with a glance at the pearl and emerald rings on the soft fair fingers on his shoulder—"they would not probably think it sufficient, even with my lung income in addi-

or myself and for you! I have no right to care for you, or at least to tell you of it. No right on earth, and I know it, and know, too, that I am acting as treacherously and dishonestly as a man can act in such an affair!"

"Why? Why?" She draws herself.

-because of Anne?"

Her lips have grown quite white with the fierce throbbing of her heart, as she waits without drawing a breath for his answer-waiting, dreading, expecting the answer which will rend the trembling heart in sunder in tearing heart. heart in sunder in tearing him out of his innermost shrine

of his innermost shrine.

"Because you are Ahne's lover, or you ought to be," she says, slowly, drawing herself further back from him, thrusting him off with one small, soft hand; "you denied it to me once, you know; but from what Anne said the day of the picnic, I suppose you meant to deceive me?"

The last words quiver half audibly.

bly. "Deceive you? Heaven forbid I was as bad as that?" George says, simply and honestly. "I told you the plain truth—I never was Anne's lover—never had any idea of such after this night she will again.

Abjumpth he touches her arm, nervously pushing his own chair beside her.

"Are you ill? Does anything all you?" he asks, hurriedly, in a lower tone, "You I am not ill, thank you," she "You I am not ill, thank you," she humbly and carnestly. "I mistook humbly and carnestly. "I mistook book."

"No. I am not ill, thank you," she says slowly, in that same, quiet voce, "Yet, I feel rather weak still. thank you," and the chair he puts beside her she feebly and wearily sinks into and her head droops on her breast.

"I am sure you are ill—I am afraid you are ill," he repeats unsteadily, in a low, busky voice, and then the drooping little figure with the helpless arm, is so childlike and pitiful, the sllm, soft form transles so timidly beneath his matter in the least what I thought

form matter in the least what I thought or didn't think." Gillian says huring al-ricelly, with a troubled blush.

She thinks, innocent soul, that she knows but too well poor Anne's secret, Poor, unloved Anne!—happy, blissfully happy Gillian! "It doesn't matter," she reiterates little head with with coaxing tenderness in her voice locks nearer to and the think modest caress of her band touching his lovingly. "Only I

and Works Off the Cold. ? and we shall never see you Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

to him.
"There is no equality of station or

position between us; you are rich and I am poor; the thing lies in a nutshell; any one in the world would tell you so!" George says, excitedly and angrily, spurring himself on to be harshly decisive in his dealings with her, lest her gentleness, and tenderness, and sweet humility, utterly conquer him, and his pride, and self-esteem, and self-dependence.
"You are a very young girl, little
more than a child, seventeen or so,

"I am over nineteen_I am in my

notly.
She is, in fact, five weeks beyond her nineteenth birthday.
"Well, nineteen or twenty," he continues, sternly, unaltered even by

this tremendous announcement.
"You are a young girl, under age, absent from your father's house and protection, visiting with people to whom he has confided you for a few months, his only child, the heiress of all his wealth, and—I, have neither family, fortune, position nor prospects! What do you think your father would say to me, and say deservedly, Miss Deane, if he knew I had dered to be the served had the ser dared to look on his daughter as my sweetheart and my future wife?" She did not speak for a minute. Her heart is filled with the echo of those words, "My sweetheart and my future wife," and the tender little soul is thanking heaven in wordless gratitude for the happiness it has

given.
'My father will not be very angry,
'My father will not be very angry, "My father will not be very anary, I hope," she falters; "but even if he were—so angry that he would not give me all the money he said he would, I have some of my own, you thous and the would.

would, I have some of my own, you know—nearly twenty thousand pounds, which my grandmother, papa's mother, bequeathed to me absolutely after dear mamma's death. That is mine—quite my own—as soon as I am twenty-one, if—if you thought that was enough."

"Enough!" George repeats, sarcastically. "When a gentleman's entire income reaches the magnificent sum of three hundred per annum, he ought to consider three times that amount enough! But, as your grandmother and your father probably, intended that that sum should. ably, intended that that sum should

"Don't say such dreadful words. Who would dare say that of you? To even think that of you! You cannot help it if you haven't money and I have; and if I give it all to you then you will have money and I shall ave none!"
She looks up with a soft, sobbing

why? Why? She draws herself little away from him, but still laugh of delight at her own bright laugh in him, but still laugh of delight at her own bright idea, and George gives way for a moment. Mortal man can hardly blame him. dame him.
"My darling, I know you would

"My darling, I know you would give me every shilling you owned on earth, as freely as you would give me your sweet self," he says, husk-ily. "I wish I only dare ask you for the last, and you might keep the rest! I wish you were as poor as myself, and that I might marry you and bring you here—into this old barrack-eastle, to share my poverty. I believe—on my life I believe—we should be happy enough!"
"We should! Ch indeed we should!"
she says, with eyes as a melieve. she says, with eyes as radiant as ever were Eve's when Adam led her to her bower of roses in Eden. "We could make this such a beautiful old place; with beautiful sunny gardens, and terraces, and lawns. You remember I said so the very first morning I saw the Castle and admired it. You remember that morning, don't you

Yes, I remember," George says, alling rather sadly: "but I must "Yes, I remember," George says, smiling rather sadly; "but I must talk to you seriously. Glillan dearest; let us sit down for a few minutes."

It does not need that new tender appellation to persuade her to obey him. What request or command of his would she display why have bested.

nim. What request or command of his would she disobey who has elected him king, lord, and governor of her life while that life shall last?

He draws her over to the sofa beside the glowing zed fire, Gillian likes the turf and oak logs for fuel, and in the large, old-fashioned grate they burn cherrily and with generous hillburn cheerily and with generous, bril-

But when they are sented side by against his breast, poor George, after a struggle with the fair temptation that has come to him in his lonely home and his loveless young manhood, begins to wonder what he has left to say eft to say. How can to sternly consider the

rights and dees of others before her? How can he be prudent, and wise, and cold, and just, and thrust her out of his life, and bar up the door of utter separation between them, with those tender yearning hands stretched out to him, and turn his back forever on the synchiae. turn his back forever on the sunshine of her loving smiles, the sweet

beg your pardon for doubting your word."

And the little head, with its silken, soft-curling locks of "bonny brown hair," sinks back meekly against his broad, solld shoulder, that feels her leaning welgit no more than that of a sapling.

"I don't know," George says, impatiently and despairingly. "Any one may well doubt my word and honor after this! I have no right to care for you, not to speak of having forgotten myself enough to tell you so."

"Why?" she whispers; and the uninjured soft arm, in its white sleeve, creeps up timidly around the big masculine shoulders, and essays to embrace him.

"Why?" George repeats, almost angrily. "Because it is a dishonorable thing of any man to speak of his love to a girl without speaking of marriage to her; and how can I speak of marriage to her; and how can I speak of marriage to her; and how can I speak of marriage to content to him.

"There is no answer to this query, only the white fingers on the velevteen coat-collar creep a little further, and the fair, drooping face hides itself in pressing a little closer to him.

"There is no equality of station or other is not the significant in the sort of the station of the intends to be clear and calmand business. It is not the significant is not the significant is not the

of you, doesn't he?" George with sarcastic indignation.

with sareastic indignation.

'No."Gillian replies quietly, with a shake of her head. "Papa has always wished so much to have a son. He has often said that he would be worth a million of money if he had had a son to inherit it. He says that he hasn't any heart to go into big money-making schemes, when there was no one but a little chit of a girl to come in for everything."

Gillian laughs, as she speaks rather shamefacedly, but George frowns.

"Rather an unfatherly speech, though," he mutters. "How old is your lather, Gillian?"

"About fifty-six or seven, I think," Gillian answers, wonderingly. "I know from what dear mamm said of

"About fitty-six or seven, I think," Gillan answers, wonderingly. "I know from what dear mamma said of her own age and his. He was much older than she, but he does not look an old man yet. Why do you ask

A quiver runs through her at her own boldness, though the "dear" is nearly inaudible. But not quite inaudible, for George hears it and stoops down with his lips on her velvety cheeks, to give her his answer.

her his answer.

"Because I think, my darling," he says, gravely but tenderly, the light in his eyes growing as radiant as in her own. "that it is by no means impossible or unlikely that you may one day have a step-mother, and step-brothers and sisters into the bargain, I dare say; and in that case matters may be very much altered. Perhaps, in that case, the father 'who doesn't think very much of you,' will give you less grudgingly to the por fellow who will cherish you dearly as long as he lives,"

he lives,"

"Oh! If he only would!" Gillian exclaims, innocently. "How happy I exclaims, innocently. "How happy I should be!"
And then, as she sees her frank confession reflected in George's blue eyes, she grows hot all over with a swift, shamed blush; she tries to evade his gaze, but he persists.

"Gilliam," he says, drawing her closer to him, and locking his arms around her stender, girlish waist—"tell me the real honest truth—do you care for me very much?" There is a pause of deep passionate emotion, and then she looks up in her lover's handsome face—her own soft, blushing girlishness paling in solemm, unsmiling earnestness.

emn, unsmiling earnestness.
"I love you with all my heart—since the first moment I met you," the says, and tears from the innermost depths of her soul flood the weet graing even as she species. most depths of her soul flood the sweet gazing eyes, as she speaks words which are the marriage vow of her spirit. But a shudder follows, chilling her through and through, even in the warmth of the long close kiss which is his troth pledge to her. "Then, Gillian, listen to me," George says, slowly. "After that, I cannot give you up—unless you bid
me. But I wiil write to your father
at once, and tell him that you love
me and you are willing to be my wife
with his consent. What is that?"
He starts to his feet staring at
the window and its outside frame of
Varieurated ivy and all withing recovariegated ivy and climbing "Wait a moment, Gillian. Oh! is only Nelly gone out in the dew smell the flowers—a regular habit

the old lady's, you must know, after her day's work is done."
"What startled you, dear?" Gillian asks.
The "dear" is a little more decisive this time, and Gillian is considering how delightful it sounds and wondering in dreamy happiness, if anything in the world, outside this

interest.
"Oh, nothing! Imagination!" George says, very carelessly "Thought Nelly was spying or eaves dropping in her ravenous curiosity to know what you and I are saying and doing. I wronged the old soul, I see. She is only waddling about amongst her favorite flowers as usual. Gillyflowers and big red roses and tayondar bloscome there. and Invender blossoms, those are what Nelly likes. Thim have a grand smell, Misther George, she says."

"She's a nice, kind, pleasant old woman, and I should love to have her for a servant." Gillian says softly, having George, will take the her for a servant," Gillian says softly, hoping George will take the

But George doesn't Men never de take all the fem. feminine hints which

"But I was going to say, my little darling," George says, with a sudden passionate tenderness that surprises imself.
For he tries hard to restrain him-For he tries hard to restrain himself in deed and word, to be judicious, and wise, and calm, in order that—what? That there might be less bitter sweet memories to crush out; that there may be fewer gifts of mutual tenderness to bury in the grave of dead hopes, that the clinging tendrils of her womanly love shall not have wrapped themselves so tightly around his heartstrings that he cannot tear them away when the time comes.

de, with his arm around hr sim aist, and her gentle head, with a ft warm touch like a dove, nestles winst his breast, non George of the coming wor has fallen as coldly on the spirit as on hers, and chills the two faits as on hers, and chills the two faits as on hers.

on the coming woe has fallen as coldly on the spirit as on hers, and chills the two fond young hearts beating against each other.

"I was going to say, Gillian, that I will write to your father and tell him you and I love each other and wish to marry with his convent in the course. marry, with his consent, in the course of the next year or two."
She shivers again, nestling her head closer to him, but she does not

dare to speak. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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"I must say that, Gillian," George mays, firmly, "for now more than ever am I longing to make out a better career for myself, and see if I cannot succeed even a little in making a name and position for myself. This Industrial Expedition may lead me to fortune."

to fortune."
"Then"—her breath comes in a

"Then"—her breath comes in a convulsive gasp of dismay, and her throat seems closing with a choking pain—"then you mean to go away, after all?"
"For awhile—only for awhile," George says, cheerfully. He can speak cheerfully about it, Gillian thinks. "Only for a year or so. It will not be long in passing away, and then, you see, I shall perhaps have so much better prospects that your father may be brought to give his consent, or in any case, when we have waitmay be brought to give his consent, or in any case, when we have waited a reasonable time, and you are of full legal age to act as you please, and know your own mind, we can marry then without anybody being able to say I took an unfair advantage of your youth and ignorance of the world. Don't you understand?" stand?

stand?"

"Yes, I understand," Gillian says, quietly. For deeper and colder over her spirit comes "the shadow pain" which ever follows close upon "that planet-crested shape" called "love."

There is no love nor knowledge of love in this man's heart like the love she bears to him, but she is very meek and calm, with modest closed lips and downcast eyelids, and not a sigh reveals the polgnant grief and disapveals the poignant grief and disap pointment of the heart within the frail and constant breast.

(To be continued.)

Hopeless Cases. "And this one?" we said, indicating a patient at the insane asy

num.

"Hopeless case," was the reply.

"Thinks he has discovered perpetual motion."

"And the next one?"

"Still more hopeless. Claims to "Still more hopeless. Claims to have solved the servant girl ques-

Living in an Ancient House. The oldest inhabited house in English is on the River Ver, close to St. Alban's abbey. It is octagonal in shape and supposed to be eleven centuries old.

PALE YOUNG GIRLS.

How They May Gain Bright Eves and Rosy Cheeks.

fered from Headaches, Dizziness and Fainting Spells-Her Health Became So Bad That She Was Forced to Give Up School.

Miss Catherine McLellan young lady well known in Charlottetown, P. E. I., and greatly esteemed among her acquaintances Like so many other young ladies throughout the land, Miss McLellan fell a victim to anaemia, or poorness of blood, and although medicines were tried, nothing to help her until using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Pale People. Miss McLellan tells the story of her illness as follows: "I am now 18 years of age, and for a considerable time suffered much from anaemia. My blood had almost turned to water, and I was very weak and pale; in fact, could not undergo the least exertion. My appetite failed me; I suffered from headaches; if I stopped I would headaches; if I stopped I would become dizzy, and frequently I suf-fered from fainting spelrs. I tried several kinds of medicine and doc-tors prescribed for me, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing weaker, and eventually had to discontinue going to school. About this time I read the testi-About this time I read the testimonial of a girl whose condition was similar to mine, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided to try these pills, and have every reason to be gratified that I did so, as they have completely restored my health. Every one of the symptoms that had made my life so miserable have disappeared, and I am now enjoying as good ed, and I am now enjoying as good health as any girl of my age could

wish, and I shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Miss McLellan further stated that while she was not desirous of pub-licity in matters of this kind, she nevertheless felt that her experi-ence, if known, might be the means of bringing health to some other sufferer, and it is this very praiseworthy motive that has indu to give the publication. the above statement for

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich. red blood, and give tone to the nerves. It is because of this that they bring bright eyes, rosy cheeks and light footsteps to girls who have been weary, pale and listless and had begun to feel that life was a burden. Pale and anaemic girls everywhere should give these pills a fair trial, as they are certain to restore health and strength. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tobacco in Japan. Nearly all the men and women in Japan smoke tobacco. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him, and lets him smoke.

FRAIL LITTLE ONES.

Their Hold Upon Life is Slight, and Mothers Have a Great Respon

sibility. Every baby-every little one-requires constant care and watchfulless, and when a trace of illness is noticeable, the remedy should be promptly applied. The little ones are frail. Their hold upon life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by the proper corrective medicine. Baby's Own Tablets have a record surpassing all other medicines for the cure of children's ailments. They are purely vegetable and guaranteed to contain vegetable and guaranteed to contain no oplate or poisonous drugs such as form the base of most so-called "soothing" medicines. For sour stomach, colic, simple fever, constipation, all bowel troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sleeplessness and similar symptoms, these Tablets are without an equal. They act directly upon the organs which cause the troubles, and gently but effectively remove the cause and bring back the condition of perfect, hearty health. Every mother who has used these Tablets for her little ones praises them, which is the best evidence of their great worth. Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine. I think they saved my baby's life, and I greatly recommend them to other mothers. cine. I think they saved my baby's life, and I greatly recommend them to other mothers. Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets. If he does not keep them, send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box pre-paid. We have a valuable little booklet on the care of children and how to treat their minor aliments, which we will send free of charge to any mother who asks for it. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Oat.

PERERRERRERRERRERRERRERRER STORIES BY AN OLD REPORTER

100 THE STATE OF T A New York reporter sent to Newark once, went to a house he should not have gone to, mistaking it for one farther up the street, where he was to interview a man. The man of the house opened the "I am a reporter," said the in-

The man pulled him in almost by main force. "For heaven's sake!" said he, "how do you reporters get hold of things before they hap-

pen?"

He led him intoo the parlor and shut the door. "Now," said he, "tell me how your knew what I was going to do. I swear I have never told a soul."

The reporter, equally amazed, said he guessed there was a mistake; he was looking for so-and-so. That night the men howeverhiered. That night the min horsewhipped another citizen for insulting his wife. He must have thought the re-porter was a mind reader who had come to get the news ahead

When I was callow I was charged with the task of exposing to the public the overcrowding of the pub-lic schools. I reached the first lie schools. I reached the first school-house early in the morning, entered the assembly room of the girls' department and explained to the lady principal that I was a reporter, and desired to look through the building. To my horror, she turned to the pupils and said: "Young ladies, this gentleman is the editor of the —, who desires to address you this morning."

There was no getting out of it. It was fun, too—lor the girls.

Kirk Munro's experience must be told, also, even at the risk of its having a burr upon it. He was green at the business when he was sent to report a religious revival in young Dr. Tyng's church. The pastor happened to be moving from person to person in the congregation, and reached Munro just as that young man entered the door.

"My dear brother," said Tyng, "are you a follower of Christ?"

"No," said Munro; "I'm a — reporter."

porter.' once when the city editor, Mr. Bo-gart, sent me after something or other on the east side of town. I found my man and approached him

with
"Are you Mr. Feldsticker?"
"Yah," he replied,
"I am a reporter of the —," said
I. I've been trying ever since to think
what he meant by his reply. Perhaps he did not understand me—or
else didn't know what he was saying. At any rate, when I sai't I was
a reporter of the —, he replied in a
Intherly tone, fall of kindly sympathy:

"So? Vell, vell, you can't help dot."

A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so washed.—Much Ado About.