

**Old Chum**  
(CUT PLUG.)

**OLD CHUM**  
(PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

**Ritchie Co.**

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb Plug, 10c.  
1/2 lb Plug, 20c.

—THE—

RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

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**"Kicker"**  
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Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brands in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwithstanding an increased competition of over One Hundred and Twenty-five Factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not cheap Cigar manufacturers.

**S. DAVIS AND SONS,**  
Montreal,  
Largest and Highest Grade Cigar Manufacturers in Canada.

**ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER**  
NO MORE GRAY HAIR.

Why allow your hair to become prematurely old, when by a judicious use of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER you may easily restore the primitive color of your hair and banish untimely signs of old age?

Not only does ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER restore the original color of the hair, but it further possesses the invaluable property of softening it, giving it an incomparable lustre, promoting its growth, at the same time preventing its falling out and preserving its vitality, qualities which are not to be found in ordinary hair dyes.

The most flattering testimonials from SEVERAL PHYSICIANS and many other eminent citizens, testify to the marvelous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

**L. ROBITAILLE, Chemist,**  
SOLE PROPRIETOR  
JOLLETTE P. Q. CANADA.

**STAINED GLASS**  
BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELLED, SILVERED, BENT, PLATE, ETC.

**MCCAVSTAND**

**BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY**  
LONDON, ONTARIO.

Manufacturers of  
**SCHOOL**  
**AND HALL**  
**FURNITURE.**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and prices.

**BENNET FURNISHING COY.,**  
London, Ont., Can.

**All in White.**  
HENRY EDWARD O'KEEFE.

Along by the margin of the river  
A fall flower clothed in white,  
Girdled round with a silver cincture  
Of pale celestial light;  
The black of her deep raven tresses  
Is wrapped in vells of mist,  
The white of her chaste, snowy forehead  
With bridal pearls is kused.

Fair virgin, make haste to the Mountain  
For fear the serpent's breath  
Pollute thy immaculate bosom.  
And clasp thee coiled to death.  
Bloom, far from the thorn and the briars  
Where cloister lilies grow,  
Breathe far from the poisoned miasma  
Where incensed zephyrs blow.

There drink of the Fountain of Crystal  
That flows beneath the Throne,  
There rest in the shade of the Bridgroom  
Who waits for thee alone.

—Catholic World.

**GRAPES AND THORNS.**  
By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

**CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.**  
"Very well, Jane; it's no matter. I'm sure you do your duty faithfully. And now we will have supper."

**CHAPTER III.**  
"SOWING THE WIND."

The cottage where the Gerald's lived was almost the entire inheritance that had fallen to Miss Pembroke from those large estates which, it seems, should have been hers; but her wishes were submitted to her circumstances with a calmness that looked very like contentment. Mother Chevreuse called it Christian resignation, and she may have been at least partly right. But it was contrary to Miss Pembroke's disposition to fret over irreparable misfortunes, or even to exert himself very much to overcome difficulties. She liked the easy path, and always choose it when conscience did not forbid. She made the best of her circumstances, therefore, and lived a quiet and pleasant, if not a very delightful, life. Mrs. Gerald was friendly; their little household was sufficiently well arranged and perfectly homelike; they had agreeable visitors, and plenty of outside gaiety. On the whole, there seemed to be no reason why anything but marriage should separate the owner from her tenants.

Of marriage there was no present prospect. Several gentlemen had made those preliminary advances which are supposed to have this end in view, but had been discouraged by the cool friendliness with which they were received. The wide-open eyes, surprised and inquiring, had nipped their little sentimental speeches in the bud, and quite abashed their killing glances. Miss Pembroke had no taste for this small skirmishing, in which so many men and women fritter away first what little refinement of feeling nature may have gifted them with, and afterward their belief in the refinement of others; and not one true and brave wooer had come yet.

People had various explanations to give for this insensibility, some fancying that the young woman was ambitious, and desirous to find one who would be able to give her such a position as that once occupied by Mrs. Carpenter; others that she had a vocation for a religious life; but she gave no account of her private motives and feelings, and perhaps could not have explained them to herself. She certainly could not have told precisely what she did want, though her mind was quite clear as to what she did not want. Mr. Lawrence Gerald's real or imaginary love for her did not, after the slightest embarrassment, as it did not inspire her with the least respect. The only strong and faithful attachment of which he was capable was one for himself, and his superficial affections were so numerous as to be worthy of very little compassions, however they might be slighted.

Sweet-brier Cottage, as it was called, might, then, be called rather a happy little nest.

Nothing could be prettier than the apartment occupied by the owner of the house, though, since she had her own peculiar notions regarding the relative importance of things, many might have found the mingling of simplicity and costliness in her furnishing rather odd. An upholsterer would have pronounced the different articles in the rooms to be "out of keeping" with each other, just as he would have criticized a picture where the artist had purposely slighted the inferior parts. The deal floors were bare, save for two or three stripes of carpeting in summer, and sealskin mats in winter; the prim curtains that hung in straight hangings, without a superfluous fold, before the windows, around the bed, and before the bookcase, just clearing the floor, were of plain, thin muslin, plainly hemmed, and had no more luxurious fastenings than brass knobs and blue worsted cords to loop them back; but a connoisseur would have prized the few engravings on the walls, the candlesticks of pure silver in the shrine before the *prie-dieu*, and the statuette of Our Lady that stood there, a work of art. In cleanliness, too, Miss Pembroke was lavish, and one poor woman was nearly supported by what she received for keeping the draperies snowy white and crisp, and wiping away speck of dusk from the immaculate hower. No broom nor brush was allowed to enter there.

"It is such a pleasure to come here," Mother Chevreuse said one day when she came to visit Honora; "everything is so pure and fresh."

"Is it such a pleasure to have you come!" was the response; and the young woman seated her visitor in the one blue chintz arm-chair the chamber contained, kissed her softly on the

cheek, removed her bonnet and shawl, placed a palm-leaf fan in her hand, then, seated lowly beside her, looked so pretty and so pleased that it was charming to see her. There two women were very fond of each other, and in their private intercourse quite like mother and daughter. Theirs was one of those sweet affections to which the mere being together is delightful, though there may be nothing of importance said; as two flames united burn more brightly, though no fuel be added. It might have been said that it was the blending of two harmonious spheres; and probably the idea could not be better expressed. The sense of cordiality, of sympathy, of entire sympathy and confidence, the gentle warmth produced in the heart by their presence—these are enough without words, but they never so wise and witty. Yet one must feel that wit and wisdom of some kind are there. There is all the difference in the world between a full and an empty silence, between a trifling that covers depth, and a trifling that betrays shallowness.

Our two friends talked together, then, quite contentedly about very small matters, touching now and then on matters not so insignificant. It chanced that their talk drifted in such a direction that, after a grave momentary pause, Miss Honora lifted her eyes to her friend's face, and, following out their subject, said seriously: "Mother, I am troubled about men."

But for the gravity that had fallen on both, Mother Chevreuse would have smiled at this native speech; as it was, she asked quietly: "In what way, my dear?"

"They seem to me petty, the greater part of them, and lacking in a fine sense of honor; lacking courage, too, which is shocking in a man."

"Oh! one swallow does not make a summer," said Mother Chevreuse, thinking that she understood the meaning of this discouragement. "You must not believe that all men fail because some unworthy ones do."

"It is not that at all," was the quick reply. "You think I mean Lawrence. I do not. He makes no difference with me. I mean the men from whom one would expect something better; the very men who seem to lament that women are not truer and nobler, and who utter such fine sentiments that you would suppose none but a most exalted and angelic being could please them or win their approval. I have heard such men talk, when I have thought with delight that I would try in every way to improve, so as to win their admiration, and be worthy of their friendship; and all at once, I have found that they could be pleased and captivated by what is lowest and meanest. It is disappointing," she said, with a sigh.

"It is natural that women should wish to respect men; and I would be willing to have them look down on me, if they would be such as I could look up to."

"Has any one been displeasing you?" Mother Chevreuse asked, looking keenly into the fair and sorrowful face before her. She suspected that this generalizing sprang from some special cause. But the glance that met hers showed there was at least no conscious concealment.

"These thoughts have been coming to me at intervals for a good while," Miss Pembroke answered calmly.

"But, of course, particular incidents awaken them newly. I was displeased this morning. I met a lady and gentleman taking a walk into the country, and I did not like to see them together."

"But why should you care, my dear?" asked Mother Chevreuse, with a look of alarm. She understood perfectly well that the two were Mr. Schoningher and Miss Carthusen.

The young woman answered with an expression of surprise that entirely reassured her friend: "Why should I not care for this case as well as another? He is a new-comer, and all my first impressions of him were favorable. I had thought he might prove a fine character; and so it is one more disappointment. But I am making too much of the matter," she said, with a smile and gesture that seemed to toss the subject aside. "I really cannot tell why I should have thought so much about it."

She bent and gaily kissed her friend's hands; but Mother Chevreuse drew her close in an embrace that seemed by its passion to be striving to shield her from harm. She understood quite well that Honora did not yet know: that the nature which the Creator defined from the beginning when He said: "It is not good for man to be alone," had begun to feel itself lonely.

"I would try not to think of these things," she said earnestly. "Trust me, and put such thoughts away. There are good men in the world, and one day you will be convinced of that; but it is never worth while to look about in search of some one to honor. Think of God, and pray to Him with more fervor than ever. Add a new prayer to your devotions, with the intention of keeping this useless object out of your mind. Remember heaven, work for the poor, and the sinful, and the sick, and above all, do not fancy that it is going to make you happy though you should be acquainted with the finest men or win over so much their esteem. It isn't worth striving for, even if striving would win it. Nothing on earth is worth working for but bread and heaven."

Miss Pembroke looked a little disappointed. She had expected sympathy and reassurance, and had received instead a warning. "I hope, mother, you do not think me bold in speaking on such a subject," she said, dropping her eyes; and then Mother Chevreuse knew that she had better have spoken lightly.

"Certainly not!" she answered, laughing. "Do you think I fear you are going to lecture on woman's right?"

And so the little cloud passed over; and, when her visitor went away, Honora had quite dismissed the subject from her mind. There were her simple household duties to perform; then Lawrence came home to take an early luncheon and dress to go to Annette Ferrier's, where there was to be a musical rehearsal; and, as soon as lunch was over, who should come in but F. Chevreuse!

Lawrence had a mind to escape unseen; but the priest greeted him so cordially, pointing to a chair close beside his own, that it would have been rude to go. And having overcome the first shyness that a careless Catholic naturally feels in the presence of a clergyman, he found it agreeable to remain; for nobody could be pleasanter company than F. Chevreuse.

"I beg unblushingly," he owned with perfect frankness, when they inquired how his collecting prospered. "To-day, I asked Dan McCabe for a hundred dollars, and got it. He looked astonished, and so does Miss Honora; but he showed no reluctance. At first blush, it may seem strange that I should take money that comes from gambling and rum-selling. My idea is this: Dan is almost an outlaw; no decent person likes to speak to him, and he has got to look on society and religion as utterly antagonistic to him. He is on the other side of the fence, and the only feeling he has for decency is hatred and defiance. He takes pride in mocking, and pretending that he doesn't care what people think of him. But it is a pretence, and his very defiance shows that he does care. It is my opinion that to-day Dan would give every dollar he has in the world, and go to work as a poor man, if he could be treated as a respectable one. He is proud of my having spoken to him, and taken his money, though I dare say he will pretend to sneer and laugh about it. You may depend he will tell of it on every opportunity. Better than that, he will feel that he has a right to come to the church. Before this, he had not, or at least people would have said he had not, and would have stared at him if he had come. Now, if he should come in next Sunday, and march up to a front seat, nobody could complain. If they should, he would have the best of the argument, and he knows that. Then, once in the church, we have a chance to influence him, and he a chance to win respectability. He isn't one to be driven, nor, indeed, to be clumsily coaxed. The way is to assume that he wishes to do right, then act as if he had done right. He never will let slip a bait like that. He will hold on to it, and if he should have to tell everything else, go as he must, of course. I knew, when I saw him look ashamed to meet me, that he wasn't lost. While there's shame, there's hope. So much for Dan McCabe. Am I not right, Larry?"

Lawrence stooped to pick up F. Chevreuse's hat, which had fallen, and by so doing escaped the necessity of answering. One glance of the priest's quick eyes read his embarrassment, and saw the deepening color in Honora's face.

"I am sure you are quite right, Father," Mrs. Gerald said hastily, with a tremor in her voice. "Perhaps Dan would never have been so bad if too much severity had not been used toward his early faults. And so your collecting goes on successfully. I am so glad."

The priest, who perceived that he had, without meaning it, stirred deep waters, resumed the former subject briskly:

"Yes, thank God! my affairs are looking up. But there was a time when they were dark enough. I have been anxious about Mr. Sawyer's mortgage. He is not so friendly to us as he would grant no extension. Well, I raked and scraped every dollar I could get, and I know that, before next week, I couldn't hope to collect above one or two hundreds in addition; and still it did amount to more than half of the two thousand due. So I wrote off to a friend in New York who I thought might help me, and set my mother praying to all the saints for my success. For me, I don't know what came over me. Perhaps I was tired, or nervous, or dyspeptic. At all events, when the time came for me to receive an answer to my letter, all my letters to the church, and lay them down the altar steps, and go away again without speaking a word; and out I went, and knelt down by the altar, like an archer who catches hold of his mother's gown when somebody says *bo!* to him. By-and-by, I heard Andy coming. I knew the squeak of his boots, and the double way he has of putting his feet down—first the heel, then the toe, making a sound as though he were a quadruped. Never had I so walked so slowly, yet never had I so dreaded his coming. I counted the stairs as he came up. I counted those that were fifteen. For some reason, I liked the number; perhaps because it is the number of decades in the rosary. I promised in that instant

that, if he brought me good news, I would climb those stairs on my knees, saying a decade on every stair in thanksgiving. Then I put my hand over my face, and waited. He lumbered in, panting for breath, laid something down before me, and went out again. I counted the fifteen steps till he was at the bottom of them, then snatched up my letter, and broke the seal; and there was my thousand dollars! When I saw the draft, I involuntarily jumped up, and flung my *barrette* as high as I could fling it, and it came down to me with a *dash* that will never get over. But, my boy," he said, turning quickly, and laying his hand on Lawrence Gerald's knee, "that your hat may never be mashed in a worse cause!"

Lawrence had been listening intently, and watching the speaker's animated face; and, at this sudden address, he dropped his eyes, and blushed. Alas for him! his hat had more than once been mashed in a cause little to his credit.

"And now," continued F. Chevreuse, with triumph, "I have at home in my strong desk two thousand dollars, lacking only fifty, and the fifty is in my pocket. After this, all is plain sailing. There will be no difficulty in meeting the other payments."

The ladies congratulated him heartily. In this place, the interests of the priest were felt to be the interests of the people. Making himself intimately acquainted with their circumstances, he asked no more than they could reasonably give; and they seeing his hard and disinterested labors, grieved that they could give so little.

Presently, and perhaps not without an object, F. Chevreuse spoke incidentally of business, and expressed his admiration for pursuits which one of the three, at least, despised.

"There is not only dignity but poetry in almost any kind of business," he said; "and the dignity does not consist simply in earning an honest living, instead of being a shiftless idler. There is something fine in sending ships to foreign lands, and bringing their produce home; in setting machinery to change one article into another; and in gathering grainfield into barns. I can easily understand a man choosing to do business when there is no necessity for it. I have just come from a sugar-estate down town, where I was astonished to learn that sugar is something besides what you sweeten your tea with. It was there in samples ranged along the counter, from the raw imported article, that was of a soft amber-color, to lumps as white and glittering as hoar-frost. Then there were syrups, gold-colored, crimson, and garnet, and so clear that you might think them jewels. I remembered Keats'

"Luscious syrups, thinct with cinnamon."

They asked me if I would like to taste these. Would I taste of dissolved rubies and carbuncles? Why not I would taste of them. And how do you suppose they presented this repast to me? On a plate or a saucer, a stick or a spoon? By no means. The Gaiymede took on his left thumb a delicate white procelain palette, such as Honora might spread colors on to paint roses, heliotropes, and pinks with, and lifting the jars one by one with his right hand, let fall on to a single rich drop, till there was a rainbow of deep colors on the white. When I saw that, the sugar business took rank at once beside the fine arts. And it is so with other affairs. If I were in the world, I would prefer both for the pleasure and the honor of it, to be a mechanic or a merchant, to being in any profession."

When the priest had gone, Lawrence Gerald went soberly up to his chamber, thinking, as he went, that possibly an ordinary, active life might, after all, be the happiest. The influence of that healthy and cheerful nature lifted for a time, if it did not dispel, his illusions, as a sudden breath of west wind raises momentarily the heavy fogs, which settle again as soon as the breath dies.

For one brief view, this diseased soul saw realities thrusting their strong angles through the vague and feverish dreams that had usurped his life. On the one hand, they showed like jagged rocks that had been deceitfully overveiled by sunlight spray; on the other, like a calm and secure harbor shining through what had looked to be a dark and weary way.

He opened a handkerchief-box, and absently turned over its contents, rejecting with instinctive disdain the coarser linen, curling his lips unconsciously at sight of a large hem-stitching and selecting one that dropped out of fold like a fine, snowy mist. A faint odor of cedar roses floated out of the box, so faint as to be perceptible only to a delicate sense. The same rich fragrance embalmed the glove-box he opened next, and the young man showed the same fastidious taste in selecting.

It appeared trivial in a man, this feminine daintiness; yet some excuse might be found for it when one contemplated the exquisite beauty of the person showing it. It seemed fitting that only delicate linen and fine cloth should clothe a form so perfect, and that nothing harsh should touch those fair hands, soft and rosy-nailed as a woman's. Yet how much of the beauty and delicacy had come from careful and selfish fostering, who can tell? Physical beauty is but a frail plant, and needs constant watching; it loses its luster and freshness in proportion as that care is given to the immortal flower it bears. Both cannot flourish.

"I would mind doing business

after it was well established," he muttered, carefully arranging one lock of hair to fall carelessly over his temple, in contrast with its pure whiteness. "It is the dingy beginning I hate. I hate anything dingy. People mistake when they fancy me extravagant, and that I like show and splendor. I do not like them. But I do like and must have cleanliness, and good taste, and freshness, and light, and space."

What he said was in some measure true; and "pity 'tis, 'tis true" that simple good taste can, in the city at least, be gratified only at an extravagant price, and that poverty necessarily entails dinginess.

He glanced about the room, and frowned with disgust. The ceiling was low, the paper on the walls a cheap and therefore an ugly pattern, the chairs and carpet well kept, but a little faded. Plain cotton blinds, those most hideous and bleak of draperies, veiled the two windows, and an antiquated old mahogany secretary, the shape of which could have been tolerable only when the *prestige* of new fashion surrounded it, held a few books in faded bindings.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and went toward the door. As he opened it, the draught blew open another door in the entry, and disclosed the shaded front chamber, with its cool blue and snowy white, his one streak of sunshine through a chink in the shutter, and its wax candle burning before the marble Madonna.

"That is what I like," he thought, and passed hastily by. Annette would be waiting for him.

The sensible thoughts inspired by F. Chevreuse lasted only till the quiet, shady street was passed. With the first step into South Avenue, and the first glance down its superb length, other feelings came, and cottages and narrow ways dwindled and were again contemptible. The high walls, and cupola, and spreading wings of his lady's home became visible, and he could see the tall pillars of Miss Ferrier's new conservatory, which was almost as large as the whole of the house he lived in. The fascination of wealth caught him once more, and the thought of labor became intolerable.

Miss Ferrier was indeed on the look-out, and brightening with joyful welcome, came out to the porch to meet her visitor as he entered the gate. He had so many times forgotten her invitations that she had not felt sure of him and the pleasant surprise of his coming made her look almost pretty. Her blue-gray eyes shone, her lips trembled with a smile, and a light seemed to strike up through her excessively frizzled flaxen hair. If it had only been Honora! But, as it was, he met her kindly, feeling a momentary pity for her. "Poor girl! she is fond of me!" he thought complacently, feeling it his due, even while he pitied her. "But I wish she wouldn't put so much on. She looks like a comet."

For Miss Ferrier's pink organdie flounces streamed out behind her in a manner that might indeed have suggested that celestial phenomenon. She had, however, robbed Peter to pay Paul; for whereas one end of her robe exceeded, the other was notably lacked. "Mamma has not yet come back from her drive," she remarked, leading the way into the drawing-room. "It is astonishing what keeps her so long."

"Oh! it's one of her distribution days, isn't it?" Lawrence asked, with a little glimmer of amusement that brought the blood into the lady's face.

Two mornings of every week, Mrs. Ferrier piled her carriage full of parcels containing food and clothing, and drove off into some of the poorest streets of the town, where her pensioners gathered about her, and told their troubles, and received her sympathy and help. The good soul, being very stout, did not once leave her carriage, but sat there enthroned upon the cushions like some bountiful but rather appocryptic goddess, showering about her cotton and flannels, and tea and sugar, and tears and condolences, and perhaps a few complaints with them. It is more than probable that, under cover of this princely charity, Mrs.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

OCTOBER 29, 1922

Ferrier had a little concern now and then. Among women were many no poorer than those whom Annette Ferrier was far from poor again, but for all found wealth a sad restraint and her liberty than a strait-jacket, and all Annette's authority from defying them open she was at home, and of own language, and at Jack and John could be looked on as a suitor, and step into the room at the corner; and, if should bring her out at the simple creature was it. There was always about who was only too had a chat with some leaned toward her over steps.

Miss Annette was soon by a suspicion that her always maintain with dignified a distance as but she was far from content of her good lady. Her hair would have been seen that glass of the carriage, and the that rewarded John, bringing it. Her strong enough, however blush with mortification spoke of the d pleasure with which anticipated a short intended husband did seated herself in anxiously watched coming.

She was not kept First there appeared thickly flowering but a pair of bright bay held in that their per equalled their for a britzka that g chariot of the sun. Mrs. Ferrier in sol might have detected sion in the first glan the drawing-room in sight of the young beside her daughter head, and resumed l She had a word to s

Jack brought his neat a curve that the curbstone by only a John descended f whence during thro joyed the view o horizon over-nodded Mrs. Ferrier's plume of down the steps. We are obliged to Ferrier descended as a sailor descend with less agility. you? She was al age when premature her, and had not b with her circumst she was heavy and to vertigo.

"I'm much oblig she said, finding h "Now, if you will in. I'd just as w only

A glance toward window finished course, Miss Anne to see her mother and, in all matte propriety, this g greatly in awe of indeed, led quite her.

As the lady wal and up the steps, half-defiant consci cised, one might for the smile that on the lips of her for it must be own Mrs. Ferrier was rustling green s tropical contrast shawl and a bri she had curls flounces and frill trinkets, she had and we should n had bells on her "O mamma!" ning out into t you go out dress "Why, greete together," mammi heard you say heartiest flag in

The young gesture of des "Of course, col together when t she said. "I don they are in g you see, mam fine for a ban lady's dress? cannot be help something to book this morn could make t giving up veg living on rare using all the things. That "But, I don vinegar," cri "It is not a plied the you is a question and good look be to you a m the whole nei their blinds to the carriage." "Let 'em l sulkily. "T cut of carriag could have su