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d the trade generally. Satisfaction guar both in quality and price.

ans of \$500 upwards at (51 to 6 per cent.)

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INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1888.

"Who is she?" the doctor asked. "A his professi Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Hyfever "I see no strangers out of consulting hours 'ell her what the hours are, and send her

vay."
"I have told her, sir."
"Well?" "And she won't go."
"Won't go?" The doctor smiled as he re-eated the words. He was a humorist in his ray; and there was an absurd side to the tuation which rather amused him. "Has

nd the matter was too important to wait till

Gocoa. ariety which knows nothing of the value of hind the privileges of its sex. A glance at

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Open the house door for me without making any noise, and leave the lady in undisturbed possession of the consulting room. When she gets tired of waiting, you know what to tell her. If she asks when a memorated to the latest of the confession that had ever reached the doctor's ears. am expected to return, say that I dine at SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT. IMPORTANT TO ALL Who are Bald, or have Thin or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with DANDRUFF DR. DORENWENDS'

slightest effect in inclining him to grant pped him, ca the way to his carriage, was e silent influence of her face. The startling trast between the corpselike pallor of her light, the gittering metalic brightness in her large black eyes, held him literally spell-bound. She was dressed in dark colors, with perfect taste; she was of middle height, and 'Hair Magic' two over 30. Her lower reatures—tae nose, mouth and chin—possessed the fineness and delicacy of form which is oftener seen among women of foreign races than among women of English birth. She was unquestionably a handsome person—with the one serious draw-tach of the distributional parish and with the chief. back of her ghastly complexion, and with the hair t its less noticeable defect of a total want of tenderless in the expression of her eyes. Apart rom his first emotion of surprise, the feeling A. DORENWEND, - Sole Manfr. TORONTO, CANADA.

Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of 1771v.

as an overpowering feeling of professional curiosity. The case might prove to be some-thing entirely new in his professional experi-ence. "It looks like it," he thought; "and it's She perceived that she had produced a rong impression of some kind non him, and dropped her hold on his arm.
"You have comforted many miserable omen in your time," she said. "Comfort

Without waiting to be answered she led the ay back into the room. The doctor followed her and closed the the steely steadiness of the eyes of an eagle. ked more fearfully white than ever. For





DR. HODDER'S COMPOUND.

One afternoon, toward the close of the Lon-cannot paint without producing a hideous on season, the doctor had just taken his rash. But that is of no importance. T uncheon after a specially hard morning's wanted your opinion given positively. It be morning you have disappointed in you, and you have disappointed morning own houses to fill up the rest of his day, when the servent announced that a lady wished to speak to him.

"Who is she" the doctor asked "A his professional paids was a little hurk. "If the professional paids was a little hurk." his professional pride was a little hurt. "It may end in the right way yet," he remarked, "if you choose to help me."

She looked up again with flashing eyes, "Speak plainly," she said. "How can I help enigma, and you leave me to make the right guess by the unaided efforts of my art. My art will do much, but not all. For example omething must have occurred—somethi nected with the state of your quite unconnected with the state of your bodily health—to frighten you about your-self, or you would never have come here to consult me. Is that true!"

She clasped her hands in her lap. "That is true!" she said, eagerly. "I begin to believe in you actin."

you again."
"Very well. You can't expect me to find out the moral cause which has alarmed you. I can positively discover that there is no physical cause for alarm; and (unless you admit me to your confidence) I can do no more."

"Suppose I tell you?" she said. "But, mind, I shall mention no names!" "The facts are nothing," she rejoined. "I ave only my own impressions to confess—and you will very likely think me a fanciful ool when you hear what they are. No mater. I will do my best to content you—I will y word for it, they won't do much to help

"It is one fact, sir, that I am a widow," she said. "It is another fact that I'm going to If be married again in a week's time." our shoes creak, I am a lost man."

He noislessly led the way into the hall, followed by the servant on tiptoe.

Did the lady in the consulting room sustiner was something at once sad and cruel in t him? or did Thomas' shoes creak, and it. It came slowly and it went away sud was her sense of hearing unusually keen? denly. He began to doubt whether he had Whatever the explanation may be, the event been wise in acting on his first impression. mind reverted to the commonplace pa-nts and the discoverable maladies that e walting for him, with a certain tender

"My approaching marriage," she said, "lias he was engaged to another lady when he hap-bened to meet with me, abroad—that lady, mind, being of his own blood and family, re-ated to him as his cousin. I have innocently robbed her of her lover and destroyed here prospects in life. Innocently, I say—because prospects in life. Innocently, I say—because he told me nothing of his engagement until after I had accepted him. When we next met in England—and when there was danger, no doubt, of the affair coming to my knowledge—he told me the truth. I was naturally indignant. He had his excuse ready. He showed me a letter from the lady herself reseasing him from his engagement. A none easing him from his engagement. A more noble, a more high minded letter I never read

none, a more mgn immade letter I haver read in my life. I cried over the who have no tears in me for sorrows of my own! If the letter had left him any hope of being forgiven I would have positively refused to marry him. But the firmness of it—without anger, without a world of more had been a read of more and the more of the more and the more of the more and the more of the mo without a word of reproach, with heartfelt wishes even for his happiness—the firmness of it, I say, left him no hope. He appealed to my compassion; he appealed to his love for me. You know what women are. I was too soft hearted. I said, 'Very well; yes!' So it ended. xou know what women are. I was too sort hearted. I said, 'Very well; yee!' So it ended. In a week more (I tremble as I repeat it) we are to be married."

She did really tremble—she was obliged to

pause and compose herself, before she could go on. The doctor, waiting for more facts, gan to fear that he stood committed to a

began to rear that he stood committed to a long story.

"Forgive me for reminding you that I have suffering persons waiting to see me," he said. "The sooner you can come to the point the better for my patients and for me."

The strange smile—at once so sad and so come a choract that it is not not be led to be the same of the strange smile—at once so sad and so come a choract that it seems on the led to be the same of the led to be seen as the same of the same of the led to be seen as the same of the led to be seen as the same of cruel—showed itself again on the lady's lips.
"Every word I have said is to the point,"
she answered. "You will see it yourself in nmoment more."
She resumed her narrative.
"Yesterday—you need fear no long story,
ir; only yesterday—I was among the visitrs at one of your English luncheon parties.

late—after we had left the table, and had retired to the drawing room. She happened to take a chair near me; and we were presented to each other. I knew her by name, as she knew me. It was the woman whom I had robbed of her lover, the woman who had written the noble letter. Now listen! you were impatient with me for not interesting you in what I said just now. I said it to sail ly your mind that I had no enmity of feeling toward the lady, on my side. I admired her, I felt for her—I had no cause to reproach myself. This is very important, as you will presently see. On her side, I have reason to be assured that the circumstances had been truly explained to her, and that she understood I was in no way to blame. Now, knowing all these necessary things as you do. ere impatient with me for not interesting

By W. LKIE COLLINS.

By W. LKIE COLLINS.

THE FIRST PART.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 18:0 the reputation of Dr. Wybrow as a London physician reached its highest point. It was reported on gold authority that his was in receipt of one of the largest incomes derived from the practice of medicine in modern times.

One afternoon, toward the close of the London point and content on the content of the longer of th him to think again before he made me his wife; all repeating reports of me in Paris, Vienna and London, which are so many vile lies. 'If you refuse to marry me,' he said, 'you admit that these reports are 'true—you admit that you are afraid to face society in the character of my wife.' What could I answer? There was no contradicting him—he was plainly right; if I parsisted in my rewould be the result. I consented to let the

wedding take place as we had arranged it— and left him. The night has passed. I am here, with my fixed conviction—that innocent woman is ordained to have a fatal influence over my life. I am here with my one ques-tion to nut. 2 the one may where. tion to put, to the one man, who can answer it. For the last time, sir, what am I—a demon who has seen the avenging angel? or only a poor mad woman, misled by the delusion of a deranged mind? Dr. Wybrow rose from his chair, determined to close the interview.

He was strongly and puinfully impressed by what he had heard. The longer he had listened to her the more irresistibly the conviction of the woman's wickedness had forced itself upon him. He tried vainly to think of

her as a person to be pitied—a person with a morbidly sensitive indagination, conscious of the capacities for evil which lie dormant in us all, and striving earnestly to open her heart to the counter influence of her own better nature; the effort was beyond him. A perverse justinct in him suid as it is word. perverse instinct in him said, as if in words "Beware how you believe in her!"

"I have already given you my opinion." he "I nave arready gaven you my opinion," he said. "There is no eign of your intellect being deranged, or being likely to be deranged, that medical scheuce can discover—as I understand it. As for the impressions you have confided to me I can only say that one thing be assured—what you have said to me in this room shall not pass out of it. Your confession is safe in my keeping." She heard him, with a certain dogged res-ignation, to the end.
"Is that all?" she asked.
"That is all?" he answered.

"That is all," he answered. Thank you, sir. There is your fee."

She put a little paper packet of money on With those words she rose. Her wild black eyes looked upward with an expression of despair so defiant and so horrible in its at agony that the doctor turned awa d unable to endure the sight of it,

out looking at her, he said, "Lake it DECK; I don't want any fee."

She neither heeded nor heard him. Still looking upward, she said, slowly, to herself:
"Let the end come. I have done with the struggle; I submit."

She drew her veil over her face, bowed to the doctor and laft the room. the doctor and left the room.

He rang the bell and followed her into the hall. As the servant closed the door on her, a dead sil

a sudden impulse of curiosity—utterly un-worthy of him, and at the same time irresistidoubting if his own ears had not deceived him Dr. Wybrow looked back at him it silence. The submissive servant knew what that silence meant—he took his hat and hurried into the street.

But one man present took the speaker at his word. That man was the lawyer who had already undertaken the defense of the services are the street.

toat suence meant—ne took his hat and nurried into the street.

The doctor went back to the consulting room. A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over his mind. Had the woman left an infection of wickedness in the house, and had he caught it? What devil had possessed him to degree himself in the house his second. he caught it? What devil had possessed him to degrade himself in the eyes of his own servant? He had behaved infamously—he had asked an honest nian, a man who had served him faithfully for years, to turn spy! Stung by the bare thought of it, he ran out into the hall again and opened the door. The servant had disappeared; it was too late to call him back. But one refuge against his contempt for himself was nowned believed. for himself was now open to him—the refuge of work. He got into his carriage and went

of work. He got into his carriage and went its rounds among his patients.

If the famous physician could have shaken his own reputation, he would have done it diat afternoon. Never before had he made himself so little welcome at the bedside, Never before had he put off until to-morrow the presenting which represents as the property of the presenting which the property is a state of the property in the present in the property is a state of the property in the present in the property is a state of the property in the present in the property is a state of the property in the present in the property is a state of the property in the property in the property is a state of the property in the property in the property is a state of the property in the property in the property is a state of the property in the property in the property is a state of the property in the property in the property is a property in the property in the property in the property is a property in the property in the property in the property is a property in the property in cre of which is entailed. ne prescription which ought to have been ritten, the opinion which ought to have een given, today. He went home earlier

been given, today. He went home earlier than usual—unutterably dissatisfied with himself.

The servant had returned. Dr. Wybrow was ashamed to question him! The man reported the result of his errand, without waiting to be asked.

"The lady's name is the Countess Narona. She lives at?——

Without waiting to hear where she lived, the doctor acknowledged the all monortant.

the doctor acknowledged the all important discovery of her name by a silent bend of the head, and entered his consulting room. The fee that he had vainly refused still lay in its ttle white covering on the table. He sealed up in an envelope; addressed it to the coor box" of the nearest police court, and, salling the servant in, directed him to take it to the magistrate next morning. Faithful to slis duties, the servant waited to ask the cus-omary question, "Do you dine at home to-After a moment's hesitation he said, "No; I

After a moment's hesitation he said, "No; I shall dine at the club."

The most easily deteriorated of all the moral qualities is the quality called "conscience." In one state of a man's mind his conscience is the severest judge that can pass sentence on him. In another state he and his conscience are on the best possible terms with each other in the comfortable capacity of accomplices. When Dr. Wybrow left his house for the second time he did not even at

The placed far the the posterior of the

parties, and that he looked on the lady's fu-

parties, and that he looked on the lady's future husband as a most envisible man.

Hearing this the doctor raised another shout of astonishment by inquiring the name of the gentieman whom the countees was about to marry.

His friends in the smoking room decided unanimously that the celebrated physician must be a second "Rip Van Winkle," and that he had just awakened from a supernatural sleep of twenty years. It was all very well to say that he was devoted to his profession, and that he had neither time nor inclination to pick up fragments of gossip at dinner parties and balls. A man who did not know that the Counters Narona had borrowed. ston, and that he had neither time nor inclination to pick up fragments of gossip at dinner parties and balls. A man who did not know that the Countees Narona had borrowed money at Homburg of no less a person than Lord Montbarry, and had then deluded him into making her. lord Montbarry, and had then deluded him into making her a proposal of marriage, was a man who had probably never heard of Lord Montbarry himself. The younger members of the club, humoring the joke, sens a water for The Peerage, and read aloud the memoir of the nobleman in question, for the doctor's benefit—with illustrative morsels of information interpolated by themselves.

"Herbert John Westwick. First Baron Montbarry, of Montbarry, King's county, Ireland. Created a peer for distinguished military services in India. Fortveight

reland. Created a peer for distinguished military services in India. Forty-eight years old, doctor at the present time. Not married. Will be married next week, doctor, to the delightful creature we have been talking about. Heir presumptive, his lordship's next brother, Stephen Robert, married to Ella, youngest daughter of the Rev. Silas Marden, rector of Runnicate and Rev. Silas Marden, rector of Runnigate, and has issue, three daughters. Younger brother of his lordship, Francis and Henry, unmar of his fordship, Francis and Henry, unmar-ried. Sisters of his lordship, Lady Barville, married to Sir Theodore Barville, Bart., and Anne, widow of the late Peter Norbury, Esq., of Norbury Cross. Bear his lordship's relations well in mind, doctor. Three broth-ers Westwick, Stephen, Francis and Henry, and two sisters, Lady Barville and Mrs. Nor-bury. Not one of the five will be present at friend, and walked off. bury. Not one of the five will be present at the marriage, and not one of the five will

one part of the room stopped the coming disclosure and released the doctor from further "Don't mention the poor girls name: it's

ful provocation; there is but one excuse for yours is a case (as I venture to think) for spiritual rather than for medical advice. Of one thing be assured—what you have said to me in this room shall not pass out of it. Your confession is safe in my keeping."

She heard him, with a certain dogged resignation, to the end.

"Is that all?" she asked.

Montharry—he is either a madmun or a rool."
In these terms the protest expressed itself on all sides. Speaking confidentially to his next oncession is safe in my keeping."

(through the countess' confession) as the lady deserted by Lord Montbarry. Her name was agnes Lockwood. She was described as being the superior of the countess' in personal being the superior of the countess in personal attraction, and as being also by some years the younger woman of the two. Making all allowance for the follies that men committed every day in their relations with women, Montbarry's delusion was still the most mon-strous delusion on record. In this expression of opinion every man present agreed—the touched—suddenly revolted him. Still, without looking at her, he said, "Take it back; I
don't want any fee."

She neither heeded nor heard him. Still
looking unward she said glowly to heard him. Still
looking unward she said glowly to herself.

wood sat alone in the little drawing room of her London lodgings, burning the letters which had been written to her by Montbarry n the bygone time.

marrying him?"
Montbarry's brother turned sharply on the speaker. "I say it!" he answered.
The reply might have shaken some men. The lawyer stood on his ground firmly as ver.
"I believe I am right," he rejoined, "in stating that his lordship's income is not more than sufficient to support his station in life; also that it is an income derived almost enirely from landed property in Ireland, every ing to read them again. She had torn the

Montbarry's brother made a sign, admitting that he had no objection to offer so far.

"If his lordship dies first," the lawyer proceeded, "I have been informed that the only rovision he can make for his widow con-

of it on the countess, in the event of his This announcement produced a strong sen-

sation. Men looked at each other and re-peated the three startling words, "Ten thou-sand pounds;" Driven fairly to the wall, the lawyer made a last effort to defend his posi-

"May I ask who made that settlement a condition of the marriage?" he said. "Surely it was not the countess herself?" Henry Westwick answered, "It was the countess' brother," and added, "which comes to the same thing."

After that there was no more to be said—so long, at least, as Montbarry's brother was present. The talk flowed into other channels, and the doctor went home. and the doctor went home,

s soon go to"— He cheeked himself there. 'How can you ask?" he added, in lower pardon. She he was still anary.

"The reskening comes to some men," he said, "even in this world. He will five to rue the day when he married that woman!"

Agnes took a chair by his side, and looked at him with a gentle surprise.

"Is it quite reasonable to be so engry with her because your brother preferred her to me?" she asked.

Henry turned on her than "

Henry turned on her sharply. "Do you defend the counters, "By you assent the counters, or an the peo-ple in the world!"
"Why not!" Agnes answered. "I know nothing against her. On the only occasion when we met she appeared to be a singularly timid, nervous person, looking dreadfully fil; and being indeed so fill that she fainted under the base of the wood. he heat of the room. Why should we not do or justice? We know that she was innocent of any intention to wrong me; we know that she was not aware of my engagement.—
Henry lifted his hand impatiently, and stopped her.
"There is such a thing as being too just and

WHOLE NO. 1798

"One step more, you see, on the way to the end!"

The members constituted themselves into a

lub conclave on the church steps. They

CHAPTER IV.

nary signs of grief in her face, as she slowly tore the letters of her false lover in two and

destroyed the letters one by one without dar

last of the series, and was still shrinking from

"Well, Henry, and why are you going

way?"
"I am out of spirits, Agnes, and I want a

rew the pieces into the small fire which had

oo forgiving!" he interposed. "I can't bear to hear you talk in that patient way, after the scandalously cruel manner in which you

have been treated. Try to forget them both, Agnes. I wish to God I could help you to do it? Agnes laid her hand on his arm.

"You are very good to me, Henry; but you don't contain understand." and still he cherished the obstinate hope that omething worth seeing must certainly hapen yet.
The interval passed, and the married couple, returning to the church, walked together ple, returning to the church, walked together down the nave to the door. Dr. Wybrow draw back as they approached. To his confusion and surprise, the countess discovered him. He heard her say to her husband, "One moment, I see a friend." Lord Montbarry howed and waited. She stepped up to the doctor, took his hand, and wrung it hard. He felt her overnowering black over lon't quite understand me. Il was thin way, when you came in. I was w looking at him through her veil. "One step him no more. But is the tie that once boo

cover himself and follow her, Lord and Lady Montkarry had stepped, into their carriage, and had driven away.

Outside the church door stood the three or four members of the club, who, like Dr. Wybrow, had watched the ceremony out of agree with you." "If you could bring the retribution on him that he has deserved," Hunry Westwick answered sternly, "I might be inclined to As that reply passed his lips, the old nurse riosity. Near them was the bride's brother, waiting alone. He was evidently bent on eeing the man whom his sister had spoken

then she may say a few words to you." Agnes turned to Henry before she replied "You remember Emily Bidwell, my favorite and remember Emily Blawel, my laworing pupil years ago at the village school and afterward my maid! She left me, to marry an Italian courier, named Ferrari—and I am firaid it has not turned out very well. Do you mind my having her in here for a second or tree!" inute or two?" Henry rose to take his leave. "I should be glad to see Emily again at any other time," he said. "But it is best that I should go now.

he said. "But it is best that should go now. My mind is disturbed, Agnes; I might say things to you, if I stayed here any longer, which—which are better not said now. I shall cross the channel by the mail to hight, and see how a few weeks change will help in the world that I can do for you?" he asked ulous, lingering grasp. "God bless you, Agnes:" he said, in faitering tones, with his eyes on the ground. Her face flushed again, and the next instant turned paler than ever; she knew his heart as well as he knew it his elf-she was too distressed to speak. He ifted her hand to his lips, kissed it fervently,

tenantry; they know about Agnes Lockwood." "Well, but where is he going?" "To Scotland." "Does she like that?" "It's only for a fortnight; they come back to London

kindly. "Well, Emily, what can I do for

"Is it such a very difficult favor to grant!
Sit down, and let me hear how you are going
on. Perhaps the petition will slip out while
we are talking. How does your husband be-On the day of the marriage Agnes Lock-

The countess' maliciously smart description nted at the charm that most distin-Agnes—the artless expression of y many years younger than she really was. ith her fair complexion and her shy manner With ner rair complexion and ner say manner it seemed only natural to speak of her as a "girl," although she was now really advancing toward 30 years of age. She lived alone with an old nurse devoted to her, on a modest little income, which was just enough to support the two. There were none of the ordinary signs of crief in her force as the slowly. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and

"That was his ill luck, miss. One of the ladies II ill—and the others wouldn't go without er. They paid him a month's salary as compe, ation. But they had engaged him for the autumn and winter—and the loss is

last of the series, and was stati sarinking from throwing it after the rest into the swiftly destroying flame, when the old nurse came in and asked if she would see "Master Henry"—meaning that youngest member of the Westwick family, who had publicly declared his speak for itself.

Agnes understood her directly. "You want
my recommendation," she rejoined. "Why
couldn't you tay so at once!" contempt for his brother in the smoking room of the club.

Agnes hesitated. A faint tinge of color stole over her face.

There had been a long past time when Henry Westwick had owned that he had loved her. She had made her confession to the confession the confession to the "It would be such a chance for my hus-band," an answered, confusedly. "A letter, nim, acknowledging that her heart was given

inquiring for a good courier (a six months inquiring for a good courier (as in mortas engagement, miss) came to the office this morning. It's another man's turn to be chosen—and the secretary will recommend him. If my husband could only send his testimonials by the same post—with just a word in your name, miss—it might turn the the scale, as they say? A private recomme dation between gentlefolks goes so far." To be Continued.

to his eldest brother. He had submitted to his disappointment; and they had met thereafter as cousins and friends. Never before had she associated the idea of him with embarrassing recollections. But now, on the very day when his brother's marriage to another woman had consummated his brother's treason toward her, there was something argually receilent in the prospect of seeing treason toward her, there was sometaing vaguely repellent in the prospect of seeing him. The old nurse (who remembered them both in their cradles) observed her hecitation; and sympathizing, of course, with the man, put in a timely word for Henry. "He says he's going away, my dear; and he only wants to shake hands, and say goodby." This plain statement of the case had its effect. Agnes decided on preceiving her cousin. People of the Congo Country. You will, of course, want some description of the people in this my list visit from the great valley. They are for the most part great valley. They are for the most pare peaceful on the lower rivers; vary much in features, form and color. They have the ks, such as taking out the center upper front teeth, notching the same, sharpening all the upper fronts to a point, picking certain shaped marks in their forebeads and temples, and making animals, or a great many small marks, on their chests and backs to decided on receiving her cousin.

He entered the room so rapidly that he sur-He entered the room so rapidly that he sur-prised her in the act of throwing the frag-ments of Montbarry's last letter into the fire. She hurriedly spoke first, "You are leaving London very suddenly, Henry. Is it business? or pleasure?" Instead of answering her, he pointed to the flaming letter, and to some black ashes of burned paper lying lightly in the lower part distinguish the different tribes. Their dre distinguish the different tribes. Their dress is very simple, consisting only of a loin cloth for the common people, while the royal families and the rich wear long choice shirts down to the ankle and a shoulder strap besides. They also wear in abundance heavy brass rings on their waists and ankles, the women wearing strings and strings of beads around their waists and up and down their cheets and backs. The stiff british from the of the fireplace.

"Are you burning letters?"

"Yes."

"His letters?"

"Yes."

"He took her hand gently.

"I had no idea I was intruding on you, at a time when you must wish to be alone. Fortail of the elephant is also considered a fine rive me, Agnes-I shall see you when I regive me, Agnes—I shall see you when I leturn."

She signed to him, with a faint smile, to
take a chair.

"We have known one another since we
were children," she said. "Why should I
feel a foolish pride about myself in your
presence! Why should I have any secrets
from you? I sent back all your brother's
gifts to me some time ago. I have been advised to do more, to keep nothing that can
remind me of him—in short, to burn the letters. I have taken the advice; but I own I
shrunk a little from destroying the last of the
letters. No—not because it was the last, but
because it had this in it." She opened herhand, and showed him a lock of Montbarry's
bair, tief with a morsel of golden cord.

WHY LAURA LOST HER BEAU.

All ionely to grieve,
Oh, where is her recrease beau,
And why did he leave Leura so?
Why, he saw that Laura was a languing, delicate girl, subject to sick headed
sanstive nerves and uncertain tempers; hair, tiel with a morsel of golden cord.

Well, well, let it go with the rest!"

She dropped it into the flame. For awhile ahe stood with her back to Henry, leaning on the mantel piece and looking into the fire. He took the chair to which she had pointed, with a strange contradiction of expression in his face; the tears were in his eyes, while the brows above were knit close in an angry frown. He nuttered to himself:

"Dann him!"

She rallied her counage and looked at him

She rallied her counage and looked at him.

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