POOR DOCUMENT

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an 1

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the poison of a mad dog had been sent a thing to me! How dare you, I say? meet father, unless by accident, and ther Turning the strange creature was gone. heart, that you must needs think to write has turned our lives apart, and through The night was one long to be remem- my name with shame? Oh, Roger! and Nora Warner he is lost to me.

Nora Warner! That girl still alive? she broke down with sobs.

 bered.
 she broke down with sobs.
 Nora Warner! That girl still alive?

 In the eastern sky the round moon,
 He would have come to her again, but
 Then she has done me one good turn at

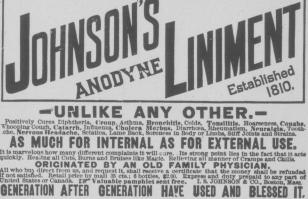
 walking in glory, lent her silvery light to
 she motioned him away imperionsly.
 Then she has done me one good turn at

 ling stars, mysterious lanterns of the
 Do not touch me Roger; I will not allow
 Carol could but start when she heard

 ing th, were hung about to assist, in a
 nothing to each other.
 Nora Warner !

 Through openings in the branches
 stands between us. Lost to us are all dreams of happiness. We must face the
 the years gone by although it was evident that he was not acquainted with her
 feeble way her brave effort.

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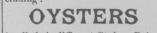


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me such a thing? You are either insane, or else malicious. What reason have

It is false: she cried; how dare you tell me such a thing? You are either insance, or else malicious. What reason have, insat? There is had encore the shame-far to be shame-far to be inc. Captain Grant did not realize much for a man who bears none of the how of mercy, speak! Do you uot see this not method? How dare you, is any? Her shade or was drawn up with queenly grace, and there was a matter or some do be not most dying, darling? Oh, say that is not core, tell me it was a base calumpt, against all the word. Speak, my Roger, tell me it is not true. The struggle in his mind was terribus for le knew that if he denied all know being of Nora Warner, she would believe him as she would an angel from Heave. The struggle in his mind was terribus for le knew that if he denied all know be degrouw white the cachinance that the sourd. Speak my Roger, this as the word an capel from Heave. The struggle in his mind was terribus for le knew that if he denied all know led eyo kina temptation it was gond. Thick, then, what a temptation it was proof strong as holy wrif? You can have cause to, but hate could never man ufacture such a story. Do you wany have a cause to, but hate could never man ufacture such a story. Wo would have we the story of Nora Warner. Then may the story of Nora Warner. Then may have is from your lover's ling. How well the pallor of his face, his similing the story of Nora Warner. Then may the story of Nora Warner. Then may the story of Nora Warner. Then may that the sould bave we ded you whis fee still bay on code the the story of Nora Warner. Then may the the story of Nora Warner. Then may the the story of Nora Warner. Then may the the story of Nora Warner. Then may the story of Nora Warner. Then may the the story of Nora Warner. Then may the the and there. With a story hand the ternytain on balow

him still, the man who would have wed-ded you with his lawful wife still living and in a mad-house, you whose face pro-claims your pride, or will you spurt the coward, and send him from you with words of loathing? What can I do, if what you tell me is true? Oh, my God, I cannot believe it. He is too noble, too just, too good There is some mistake. Girl, do you know that your words have gone to my heart like hot iron, searing and sorching my very soul, and that, though I would give world's to weep.1

indeed to say.
If the latter, then it accomplished well
If the latter, then it accomplished well
is work, for Carol was more willing to believe one who was in with her, than one who seemed to glost over her mis-fortune.
Poor child of the house-dweller, the gipsy said, her voice both low and her man-ner possessed of no little magnetism, after all you are not to blane. Why should I feel hard toward you? We are both his voicims. Strange that the fair child of the house-dweller and the poor Romang girl should meet as equals, but it is so. I have seemed to crit you will thank me for my work, when you realize from What a terible fat I have saved for the lowed so well.
What, are you going?
We as to so to sit and low to the waters of yon river, down below. If do not ask you to believe my wordg;
Yere my duty is done. Should you
Wish to see me again, you will find me there stars of you river, down below. If do not ask you to believe my wordg;
Yere you so to sit and low ta the her life seemed to diff to the her sit and the contant in the sit and the same of you river, down below. If do not ask you to believe my wordg;
Yere with ask you to believe my wordg;
Yere with the so as an all mees the lowed to ward you will find me there sets of you river, down below. If do not ask you to believe my wordg;
Yere with so to sit and low ta the ach is have have and the low at the so is an allow ta the ach have her with so as an allow ta the ach have as an agile spring, and with the sole can be invertied to the the ach have as an agile spring, and with the sole can be invertied to the the sole of the sole and the table as word the the sole of the sole and the table is the sole and the town the mer site from the failer of the reagnet in the company with the sole and the the sole and the town the mer site failed to effect the sole and the table have the sole and the sole word the ach there the seeme to drif the kok to her

do not ask you to believe my words; Roger with such a wan smile, that it ed.

do not ask you to beneve my words; prove them by confronting the villian, and ask im if he knows Nora Warner. I am here for vengeance. I have come from a sunny land over the great water, following him wherever he went, and my first blow shall fall through you, though and ask that Roger could only stand there on descent the same mind as yesterday you would find that I possessed just as resolute de-termination as you, and nothing you could have said or done would have in-fuenced me in my resolve; but a higher ness, that Roger could only stand there and crass upon her foully and sadly the same mind as pesterday for words father. If I was of fuenced me in my resolve; but a higher fuence ma fuence me in my resolve; but a higher fuence ma fuence me in my resolve; but a higher fuence ma fuence me in my resolve; but a higher fuence ma fuence me in my resolve; but a higher fuence ma fuence me in my resolve; b I do not bear you malice. You may hate me, but it will be as one would hate the burn of the iron searing the flesh a'ter Roger Darrel, after acknowledgeing such his last on my face. Never again will we

have had enough of the shame-far to

and scorching my very soul, and that, though I would give world's to weep, I cannot shed a tear? Surely this is some horrid nightmare, from which I shall awaken and thank Heaven it was but a dream. Once the library door was closed, Law. Once the library door was closed, Law. Once the library door was closed, Law. object of the taptain was, and was rence Richmond turned on her almost savagely. Did you meet Captain Grant? he asked I saw nothing of him, she replied. The (antain was a gentieman who had I am the cause of the meeting. Doe Did you meet Captain Grant? he asked that satisfy you, sir? Whatever blame there may be, put it upon me, he replied.

To be continued.

MR. EDWARD MARTIN, (TEACHER) BOX 143, PETROIT. MICH.

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