

A GIRL WITHOUT A PERIOD.

An Accurate Report of Her Enlivening Conversation in a Street-Car.

She hadn't a full stop in her conversation—not even a dash. All she had to mark her colloquialism were commas.

As I sat in a Seventh avenue car trying to read what Father McGlynn did, or said, or did not do, or had not said, she talked.

She was petite and pretty. She rolled her beautiful eyes, and worked her charming mouth, as she deluged her friend with her chatter.

A two-hundred-word-a-minute stenographer would have turned pale at her volubility, but I have a marvellous memory and have reproduced what I heard.

"My, isn't it nice to meet you, Tillie; I was telling ma to-day that it would be real fun if you was to come to the city, and she said she guessed you would; and how's your sister?"

"She's—"

"Wasn't she bad in the fall? I heard Dr. Buttworth was tending her; he's awful smart, isn't he? and both ma and me said he'd cure her for certain. I'm going to match some velvet for my dress; you should see it; it's just too lovely for anything."

"When—"

"It's the newest thing, and so sweet, it has a border of pale-green silienne silk with a tablier and draperies just the same color over a dark-green velvet skirt; you ought to see it—bands of deep embroidery on a corn-colored foundation crossing right over in front and looped up with cords into a waist of pale-green moire, Annie Weston—you know Annie Weston—said, when she was in Saratoga last summer, 'O! we're going there this year.'"

"That's—"

"Isn't it nice, well, Annie said there wasn't any dress half as sweet as mine, you know Katie Scott, well she saw it, she's going to be married to Charlie Wilson, and they're going to Europe for the honeymoon, isn't she handsome?"

"I think—"

"Every one's just wild to see her dresses that are coming from Worth of Paris, but I don't believe he can do any better than some of our people on the avenue do you!"

"Well, I—"

"Of course I mean the tip-top ones, not the little ones; they're botches; one of them ruined a chestnut-colored surah and maize crepe de chine of mine in the most awful way; instead of putting knots of gullets in maize silk the stupid thing trimmed it with satin. Mrs. Goldstone said I ought to have sued her, but I couldn't do that, and Mrs. Goldstone isn't such a one to talk."

"Yes, I—"

"Why, Tillie, when once she begins there's no stopping her, and she's awful homey, but she dresses elegantly, they may say what they like. I think olive green, I'm awful fond of green, and plum color, is just too sweet for 'most anything, but it must be made tight-fitting just like Besie Willard's, and she's not got as fine a figure as she thinks she has, but she's real good-hearted, and do you know she went having anything to say to Alfred, and he's going to Mexico, you know Alfred, don't you?"

"O, I—"

"Yes, Alfred Tuckerman, a real good-looking fellow, only he knows it, Tillie, and that spoils him, so all us girls just tease him 'most to death, but he's great fun, and plays tennis like an angel; I'm going to get me a new tennis suit of sea-green and dark, not too dark, you know, trimmings, that'll be splendid, won't it?"

"I—"

"There, I knew you'd like it, and with my new hat of green faille and the crown all over bronze beads and pearls in different shades it'll be just splendid, and ma says she thinks it'll be nicer than Gracie's, that's made of straw with two borders, one of them longer than the other joining in a kind of pivot front and back covered with velvet and trimmed with surah ribbon, quite wide, with a lump of orchids in front is real cunning but seems a little heavy; don't you think so?"

"Well—"

"That's what every one says, but Gracie told me that Will Carnby liked it, and so it was all right for her, but I'm going to have one'll take the cake; a little bonnet, not a hat, you know, of sapphire-blue straw with borders of Tuscan straw and trimmed with blue ribbon, and then I'll get ma to buy me a blue dress to match, ma's awful good that way, and I have blue gloves, so it won't cost so very much, do you think it will, have some candy?"

"I—"

"Besides ma owes me a new dress, because I didn't go to Newport last season, but ma and me are going to Larch mont next week, and we'll stay until the big regatta, I love regattas, don't you, take a caramel?"

"I am—"

I've got a new black silk parasol covered with real lace and with a painted china handle, pa brought it from Vienna. Pa's real nice when he likes, but he's always so busy in Wall street, there's a nice bit of glass fruit, try one, and I'm going to get another parasol—a beauty. Willie's going to get it for me, try a cream drop, there's a dear, and O, Tillie, I didn't tell you I was engaged to Frank, but ma don't know it yet, stop the car, please, don't forget your bag, Tillie, and come along, dear, I'll—"

They vanished.

The car proceeded on its way.—N. Y. Graphic.

When Hal married me in London, mother was caretaker of a house set apart for offices, and Hal first saw us when he came on business to a shipowner's.

Our life was restricted, as we lived underground, and only appeared upstairs after office hours. You can fancy what a change I found it when he took me away to his seaside home at Morthoe, in North Devon, where he was coastguard. I first saw the sea in September, when a gale blew. I shall never forget what I felt when Hal put his arm around my waist and led me along a jagged path to a point where we overlooked the Mort Rock.

The waves were rolling inwards like heaving mountains, which tried their strength against the rock of death, and then gathered themselves together again to break on the shore in a voice of thunder.

Was this the sea of which Hal had said that it laughed in the sunshine, and sang soft melodies when the moon lit a track of light to the heavens above? He had spoken of the joy of a fresh breeze and a fall sail when the Petrel skimmed the waters more lightly than its namesake; and now he showed me this—this awful seething deep, where brave men perished and left their wives to weep.

"Oh, Hal!" I cried, "I shall never dare to let you set sail on that dreadful sea. I shall not know a happy moment while you are abroad in such danger."

Experience, however, made me brave. Many times Hal faced the terrors of the deep in his performance of duty, and God gave him back to me unharmed. I grew to love the sea, and our babies knew no sweeter lullaby than its song; for, like their father, they were born sailors—yes, every one of them, for they were all boys.

The September gales had not harmed me during twelve years. Other wives on that dangerous coast had cause to remember them with grief, but God permitted us to tread a prosperous path heavenward, and our earthly home was unbroken while we together strove to prepare for a more abiding one, where "there shall be no more sea."

But there came a day when my first dread of it returned, reinforced by a mother's fears as well as wife's. Hal had started out betimes, taking our eldest boy with him in his own boat. They had put off from a creek close by, crept round the point, and made towards Rockham, where they had set lobster pots, and then intended to put in to Lea, where they hoped to sell their lobsters to the visitors who crowd that little place during the autumn season.

I was busy at home all day. The wind blew fresh and the waves broke heavily, though I did not heed them. Evening closed in, but father and the child did not come. The wind rose to a gale, and the waves broke like turbulent giants. Later on the neighbors came in and asked whether Hal had returned, and one went in to Lea but came back without tidings.

Oh, that weary night when I waited and watched alone!

At the first streak of dawn I woke Dick, my second boy, and together we braved the gale and fought our way to Lea—the only place where it would be possible for a boat to run in. How quiet the little harbor looked! How safely anchored the one ship which lay in the port.

Not a soul was astir but Dick and me. We stood in the shelter of the trader and looked yearningly for those for whom we waited. The sun rose rose, and still we waited. The village awakened, and kindly faces watched us. Gentle hands tried to lead us home, but Dick and I were not to be moved. We waited.

It was again evening when at last a hand—the hand I had despaired of ever clasping again—took mine firmly, and my husband said, in strangely altered tones, "Come home, wife. Come home, Dick."

Hal, thank God, was safe! But where was my boy?

In the darkness and storm God had called a little child unto himself. The Petrel had gone down, and father and son were lost to each other in the shock of striking the rocks. Hal was saved by a fishing smack which safely outrode the storm, but we all, father, mother, and boys, wait till the sea gives up its dead.

"For the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

But out in that fierce storm "Christ walked upon the waters," and when the death seized our darling his clear, childish faith would exclaim with the sailors of old, "Save, Lord, or I perish!"

We know he did not perish, so we still wait for him. Yes, we wait for the dawn of the eternal day, for we sorrow not as those without hope. And yet—oh! tears are bitter, and mine are a mother's tears!

FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Clothing for the Children.

There has been a revolution in public taste in the past dozen years, and even ultra-fashionable people dress their children in a more sensible manner and in simpler styles. This change is due to the introduction of English fashions, which are preferred by best dressed people to the more elaborate French styles.

The influence of the aesthetic movement on taste in England has gone far toward making the worst dressed nation under the sun the best dressed nation and the leader of taste. Nothing prettier and simpler can be imagined than the little aesthetic English frocks now worn by children.

American flannel have attained a perfection of weave that makes them the first choice for little girl's dresses. Bright navy-blue and golden brown flannels made up in English fashion are simply trimmed with a cluster of tucks around the full gathered or killed skirt, and narrow white ruche at the neck and sleeves of the plain short-waisted round waist make the prettiest school dress for a little girl of eight to ten, and the same style may be adopted for older and younger children.

Children's dresses are no longer worn very short, but reach low enough to cover the knee well, while the little girl of three and four years should wear dresses reaching to their ankles. Black stockings are the invariable choice and good woollen hose with double knees may be purchased as low as fifty cents a pair and upward, according to size.

The children of sensible mothers no longer wear cotton stockings in winter, but knit or woven stockings of wool. A pair of light calfskin shoes with heavy soles should be chosen for school wear. They are worn by the most fashionable misses, and a more sensible fashion was never introduced. Do not under any compulsion of the salesman allow yourself to buy a pair of shoes for a child under twelve with heels. We hope the race of old fashioned cobblers who were formerly always found in country towns has not been driven out of occupation by the mass of cheap machine-made shoes.

The shoe the village cobbler makes is made by hand, and if a little care is taken in giving orders as to the shape and style, it will prove better than any shoe at the same price bought from the village merchant. Heavy leggings should be provided for girls and little boys, so that the child can go into snow banks and enjoy to the full that exhilaration of spirit that comes with out-door exercise in the keen winter air. Sensible leggings may be made at home of heavy cloth lined with rubber cloth. Scraps of the cloth of the child's overcoat or cloak is the best for this purpose.

Most of the pattern makers furnish a pattern of leggings. A light little hood for a girl of the material of her cloak, bordered with an edge of inexpensive fur, is the best choice for a school hood, while a boy should have a warm round cap provided with lappets to cover his ears. Little wristlets knit of wool should be provided for children during the winter if their wool mittens do not extend high over the wrists. White aprons which completely cover the dress save flannel dresses from frequent washing. There is no great difficulty in washing good colored flannel dresses if they are simply made.

They can be laundered in cold water as easily as cotton goods can be washed, but servants can seldom be trusted to do this work. It requires the supervision of the mistress. The patterns sent out by pattern houses are often absurdly elaborate. They are made up to extract trade, and they do not represent the best taste of fashionable people. While pattern makers have done an inestimable good in helping mothers to shape the frocks and clothing of their children, saying hours of worry and vexation, they have borne a great evil in prolonging in places remote from the great cities the mania for over-elaboration in the dress of women and children.

Every mother naturally wishes her child to look pretty and neat, and too many mothers lured by fashion plates have spent hours of toil in making elaborate dresses for their children only to find, when the dresses were finished, that they were ugly and unsatisfactory. There is but one remedy. Let mothers take the goods the fashion makers provide, but avoid all elaborate designs—designs which are put in merely to fill out the books. Make simple clothing for the children, and enjoy yourself a rest from anxiety about their dress and take the pleasure that comes from a neat, orderly household.

Restored.

Mrs. J. M. Phalen, of Sydney Mines, N. S., had chronic rheumatism for two years, and got no relief until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles cured her. "I was like a skeleton," she says, "before using B.B.B., now thanks to the discovery of such a valuable remedy, I am entirely restored to health."

She Cleaned Them Out.

A few days ago a lady from San Francisco, who has a very solid bank account, went to Lake Tahoe on a pleasure trip with her daughter. She concluded that she would have a good time, and accordingly took along some plain, serviceable clothes and jewelry. When she struck one of the fashionable resorts she found herself in the midst of a lot of people making a vulgar display of clothes and diamonds, and every time she turned she was the subject of the most unmerciful snubbing. She was put off in an obscure corner to eat, and not one of the fashionable guests condescended to show her the slightest civility.

The lady bit her lips for a few days, took in the situation, and with true feminine instinct decided on revenge. She dropped a line below, and presently there were deposited at the hotel 12 Saratoga trunks, way-billed to her address. She and daughter retired to their rooms, and that evening came down to the dining room in a blaze of lace and diamonds that took everybody's breath away. No such gorgeous toilets had ever bewildered the guests at that hotel before. It blinded the eye to look at the pair as they entered the room. The steward, after recovering his poise, rushed forward and pulled out two chairs from the most fashionable table in the hotel. She shook her head and replied: "The old table will do," and went to the obscure corner, where she had eaten all the time.

The utmost consternation spread through the dining room, and the low hum of voices rose to a fashionable buzz as they warmly discussed the situation. Wasn't it awful? They had been snubbing a woman and her daughter all the week who could outdress them all. In the evening they attempted to hedge, but couldn't to any considerable extent. The dudes tried to shine up to the girl, but she wouldn't have it, and those who tried to scrape an acquaintance with her mother found it like trying to run a tunnel into an iceberg. For a while she flashed like a comet through that hotel in a constant change of ravishing toilets, each more costly and bewildering than the others, until, like the kings who pedestrated in Macbeth, they threatened to stretch out till the crack of doom.

At the end of the week it was learned from the chambermaid that she had only gone through half of her immense Saratoga trunks. There were several women there who had displayed at least a dozen different toilets, and they felt that they would just die if she beat their record. But she kept right on, and when she was three ahead of their score they packed up and left. One by one she vanquished the leaders and the rank and file capitulated, displaying the rarest generalship imaginable. If Mrs.—appeared in any special color to make a spread in the morning, she adopted that color at once, only in a dress that eclipsed the other as the sun out-shines the dog star.

She was the absolute John Sullivan of the toilette ring, and knocked out all who had the temerity to stand before her. The last of her opponents was a red-faced, vulgarly dressed woman from San Francisco, whose flashy toilets had attracted general attention and admiration from persons ignorant of harmony and color. Whatever dress this woman donned in the morning the fashionable Nemesis was on her trail with a color that literally killed the other. The heretofore cock of the walk was unable to stand her defeat, and, pecking her trunks, started home.

The army of snobs was routed, and one by one dropped out of sight. They just settled up and quit. Then the quiet little lady resumed her plain clothes, put on an old straw hat with her daughter and went fishing. As the last gang left, she absolutely had the coolness to be down at the wharf fishing in an old calico dress, cotton gloves and straw hat.

The landlord considered that she literally cleaned his place out, and she thinks she had an awful lot of fun.—Carson, Nev., Appeal.

Unknown.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Salsbury as a cure for cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, or any form of summer complaint afflicting children or adults.

I had a very good telescope at one time, said a farmer to a friend. "Just as good a telescope as a man could wish. 'Deed, an' I hae it yet; but it's of nae use noo. I could see the Parish Kirk clock at Campsie, ten miles awa'; but a silly gowk borrowed the thing, and tried to see a clock twenty miles awa', and I think he maun hae strained the glass a' bits, for it has never been guid since."

Never Tried It.

What! Never tried Johnston's Tonic Bitters! Then do so at once, it's positively the best general tonic on the market. I've often heard of it but thought that it was to be placed on the list of the many trashy preparations that flood our market, but since you recommend it so highly I'll give it a trial. Do so, good for any complaint in which a tonic is of benefit, and can be taken by man, woman, or child. 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Goode's Drug store, Aldion block, Godeich, sole agent.

Good Nursing.

Cheerful companions, attendants and visitors—if any are admitted—are as necessary, or as appropriate, as pure air, sunlight and pleasant surroundings. The influence of the mind over the body is far greater than is usually supposed, animating or depressing, and can not well be overrated. The long faced gravity with repulsive countenance, breathing an atmosphere of condensed acidity, constantly expecting some terrible event, some unlooked for calamity to befall the sick, some awful change in the weather, etc., have no mission in the sick room, if, indeed, they have in any decent society. Those who constantly look on the dark side, predicting unfavorable changes, who delight in raising the history of similar cases, all of which terminated fatally, attended by unusual pains and sufferings, can not but exert a pernicious influence, seriously modifying the symptoms, rendering a recovery more and more doubtful the longer their influence is felt.

The boisterous and reckless, on the one hand, and the cunning whisperers, with evil surmising, on the other, should be carefully excluded from the sick room, particularly when the patient is delicate and sensitive. Indeed, no intelligent and prudent person will be either clamorous or whisper, when the case is regarded as doubtful. If there is whispering, the average patient will wish to know the occasion for it, while careful listening will often produce an undesirable fatigue. Such slyness, such attempts to conceal important truths as it may naturally appear to the sick, will naturally excite curiosity if not alarm, the patient suspecting worse results than are anticipated by the attendants. Nothing of the kind should ever be allowed in the sick room. Pleasant, cheerful tones, remarks not demanding much consideration, no alarm, with smiling faces, cordial greetings, countenances expressive of hope and assurance—as much so as the circumstances will possibly admit—will legitimately aid in assuaging the rigors of the symptoms, and mitigating the sufferings. Shall visitors be admitted? To exclude all will convince the patient that the case is serious, reacting unfavorably. If admitted, it should be with careful restrictions. If I were dangerously sick, I should wish the company of one or more loved friends, taking my hand in theirs, with one on my brow, while I might be permitted to listen to cheering words of affection, not being expected to answer many questions, nor to have the conversation so continued as to produce fatigue. Indeed the simple presence of such a friend, with conversation for only a few moments, might be sufficient. To exclude all would convince me that my friends despaired of my life, making me feel keenly that I was deserted in my time of need, by those who should sympathize with and cheer me. The presence of judicious friends, I feel sure, will effect more good than harm.

Give Ely's Cream Balm a trial. This justly celebrated remedy for the cure of catarrh, hay fever, cold in the head, etc., can be obtained on any reputable drug list and may be relied upon as a safe and pleasant remedy for the above complaints and will give immediate relief. It is not a liquid, snuff or powder, has no offensive odor and can be used at any time with good results, as thousands can testify, among them some of the attaches of this office.—Spirit of the Times, May 29, 1886.

Minor Details in the House.

Trifles make the sum of life, it is said; certainly they do of life in the kitchen and dining-room. And the wife who by her skill and knowledge of detail knows how to save any fraction of the sum allotted her for house-keeping is really one who brings more happiness into the dwelling than the wife whose income doubles her husband's. This skill and knowledge are the portion of every wife whose mother has taught her to observe the seemingly trivial things of good house-keeping, the minor details of daily living. And whoever has these little things at command will find them a mere integral part of family happiness than familiarity with the differential calculus is. And although Greek and Anglo-Saxon and high philosophy and natural science may be requisite and delightful acquisitions, yet it is evident that they are incomplete without the previous requisites of bodily comfort and mental quiet.

Give Them A Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. Yet ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is take Roschke's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. Bewily

A rather seedy looking individual entered a restaurant and asked the proprietor, "What do you charge for a nicely-cooked beefsteak, well done, with onions?" "A shilling." And the grumpy? "Oh, we charge nothing for the gravy." "You don't?—that is liberal. How much do you charge for bread?" "We throw in bread." "Is it good bread?" "It is good bread; certainly." "Then bring me some bread and gravy; it is not healthy to eat meat in summer."

Merchants can get their Bill Heads Letter Heads, etc., printed at this office for very little more than they generally pay for the paper, and it helps to advertise their business. Call and see samples and get prices.

Stealing Knowledge.

Mr. Morse, the inventor of the tall-grass, was annoyed by infringement upon his patent, the defence of which entailed costly lawsuits. He advised inventors to keep their processes and machines secret, if they could, and work them themselves, or sell them to a powerful company, rich enough to indulge in suits at law for the protection of their rights.

Huntsman, the inventor of steel ingots, anticipated Mr. Morse's advice as to secrecy for a hundred years. He was an English watchmaker, and his temper had been so tried by defective watch-springs, that he determined to make his own steel and his own springs.

He discovered, after several experiments, that a piece of steel if melted and cast into an ingot, would be uniform throughout. He offered steel ingots for sale, and such was the demand for them that he built a factory to produce them. This process was kept a secret, and his workmen were paid high wages and sworn not to reveal the method.

One snowy night a stranger rang the bell of the factory gate, and appealed piteously to be admitted, to shelter himself from the storm. He was dressed as a farm laborer, and the foreman, not suspecting any deceit, allowed him to stretch himself upon the floor near the furnace.

The man apparently sank off to sleep. The workman took the bars of steel into small pieces, and threw bits into crucibles, which were thrust into the furnace until their contents were melted. Then they drew forth the glowing crucibles, poured the liquid contents into moulds, and set them apart to cool.

Then the stranger awoke, got up, bade the workmen good night, and went away, taking the secret of making cast steel. He was a manufacturer in disguise, but was nevertheless a thief.

Don't Speculate.

Run no risk in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver regulator, made by Dr. Chase, author of Chase's receipts. Try Chase's Liver Cure for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by all druggists.

What a Young Couple Did.

A charming family hotel was built in a suburb of Boston two years since. It was furnished with all modern conveniences and inconveniences. There were electric bells in a row at the door, so that the afternoon caller could ring up nine different and peculiar messages before getting into communication with the family she came to see; there were fire escapes and telephones, and elevators and speaking tubes, and, for aught I know, safety valves and submarine cables. But the crowning joy of all was the fact that no children were allowed within its walls. It was built for the accommodation of childless couples, and to ten childless couples, were the suitors left. How great was the quiet and calm of that sheltered retreat, until one ill starred morning, when the cry of infant shrilly and piteously broke the stillness! Horror and indignation on the part of nine guiltless couples; and yet, so weak is humanity, that before the end of the second year there were children in seven of the ten families. The childless young couples were childless no more, and when the owner of the building complained to his friends of the unfair treatment he had received at the hands of his tenants they all laughed in his face and advised him to let apartments to bachelors.

Hay fever is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membranes of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucous secretion, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60cts. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Oswego, New York.

Preserving Butter.

The good housewife is often at a loss to know how best to put up butter in the summer months for use or for sale at a season of the year when it commands the highest price in market. To make the butter keep the longest, and to do this there are two modes which are said to be equally effective, the one being to work the butter over gently and salt it as soon as taken from the churn, when it is made into pound prints, or even into large rolls, and after wrapping the same in clean muslin cloths it is placed in large crocks or jars filled with brine, and then properly weighted down to keep it completely submerged. When ready to send to market, it is then taken out, and either sent to the grocer or sold in open market, as may be preferred. No fears need be entertained that butter so managed will absorb any additional moisture. Being completely surrounded with the brine, no air can come in contact with it, and it can thus be preserved comparatively fresh and sweet the better part of the year.

"We Never Smiled Again"

No "hardly ever" about it. He had an attack of what people call "billsness," and to smile was impossible. Yet a man may "smile and smile, and be a villain still, still he was no villain, but a plain, blunt, honest man, that needed a remedy such as Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which never fail to cure biliousness and diseased or torpid liver, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. Of Druggists.

At the adjourned inquest on the body of Joseph Priestman, who is supposed to have been murdered in Parkdale, Ont., Dr. Riddall, who made the post mortem, stated that the nature of the wound was such that he did not think that it could have been self-inflicted.

A REWARD—Of one dozen "TRABER" to any one sending the best four-line rhyme on "TRABER," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Bath. Ask your druggist or address

A. D. Parent, defaulting cashier of Hochelaga Band, was Monday sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

THE I

A B

The direct St. Lazarus' promulgated utary enactm terrible imp nurse who bec out or decort should fort There had I making with There usually maidens live each other; avowed celibe fascinations of ope when she the dictates of on nothing bu cumbed to a p dainty cap and in tending the rishes had thu Saunders, the ow herself, co any of her sub like"—she was ing invented il urge upon the pressing upon of putting a on ship or flirtat "The amour that goes on in scandalous," s my fault; I d and yet it goes Mrs Saund than justice. could look on sion, it was no her nurses to I not attractive, was strictly tal come into fash hear short, ad being the slimp met with her fortunately, al noses or eyes would certain. She was heli modified este her proximity most sentiment cupation at op ward in wri a great tr being a br son, who could ward like a su an absolute e sense," as al that love m round her; and yet she her finger on a Therefore, unt bright idea of gades out of d py. Now, a brightened her ing brow. The new reg dication amo Sister Fauny, care; she didt anybody, and bid one's being ple. Sister I thought it jus ings-on were sister Phoebe: est, merriest effect her on were wroth, a into tears, an hospital with dismissal. "You need Sister Evelyn sent away on gaged. Ther it." "Perhaps I musing ton. n is the mo cape even th Sister Eve who looked Between the fortable spai sional pass very salt of monotonous the salt of li other did n rule, she got ter of wits. ter Phoebe o pretty; but she was so o regard her what she fel gill in the p Sister Ev Anne Giles, cified part o End." It t thence som and speech ion. What joined a n her surm premon pared un which w change of r had t which Sig