

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER I. Continued. I drew my hand away with an offended air; when Uncle Max wished to punish me...

case? Aunt Philippa does not mean to be kind, but she often lets me see that I am in the way, that she is not proud of me...

with their own personal happiness; they wish to include the whole world. She wanted to inoculate in me her own spirit of self-sacrifice. I can remember some of her short, trenchant sentences now...

fortunes were promised to him, but the goodly heritage was snatched away before his eyes, and he was called away in the fresh bloom of his youth...

she was as powerful as a young Amazon. Her nature was more sombre and took color from her surroundings. She was like a child in the sunshine; plenty of life and movement distracted her...

lung in short thick lengths about her neck; it was always getting into her eyes, and was much oftener thrown into the air than she would fling like an unthinking thing...

CHAPTER II. BEHIND THE BARS. It was quite true, as I had told Uncle Max, that the scheme had no new one...

CHAPTER III. CINDERELLA. As I opened the school-room door a half forgotten picture of Cinderella came vividly before me...

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