

FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

It was midnight when Everett reached Albany the second day after he had left Albany. The train, divided, the New York passengers going one way and the Boston passengers another. Everett was among the former. He had selected the car where he was, and he felt that he was on his way to a new life. He had not been on his feet for some time, but he felt that he was on his way to a new life. He had not been on his feet for some time, but he felt that he was on his way to a new life.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise. He had never seen her before, and she had never seen him before. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise. He had never seen her before, and she had never seen him before.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise. He had never seen her before, and she had never seen him before.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise. He had never seen her before, and she had never seen him before.

to whom he told the story of the midnight ride on Albany.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW LIFE AT ROSA.

His first impulse was to ring like a bell, but he thought better of it.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

place, where his friends never visited, and which he thought of as his secret hideout.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HE WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO REST, AND HE FOUND IT IN THE ARMS OF A YOUNG GIRL.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl.

came home because of the sick wife and little ones who needed him more than ever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HE WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO REST, AND HE FOUND IT IN THE ARMS OF A YOUNG GIRL.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl.

trice Belknap was his husband's first choice, but he had held it for some time.

CHAPTER XXV.

HE WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO REST, AND HE FOUND IT IN THE ARMS OF A YOUNG GIRL.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl.

trice Belknap was his husband's first choice, but he had held it for some time.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO REST, AND HE FOUND IT IN THE ARMS OF A YOUNG GIRL.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl. She was sitting on the floor, and she was looking at him with a look of surprise.

She was looking at him with a look of surprise, and he was looking at her with a look of surprise. They were both looking at each other with a look of surprise.

He was looking for a place to rest, and he found it in the arms of a young girl.

LISTOWLE CARRIAGE WORKS.

GODDARD & GREEN.

BANK OF HAMILTON.

LISTOWLE AGENCY.

SCOTT'S BANK.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN A. BURNESS, M.D.

W. MORAN, ARTIST, LATE.

LISTOWLE CARRIAGE WORKS.