Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 31, 1931.

THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

There's a dear old home in the Far attracted his attention. It stood Away,

A soft, snug nest where the children play.

A realm of rest where the old folks stay, In the Land of the Long Ago. There's a dear old home where the roses

twine. Where the Fates were good to me

mine

In the Land of the Long Ago.

Oh, never a map shall point that place; Nor ever the drift of time erase,

But the hungering heart the lines shall trace

Of the Land of the Long Ago. And ever the tide of my life's swift

stream Rolls back to the bay of a blissful

dream.

And I live and laugh in the glint and gleam

Of the Land of the Long Ago.

On the north and south are the joy and rest

Of a sister's smile and a mother's breast: And a father's love to the east and west

Of the Land of the Long Ago. We shall all come back from the desert "Sigh."

We shall all come home to the "Soul's Reply."

We shall all return in the "By and By" To the Land of the Long Ago.

-Nixon Waterman.

OUTCASTS

Major Manners walked up the steep street between houses of gray stone. Everything was gray: the pave; the sky; the glass in the win- will need food?" dows; the shutters; the little gar-dens. St. Hubert climbed a cleft between green hills whose summits and out." were dark and serrate with pines, but even the greenness of the Decem- quiet. After the war-yes, quiet." ber country had a tinge of gray.

house with a pretentious facade. He gray. looked at the windows with the cavalry?". eyes of a man who had become ex- "No; I'm pert in appraising the appearances of strange houses.

He glanced at his notebook. "One of ours, Barry."

The orderly-room clerk nodded. "Number Seventeen, sir."

polished. They seemed to have col- yond the garden a steep meadow aslected more and more polish since cended to a pine wood. He arrang-It suggested something more subtle. unit was to be packed into the emp-It was part of a man's consciousness ty rooms. not all duckboard and latrine. For crowd. Manners was a doctor and second in anything but a crowd?

"I am sorry there is no gas, Four German years; now, the English, the Monsieur, and no electricity." He took the candle. "But there

is electric light in other houses." "In some, Monsieur. I am sorry." Well, it wasn't likely. Human nature accommodated itself amazingly, and much of this old conven-

tional morality had suffered badly Belgians had had a rough time. Manners had seen the reoccupied French territory, all starved faces and flies. back behind a little garden, a white

"My servant has been here?" "Yes, Monsieur. Will it be nec-The essary for him to come often?' "Oh, twice a day. But that won't

inconvenience you, will it?" "No, Monsieur. I keep the door

Manners paused. Had this wo- over its head. Madame was out for four years, and had fear become the figure was not that of the woa habit?

painted blue.

sistently. He heard a faint shuf- Madame, now," he said kindly. She gave him a queer, upward, startled glance. Almost it accused the box-edged path like a prisoner and they went. him of not understanding something. in a yard let out for an hour's ex-He saw a face, a woman's face, a And then she faced about and disap- ercise peared down the passage. Manners

the room. No other room made a moment, and then, turning to- clothes torn to pieces." him feel as this one did: that scores wards the house, passed out of his

You wish for a room, Monsieur?" He put the candle down on the table question. Something in Manners smiled. beside letters and an English news-Even if romance suggested itself to him, he did not infer that he would paper that were waiting to be read. house, Smith !" At seven o'clock he went downfind it here. The woman was not more than forty, but she made him stairs to go to the mess. Below officer's boots. "Anyone else, sir?" think of a yellow-skinned fruit that him a door had opened and closed. The woman was waiting for him.

"You must take the one in the sir. It's a rummy house. door, Monsieur. I have no other." hadn't locked the kitchen door on He took the key, locked the door me this morning." on the outside, and heard her try it as he went down the path. Why "Yes, sir. She as he went down the path. Why was she so suspicious? He was be-ginning to think that he had chosen bits of an old chair into the stove."

The colonel looked pink and re-

had discovered other evidences of

Its at badly.

nice and quiet."

shutters.

When, full of the warmth of the it was a demonstration, a mob disof life returning to a gradual appre-ciation of things that were both old changed the key to the inside of ners approached the group, his face those mystic symbols in chalk upon the lock, he felt that someone was hardened. Nasty things, mobs, even the door. She looked at them with a The house struck cold, when made up of a score or two of faint smile. He thought he heard a door open as women and urchins.

had known mud, but not too much and got busy. He was sleepy and less sensitive to impres-bad known mud, but not too much anything but a crowd. He dimbed the stair, but he was biscovering him, they grew silent. He asked her a question. 'Mad-Bertrand, and got busy. He was sleepy and less sensitive to impres-tions. He undreased and rot into the dot of the was ane, how much food have you in the mud; horror but not too much hor-in charge of the advance party as sions. He undressed and got into but one of the women stood in front house?' Tor. The war had bardened and well as of the billeting, and a bri-bed. It was quite a comfortable of the gate. "Bad place for English officer." He woke to find Smith, his bat-Manners motioned her out of the Monsieur." The unit poured in on him while man, in the room with a jug of hot way, and she, seeing the disdain in Smith was a conversational his eyes, grew insolent.

Again Manners slept well, but to- Monsieur, but he is a weak man. He PENNSYLVANIA R. R. wards morning something disturbed advised us to go away." "But-the police?" him; he could not say what, a sound

"We have but one gendarme, Mon-"In some, Monsieur. I am sorry." lay awake listening. The curtains She was both frightened and pro-pitiatory. No doubt some of these with the dawn. The dawn. She was both frightened and pro-pitiatory. The dawn. The dawn. The dawn. The dawn. The dawn were turning gray as those others. There is nothing and in the entire country pushed its but your presence in my house that first crude rails out from the village Manners got out of bed and went saves us."

In the course of the war Manners of Malvern, nine miles away. to the window. Below him he saw the garden shut in by its high gray had had to tackle many problems, walls, and the outline of the paths and he had found a ruthless selfwith their edging of box. In one confidence the most active of solcorner stood a little summerhouse, He was about to get back into accept it.

bed when he saw a figure wrapped up in a black cloak with a hood stairs, "I will do something," and he service to and from Philadelphia. began by going out and chalking Its sponsors contemplated a connecman been living in a state of terror early. But then he realized that upon the front door the mystic sym- tion with the Philadelphia and Cobols: "Under the protection of the lumbia Railroad at Malvern and the man. It was less tall; it moved English Army." The crowd still loi- use of that railroad's tracks into the

He walked to the gate and pointcloak it seemed to exhale youthfulness. It walked round and round ed with his cane. "Go. Clear out!" history, however, that the Philadel-

as this could be no more than a Pennsylvania, had not been extended The daylight strengthened. Man- compromise, and he knew it. He had the entire distance to Philadelphia went up the stairs to his room. He ners saw a hand go up and put back a heart-to-heart talk with the col- from its starting point at Columbia the hood It revealed the face of a onel; he asked the advice of a bri-He glanced around the room. Smith, is batman, had put out all his dark hair and well-set eyes. It "We can order a guard to be de-which the West Chester road was He glanced around the room. Smith, his batman, had put out all his things. A pair of slacks hung on bin: sensitive sensuous vaguely sad. "We can order a guard to be de-tailed. We have had to place sentries outside of several houses. One wom-Malvern, it was not until a year the back of a chair. But there was him: sensitive, sensuous, vaguely sad. outside of several houses. One wom-something alien and sinister about She stood and looked at the sky for an has had her hair cut off and her later that passengers were able to

Manners reflected. "It's very good from the metropolis. eld of vision. Manners got back into bed. Half a bayonet is going to solve this West Chester started their nine

The brigade major made a sugges- May 1831 and in July of the followtion. "Why don't you doctors do ing year they combined the celebra-something? You could co-opt the la- tion of the nation's birth with festiv-"Have you seen anyone else in this cal priest and the Belgian doctor. The p'iest is a sportsman." three miles of track. A horse-Manners looked grave. "Yes, it's drawn car with thirty passenger: Smith was stooping to collect his an idea. But that one should have was driven proudly out of town or to certify a girl's decency in order that gala Fourth of July, the horses The man's innocent face answer-to certify a girl's decency in order to placate a lot of sluts!"

She He found him to be a stout old per- ing shouts from the populace. The son, bald, buxom, and with a jocund formal opening of the line did not eye. He was a humanist. He had a little English, and between his En-but it was made the occasion of a "You got the hot water all right?" glish and Manners' French they con- great celebration at West Chester. trived to understand each other.

Almost the old man broke the seal given at \$80,000. Horses were the of the confessional. "Monsieur, my motive power for more than a de-Manners, sipping his tea, reflected upon this incident. The woman was assurance is that the accusation is cade and the first track was made burning the furniture. But other assurance is that the accusation is out the girders plated with not true. I have known Madame of yellow pine girders plated with Larrours and her daughter for many flat iron bars. Steam engines were people could get coal in St. Hubert. Was it that she had no money? And years. I knew the German officer not used on the railroad until 184! who lived in the house. He was a when the track was strengthened decent fellow. I will do all I can to and heavier and more modern rail: help these ladies." Manners happened to

They smiled upon each other. "May I ask you a question, Mon-sieur le Major?" the priest asked. "Certainly." "Have you seen Madame Lerrou-rc's daughter?"

side the railings of the house with 'Once, and only in the distance, from my window."

The priest nodded. "So-your com-passion is impersonal; a flower of the open mind. It is well. See her." Manners returned to the house

"Will it suffice, Monsieur?"

"Monsieur!"

IS 100 YEARS OLD Just one hundred years ago one of

of West Chester, to the tiny hamlet

Born of the ambitious plans of a group of public spirited citizens of West Chester and vicinity, back in vents. He made his own plan, and 1831, the West Chester Railroad was compelled or persuaded other men to projected to afford the prosperous accept it. He said to the woman on the county direct passenger and freight city.

So early was that day in railroad phia and Columbia, itself the first But an autocratic gesture such railroad to be built in the State of Pa., 80 miles west of the Quaker make a trip entirely by rail to and

miles of track to Malvern late ir ities marking the completion of three miles of track. A horsetrotting smartly along to the ac-He went to see the catholic priest. companiment of cheers and admir-The total cost of the early line i:

were laid.

The first passengers on the West Chester Railroad did not ride all the way to central Philadelphia by rail They were carried in the cars of the railway to the head of an inclined plane on Belmont plateau, now part of Fairmount Park, Philadel phia. Here the sectional cana boats which moved on flat cars over the Philadelphia and Columbia Rail road were dropped by cable to the banks of the Schuykill River at the foot of the plateau. West Cheste passengers transferred from cars to stages at the head of the Belmon plane for the trip to down-town Phil It was not until Decem adelphia. ber, 1833, when the Columbia bridge over the Schuylkill river was com pleted at the foot of the plane that the railway cars were hauled in and out of the city proper.

"You can give me a key. I want She nodded her head. She had Manners paused in front of a smooth black hair streaked with "Monsieur belongs to the "No; I'm a doctor." The flickering, thin flame of her

indecision steadied itself. "I will a stove. show you a room, Monsieur." The room pleased Manners.

windows opened on the garden the back of the house, and the as he did the French." "Yes; this looks like the colonel." garden had high stone walls with Manners' field boots were well fruit trees trained to them, and be- luck ?"

and new: the bloom upon fruit; half- was full of an infantry battalion and forgotten decencies; a life that was its transport. The same old brown Would life in the future be listening.

Moving a unit under the eyes of a

business. Bad temper was infec-

"Well, there won't be much more

"My nose, Manners?"

"Any luck for me, uncle?"

They laughed.

thousands of strange men?

with green shutters.

There was no response.

opened six inches.

looking for a billet."

had been dried out.

The eyes observed him.

"But I am all alone here."

dead grayness.

deliverers!

from dry rot.

house

sage.

a cage.

"Yes."

"No."

dulled him, but beneath the coarsen- gade hospital had to be fitted up in bed. the lower rooms of the empty hotel. while and that, somehow, life should he was supervising the activities of water. the advance party. He heard the soul, and he had become more so He knocked at the door of Num- colonel's voice, and he knew at since the armistice.

with.

soothing word.

lower shutters were closed, and there was something about the house that intrigued him. He had a certain feeling for houses and gardens, and for atmosphere, and not merely locked." as a doctor going on his rounds. He opened the iron gate, walked up the path and knocked.

"There is no need for locked doors, differently; even in that old black tered. He knocked again and more in-

fling sound on the tiles of the pas-The door was unlocked and thin, pale face that seemed all edge.

The eyes looked at him mistrustfulfelt puzzled and uneasy. They were curious eyes, of a

Manners saluted. "Pardon. I am They looked frightened. They showed the whites below the iris. They were like the eyes of a creature in

of other men had slept in it, Ger- field of vision. mans, enemies, men who were dead. But what rot! The Germans were an hour later, when Smith appeared problem." ust other men, noworse, no better, with tea, he asked his servant a

He asked her for a key. "I shall cause you no trouble, Madame. I need a room to sleep in. My servant looks after me."

Her pale eyes flickered. "Monsieur

"But Monsieur wil have to go in an uncomfortable billet, and in the mess he heard other revelations.

> freshed; he had been offered coffee and cake; he had a stove and an electric light beside his bed. Sanger perhaps hardly any food!

Later in the day another incident civilization; a bottle of red wine and threw a more sinister light upon the a girl. Brown, too, could boast of situation. return to the house about eleven in

"These people haven't done so the morning and as he climbed the dly. Old Fritz didn't skin them winding street he became aware of

"What about you, uncle-any

Manners replied evastvely: "'I'm

the war had died a month or so be-fore, yet this luster was not martial. ed to the Hotel Bertrand, where the to the Hotel Bertrand, where the what ailed the house with the green ters, while the women-frowsy and

a crowd of women and children out-

"Yes; besides the woman."

the green shutters. It was a slatternly, unwashed and unpleasant crowd. The children

excited-hurled epithets. Obviously,

ed surface there remained the illusion that civilization was worth be decent.

ber Seventeen. It was opened by once that there had been trouble on a sallow little Belgian girl in a the road, bau march discipline, somechecked apron. To her Manners spoke briefly in bad French. "Billets for two officers."

He was admitted, or rather, he trouble. walked in with the air of a man who had ceased to regard private property as anything personal. He was in search of beds, good clean beds, and a room with a stove in it. liverish general could be a touchy The colonel liked space and a stove. Through a doorway he had tious. glimpse of a fat old woman in black seated on a sofa. He gave her a Besides, he was fond of the big choly house, and he find another billet. cursory "Bon jour, Madame," and followed the servant up polished

stairs. Number Seventeen proved satisfactory. He chalked two doors. Barry, turned an infantile face to his re-turning officer. A certain informal-mild and humorous. Manners and She l ity had established itself between his colonel went off together. the two.

"That settles all the officers, Bar- when we were supposed to be at attention." ry, except myself."

"There's the sergeants' mess, sir." "Well, there won't be much more Oh, we'll do them proud. We attention, sir. Must say I feel like can spread ourselves here. I imag- the men-at times. I want to let ine that this is the first occasion out and yell and cut a caper right on which the unit has occupied a under the august nose. hotel."

"And the transport, sir? You know, last time-

They are a grousing crowd. you a good billet. A stove and half They shan't grouse here. I've got an acre of floor." 'em a palace.

He glanced at the pages of his notebook and handed it to the clerk. went to the mess and found it as "You might take this along to the sergeant major. I'll just go and hunt myself up a corner. Oh, and like a gaurdsman and was never to tell Tombs, the mess orderly, to spread himself in that house just off the Place. We shall want tea." Brown was filling a pipe. The grave Gordon sat scribbling the daily

Manners went on up the steep street of St. Hubert. Always he had been something of a separative music stool, fired off his usual quessoul, and the war had been like a tion. churn consolidating thousands of individual fat-globules into butter. Al-An old lady with a fringe." ready he was finding his personal proclivities reestablishing themselves. Certain sensibilities were reviving or thing young and tasty in my billet preparing to put out leaves-though for the last three weeks." the leaves mght not be quite the Sanger broke into one of the war resame as of yore.

He saw the tourellas of the cha- "I'm in love, I'm in love, you can teau bright against a slivery crevice in the sky. He was conscious of a Gordon grew sardonic. "It's in the sky. feeling of pleasure, almost of ten- chronic with you. Permanently derness. Life had not lost all its polygamous. What are you going to do when you get home?"

But he kept an alert eye on the houses. He had lived so much with other men that now his inclination ing that there was fresh butter on was to remove his essential self into some secret corner. wer so prodigious, and somehow so He wanted to think. dead.

The emptiness of the street sur- seemed to be no light in the house prised him. like some dim street in a deserted, he knocked the woman let him in. It had a shut-up, medieval town. secret air. No women; no children. that her eyes remained downcast. Had these Belgian women and chil- The hand holding the candlestick wondering whether there had been have you not asked for protection?" dren become shy of thousands upon was the color of wax.

"Rummy house, this, sir." "What's the matter, Smith?"

thing that a Red Hat could quarrel "Where's Major Manners?" door locked. Had to go down to the And Manners went in search of the mess for your shaving water, sir."

He found a big man with blue eyes scolding a sergeant. He stood by sympathetically; he could sympa-thize with both O. C. and N. C. O. Moving a unit under the store for Manners' store gate and walked up the path to the strike a surprise packet like this." He possessed himself of Manners' thouse and anory boots and went downstairs to clean Manners, while shaving, the secret of this house, and, hardthem. could hear the fellow whistling. It ened worldling though he was, he was a cheerful sound in this melan- was shocked by it.

choly house, and he was coming to Besides, he was fond of the big moment came, he interposed the

"I have fixed up the mess, str. Tea should be ready. I'll show you waiting on the sidewalk, the house. I'll fix things up here." and met the Belgian woman in the

She looked at him anxiously. seemed to make a dry whispering. Monsieur has slept well?" "It is not true, Monsieur." Her "Monsieur has slept well?" He began to tell her that he might hand dropped. Her eyes appealed "Two idiots smoking, Manners,

have to change his billet. She ap- to him. peared strangely agitated. "Monsieur will not go elsewhere,

please. I wish to be hospitable. If Monsieur will tell me—"

leaving? "I find the room very cold, Mad- here?" "No, General Fuss,' sir. I've got

ame.' Almost she wrung her hands. "I have so little coal. There is a stove. He sent a tired man in to loosen things and drink tea. Later, he

I will do what I can." "And hot water in the morning, usual. Sanger, the debonnair and Madame." dandified Sanger, who could salute "Monsie

him, and he relented. be relied upon, sat playing a piano.

or a few days." sieur. For two years I had the Ger-Mademoiselle Lerrourc, I do not think they will be necessary. I for a few days." letter to his wife. Tombs produced more tea. Sanger, revolving on a had the air of wishing to say more house. to him, but no words

locked the door behind him. Manners teased him. "Not much.

"Confound it, I haven't had any-And

He shocked. Did the poor, frightened am saying?" creature think that he had to be Manners no frains, vamping it on the piano. propitiated? And why? Had life been brutal to her? Oh, perhaps. Had life

He left the bottle on the table, sat sieur: that my enemies should be, by the stove and read. At seven not the Germans, but these people self-restraint that he divined to be he changed into slacks, and went in my town; people who were jeal- on the edge of breaking. He went out on his way to the mess.

She met him in the dim passage. "Monsieur is more comfortable?" wine.

In the darkness her voice seemed

He said something that was half stand?" playful, half gentle, and went out

some tragedy in the house.

"German women -- secondhand. wards the kitchen with the air of an Monsieur likes them so, perhaps." She seemed to squelch with laugh-

ter, in which the rest of the crowd There was an exclamation from the "No water. She keeps the kitchen joined. Manners went pale. mother. "If you please, Madame. I do not

understand. She gave way, as he opened the with a black shawl over her shoulders.

He had begun to divine a part of selle, please sit down." He crossed over to the stove, opened its iron door and saw a miser-

able little fire in the heart of which He tried the door and found it a green log sizzled unconsentingly. He reclosed the door. He turned to unlocked. This surprised him. And The mess breakfast was at eight- then he saw a figure seated on the Madam Lerrourc.

fifteen; parade at nine. The day stairs, its face clasped between its looked frosty, and the house struck hands. He closed the door and robbed you of your coal. I will see cold. He put on his British warmer, locked it. He went halfway up the that it is replaced." passage and paused.

He was conscious of the girl sit-The woman spoke, and her voice ting there with her hands clasped in her lap, a frightened, gentle, dark thing. She was half starved and cold and afraid but she sat there with a childish dignity. Her soft

Manners was conscious of sudden compassion. "Madame, I prefer to eyes observed him. Manners looked at her and smiled, believe you." and moved towards the door. "You "You must believe me, Monsieur. will forgive me for having intrud-

Manners was surprised, troubled. We are reviled; we are threatened; Why was she so anxious for him to we are allowed no food, no coal, no stay; so frightened at the idea of his light. Even the water-"

He nodded. "You are not alone She followed him into the passage, and opened the door of an icy little salon in which a piano stood with "No, Monsieur. Gabrielle, my

"I daughter." its keyboard closed. There was "Yes; I must have seen her this

morning in the garden." queer abstracted air, passed a finger

he was a good man.

He have visited your priest, and in him came. She hated war, as we did. He had a you have a friend. Will you permit wife and children at home, and he me to remain in your house The day proved full of affairs. He was kind. He liked my daughter She stood very still. "Monsieur,

and on the table stood a bottle of made life—the life of prisoners— "I think I can arrange these dif-wine. We had food, fuel. ficulties. There have been other was touched, and a little Does Monsieur understand what I occasions when we have been al-

lowed to provide civilians with food Manners nodded. "I understand." and medical comforts. You will al-She was silent for a moment. "But this is the tragedy, Mon- matters?"

He was formal, kind, sparing a ous; people who could think nothing out quickly, aware of a pathetic but evil. I did not understand till figure sitting rigid on a sofa, with the Germans left us that I and my tears beginning to show. He closed He thanked her. He mentioned the daughter were to be named among the door. He suggested that her gen- those who had given themselves. At He said to himself in the English

> disgusting threats: We were treated did know it was part of his nature. as outcasts. I had to hide my That night Gabrielle Lerrourc daughter. Does Monsieur underplayed her piano in a room that

Again Manners nodded. "I appealed to the burgomaster, received as a friend.

The company's first passenger de thin figure drooped. "Very little, "I see. We must alter that."

girl was sitting by the stove

"Madame, I apologize. I have

pot in Philadelphia was established at Broad and Race streets. With the opening of the river bridge and He walked down the passage tothe elimination of the inclined planthe station was removed to 18th and officer conducting an inspection. The door stood ajar. He pushed it open. Market streets.

The Pennsylvania Railroad firs took over the operation of the Wes Chester Railroad in 1859, relinquish ing it several years later to the Wes Chester and Philadelphia railroad In 1879 the Pennsylvania purchase the West Chester railroad and again assumed the management of the line absorbing it entirely in April, 1902 The old route is still in use althoug! its connections with the main line t Philadelphia was transferred t Frazer, 24 miles west of Philadel phia, shortly after the Pennsylvani: took control and the line wa straightened and otherwise improved It now forms an alternate rout between the city and West Cheste and carries a light commutatio; traffic.

Some idea of the very early plac occupied by the West Chester rail road in Pennsylvania's transportatio history may be gained from the fac that it antedated by several year the construction and operation of th Allegheny Portage Railroad and th Main Line of Public Works of Penr. sylvania, the first combined rail an canal transport system to cross th State and connect Philadelphia an Pittsburgh. This trans-state rout He made a sign to the mother. was the forerunner of the presen Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Madame, with your permission dust on it. And Manners, with a I am very fond of music.

He was given a chair by th stove. The girl played Chopin: Mac

Anonsieur shall have it." Her anxious, hunted eyes worried im, and he relented. "Thank you, Madame. I will stay "It was not because I "Thank you, Madame. I On a subsequent Sunday, sundr the window. "I have taken advice, Englishmen in khaki saw an Eng lish major walking to church wit two Belgian ladies. It appeared t be a family affair. If there wer grins, such expressions of huma feeling were neither destructive no wholly cynical.

> The gay Sanger chose to be face tious in the mess. "Old uncle seem to have gone in off the deep end." He tried teasing Manners, but we so snubbed that in the future he re

frained. Old uncle was not th man to be fooled with. His foll if it was folly, was a delicate an personal affair.

The people of St. Hubert sa low me, Madame, to arrange these what these English soldiers saw, an each man and each woman saw with the eyes of his or her secre soul. To some Manners was a get tleman; to others he was a con plaisant fool. Some might say h had stepped into the shoes of th German; others, that he had falle in love with Mademoiselle Gabriel Lerrourc, who had the eyes of th Holy Virgin and whose hands mac music. —Hearst's International Con mopolitan.

Large numbers of Italian eggs at was warmed. The sound filled the "But dead house and made it alive, and being imported into this countr one who knocked at the door was We trust they are not the lays Ancient Rome.

"Preach free love, old McTavish." Manners drank his tea and, findthe table, was patient even with the The times foulness of Brown's unhygienic pipe.

the street to his billet. There sary. He liked it. It was with the green shutters, but when She brought a candle, but he noticed

near to tears. "Monsieur is very kind. I wish to do my best."

It was dark when he walked up erosity was charming but unneces-the street to his billet. There sary.

did not return to his billet till the evening. He found a small fire burning in the stove in his room, home with us, and friendly. He