

|  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| spoke to me," I said. I desired to save | its a well-known |  |
| a child's, any sorrow for what she | a narrow 1 |  |
| ne. "I was | th |  |
| Is so great a pleasure to seo yo | me interminabee Alove At, as w6 |  |
| They made us prisoners; |  |  |
| ng us here. Oh, m'sieur, it is |  |  |
| !" said |  |  |
| ${ }^{\text {An }}$ |  | car that was derailed. Crash, bang, it |
|  |  |  |
|  | sw |  |
| eat. It is not a bad prison, but it |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | down on some sort of platorm and |  |
|  | lert |  |
| love with Louise, He swears he will |  |  |
| never let us go, said Louiso whisper, as she came ciose to te |  |  |
| , |  | won't hurt you i, inch. 1"ll just give gou |
| "Aht a tea-part,", said |  |  |
| coming toward | that |  |
| lerrution. P have promised to re- | han |  |
| minutes of the hour. Ladies, I wish | me was the darkness of a pit. I ca |  |
| you all a very | see and I could hear nothing |  |
| He bowed politely. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| lin theught of |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| prise |  |  |
| her nerves. 1 knew not |  | at on reurn of the disease. I ame |
| When Louise took my hand. | In the dead silience I got a teeling |  |
| It was a faint whisper out of tor |  |  |
| ips. |  | me |
| ve courage!" I called as they |  | Cur |
| went away l was never to such a fierce temper | or that sank under the |  |
| was | dan |  |
| rs, 1 could hear one of them weep Dri stood quietly beside me, his |  | Cayenne is very u |
| arms folded. |  |  |
| Whut ye gotn' t' dew with them air men?" he asked, turning to the |  |  |
| ${ }_{\text {man. }}$ |  |  |
| peg you will give me time to c said his lordship, calmy, | $\begin{gathered} \text { we } \\ \mathrm{wer}_{\mathrm{cro}}^{0} \end{gathered}$ |  |
|  | line. We moved slowly, |  |
| of bone and muscle beside me. |  |  |
| id hold of D'ri's elbow and bade | ${ }^{1}$, ${ }^{\text {cona }}$ |  |
| ing-room, his lord | 1 ls |  |
| would rresently have had |  |  |
| seemed to be waiting in the |  | Whereas under a repetio he is thought |
| tered hurriedly, the shackles in hand. |  |  |
| ntly than ever. "Stand by and | $\begin{aligned} & \text { of } \\ & \text { ing } \end{aligned}$ |  |
| wait my orders." "D' ye wan' t | glow. The opening seemed to have a |  |
| "said D 'ri looking |  |  |
| his eyes opening wide, wrinkling into long furrows | lower level, with some |  |
|  | poi sco |  |
| ip: "do not flatt | we |  |
| Yer jest a low-lived, mis'ble, wuth- | onets thrust, points up, in the ground. |  |
| way with them!", said his lord- | and then a dozen voices mocked it. |  |
|  |  |  |
| ette as he rose and walked hurriedly out of the room. | tall |  |
| chapter xit |  |  |
| waiting guards laid hold |  |  |
| in a winking, and others came crowd- ing the doors. They shackiled our | $\begin{aligned} & \text { the } \\ & \text { the } \end{aligned}$ |  |
| hands behind |  |  |
| in. Dark Misgivings of what was come filed me, but I bore all in in- |  |  |
| They shove | Lones of the dead fingers stirr | the |
| doors, and there I coulld tell up to no child's play. | O Be Contimuch |  |
| om the mout |  |  |
| e staggering out. I could |  |  |
| - a carrage |  |  |
| -We domand the prisoners | York city. The one insisted that the |  |
| Then I could her then | house stood on lower Broad way, while the other was equally confident that |  |
| h the guards, who, It doubt |  |  |
| k. In a moment I knew the |  | that of handreds. |
| possession of us and the sold | York than I do? |  |
|  | there?" "Once," was the | rr. |
| could feel his muscles tighten; | miv. "Well," exc |  |
|  | five diferent times, and I ough know more about it than yout | of |
| the shackle-chain. "Judas Pr-r- | The vanquished one was silent for | fal |
| Two men leaped into | nt. Presently he |  |
|  |  | 'I had heard Dr.Williams' Pink Pills |
|  |  |  |
| \%ons following. I hav | ${ }^{\text {ald }}$ |  |
| me hose cays, bir |  |  |
|  |  | 1 |
|  |  |  |
| hour or more. <br> I could see in prospect no better | That ended the conversa Magazine. |  |
| tination than our graves, 1 was not far wrong. Well | Gindstone Paited to Tip. |  |
| me to a town so |  |  |
| ave |  | The change in treatment proved by |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| in mured I could tell it was a town | smalness of the gitt when he found |  |
| and |  |  |
| then we |  |  |
| hear the sound of voices far |  |  |
| behind. The procession slowed un horsemen jammed to the left of us | had served Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |

## ALL SICK WOMEN

Should read mbs. fox's letter

