

TGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, Two-whoeled Village Photons, thick





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miserably I am placed, in my cousin's ower as 1 am, and every one by this me imagining us man and wife, as he has made you believe we are. What can I say or do to convince you that I HALL'S HATE RENEWER produces its am speaking the truth in telling you there is no tie between my cousin and me except our consinship

"Try to rest, dear, and no one shall disturb you, I promise, wife or no wife, I'll stand between you and the man you to much until you are strong and well again. Let that content you, for I can suy no more Jessie sighed and turned her face to the wall wearily. The summer sun-beams reflected in a glass of water made dancing wayes of light upon the wall, and caught Jessie's eyes While she watched the golden waves on the wall an idea came to her to coax Flora Mackay to post a letter to Dr. Raynor, and so summon him to her as-After a protended sleep she roused herself and asked for her tea. While taking it she prevailed upon her nurse to get her writing materials and consent to post her letter. She was persuaded only on one condition that was that the letter should be nddressed to a listy. This condition rather bailled Jessie at first till she thought she could send to Dr. Raynor through their mutual friend Audrey Fisher. Jessie wrote a etter to that lady desiring her to give melosed long and troubled ter to Dr. Raynor, and entreat him to come or send at once, as she was in dire extremuly The letter to Dr. Raynor fully explained her position, and the compro-mising nature of her surroundings; very humbly and lovingly she pointed the scandalous construction the world would put upon her disappear-ance, and with a gentle pride she as-fured him that, should his love not be proof against the unfortunate compliation of events which had made her the victim to her cousin's unscrup conduct, she would release him from his engagement without further delay. was a touching, womanly letter, full of heart broken assurances of her love and chastity. Flora despatched this epistle by a trusted ally, and Jessie, with anxious looks, daily waited a reply. Flora was as good as her word and kept Rex away from her, representing that she was still too ill to bear the excitement of seeing him.

is, you shall take me to your mother; she is all I have, the only friend in all the world now, and she has failed me like all the rest when I had most need

of her." Rex lifted the little hand to his lips and left her, feeling anything but vic-

Before the week had gone the cousins were on their way to Edinburgh. Jes-sie was but a shadow of her bright, not only flow, with a dissufficient worried look in his bold, bandsome of for sure as he pretended to be, the delay bothered him; the game was not played out yet, and who could tell what turn fickle fortune might take to defeat him? So far he had been successful, but looking into Jessie's changed face he felt his success had been bought at a cruel cost, and hard and relentless as he was, he could not stifle a feeling of keen self-reproach, for he spoke truly when he said he loved his cousin. He did love her to the best of his black heart's ability, loved her and sinned against all that should appeal to noble unture; sinned against her dplessness, her innocence, her happiness, and still dared to say he love No words of reproach escaped Jessie's lips when she met her aunt's frightened eyes; she knew how the son had traded upon the timid, weak nature of his mother, and while she despised she pitied her. One morning Jessie was roused out of the deceitful calm that had fallen upon her by Rex, who said, with forced bravado Jessie, I have made all arrangements for our marriage, which must take place next week. Do not make any fresh obstacles, please, dear; for, in-deed, marriage with me will be your best policy Mrs. Vennimore dropped her book and looked anxiously up into Jessie's blanched face. She had risen and faced her cousin with two words upon her lips, spoken with hopeless bitterness; "My dear girl, it is better so. A pretty little scandal is afloat about our innocent escapacie, and to silence it 1 propose that we are publicly married as soon as possible." With a rush the color flew back to Jessie's face, the light to her eyes, as she answered with head creet, swiftly panting breast, and vivid lips from which the breath came quickly "You have indeed cornered me. For the sake of the good old name, you know I must consent to your turms; there is no reason now that I should not, since the only man I love can despise me. But hear and understand me clearly-if this marriage takes place, it will be a marriage of outward form on-ly, there can be no dear tie of love between us. I shall be your wife in name only, and shall chain from you only freedom and absence. The marriage will make a good part of my fortune yours, the rest will suffice for my needs. only want to be free from your cruel persecution for ever. Your mother must be witness to this agreement. I will not reproach either of you for wrecking my happy young life, your own consciences must be my best advocates. I only say, take what you want, but leave me peace in its stead." "But suppose I do not agree to marry on those terms, Jessie," said Rex, grasping her hand fiercely, and looking into her proud, defiant eyes; 'suppose I refuse to marry you and let the world say its worst, while I smile on its mis-taken judgment, and by silence tacitly

look after this headstrong brother of yours. I shall be glad to plant my feet upon my native heath' once more. I did not think I should go there until I could take you, but"-with a sigh-"so much happiness must not be mine just

yet, sweetheart, so I'll go with Bob." "Do, you dear good fellow, I shall feel safe if he is with you. Here comes Audrey; open the door, John. Good-ness, Audrey! are you ill, you look so

fiction-writing. That is a mistake. "When I was a young man I was affered the position of city editor on a

two factions, known as the Mapesites and the Timmslites. And yet Miss Elliza could not be brought to express a preference. If she role with one to-day, she was careful Cincinnati paper. I have regretted to this day that I did not accept it. It would have given me a great schooling in to walk abroad with the rival to-morrow. studying human nature. Besides, I Coquetry is delicious to a woman, and should have been taught many things in a Eliza would not have been feminine had general and practical very that books never can teach. Instead 4 wont to my books. When I was 24 years old Presi-dent Lincoln appointed me Consul at she been in haste to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and foated that

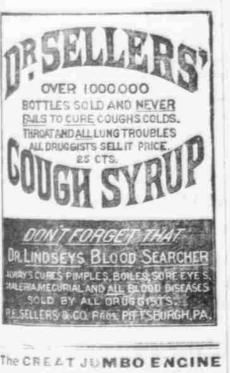
wild in the counties of Monterey and read Laris Oblama.

Once in each year the cattle that great on California's thousand blils are gathered in bands at convenient pisces, to be claimed and branded by the excess such assemblages being called rodees. Majet had been down across the Salinss Plains, in strondance upon a rodeo) and, being on his return jogging along on his mustating, be saw far in the distance, but nanzing him, an equally loue traveler distance between them decreased; and, m they approached, Mapes-with California prudence slipping his revolver upon the belt which sustained it from his back round to his left side, bringing the hills under the shadow of his bridle area, and within every reach of his right hand. A near look assured Mapos that he had of occasion for wanpous; the coming main was of middle age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected and hopelass. In isoal phrase, his manner was that of a person who has "lost his gript" and there who have not that terrib' misfortune are never highway robbers, "grip" being the very quality wanted in that hassedons par-





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FAGTS vs. PREJUDICE

Prejudice is hard to combat, It cannot be overcome in a day. More than likely it wasn't formed hastily. Indeed it may have been gradually a southening its hold for years. For instances - the folly believe Rheumatism cannot be cured. Their fathers believed so before them, So did their grandfi Now, RHEUMATISM CAN BE

CURED, notwithstanding this prejudice, but the trouble is to make people think so. The only way we know to meet popular unbelief is to state the PLAIN FACTS, and then present the POSITIVE PROOFS they are facts. It is a fact that the RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE not only relieves but basashes Rheumatic Pain. There is positive proof of it too. It comes from those who have suffected untold agony with Rheumath m and have been comely cured by this remedy. All who have

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At last the much-desired letter came. Flora gave it to her, amazed by the in-

tense relief the sight of it afforded. Jessie, recognizing Audroy's writing, felt sure the letter contained a prom-ise of speedy rescue, but her face grew whiter as she read its contents which

whiter as she read. Its contents white were as follows: "DRAM JESSIE-I received your letter and forwarded the endosure to Dr. Raynor as de-sired. He has not with an accident while rid-ing, and has fractured bis leg, so that I could not son film to give it to him myself. Violet brought me the reply, which was brief and al-mest cruck. I connot think what you have done to deserve it. He said, Tell Jessie I am grieved to hear of her unfortunate position; the remedy Hes in her own hands, she has bet

the remedy Hes in her own hands, she has but one course open to her, that she must see for herself. I cannot help her, for all the was end-ed between us when she, with so little care for herself or me, put herself in her cousin's power. Tell her I send her my best wikes for her breaking troth. Violet told me, with tears in her eyes, that her brother was terribly cut up by your letter, and had sternly forbid-den her even to mention your name again to him. He is rapidly recovering from his addi-dent, and intends to go abroad until his health is wompletely restored. Papa and I intend to accompany De. Raynor and Violet, so that it would be hardly worth while for you to write again as I might not get the letter. With sym-pathy and good wishes for your future happi-ness, I remain, yours truly.

ess, Iremain, yours truly, "At DERY FISHER." With a cry of agony Jessie fell back

in a dead faint. Rex, who was killing time by sketch-

ing the view from the sitting room win-dow, heard the cry, and rushed in to see Jessie apparently dead and Flora wild with anxiety.

Quickly taking in the whole situation he laid Jessie more easily, and dashed water in her face, and trying to chafe her hands he discovered the letter elenched tightly between her fingers. He drew it out with an evil look at

Flora, and put it in his pocket. When the dark eyes unclosed to life again, he left Jessie and eagerly read

the letter. An exultant look flashed to his eves. his lips curied scornfully as he said

with wicked triumph: The game is mine: Audrey has kept her promise. Now to get the girl away from here. Raynor will be here as fast as love can speed him. What about that accident though? That may give Parents in best time in the time. I funcy there is truth in that. Well, I won't trust too much to the de-

give consent to the worst it can believe. What then?" "I have told you my decision, it is unalterable. If you cannot accept my terms I shall return to the conventschool that sheltered and made my childhood happy. There will be a wel-

come for me there, and the life would rest me from the world that you have made wearisome to me. I do not care how you decide; I shall be free of you soon in any case, you know that." Rex's eyes blazed, the veins swelled

upon his forehead, and his mother, seeng the storm that was raging within him, shivered a little and crossed to his side with a feeble sigh of intense weariness; laying her thin, white hand upon his, she said in her tender, quivering voice:

"Accept your only chance, agree to Jessie's terms; you can make your own when the law makes you her moster. Do not drive her to desperation. 5 YELLE mother never advised you but for your own good, my son, so listen now, and curb your evil temper for all our sakes. Do, Rex: I—your mother—implore you; pray let there be peace." Rex shook off his mother's hand im-

Audrey smiled as she shook hands of years. with each in turn, then sank into a chair close to Bob, where her face was in the

"No, I am not ill, but I am the bearer of unpleasant news, Violet. I want to speak to Bob alone; suppose you try that new song with Mr. Dean." "All right, Audrey; but remember

Bob is an invalid, and you must be genwith him. As the door closed upon Violet and

John, Bob said: What have you to tell me, Audrey? Have you any tidings of my poor dar-ling? If you have, speak quickly; my heart is eaten up with anxiety."

Audrey crept behind his chair, so that he could not see her face, then laying her hand on his head, she said, in a voice low and unsteady with emotion "Bob dear, can you bear a shock? Can you be brave and believe all things tend to some good end even when our hearts are almost broken by grief and disappointment?"

Audrey, what do you mean? Speak ainly. I am not a child. Say anything

out that my girl is dead!" ""Tis not that, Bob dear, but she in future must be dead to you. I heard from her to-day. Rex has gained his wicked victory. She marries him on Wednesday.

Bob spring to his feet and brought his hand down with a crash upon the table beside him, saying, with eyes of lame fixed upon her face, "By Heaven,

"On, Bob, Bob, be patient; perhaps "tis better so. She could not be worthy of such love as yours, or she would have been true till death. Take comfort, darling; there are loyal hearts and unchanging loves that live and born, beide which such puny flames as hers are as quenched fires. Take comfort; shut her out of your heart since she could so weakly slip out of your life."

Audrey had come quite close to him in her excitement, her fair face was transformed by passion. There was no mistaking the lovelight of her eyes. Amazement, bewilderment, and dis-gust slowly merged into a suspicion of

foul play in Bob's mind. All her uned love was plain to him now. "What do you mean by such emotion, Audrey? Why are you so to me?-Speak

Audrey had sunk to her knees, her face lifted towards his. Seizing his hand in both her own, she said passionately

Despise me if you will, Bob; but I love you. I love you with a force and passion that must win some return rom you, or I shall die. Let me comfort you, my own dear love. Let me fill the heart that poor weak creature could never have satisfied for a life-time. Do not look so coldly on me. Am I not peautiful? Am I not a woman to content a man? Speak to me. No, you shall not take your hands away. I will cling to them till you are kind to me. Oh. Bob, Bob!"

"Hush, Audrey! for Heaven's sake! You know I have no love to give you. It hurts me to see you lower your womanhood thus. My friend, my sister, let us forget this foolish scene --imagine it as unreal as this mad love of yours, that will pass away like morning dow neath the warmth of some good man's love some day. Come, dear, do not add to my troubles by this wayward freak of your untried heart. Get up, dear: 'tis not fit that the knee should bend in supplication to any but the King of Kings.

"You are my king, my love, my mas-Let man kneel to God and woman ter. kneel to man, the ruler of love, for which one lives. Bob, I beseech you to say one hopeful word to me. Now Jessie is lost to you, will you not win content from me?

"Jessie is not lost yet. I will win her. She is the only woman I will call wife. Show me her letter. I insist-you have it in your pocket. Come, give it to me. It is all I can take from you. Do not anger me; I cannot trust myself to be patient. Give me the letter." Audrey rose slowly, compelled by the sternness of his unflinching eyes.

Instinctively she put her hand in her pocket. Bob heard a rustle of paper, and

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...

nice. I remained there for a number That is why I lay many of my scenes in Italy. I have seen and studied the country."

"Some cities allege that you are on the wrong tack-that you have scarcely any plot and break all the rules of novelwriting."

"I have no special answer to make to such criticisms. [write a novel to suit myself, and do not proceed by rule and model. My plan is to work out everything in a natural way. I try not to draw improbable characters A novel-writer should have no model, but strive for probability and reality. The old romantic school is fast dying out, and with it the complicated and often impossible plots. The grange, the most, the ancient castle, are misgated to legendary writers, and have no part and place in our advanced and matter-of-fact days. The great romancers are dead, and only a few are left in England to produce that unreal style of flotion."

Is England behind other countries in novel-writing?"

"Yes for there the romantic school still figurishes to some extent. Of course, there are some exceptionally great and realistic writers in England. At the head of the list I place Thomas Hardy, whose novels I read with absorbing interest. I have not read so many of Mr. William Black's novels, but I know their charm. I don't know why, but England is far behind the countries on the Continent, Russia has the greatest novel-writers, They stand ahead of all others in the world, Why? They are natural. You read Tolstoi or Tourguanieff, especially the former, and you become ouce enchained by his realism. Toistoi's story, Anna Kessenina, is not only great but carries with it the conviction that it is true and really happened. These writers have no models, no rules to go by; they seem to proceed by the rule of their feeling and judgment and what they see and know. In France the old sensational school has long given way to the natural, When Victor Hugo died the death knell of the romantic sobool was sounded. Emile Zois, Daudet and others are rapidly bringing credit to France by their natural methods. In Italy and Spain the class of fiction writers are ahrad of Engined in method. They have onught use spirit of truth and write what was and is and may be, and not what was not, and is not and nover can be."

"How is America as a home for the realistic school?" "The United States is, perhaps, des-

tiped to outstrip the other countries in realistic novel-writing. True, we haven't the old history, the castles and knights, all prolific themes for the imaginative writer, and we don't want them; but we have more novel phases of life and character to study and deplet than any other country on the face of the globe. Our institions, too, are different, and everything is favorable to the production of a class of original fiction-writers. We have some already that are eminent in their line, Geo. W. Cable, Miss Murfree, G. P. Lathrop and others. Of course, we have some who still are guided by the old methods. Those who succeed, in my opinion, will have to study out characterand every section of this conntry has a local peculiarity that fiction can portray. Now I have nothing to do with day be fore yesterday; I deal with the present and tear to trespass on the morrow. I came from Ohio. I have not written anything about the people and their characteristics yet I have a lively recollection of everything connected with my early life there. Don't ask me about the natural school in America; it really exists and is the predominating flotion." "Some criticisms have been passed on

your last novel, Indian Summer, that your style is some-what changed."

"Yes and what makes it more amusing is that Indian Summer is not my last novel. I wrote it before I did the Rise and Fall of Silns Lapham. It was not published owing to certain editorial exigencies. I laid the scene in Florence instead of here, but the characters were Americans. I made the grouping at Florence because it is a fact that so many Americans of all sorts meet there, and there was nothing unnaval about it. 1 could have placed the

...

when one of the aspirants for her favor withdraw from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulus of competition, would grow cold ; hauce, also had mude up her mind that, upon the first favorable opportunity, she would signify to Mapes that his suit, so often pressed, was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting, for invitations were given out for an apple-bee in the neighborhood, and Ellza found means to convey an intimation to Mapes that also expected to meet him there, and counted on his erocat home at the conclusion of the frolic.

The appainted evening looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes, came at logarth. He felt that it was the most important of his life, and arrayed himself as only a rustle dandy can. His way by across a meadow, through which ran-or rather lottered a deep bot narrow stream, spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to fool his way slowly scross. As he progressed it commenced to swing lightly something very unnsualuntil he reached the center, when, to his

ptier confusion, it gave way, and he was launched into the water. He scrambled out, then suddenly the ident became lundnons with that lurid light to which poor ie refer when they say, in speak of some profano wretch, "He swore until all was blno." Whatever illuminating qualities this incid hight possessed, it had no drying ones, and Mapes was forced to hid adisu for the night

to all hopes of plighting his troth to the loved Eliza. In the rural districts Down East in early times the good people had such habits of Industry and rigid cooncerny that they sel-

dom gave or attended parties, unless such as were cloaked under the names of ruleings quilitings, huskings or apple-beau thus, the apple-bee traught with momentons consequences to Mapes and Thuma, was but a social party in disguiss-a fow apples being pared, quartered, cored and strung in the early evening for appeararices' sake.

As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of the occasion. Good looks, entire self possession, and a keen, satirical wit always assured her that position; and this night she shone with unusual brilliancy, until, as the hours were away and Mapes came not, she began to lose herself in pondering why, and at length she asked Timms; "Is your friend Mapes alling ?

"I guess not," replied Timms; "oor him to-day. He wasn't complaining." " He donies himself much pleasure," said Eiten, "in not coming here to-night, for this is the place where we always have a good time. Annt Judy knows how to give an apple-bec."

"You let Mapes along," answered Winnes; "he knows what he's about." unarmed man?" "Timus, you're crazyi Let us explain. I have no wronge to average. It hav for - What do you mean ?" asked Eline.

"Oh, I mean," replied Thurns, "that Mapes is the prince of good fellows and gets invitations where the rest of us don't." Where is Mapes to-night ?" asked

Eliza, now fully aroused. "I don't know for sure," answered Timms. "He told me to-day there were special reasons for his coming here, but that he had an divitation to the rich and aristocratic Squire Huntoon's, who is celebrating his daughter's birthday, and that he didn't know which way he would go." and Timms turned away to talk to the next pretflest girl in the room.

Petted young women are soldom legt-al or patient. When the party broke up. Eliza accepted Timms' escort to her home and, before they arrived there, she had consented to become, with the least poseble delay, Mrs. Timms. The pext morning the angagement was announced, and preparations for the wedding commenced. Timms was exultant-happy Timms !

For a few days Timms was not much seen in public-perhaps for want of conr-age to wear his blushing honors openly; perhaps for want of courage to meet other contingencies-who knows? But a man cannot make arrangements for his own wedding from a fixed standpoint, and he was compelled to venture out. In a quiet and socluded by-way he met Mapes. The meeting to him was a surprise; he smilled feebly and extended his hand. But Mapes, intent on business, strode squarely up to Timms and planted a vigorous blow on one of his eyes, which caused that gentleman to measure his length in the dust. Timms

The travelers met, with a lower buended to gaze, when from their Hos simultaneously burst the words, "Mapes" .-- Timesa After a moment of muto surprise Mapos, epurring his mustang, drew nearer Timma, "So-we must, at last. I have been wanting to see you this many a year."

The movement seemed ominous to shoot? I have no weapons? Headles, (have kept my onth-at least, as well as I could. I never told the reason why you didn't attend the apple-hee, nor over breathed a syllable about the sevent begalso sol sejour oath!"

" I wasn't thinking of the ducking," whi MADRE

"Don't come any nearer," referenced Thoma. "I have always tried to use that woman well; but she wouldn's be seed well. I have done my best to trust has kindly; but she wouldn't be treated Binchly."

- It is no use to go over the grounds to ma Thursday "But," replied Thomas "you have no

Hea what that woman he; you wonkin's binms mo if you only know. Show more

"No, you don't so, " replied Thoms, "You don't see half. "Tank at this sour"

making off his has and showing a long

mean on his scalp .-- "that was shown with

"Suffored" voturned Thams Yes

ought to have assern har, tex. If you only

know how I have thought of you, and of

my oath to you; and how I have borne blows and been quiet how I have been

called a brute and a book and hops shient

how I have endured terms and moves

hnuger and disconstorts, without a word

of represent -- you would forgive moi you wouldn't instor blonghts of revence."

"Thoughts of revenue" answered Maper

"Mapes, would you take the life of an

vergennes thus I have wanted to see you.

your life and experiences, and I have only wanted to meet you, to effer you a home and friendship, employment and opportu-tition for prosperity here in California. I

owe you no debt but one of gratifude. By the inestimable service you did me by that hitle job of carpanter work, and that I

mean to pay. Come with me." He took Thurns' horse by the bridle, turned him

short without remonstrances, and they

A 50-Gust Caribally.

has been built with sixteen axles. It was

ing by rall a cannon, which is fifty feet

long and weights nearly 186 tons, from Essen to Spearla, in Italy, by way of the SL Gothard tunnel. The truck is seventy six

feet long and the axles are divided into

groups of four, which easily adapt them-

Made him Twice Gind.

friend, Rankin? I know you would.

Mr. De Garme; And so you like my

Miss Eugenia: Yes, he always makes

Fil have to tell Rankin that. But, how

Mr. Do Garmo: Ab, that's very nice.

staves to the curves in the road.

us twice glad when he oails.

made for the special purpose of transport.

After awhile, Timms raised his eyes tim-

As Krupp's, in Essen, a rathroad arnole

travelad on in silence.

May from the ground, and said :

Mapes, die's the devil

I have heard about you often-know

"Let us dismount and have a settlements

for I see my chance has come at last."

"You have suffered," said Mapes.

best me till fain't holf a mott."

veso I use, " said Majes.

the skiller of

