



CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The color on Hanbury's face deepened. His eyes flashed. It was intolerable that this low, ill-shapen creature should refer to her as a "girl."

"'Pooh, money!' said the newcomer, contemptuously. 'I have money. Where has the lady come from? How much is the fare? Here it is.'

The story, as it met the ears of Mrs. Grace, did not seem to her like a very good one. It was so full of holes and contradictions that she could not help but feel that it was a mere invention.

He dropped his arms. His cry and utterance in the room was one of despair. He felt ashamed and confounded. She seemed to have treated him like a dog.

"I am not ill. I was going home to Grimsey street," he said. "I had been to see the doctor, but he told me I was all right."

He looked at her. He saw that she was not a common girl. She had a certain air of refinement and intelligence. He felt that he had been wrong to speak to her in that way.

"I am not ill. I was going home to Grimsey street," he repeated. "I had been to see the doctor, but he told me I was all right."

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BREAKING A WILD HORSE.

A Cowboy Rider Who Didn't Let Little Things Trouble Him. The coolness of the practiced cowboy, who feels in duty bound to appear unshaken and without agitation, even when he may be wounded and possessed of every excuse for excitement, is well illustrated by an incident of a rough riding in Idaho, related by a frontiersman. Just below Asotin, on the Snake River, there is a cleft at least fifty feet high, at the foot of which the deep water of the river winds its way, in fact, rather a cape than a mere cliff, for the face of the rock forms a sharp, jutting point around which a narrow path runs.

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NEW DR. TALMAGE.

The Emancipator's Sunday Discourses.

Subject: "A Passion of Souls."

Text: "I could wish that myself were accused from Christ for my brother, my sister, according to the book."—Romans, ix, 3.

A danger long ago over, but which is as thrilling as any present battle. The present danger is not so much in the physical as in the moral.

He found his pocket-book. A true story, but no stranger than fiction, and hard to beat, is told and endorsed by the Hartford Courant, about the way in which a gentleman was taken to Philadelphia.

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READY TO REFORM.

Some writers of dialect stories seem to think it necessary to mislead words which their characters pronounce correctly.

"I'd like to see the man as wrote this," he said, holding his fingers over a paragraph in the newspaper.

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THE MISTAKE.

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CHAPTER VIII.

That morning when Edith Grace fell asleep in the corner of the third-class carriage, on her way from Millway to the city, she sank into the most profound slumber.

When she opened her eyes again that afternoon, she was a changed woman. She was a stout, kind-faced country woman, with a basket on her arm. The woman said: "They want your ticket standing at the seat."

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CHAPTER IX.

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