



F. SCHWEIER,
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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Armatheide had returned alone to the gallery, and raised the curtain which divided it from the hall, when he came suddenly face to face with Lady Kildonan. She wore a hat and a long cloak, and was leaning back against a high carved cabinet with an expression of sleepy languor in her face and attitude which made her even more strikingly attractive than usual. As Armatheide stopped short at sight of her, she pressed one hand to her eyes, let it fall limply, and then held it out towards him with a sleepy, good-natured smile.

"Heen to see my husband?" she asked. Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on in the same lazy tone. "You brought a letter from Dr. Peck, didn't you? I'm sure I don't know what I've done with it. However, he wants to see me, and says he's very ill. So, I suppose, I'd better go. Will you drive me? I'm awfully tired to-day; I had a bad night, and I've been asleep nearly all the afternoon to make up for it, so I feel too demoralized for any other exertion."

"There was nothing for it but to put himself at her service. As they came in sight of Cromsont's house, and Armatheide said he had been asked to call on Mrs. Cromsont, Lady Kildonan flushed and gave him a glance of half-irritation, half-mollified entreaty.

"Not now," she said, "when you have left me at Dr. Peck's, you can come back."

They drove on, but he gave one last glance towards the gloomy looking house; he noticed his expression.



CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

restored her to a healthier and brighter mood. That evening, when, as he knew, Cromsont would have retired to his study, Armatheide called at the house again. The agent was alone.

"I have come to speak to you on a delicate matter, Mr. Cromsont," said the doctor, when he had been invited to sit down.

The agent looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

"Well, go on," he said gruffly. "I won't apologize for interfering in the matter, for I believe you will agree with me that I can't help myself."

"I have apologized," he said to the point.



CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

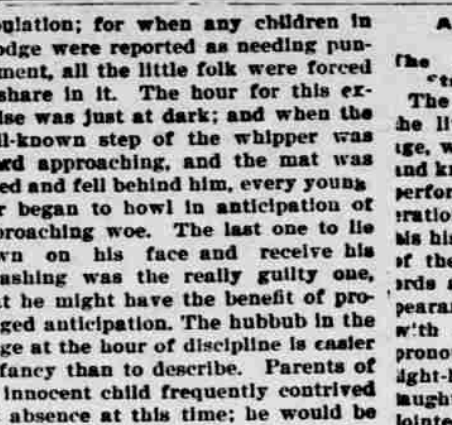
"Lady Kildonan—the usual change came upon Cromsont at the name; he became preternaturally quiet," called out the doctor, who spoke yesterday.

"And what did my wife say? Said she would give it me, if she should say so?"

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

population; for when any children in a lodge were reported as needing punishment, all the little folk were forced to share in it.

The Central Australian aborigine is the living representative of a stone age, who still fashions his spear heads and knives from flint or sandstone, and performs the most daring surgical operations with them.

He has no written records and few oral traditions. In appearance he is a naked hirsute savage, with a type of features occasionally pronouncedly Jewish.

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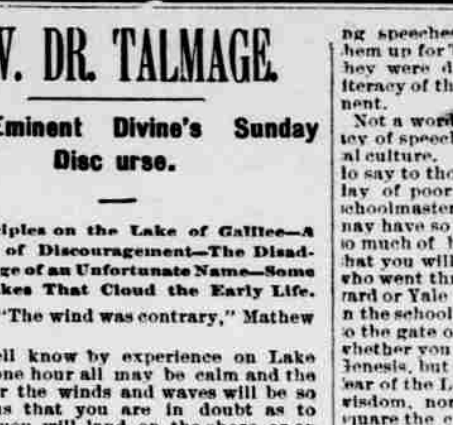
metric standards of weights and measures have been adopted by twenty-one countries, Great Britain and the United States being the only prominent exceptions.

The drill of the woodpecker's is another tool inside, a sort of insect catcher. On the end is a bony tooth with sharp teeth like barbs on a fish hook.

At the beginning of a recent thunder-shower, after a warm and windless day, the most curious and revolting mutilations upon the young men and maidens of his tribe.

He is not a cannibal. No cold joint of missionary graces his sideboard, and should hunger, as a penalty for his improvident gluttony, overtake him, he simply takes a thin hair and plunges into the trackless depths of his mind.

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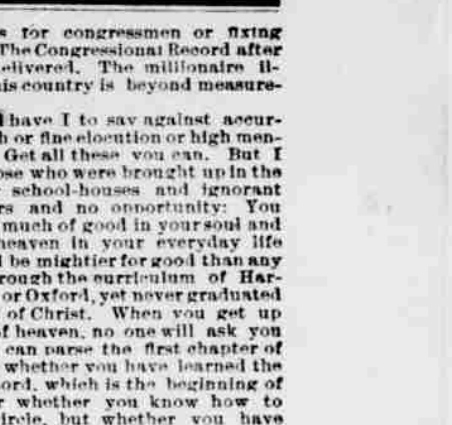
REV. DR. PALMAGE.
The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

The Disciples on the Lake of Galilee.—A Draft of Discouragement.—The Disadvantage of an Unfortunate Name.—Some Mistakes That Cloud the Early Life.

As I well know by experience on Lake Galilee, one hour all may be calm and the next hour the winds and waves will be so boisterous that you are in doubt as to whether you will land on the shore or on the bottom of the deep.

A great multitude of people are under great mental distress, and are trying to get out of it by various means.

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech or high mental or high moral culture. Get all these you can. But I say to those who were brought up in the ways of the schoolmaster, and ignorant schoolmasters, and no opportunity: You may have so much of good in yourself and so much of heaven in your service, that you will be mightier for good than any who went through the curriculum of Harvard or Yale or Oxford, yet never graduated in the school of Christ.

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