

What, you do not mean? Won't live an hour or two of them? I tried to tell him, but I could not; and finally I thought of you. You can ease it, you know.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from the strugglers with pain and disease. Going softly up to the couch at which he lay before the chaplain gazed at the face before him. It looked so calm as that of a sleeping infant, but he did not sleep.

For the Young. A bright boy, named Edgar, was trotting along in a city street, one day of his father's side. During the walk they passed a group of smoking boys. They were rough little fellows, looking more like candidates for the jail than for useful places in life.

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