her face a little in the shade. She was nervous and distraits in spite of herself. A dozen times, looking at Esther's surutted face, she was on the point of telling her her secret. A dozen times something was it fate?-tied her tog-

She has enough to think of to-night she said to herself. "Why should trouble her with my affairs?"

"I wish, more than ever, that ye were coming with me," Esther said, deaning back, oup to hand, to look at the little figure on the rug. "I should tharoughly enjoy it, if you were." "And I shall thoroughly enjoy staying

Just then the time-piece chimed six. "Six o'clock fetty. You will never be

dressed in time." "Now. Dulcie, don't werry me"-a lit the nervously. "If you leave me to peace I shall manage."

Terhaps; but you'll be only half dressed, unless some one hurries you and helps you, too," Mrs. Hardings said, affector be late than that that should happen," Dulcie cried, garly. "Come, I have set my heart on making you superb

And she succeeded. When Mrs. Hardtuge swept in, in her rich broche silk. the very model of a charming young matron she looked in amazement at her sister, who stood in the center of the room, flushed and amiling, and already

Could it be the same kather she had known all her life, in dowdy country gowns, or later, in quiet toilets, that had little or no "style" about them? This Esther was a queen, indeed. Dulc'e had dressed her, Dulcie had coiled and twisted the long, shining hair; Dulcie had put on the dainty satin shoes, with their gleaming buckles of Rhine quarts, and buttoned the high gloves. "It's a shume," she said, "to hide

such glorious flesh. These gloves were sutended as a refuse for scraggy arms. You do not need them." And she was right; Esther's arms

"My done," her sister said, walking round her, "I never saw you looking so wedl in all my life." Esther laughed. She felt strangely

glad that night glad of her own beauty. glad of the praise showered upon her. It was nice she owned to herself-to ore such a fair face, when she looked into the mirror. And her pretty dress too quite the grandest the girl had ever worn, almost the grandest she had ever seen added to her elation. "You must thank Dulcie for it, door

the has fairly transformed me. I must say with the old woman; 'If I be I, as I hopes I be," for I'm honestly not sure of my own identity."

You may be honestly sure of your own leveliness," Dulcie Levesque assured her enthusiastically, standing back (little way, the better to survey the effect of her skillful dressing. "Do you know" with a brugh "I think I might get a place as lady's maid' if all else

"I should not care to engage you in that capacity," Mrs. Hardinge said. "But there's no fear of your having to fill the maid's place; with . face like yours you may fairly aspire to the mistress. "To be sure I shall 'aspire," but I

might fail to win it. and then, you know the edage When all fruits fail, wideome have. "You are as philosophic as Tupper

himself," Esther cried, with a laugh, They went down stairs together; Dulcie carrying bisther's wraps, and giving her gay directions as to deportment. "I hope I need not warm you against 'firting,' kity. It would be dangerous for you to attempt it to-night"-with a significant glance at Mrs. Hardinge.

That lady smiled loftily. "There's not the slightest danger, Dulcie. It's not in Esther to flirt likesome people."

Me, for instance" with a little grim "Yes, you, for instance" laughingly "You know you are an incorrigible firt." Long after the carriage had d'sappeared, the girl stood at the gate. She could barely see the road, winding away into the pule mist of the night a fresh, fragrant night; the heavens luminous with stars; the streaming earth odorous with the new grass and the fresh opening builds of wild flowers. In the west the sky was of a dull brooding red. This lowering orimson paled and spread, then sank in fittul waves of color. It was the light of Dan Holt's great forge fire. Dulcie knew, but it looked like nothing

so commonplace as that seen from where she stood Away in Brierton Wood she con hear by listening intently the throbhing notes of a nightingale. It brought a rush of tours into hor eyes. That faint pulse of sound—exquisite, penetrating—smote straight to the hot girlish heart. As if at some strong spell, the worldly prudence, the practical common sense of which she so often boasted, melted away. What was ease after all that she should pay he price of her heart for it? Could she buy it even at that high rate? It was as if some other voice—not her own—asked these questions, as if some other hand—not her own—lifted the curtain of the future, and gave her a glimpae of what life must be without

"Well. I shall at least have a home," she thought, with a touch of bitterness; "a home of my own, where no one will dare to find fault with me, or snear at me for being happy after my own fashion. Then I shall be rich; no need ouble or fret myself about this or that; no need to be afraid of ing my dresses out, for fear of not

being able to buy any more. And then he loves me, me only, in spite of them all"—triumphantly. "Surely I might be happy! I could not but be, I think."

Hut somehow the happiness seemed very shadowy. The restless, yearning heart was not satisfied, no matter what the line might say. heart was not settlemen, no matter what the lips might say. No promise of the future had power to brighten the pre-sent, or make anything but bitter to her the boudage of this new state on which she had entered. She thought of Percy Stanhope, and how swiftly he had allowed himself to be comforted.

and allowed himself to be comforted, and her heart hardened within her.

"After all," she thought, as she walked back to the house between the beds of early white roses, palely luminous in the dusk, "I shall only be following his example like a dutiful sweetheart. And woman can't live on love, or the fendest of memories, any more than a man can do so."

Ah. no, nor on "bread alone," Dulcie!
She peeped into the drawing-room, but
it was very desolate and lonely. Instead of that she went up to her own room and began reading a novel to pass the time away. She felt her eyes filling as she read of the heroine's pitiful faithfulness. Was it really possible, in this age of steam and telegrams, that a girl with average common sense could love with a love like this, and sicken and die of it? The throbbings of her own startled heart answered her.

"Bah! how foolish I am! It is only the art of a skilled romancer; such things don't happen in real life."

Then she came to the last chapter, where the heroine—waiting to see her lover before death comes to fetch her insists on getting up and being dressed in the prety blue dress in which he had learned to love her. And Dulcie remembered with a blush of shame, that shein her own way had been quite as silly as this heroine of a novel. Had she not worn her green velvet that first night of coming to The Elme on purpose to sting this false lover of here with the memory of the time she had last worn it, when he had smoothed the folds and pronounced it "fit for his little

She dropped the book and went to look at the time. But, in some strange way, the scene had fastened on her, and, as she stood at the window looking out, she found herself repeating, without so willing it in the least the last line of that pathetic story:

"(lone through the strait and dreadful pass of death!

She roused herself at that with a sigh of disgust at her own folly.

"One would thing my heart broken," she said, mockingly. "I am get ting awfully sentimental, I am afraid." It was not so very long after that before she heard the carriage return. the ran quickly down-stairs, and met Hardinge and Esther on the Mrs.

"Well," she oried, gayly, "did dressing take effect? Have you come back a conqueror?" Esther smiled and flushed a little.

But Dulcie, looking at Mrs. Hardinge, divined that the night had not been quite barren as Esther would have her

"We have spent a most delightful evening, Duicie; most delightful. And Esther received a great deal of attention. I am sure she ought to be satis-Everybody worth knowing, for miles round, was there."

But still, to Dulcie's quick eyes, Esther did not look satisfied. When she was helping her to take off her dress in her own room, she saw this even more clearly. There was a dazed, troubled look on her face that was not usual to She was evidently very tired, as she told her; but she was something more than tired. And Dulcie wondered!

CHAPTER XL

Somehow, after that dinner party at Abbeylands, the friendship between the houses seemed to grow and strengthen immensely. Lord Harvey and his friend were almost every day at The Elms, and Mrs. Hardinge made them welcome. There could be no doubt about that. Once or twice Lady Harvey had called, and her daughter was a frequent visitor. This girl amused Dulcie.

"I always think of Hans Andersen's Ugly Duckling," she said, "whenever I look at Clara Harvey! Could the miscrable little thing been more ungainly for a duckling than she is for a young lady? I hardly think that it could. And I don't believe that she will ever find herself transformed into a swan, so she has not that hope to comfort her." And yet the girl had a good, honest face, and keen frank eyes like her brother's, and a smile that could make one forget the big month, and tanned fore-head, and sallow, thin cheeks. Esther liked her. She talked to her, and made her feel herself a welcome guest when-ever she came, and in turn the girl adared her. The tall, beautiful woman, with her slim, white hands and graceful movements, was a very vision of deto the dreamy, awkward, unripe child: Her brother was her confidant as to her friendship if friendship it could be called between Esther, content and at rest in her own secure little world, and this crude young soul, to whom all worlds were new and strange. She was never tired of telling him how beautiful Esther Durrant was, and how kind and how clever! And he, with a rare patience, listened to it all.

So April passed away in pleasant mo-notony, and the first of May came around. The twenty-second would be

On the eve of May-day Clare Harvey tode ever to The Elms, accompanied by a groom. Esther and Dulcie were in

a groom. Esther and Dulcie were in the lime walk, sitting, the one on a low buffet, the other on the grass. They had come out there to work, at least Esther had, for Dulcie, never fond of her needle, had utterly refused to put in a stich on such an evening.

They both heard the clatter of hoofs, and both flushed a little, each at her own thought as to whom the risitor might be. Presently Mr. Hardinge appeared at the door and Clare Harver beside her. She had brought her out to them at her own earnest desire.

The girl came hurrying down the walk, her feet tripping in her long habit, her vervet hat on the back of her head.

A droll smile fitted across Dulcie's ace at the sight of her; but Eather relcomed her warmly.

ing to give Dulcie a nod, "I want you to promise to do something for me."
"What is it?"—smiling a little at the anned young face, dark red now with "A very great deal! You can make

me as happy, as happy as anything,"— breaking down a little at the sight of Dulcie's amused face. "Then I will do it, you may be sure, if it is in my power," Esther answered. "You promise— really?"
"Really,"—laughing a little.

"Then you may read this, and remem-ber you have said 'yes' beforehand." She had been fumbling in the pocket of her habit, and at last she brought out a letter, letting her handker and a twisted paper fall out at the same time. She picked these up hastily, with a side glance at Dulcie, still sitting under the trees, with her gray boots peeping from under her pretty gray and red skirt. and her eyes fixed dreamily

on the tree-tops above her head. Esther took the letter and read it, an expression of wonder amounting almost to dismay coming into her eyes. It was very courteous and even cordial invitation from Lady Harvey to spend a week or ten days with them. "I think you would not refuse to come

to us," she wrote, "if you only knew how Clare has set her heart upon hav-Esther was at at a loss what to

She felt sorry to refuse a kindness, that might almost be called a favor; doubly sorry to disappoint her little worshiper. But how could she go? "My dear," she said aloud, holding the letter in her hand, and looking up

at Clare Harvey. "I had no idea it was anything like this that you wanted me to do for you. I am sorry, but I am afraid I cannot keep my promise. "But you said you would do it if it were in your power, and it is in your power. Nothing could be easier, I am

sure. Mamma will send the carriage for you, and I will come in it, and-and" brokenly-"you ought to come." "I wish I could-indeed I do; but I don't see how it can be! Do you, Dul-

"Do I what?" Dulcie inquired, languidly, coming back from her survey of the tree tops with apparent reluctance. "Lady Harvey has sent me a most

kind invitation to spend a few days with her. Do you think I ould go? At this particular time, you know," she added, hastily, blushing a vivid crimson. "Nothing had been said to the Harveys about her engagement, the intimacy had not warranted it; and she did not like to say now, bluntly, to the young lady: "I am going to be married

in about three weeks from to-day, so

that I have no time for visiting." "Oh, yes! you can go. I see nothing to hinder you," Dulcie said quietly. "There! I knew it," Clare Harvey eried, rapturously. "Oh: thank you. Miss Levesque, for siding with me. You can just come as you are, and whatever you want Giles can fetch."

Esther smiled at the idea of wearing her drab merino-dress in the gorgeous rooms at Abbeylands. "I must go and speak to my sister about it, she said. "You would perhaps like to stay here with Dulcie?"

"Yes, I'll stay here," the girl said, To be alone with Miss Levesque at no time a pleasure to her, but this evening Dulcie chose to be agreeable. She talked quite kindly and pleasantly, so that the girl could hardly believe that this was the same Miss Levesque she had so cordially distrusted.

In a short time Esther came back, looking a little amazed, Dulcie tancied, and said that she should be happy to accept Lady Harvey's invitation. "I shall write and tell her so," she

"Oh, you need not write, thank you. Mamma said I was to take your answer. When shall we come for youto morrow?" "To-morrow!" Esther laughed. "That

would be too soon. "Oh, no!"-pleadingly. You must come to-morrow! Shall we say five

"Well, yes; we'll say five, then, if it must be to morrow." Esther assented, amused at the girl's earnestness, "I am so glad, Miss Durrant; and I thank you very much"-turning to Dulcie impulsively-"for helping me to per-

They went through the house with Clare Harvey, and out to the front gate, where the groom waited with the

When she had kissed Esther, she turned to Dulcie and held up her face. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing, and Dulcie stared a little as she bent and kissed her.

"What a lucky girl you are!" she said to Etty, as they stood and watched the slender girlish figure galloping away. "These grand folk have all fatien in love with you; and you don't need their love in the least, while poor little me, who would be grateful for it, they pass over as nobody.

"They are very good and very kind, I am sure; but I do wish Bertu had not insisted on my accepting this invitation. I don't feel to want to go." "Herta is right though, from her own

point of view," Dulcie said coolly. "It's an awfully good chance, and no girl in the world but yourself would think of

"I-I don't understand, Duleic." "Don't you?"-laughing a little. "Then ou are very obtuse. I should have thought any girl in her senses must have seen that the quiet master of Abberlands was pretty considerably smitten." Esther said nothing to that, and her head was turned away, so that the other could not see her face,

"I only wish"—with a lift of her shoulders—"he looked at me as he looks at you. The man is never off the door step, if one may speak in such a vulgar way of his lordship. His plain, dark face lights up when you speak to him. Why, only last night, the way that he offered you those flowers was a revela-

should think of me? Besides am as good as a married woman no

"Now, Dulcie, you know what I mean," Esther rejoined. "Don't turn everything into a jest; it sounds so heartless. I feel as bound to be true to Percy, in thought and word, as I had don't heartless. shall do the day we stand in church together. That is what I mean by being as good as a married woman. I love him with all my heart, as he loves me. I would no more think of looking at another man than he would think of looking at another woman?"

Tears came into Dulcie Levesque's

eyes, and a lump seemed to rise in her throat, making it hard for her to get her breath for an instant. This was faith indeed, faith and love.

"If that was Berta's reason for wish ing me to accept this invitation," Esther said, turning back to walk to the liouse beside Dulcie, "she need not have troubled about it. If Lord Harvey were to ask me, twenty times over, to be his wife, I should only say 'no' to him. I would not give up Percy to be Queen of

"And Empress of India," put in Dul Esther laughed.

"No, not to be empress of the world!" she said, flushing. They were very busy for the next hour, choosing dresses and matching ribbons, and hunting up stray bits of old lace that could on no account be done When they had finished, they

felt quite tired. "A pity it isn't bedtime," Dulcie said. "There doesn't seem anything worth going down-stairs again for to-night." At that moment Mrs. Hardinge came

"Have you finished?"-looking round at the dire confusion that reigned all over the room "Yes, just finished," Dulcie replied.

"Then you had better go down, Etty; Percy is in the drawing-room: "Percy?" Esther repeated, in surprise. "What can have brought him at this

"He had to come to Crewdson's about the lease, he says, and then he came on here to see you."

Without waiting even to look at her self in the glass, Esther hurried off, and Dulcie coiled herself up in the corner of the big chintz sofa. "I am terribly tired." she said. "and

know they don't want me, so I may

as well rest myself where I am." Mrs. Hardinge smiled and went away to her own little sitting room. so that Esther and her lover might have the drawing room to themselves for a while. Percy Stanhope was standing before one of the windows, his hands in his pockets, his head bent like a man busy with his own thoughts. At the sound of Esther's rapid step he turned.

"Oh, Percy! I am so glad you have come to-night," she said, as she came

"Are you? Then I am doubly glad." The rosy light that was fading in the wes sent its last rays into the room touched the girl's head and face, and her hands held out to him in welcome. He took them, and held them fast in his. while a red color surged into his face, and his eyes, looking at her-

so tenderly!-grew misty and dark. "I could not be so near, and not come to you! You are the good angel of my life, Etty. The sight of you stills all the bitter pain at my She smiles up at him, deepest love,

truest faith shining in her frank eyes. "You silly fellow," she said, softly. "us if you knew what 'bitter pain' was." He shivered a little, and drew her head down to his breast. The pure, pale face, the love-lighted eyes, the sensitive, tender mouth, were they not beautiful? In the swift changing tights of the lingering sunset, her beauty seemed to brighten as one has seen the heart of the lily glow, when the warm sunlight has poured upon it. Against his black coat, her softly turned cheek and chin, the whiteness of her brow gleamed like an exquisite cameo. He looked at her in a passion of love and doubt, and vain bitter regret, which tore his heart, and made even her beauty dark to him. He did love her. He must love her. She was a thousand times too good for him. And when she was his, his very

own, so that nothing in the world could ome between them, then indeed he would be happy, or so he told himself. "I want to tell you something." Etty said, presently, putting up her hand to the collar of his coat, and smoothing it gently. "And I want you not to be vex-

"Vexed, my darling?" starting a little. Why should I be vexed about anything you could tell me?"

He bent and kissed her, and smiled to see the hot color that sprang upon cheek and brow at the touch of his lips. "Well. I am vexed, awfully vexed," she said; "but I could not very well i help myself. Lady Harvey has asked

me to go to Abbeylands on a visit for a week or ten days, and"-looking up into his face rather anxiously-"I have promised to go to-morrow."

His arms tightened about her with an

almost fierce clasp, his face darkened, and flushed nervously. "You are not angry, Percy?"

"No, I am not angry, and yet"-with a heavy sigh-"oh, my darling, how shall I endure to be without you?" "But it is only for a week, Percy"very softly nestling a rosy cheek against

"Only a week, child. How much might happen in that time? And I need you, Etty, need your voice, your face, the touch of your hand, as surely no man ever needed a woman before." For answer she turned her head, and pressed her lips to the hand that rested on her shoulder. This was the man Berta would have her give up for that plain, severe, Lord Harvey, who looked as if he had never known what love was!

"Oh, my darling," she thought, "as it I would give you up for all the lords in

"Shall I not go, then?" she asked him.
"If it troubles you so, I will write and tell Lady Harvey that I have changed my mind."

He looked as if he scarcely heard her.

A pucker of pain or thought had come between his eye-brows; his face was very stern and white. Meeting her look, he roused himself.

"You must go, of course, dear! You could not draw back now; and I"-with could not draw back now; and I —with a kiss, and a faint smile—"must do the best I can without you. Thank Heaven, it won't be for long! In three weeks, Etty, our 'good-byes' will be over. I shall have you with me then, always to get all the world but rourseit."

And Esther, listening felt her heart throb. A great joy came over her. Their future looked so bright that she could only bow her head and hide her happy

tears against his breast. The first evening Esther Durrant spent at Abbeylands left an impression behind it which the girl never quite forgot. The ofty, softly-carpeted rooms, the subdued lights, the gorgeous colors, which somehow never seemed too gorgeous, but blended and contrasted with exquisite art that fascinates one in Eastern embroideries, these things enthralled her. Life here seemed so different from life. elsewhere. Yet with all this grandeur, there was no stiffness; the simple charm of "home" was over all. And every one was so kind to her.

Fifine, Lady Harvey's own maid, came to assist her to dress for dinner, and again at night to see if she was wanted. But Esther did not want her. In truth, she was glad to be alone, and able to think over the strange chance that had made her, a simple farmer's daughter, a guest at this grand mansion.

Early the next morning Clare took her through the house. It was a large, irregular pile, with wings added at different periods, and wide windows set deep in walls the thickness of which spoke well for the masons of those days. The grand reception-rooms were in the central building, the banquetingroom being the largest. This room captivated Esther. The panels were of oak, richly carved, the high, groined roof being most elaborately ornamented. The antique chairs and couches were covered with Utrecht velvet, the massive sideboard glittering with plate. Everything was perfect in its way. Then there were the state drawing-rooms. Esther sighed with delight as she walked through them. There were three in all, opening en suite the folding-doors being hidden by hangings of velvet and gold. The chairs and couches, the tables and tiny brackets scattered about, were ebony, picked out with dull gold. Large mirrors, set in the wall, flashed back all this subdued magnificence.

If Esther Durrant thought the rooms in general use imposing, what would she think of the state apartments, where royalty had feasted, and courtiers, almost as powerful as their royal masters, had been received by the ladies of this old house? From these rooms Clare Harvey led

the way to the state guest-chambers, pointing out everything likely to interest. In one the Earl of Leicester had spent three or four nights, while he was yet "the goodliest man in the court," and the most favored. Then came the long picture-gallery,

where ladies with high ruffles up to their ears beamed side by side with ladies who seemed to have no waists to their low-cut gowns, and who appeared to have been quite as anxious to show their white shoulders as their dia

Rembrandt, Vandyck, Rubens, Turner, each great hand hal left its signature behind it on these close-covered walls. There were high-bred faces, and beautiful faces, and one or two sinister faces, but through all a certain likeness ran. One picture attracted Esther's attention. It was a Harvey of the reign of Charles the Second. a dashing cavalier.

"Why, that face seems quite familiar to me," she said. "I can't have come here in my dreams, and seen it before can I?" "Do you think it is a nice face. Miss

Durrant? "Yes, I do! A noble face rather than a nice one. It is not exactly handsome perhaps; but there is power in it, and something sweeter than power. Do you know, I should have liked to know that

particular Lord Harvey!"-laughing a little at her own conceit. "Would you?"-eagerly. "Then you must like my--"

"Be quiet, Clare." Clare started, and Esther turned in surprise. It was Lord Harvey himself who had come up to them unheard. As Esther looked at him she knew at once why the cavalier in the picture had seemed familiar to her. The pictured face and the living face smiling at her were so exactly alike that the two men might have been twin brothers.

"Don't you see now?" Clare broke in. abruptly, "the picture is like my Yes Esther did see it; and she remem-

bered her own words of praise. Had he heard them? Looking at him, she could not tell; but she felt her cheeks burn at the bare possibility. "There is no great marvel in that."

Lord Harvey said, smiling. "We Harveys are alike, more or less. If you really like pictures, Miss Darrant, we have one or two here that will interest you more than these old family por

He led her away to the other end of the room, and then Esther saw, for the first time in her life some of those pictures that have made the names of their painters world-known.

There was a grand copy of Rembrandt's "Descent from the Cross," and an exquisite one of the "Madonna and Child," by Vandyck. There were "bits of still life by Sneyders; quaint interiors after Van Ostade; glowing landscapes from the hand of a Turner or a Con-

Evidently these Harveys had been lovers of art, whatever else they had been. Esther had never seen anything like these pictures before. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone as she looked at them. And her companion, looking at her thought how far her breath-ing loveliness surpassed anything art could achieve.

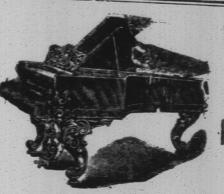
"Now, if you are not afraid of a climb, I should like to take you up to the old bell-tower. On a clear day like this, with a good glass, it is quite possible to catch a glimpse of the ships in the Channel." Of course she was not afraid of

climb, and the three set off together. The bell-tower was immediately over the grand entrance. It was a small stone chamber, reached by steep stairs, which received their only light through mere of windows let into the massive There was a good deal of laughing-

and one or two stumbles, before they got safely to the top. Outside this foom ran a narrow stone ledge, fenced in with stout spiked iron railings. It seemed to Esther but a giddy foot-hold, and one she should not care to trust ierself upon.

"It is perfectly safe," Lord Harvey assured her. "See! I will step onto-I am as safe now as if I stood (Tobe Continued)





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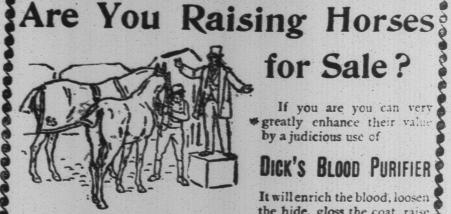
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