A. Higinbotham.

"Truth is Mighty and will Prevail."

It is a well known fact all over the County and the adjoining ones that HIGINBOTHAM'S RHEUMATIC CURE is the best on the Market.

This Remedy is put up in Fifty Cent and Dollar sizes. Give it a trial and relieve your suffering.

—SOLD BY—

A. HIGINBOTHAM,

DRUGGIST,

NO. 74 KENT-ST., - - LINDSAY.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1895.

A FAIR CONFEDERATE.

AN INTERESTING STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

(Continued from last week.)

"Promise me, Rats, that you will do nothing foolish," she asked pleadingly.

"O God! Oi'm going to draw me revolver on 'em."

"Promise."

"I can't."

"For moi sake, Rats."

The faintest trace of a smile, despite her desperate situation, passed over her face as she imitated the corporal's pronunciation. The quaint humor, mingled with so many singular traits prominent in her that could show itself at so critical a moment, touched a responsive Irish chord in his Irish heart and brought him to terms.

"For your sake, darlin, Oi'll do it," he said, in a despairing voice.

There was scarcely time for him to speak the words—indeed they were whispered with his lips touching her ear—when the three cavalry men rode up to where the two were.

"What's it all about, corporal?" asked one of them.

"I found this—this lady—lying here. Her buggy is broken. She is badly hurt." The corporal spoke the words haltingly, and drops of sweat stood out on his fo ehead.

"Who is she?"

"Well, that's to be found out some other time. One of ye'd better ride back for an ambulance and a surgeon."

"Never mind the surgeon," said Miss Baggs faintly.

"Well, bring the ambulance any way," said Ratigan. "Ye can go back if ye like. Oi'll stay with her. She's me own prisoner."

"There's no need of all going," said the man who had spoken. 'I'll go myself."

He turned and rode away, while the other dismounted and threw the reins of their bridles over a fence rail. One of them caught Bobby Lee, who was cropping the grass near by, occasionally looking up as though suspicious that something had happened. The men loitered about, now and then approaching to take a look at the prisoner, but soon turning away again, quite willing to be free from the responsibility which Corporal Ratigan seemed disposed to take upon himself.

"Rats," said Miss Baggs, who was now rapidly recovering strength and coolness, "it will not be long before I shall be separated from you. Before then I wish to thank you for the kindness, the interest, even the tenderness, with which you have treated a fallen enemy. And I wish to ask you forgiveness for the deception I practised on you once when you were deputed to see me through the lines."

"What was that compared with what Oi've done?" he moaned.

"Do you forgive me?"

"Oi do. But I've nothing to forgive?"

"And, Rats, you have unconsciously let me know that you—you feel more kindly toward me than"—

"You've robbed me of me heart in direly."

"Well, I'm both glad and sorry. It is delightful to be loved, but sad to think that your very love must make you grieve. Our meetings have been few and strange—very strange," she addly musingly. "Who are you, Rats? I know you are well born. I can see it in your very word and motion"

"Oi'm second son of Sir Thomas Ratigan, Esq., of County Cavan, Oireland. At his death me older brother succeeded to the estate. So I came to America to shift for meself. A year ago Oi enlisted in the Union ranks, and here Oi am. Oi wish to God me brother was in his coffin and Oi in possession of the estates, that Oi could give them all to save your life."

"No, no, Rats. You are a soldier and an honorable man. Remember what I have told you. You will do your duty hereafter as you have done it heretofore. Your words in that respect are meaningless Your sense of honor will always triumph over your sympathy when that sympathy is alloyed with dishonor. For this I have received for you an unbounded respect. Perhaps were not so soon to be"—

"Don't speak it, for God's sake don't speak it."

"Well, Rats, we will try for the brief time we shall be together to fix our minds on a pleasant picture. Let us think of that day when the south will be independent, or at least when north and south will be at peace. This region, now trodden by soldiers wearing the blue and the grey, will be given up to those simple people who till the soil. Instead of th sound of shotted guns there will be the lowing of cattle. Instead of the singing of minie balls there will be the songs of birds. There will be peace, blessed peace. Oh, if I could only live to see it! Then perhaps I may take you by the hand, say to you—But, Rats, this can never be for us. It is only a fancy picture I've drawn to relieve that terrible suffering I see in your face. You've aged ten years in as many minutes. Don't look at me in that dreadful way. I can't bear it."

The two cavalrymen's backs were turned. They were strolling toward the woods. Ratigan put his arms about her, and both yielded to a long embrace There were no words spoken. Words would have added nothing to what both felt. There was more pain and more pleasure concentrated in the bosom of each than had been there in all the years they had lived.

CHAPTER XIII.

"TURNED OVER."

There was a rattling of wheels on the soft road, and looking up Ratigan saw the messenger returning, followed by an ambulance. Driving to Miss Baggs, who was still lying in the grass, the driver backed it up to her, while the messenger dismounted and opened the door. The cavalrymen stood ready to lift the prisoner into the vehicle. But Miss Baggs waved them all away except the corporal, and taking his hand rose to her feet and stood for a moment supported by him. The effort was too much for her. His head fell on his shoulder, and for a moment she lost consciousness. Ratigan took her off her feet, and lifting her into the ambulance laid her on the cushions.

"Oi'll ride at the foot," he said to the others. "One of ye lead me horse."

When they came to the place where each had successively emerged from the camp through which Ratigan had followed her before daylight, they found the road lined with soldiers, whose curiosity brought them there to see the woman who had succeeded in breaking through a whole chain of guards in attendance, who dropped back to the sides and rear. This prevented any further conversation between Ratigan and Miss Baggs, except an occasional whisper, but the corporal managed to keep her hand in his under a blanket, unobserved. At last the ambulance pulled up before the headquarters of the division whose camp they had entered, and Ratigan suddenly became conscious of the fact that he must turn his prisoner over to others, doubtless to be dealt with summarily, for he well knew the case would naturally receive prompt attention.

An officer with a captain's shoulder straps came out from headquarters and surveyed the ambulance. He was a dapped little fellow, fat and red faced.

"Who've you got there?" he asked of Ratigan.

"A lady, sir."

"The woman who ran the guards last night?"

"Oi captured her on the road below."

"H'm. The guard duty of this division is in a fine condition when a woman can run a whole chain of sentinels. Get her out of that."

"She's badly hurt, captain," said Ratigan, who had stepped down on to the ground and saluted.

"I can alight," said Miss Baggs feebly. And getting as best she could to the door of the ambulance Ratigan helped her out. She looked faint, but stood by the aid of the corporal's arm.

"Take her in to the general," said the little captain. "He wants to see her."

As the tent was an ordinary wall tent, there was no great room in it. Miss Baggs was inside, while the corporal stood directly outside, with his hand on the tent pole.

"I must have you searched," said the general to the prisoner. Then he added, somewhat hesitatingly. "It's rather awkward not having a woman in camp."

"I will relieve you of the necessity," said the prisoner, with dignity, and putting her hand into pocket she drew forth a bundle of papers, which she handed to him.

"What are these?" asked the surprised commander.

"Copies of intercepted telegrams."

The general uttered an exclamation, and taking the papers he ran them over with his eye.

He looked up at the woman, who, save from the pallor occasion by her fall from the collapse buggy, stood apparently unmoved. There was admiration in the eye of the man who gazed at her. He was astonished at the coolness with which she handed him documents that would warrant his hanging her to a tree without a moment's delay, and above all there was about her a divine consciousness of having done a duty, a look of triumph under defeat, that compelled his reverence as well as his admiration.

"Are you aware," he said, "that with these dispatches in your possession, and beyond our lines, you would hold this army at your mercy?"

"I am."

"And that captured with them on your person your life is forfeited?"

"Certainly."

There are people who cannot brook a steady stand in one who may be naturally expected to break down in their presence. The general was one of these. In proportion as he admired her firmness was his desire to force her to show some giving way. He did not analyze his feelings and attribute his desire to any such cause. He yielded to it without realizing that the cause existed.

The natural method of procedure in this case," he said, looking at her sternly, "is for me to report your capture and the circumstances attending it to headquarters. Word comes back to try you by 'drumhead' court martial and hang you tomorrow morning."

"Well?"

"Well, that is the end of the story."

There was silence for a few moments while they regarded each other.

"It is not the end of the story, general. The story of life has no end Death is but a transition. It pleases the Great Commander to assign me a fruitless task. It is not for me to ask why. I am but one of his soldiers, fighting with my brothers for my people."

She had conquered. There was something so forcible in her words, something so truly grand in her manner, that the man who would break her spirit desisted. He regarded her admiringly and was silent.

"All I ask, general," she said presently, seeing that he did not speak, "is that there be no greater delay than necessary. Now I have a strength which may be worn away by long waiting, with death staring me in the face.'

Still the officer did not speak. He was thinking—thinking how he could get rid of so unpleasant a duty as the trial and execution of this splendid woman. He feared that should he report her capture to headquarters he would get the same reply as in the case he had cited.

"I will not harm you," he said presently. 'Some one else must take the responsibility of this complication of death and a woman."

"It does not matter who does the work, so long as it is done."

"Perhaps not to you. It matters a great deal to me. My hands are clean. I don't care to stain them."

While this conversation was going on Corporal Ratigan was listening and observing the speakers with a palpitating heart. There was something so cold cut in the general's tones that the corporal felt a repugnance at his prisoner being in his especial keeping. He preferred that she should be sent to some one else that was relieved when he announced his intention to shift the responsibility. Besides, the corporal hoped that he would himself be intrusted with her keeping until she should arrive at some camp where the commander would be willing to receive her.

"Shall Oi take her to headquarters, general?" he asked.

"Ah, my man!" said the general, as though awakened from a reverie, "are you here?" I had forgotten you."

'Oi can conduct her to headquarters if you desire it, general."

"I am not in the habit of receiving suggestions from my brigade or regimental commanders, much less a corporal"

Ratigan saw that he had made a mistake and said nothing. The general regarded him with his shrewd eyes. It was plain to him that the man was interested in his prisoner.

"Corporal, you may go to the camp."

"Yes, sir."

"Orderly," called the general to a man standing near, "take this woman to the ambulance."

As Miss Baggs passed out the eyes of the two were fixed again on each other. While the general did not use words he could not resist a last attempt with his presence, his masterful countenance, his piercing eyes, to overawe his prisoner. She met that gaze firmly, unflinchingly till she was without the tent; then with a final glance of contempt she turned and walked toward the ambulance.

The general called her back.

"You do not seem well satisfied with my treatment of you," he said in a tone in which there was something of sarcasm. "We soldiers must do our duty."

"It is not your doing your duty, general, that fails to win my respect. It is that you have not the manliness to do it yourself, but must needs put it upon some one else."

Again the two pair of eyes met and clashed. The victory was with the woman. The general lowered his to the ground.

"You may go," he said.

As soon as she was gone he went to a tent where they were writing materials and wrote a note, which he sealed and addressed, Giving it to the little captain, he directed him to send it, with the prisoner and the dispatches captured on her, to the officer whose name was on the envelope.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNWELCOME PRISONER.

It was 8 o'clock in the morning. Colonel Maynard pushed back the tent flap, intending to step outside and go to the mess tent for breakfast. The brightness of the morning seemed reflected in his countenance. His step was firm, his bearing full of youthful, manly vigor. He had been rapidly gaining the confidence of his officers and was coming to be admired and beloved by his men. All misgivings as to his fitness for his responsible position had melted away. Colonel Mark Maynard was a man most to be envied of those no older than himself in the Army of the Cumberland.

He had scarcely passed from his tent when, glancing down the road beside which his camp was located, his attention was arrested by an ambulance coming slowly along, driven by a man in a soldier's blouse and smoking a short clay pipe. On either side rode a cavalryman. The colonel paused to watch the coming vehicle and its attendants. Had it not been guarded he would have supposed it to contain a sick soldier going to hospital. As it was, it must either hold an officer of high rank or a sick or wounded prisoner. Whatever it contained, there came to the man watching it an uncomfortable feeling that it was in some way a link between himself and misfortune. The bright, happy look of a moment before disappeared, to be replaced by a troubled expression, though he could not have given a reason for foreboding. When the ambulance stopped opposite his tent, he muttered with a knitted brow:

"What does this mean?"

One of the attendents dismounted, went to the door of the ambulance, opened it and handed out a woman who descended to the ground with some difficulty, as though in a weakened condition. The two men came directly to where Colonel Maynard was standing.

The woman was dressed in a striped calico dress. Her head and face were bare. The colonel knew at a glance that he had seen her before, but could not tell where. She walked slowly, for she seemed scarcely able to drag herself along, and he had time to study her features as she came on. The two stopped before him. The soldier saluted, and drawing an envelope from his belt handed it to Colonel Maynard. The colonel took it without looking at it. He was still studying the features of the woman.

"A communication from General ——, colonel," said the man who handed him the paper. As the soldier spoke Colonel Maynard recognized the woman he had met at Mrs. Fain's. His hand trembled as he grasped the envelope and tore it open.

HEADQUARTERS — DIVISION,
ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
IN THE FIELD, Sept. —, 1862.

Colonel Mark Maynard, commanding the —th Cavalry Brigade:

Colonel—I send you a woman who this morning was caught tampering with the telegraph line, and who has evidently been taking off our dispatches. Being in transit and about to move on this morning I take the liberty to send her to you under guard with the suggestion that you do with her as seems best to you. I have use for the limited number of men present for duty on my escort, and this is my apology for troubling you. Yours is the nearest command to which I can send her. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

——,
Brigadier General.

Colonel Maynard read the missive over twice, slowly, without looking up. He had not read a dozen words before he knew that he held in his possession one whose life was forfeited as his own life had been forfeited to the Confederates a year before. His keeping his eyes on the paper was to gain time, to avoid speaking when his utterance was choked with a strange emotion. His thoughts were far away. He stood on the bank of the Tennessee river below Chattanooga. It was in the gray of morning. He saw a skiff tied to the shore. He jumped down to seize it and found himself among a group of Confederate soldiers.

Personating a member of General Bragg's staff, he commanded them to row him across the river. They started to obey. As they left the shore suddenly a boat swung around Moccasin point. It was full of armed men. He was taken back to Chattanooga, tried and condemned to be hanged for a spy.

All this passed before his mind's eye as he stood pretending to study the communication before him, not this bare statement of it, but each detail, each feeling of hope, fear, despair, as they rapidly succeeded each other from the moment of his capture till his escape and safe return to the Union lines.

Looking up at last with an expression of commiseration which surprised the prisoner, he said:

"Madam, will you please accept my heartfelt sympathies?"

MARCH!

Month When 'Tis Easiest to Regain Health.

GET STRONG BEFORE DEBILITATING SPRING COMES ON.

Feed the Worn Out Brain with Paine's Celery Compound.

Let Changing Season Find System in Health.

Take the Great Remedy That Makes People Well.

A perfectly healthy body has its parts completely nourished and its nerves constantly refreshed and stored with energy from the vigorous blood that all the time bathes it.

But to do this important work of conveying sufficient nutrition to the tissues, the blood must be kept rich and full of red corpuscles.

The only trouble with two-thirds of the men and women whom the coming spring will claim for its victims, is a pitiful lack of proper nerve food. What these weak, nervous people need is a more general feeding and storing of their blood and tissues with fresh, highly vitalized material. There is undoubtedly nothing that can compare with Prof. Phelps' remarkable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound, for restoring health and strength.

The great body of physicians throughout the United States, England and Canada, believe profoundly in it, and prescribe it in all cases of nervous weakness and debility. In preparing this greatest of all nerve tonics and blood renewers, the eminent professor of Dartmouth college, Edward E. Phelps, M.D., L.L.D., had in mind the countless men and women with brains overworked and nerves unstrung by worry and lack of proper nutrition.

Clerks, their employers, lawyers, doctors, mothers of families, hard working men and women in every county and province, and hosts of brain workers—the most intellectual part of the community—are to-day taking Paine's Celery Compound with the happiest results, to relieve themselves of rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous exhaustion, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and low spirits. Paine's Celery Compound cures diseases of the important organs of digestion, circulation and excretion, by purifying the blood, by regulating the entire nervous system and supplying the body with strength to combat disease.

Paine's Celery Compound makes people well. It takes away all the tremor and irritability from the nerves, and gives that calm, strong feeling of assured health that invariably accompanies a perfectly well-nourished bodily system.

Get rid of languor, clear the muddy unhealthy skin, plump out the body and get back to a normal vigorous condition with Paine's Celery Compound, and begin now.

LOCAL NEWS-LETTERS

RAMSEY'S—MARIPOSA.

[Special to THE POST.]

SCHOOL REPORT.—The following is the report of s. s. No. 11. for month of Feb. The first three in each class are given: Second part—Russell Wallis, Howard Wallis and Silva Warren, equal, Howard Keslick. Second class—Garfield Woodward, Roy Mainhood, Albert Hadley. Jr. third—Julia Noble, Willie Noble, Roy Broad and Benjamin Woodward, equal. Sr. third—Annie McKinnon, Fred Broad, Sarah Reazin. Jr. fourth—Frank Purvis, Phoebe Stevens, Hezekiah Reazin. Sr. fourth—William Slemmon, Charles Mainhood, Lewis Watts.

A. G. STACEY, teacher.

BOBCAYGEON.

CLOSE CALL.—Wednesday morning last smoke was observed issuing from the store of Mrs. Ross, and the alarm was sounded. Some shelving near the stove had caught fire, and for the quantity of fire kicked up a tremendous amount of smoke. A few persons carried out the burning material, chiefly corsets, and a pail or two of water fortunately squelched out what might have been a serious conflagration. The damage to the building is covered by insurance, but there was no insurance on the stock.

TEA MEETING.—The tea meeting and entertainment under Presbyterian auspices on Monday evening was a pronounced success, and everything went off most satisfactorily. Rev. Mr. Johnston, of Lindsay, gave an interesting address chiefly directed to the young men, and instructive addresses were given by the Rev. Messrs. Jamieson, Creighton, Sing and Binch. The choir gave a number of well rendered selections, and altogether the large gathering spent a most pleasant evening. M. Robt. Kennedy made a few remarks, and the chair was occupied by Mr. Chas. Fairbairn, M.P.—[Independent.

SOUTH VERULAM.

OBITUARY.—The death of Mrs. John Davidson, on Tuesday, at the residence of her son William, removes one of the earliest settlers. Wm. Davidson died some little time since, and they came to the township over 35 years ago. They had a family of 8 children, 5 girls and 3 boys, but only the three youngest are at present alive—Joseph, William and Mrs. George Britton. The deceased lady had arrived at a great old age, 88 years, and for the last ten possessed but very poor health. She came originally from the north of Ireland, as did her husband, and often spoke of her voyage across the Atlantic in one of the old sailing liners, which made a rapid passage for a sailer, doing it in eight weeks. As many days by the modern steamer is a slow trip. Her family settled in the neighborhood of Port Hope, and on her marriage she removed to the township of Smith, Peterborough being then but a few straggling shanties on the banks of the Otonabee, and the Scotch village, now Ashburnham, not in existence. From Smith they then came to Verulam, and were always held in the highest respect by their neighbors. The funeral of Mrs. Davidson took place on Thursday and was largely attended.—[Independent.

The Belle of the Evening.

Her Lovely Pink Silk Dresses.

A few weeks ago a ball was given in a flourishing Ontario town. Youth and beauty was fully represented, and many of the ladies wore charming costumes. The belle of the evening was a young lady of twenty years; she was the personification of grace and beauty, and won the admiration of all who were present.

Her brother, an intimate friend of the writer, told the following secret: "My sister looked charmingly beautiful at Mrs. Y——'s ball last evening. From what I had heard about her ball dress at home, I fully expected chagrin and disappointment as far as I was concerned, because I understood she was to wear a dress that had been dyed with Diamond Dyes.

"For some time she had worn a cream silk, but it had become somewhat soiled, so mother and sister determined to dye it a light shade of Pink, and I fully expected a failure.

"Before going to the ball I was called to see my sister in her new dress, and I could hardly believe it was the old dress redyed. The lovely light pink was a marvellously rich shade, and the whole costume so becoming that I was fairly delighted. Young and old at the ball were charmed with sister's good taste, but of course they had no idea that Diamond Dyes played so important a part in the success of the costume."

MORAL.—When you re-dye any valuable material always use the Diamond Dyes, if you wish success; they never fail to give good results.

World's Dispensary.

THE NEW STYLE

pill is of Dr. Pierce's invention and is full of improvements. They are used by everyone—high livers, bad livers, those whose livers are sluggish—all find relief in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

TO BEGIN WITH, these "Pellets" are the smallest, and easiest to take. They're tiny, sugar-coated, antibilious granules that every child takes readily.

SECONDLY. — They're perfectly easy in their action—no griping, no disturbance.

THIRDLY.—Their effect is *lasting*.

FOURTHLY.—Put up in glass—always fresh.

FIFTHLY.—They're the cheapest, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

LASTLY.—They *absolutely* cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

C See if Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy won't cure you, if you're suffering from Catarrh. Then, if you can't be cured, the makers will pay you $500 in cash.

N. K. Fairbank Co.

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How to avoid sodden pastry?

The PROBLEM is SOLVED by the production of our NEW SHORTENING

COTTOLENE

which makes light, crisp, healthful, wholesome pastry. Mrs. McBride, Marion Harland, and other expert Cooking authorities endorse COTTOLENE. YOU can't afford to do without COTTOLENE.

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Agent, G. H. M. BAKER

We are now established in our new, convenient and central premises, and wish to call attention to the various lines of goods now in stock and their quality and prices.

Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Plaster Paris, Charcoal, Portland Cement, Salt, Terra Cotta Material, Drain Tile, Etc., Etc.

COAL and WOOD

No handier place for Shingles, Lumber, Lath, Etc., than at

NORTH END of Lindsay-st. BRIDGE,

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I have had placed in my hands a number of desirable houses in town to rent or sell, and also the following farms placed in my hands for sale:

20 Acres Kent-st. West, Lindsay, one of the most desirable properties in town. Sold in Block or part to suit purchaser.

I have also a number of farms which I have for sale or rent in the following townships: Manvers, Ops, Fenelon and Eldon. Those desiring to either rent or purchase will find it to their interest to consult me.

C. CHITTICK.

Lindsay, June 12, 1894.—98.

E. Maxsom.

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It's no because I'm Scotch but you canna smoke a better Cigar than "ROB ROY," They cost 5c. but I get sax of them for a quarter.

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at Lowest Rates on Mortgage Security, or on approved Indorsed Notes.

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Cash Advanced on Farmers' Sale Notes
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Special privileges of re-payment on straight loans offered to farmers and others desirous of changing their mortgages, and having their interest reduced to the very lowest rate The cost is small compared to the saving effected.

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Nickle Silver T Kettles for	$1.25
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Royal Canadian Wringers,	$2.50
Nice New No. 9 COOK STOVES, - -	$12.50

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Send one of these Pepsin Wrappers and six cents in postage stamps and get either one of the Golden Gem Library NOVELS:
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2. The Octoroon. Miss M. E. Braddon.
3. The Bag of Diamonds. Geo. M. Fenn.
4. Lady Grace. Mrs. Henry Wood.
5. The Squire's Daughter. Author Dora Thorne. 6. The Duchess. "The Duchess."
7. The Shadow of a Sin. Charlotte M. Braeme. 9. Single Heart & Double Face. Ch. Reade
7. Reveries of a Bachelor. Ike Marvel. 10. Cricket on the Hearth. Chas. Dickens.
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