

ROBT. BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER VI.

The blessed privilege of skipping is, to the reader of a story, one of those liberties worth fighting for. Without it, who would be brave enough to begin a book? With it, even the dullest volume may be made passably interesting. It must have occurred to the observant reader that this world might be made brighter and better if authors would only leave out what must be skipped. This the successful author will not do, for he thinks highly of himself, and if the unsuccessful author did it it would not matter, for he is not read.

The reader of this story has, of course, come to no portion that invites skipping. She—or he—has read faithfully up to these very words. This most happy state of things has been brought about first by the intelligence of the reader and secondly by the conscientiousness of the writer. The mutual co-operation so charmingly continued thus far encourages the writer to ask a favor of the reader. The story now enters a period that Mr. Yates would describe as stirring. To compare small things with great, its course might be likened to that of the noble river near which its scene is situated. The Niagara flows placidly along for miles and then suddenly plunges down a succession of turbulent rapids to the final catastrophe. If the writer were a novelist, instead of a simple reporter of certain events, there would be no need of asking the indulgence of the reader. If the writer were dealing with creatures of his own imagination, instead of with fixed facts, these creatures could be made to do this or that as best suited his purposes. Such, however, is not the case; and the exciting events that must be narrated claim precedence over the placid happenings which, with a little help from the reader's imagination, may be taken as read. The reader is therefore to know that four written chapters which should have intervened between this and the one preceding have been sacrificed. But a few lines are necessary to show the state of things at the end of the fourth vanished chapter. When people are thrown together, especially when people are young, the mutual relationship existing between them rarely remains stationary. It drifts towards like or dislike, and cases have been known where it progressed into love or hatred.

Stillson Renmark and Margaret Howard became, at least, very firm friends. Each of them would have been ready to admit this much. In the chapters which, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, are lost to the world, it would have been seen how these two had at least a good foundation on which to build up an acquaintance in the fact that Margaret's brother was a student in the university of which the professor was a worthy member. They had also a subject of difference which, if it leads not to heated argument but is soberly discussed, lends itself even more to the building of friendship than subjects of agreement. Margaret held that it was wrong in the university to close its doors to women. Renmark had hitherto given the subject but little thought, yet he developed an opinion contrary to that of Margaret and was too honest a man or too little of a diplomatist to conceal it. On one occasion Yates had been present, and he threw himself with the energy that distinguished him, into the woman side of the question, cordially agreeing with Margaret, citing instances and holding those who were against the admission of women up to ridicule, taunting them with fear of feminine competition. Margaret became silent as the champion of her cause waxed the more eloquent; but whether she liked Richard Yates the better for his championship, who that is not versed in the ways of women can say? As the hope of winning her regard was the sole basis of Yates's uncompromising views on the subject, it is likely that he was successful, for his experiences with the sex were large and varied. Margaret was certainly attracted towards Renmark, whose deep scholarship even his excessive self-depreciation could not entirely conceal, and he in turn had naturally a school-master's enthusiasm over a pupil who so earnestly desired advancement in knowledge. Had he described his feelings to Yates, who was an expert in many matters, he would perhaps have learned that he was in love; but Renmark was a reticent man, not much given either to introspection or to being lavish with his confidences. As to Margaret, who can plummet the depth of a young girl's regard until she herself gives some indication? All that a reporter has to record is that she was kinder to Yates than she had been at the beginning.

Miss Kitty Bartlett probably would not have denied that she had a sincere liking for the conceited young man from New York. Renmark fell into the error of thinking Miss Kitty a frivolous young person, whereas she was merely a girl who had an inexhaustible fund of high spirits and one who took a most delectable pleasure in shocking a serious man. Even Yates made a slight mistake regarding her on one occasion, when they were having an evening walk together, with that freedom from chaperonage which is the birthright of every American girl, whether she belongs to a farm-house or to the palace of a millionaire.

In describing the incident afterwards to Renmark (for Yates had nothing of his comrade's reserve in these matters) he said,—"She left a diagram of her four fingers on my cheek that felt like one of those raised maps of Switzerland. I have before now felt the tap of a lady's fan in admonition, but never in my life have I met a gentle reproach that felt so much like a censure from the paw of our friend Tom Sayers."

Renmark said, with some severity, that he hoped Yates would not forget that he was, in a measure, a guest of his neighbors. "Oh, that's all right," said Yates. "If you have any spare sympathy to bestow, keep it for me. My neighbors are amply able and more than willing to take care of themselves."

with both of the girls. Instances of this kind are not so rare as a young man newly engaged to an innocent girl tries to make her believe. Cases have been known where a chance meeting with one girl and not with another has settled who was to be a young man's companion during a long life. Yates felt that in multitude of counsel there is wisdom, and made no secret of his perplexity to his friend. He complained sometimes that he got little help towards the solution of the problem, but generally he was quite content to sit under the trees with Renmark and weigh the different advantages of each of the girls. He sometimes appealed to his friend as a man with a mathematical turn of mind, possessing an education that extended far into conic sections and algebraic formulae, to balance up the lists and give him a candid and statistical opinion as to which of the two he should favor with serious proposals. When these appeals for help were coldly received, he accused his friend of lack of sympathy with his dilemma, said that he was a soulless man, and that if he had a heart it had become incrustated with the useless debris of a higher education, and swore to confide in him no more. He would search for a friend, he said, who had something human about him. The search for the sympathetic friend, however, seemed to be unsuccessful, for Yates always returned to Renmark, to have as he remarked, ice-water dashed upon his duplex-burning passion.

It was a lovely afternoon in the latter part of May, 1866, and Yates was swinging idly in the hammock, with his hands clasped under his head, gazing dreamily up at the patches of blue sky seen through the green branches of the trees overhead, while his industrious friend was unromantically peeling potatoes near the door of the tent. "The human heart, Renny," said the man in the hammock, reflectively, "is a remarkable organ, when you come to think of it. I presume from your lack of interest that you haven't given the subject much study, perhaps in a physiological way. At the present moment it is to me the only theme worthy of a man's entire attention. Perhaps that is the result of spring, as the poet says; but anyhow it presents new aspects to me each hour. Now, I have made this important discovery, that the girl I am with last seems to me the most desirable. That is contrary to the observation of philosophers of bygone days. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, they say. I don't find it so. Presence is what plays the very deuce with me. Now, how do you account for it, Stilly?"

"The professor did not attempt to account for it, but silently attended to the business in hand. Yates withdrew his eyes from the sky and fixed them on the professor, waiting for the answer that did not come. "Mr. Renmark," he drawled at last, "I am convinced that your treatment of the potato is a mistake. I think potatoes should not be peeled the day before and left to soak in cold water until next day's dinner. Of course I admire the industry that gets work all over before its results are called for. Nothing is more annoying than work left untouched until the last moment and then hurriedly done. Still, virtue may be carried to excess, and a man may be too previous."

"Well, I am quite willing to relinquish the work into your hands. You may perhaps remember that for two days I have been doing your share as well as my own."

"Oh, I am not complaining about that at all," said the hammock, magnanimously. "You are acquiring practical knowledge. Renny, that will be of more use to you than all the learning taught at the schools. My only desire is that your education should be as complete as possible; and to this end I am willing to subordinate my own yearning desire for scullery-work. I should suggest that instead of going to the trouble of entirely removing the covering of the potato in that laborious way you should merely peel a belt around the greatest circumference of the potato. Then, rather than cook them in the slow and soggy manner that seems to delight you, you should boil them quickly, with some salt placed in the water. The remaining coat would then curl outward, and the resulting potato would be white and dry and mealy, instead of being in the condition of a wet sponge."

"The beauty of a prospect, Yates, is the illustrating of it. If you are not satisfied with my way of boiling potatoes, give me a practical object-lesson."

The man in the hammock sighed reproachfully.

"Of course an unimaginative person like you, Renmark, cannot realize the cruelty of suggesting that a man as deeply in love as I am should demean himself by attending to the prosaic details of household affairs. I am doubly in love, and much more, therefore, as that old bore Euclid used to say, is your suggestion unkind and uncalled for."

"All right; then don't criticize."

"Yes, there is a certain sweet reasonableness in your curt suggestion. A man who is unable or unwilling to work in the vineyard should not find fault with the pickers. And now Renny, for the hundredth time of asking, add to the many obligations already conferred, and tell me, like the good fellow you are, what you would do if you were in my place. To which of those two charming but totally unlike girls would you give the preference?"

"Damn!" said the professor, quietly.

"Hello, Renny!" cried Yates raising his head. "Have you cut your finger? I should have warned you about using too sharp a knife."

But the professor had not cut his finger. His use of the word given above is not to be defended; still, as it was spoken by him, it seemed to lose all relationship with swearing. He said it quietly, mildly, and in a certain sense innocently. He was astonished at himself for using it, but there had been moments during the past few days when the ordinary expletives used in the learned volumes of higher mathematics did not fit the occasion.

Before anything more could be said, there was a shout from the road-way near them.

"Is Richard Yates there?" hailed the voice.

"Yes. Who wants him?" cried Yates, springing out of the hammock.

"I do," said a young fellow on horseback. He threw himself off a tired horse, tied the animal to a sapling, which judging by the horse's condition, was an entirely unnecessary operation,—jumped over the rail fence, and approached through the trees. The young men saw coming towards them a tall lad in the uniform of the telegraph-service.

"I'm Yates. What is it?"

"Well," said the lad, "I've had a hunt and a half for you. Here's a telegram."

"How in the world did you find out where I was? Nobody has my address."

"That's just the trouble. It would have saved somebody in New York a pile of money if you had left your address. No man ought to go to the woods without leaving his address at a telegraph-office, anyhow."

The young man looked at the world from a telegraph point of view. People were good or bad according to the trouble they gave a telegraphic messenger. Yates took the yellow envelope addressed in lead-pencil, but, without opening it, repeated his question:

"But how on earth did you find me?"

"Well, it wasn't easy," said the boy. "My horse is about done out. I'm from Buffalo. They telegraphed from New York that we were to spare no expense; and we haven't. There are seven other fellows scouring the country on horseback with duplicates of that despatch, and some more have gone along the lake shore on the American side. Say, no other messenger has been here before me, has he?" asked the boy with a touch of anxiety in his voice.

"No; you are the first."

"I'm glad of that. I've been 'most all over Canada. I got on your trail about two hours ago, and the folks at the farmhouse down below said you were up here. Is there any answer?"

Yates tore open the envelope. The despatch was long, and he read it with a deepening frown. It was to this effect:

"Feniens crossing into Canada at Buffalo. You are near the spot; get there quick as possible. Five or six men leave for Buffalo to-night. General O'Neill is in command of Fenian army. He will give you every facility when you tell him who you are. When five arrive they will report to you. Place one or two with Canadian troops. Get one to hold the telegraph-wire, and send over all the stuff the wire will carry. Draw on us for cash you need; and don't spare expense."

When Yates finished the reading of this he broke forth into a line of language that astonished Renmark and drew forth the envious admiration of the Buffalo telegraph-boy.

"Heavens and earth and the lower regions! I'm here on my vacation. I'm not going to jump into war for all the papers in New York. Why couldn't those fools of Feniens stay at home? The idiots don't know when they're well off. The Fenians be hanged!"

"Guess that's what they will be," said the telegraph-boy. "Any answer, sir?"

"No. Tell 'em you couldn't find me."

"Don't expect the boy to tell a lie," said the professor, speaking for the first time.

"Oh, I don't mind a lie," exclaimed the boy, "but not that one. No, sir, I've had too much trouble finding you. I'm not going to pretend I'm no good. I started out for to find you, and I have. But I'll tell any other lie you like, Mr. Yates, if it will oblige you."

Yates recognized in the boy the same emulous desire to outstrip his fellows that had influenced himself when he was a young reporter, and he at once admitted the injustice of attempting to deprive him of the fruits of his enterprise.

"No," he said, "that won't do. No; you have found me, and you're a young fellow who will be president of the Telegraph Company some day, or perhaps hold the less important office of the United States Presidency. Who knows? Have you a telegraph-blank?"

"Of course," said the boy, fishing out a bundle from the leathern wallet by his side. Yates took the paper and flung himself down under the tree.

"Here's a pencil," said the messenger.

"A newspaper-man is never without a pencil, thank you," replied Yates taking one out from his inside pocket.

"Now, Renmark, I'm not going to tell a lie on this occasion," continued Yates.

"I think the truth is better on all occasions."

"Right you are. So here goes for the solid truth."

Yates as he lay on the ground wrote rapidly on the telegraph blank. Suddenly he looked up and said to the professor, "Say, Renmark, are you a doctor?"

"Of laws," replied his friend.

"Oh, that will do just as well." And he finished his writing.

"How is this?" he cried, holding the paper at arm's length.

"JOHN A. BELLINGTON,
Managing Editor Argus, New York.
"I'm flat on my back. Haven't done a hand's turn for a week. Am under the constant care, night and day, of one of the most eminent doctors in Canada, who even prepares my food for me. Since I left New York trouble of the heart has complicated matters, and at present baffles the doctor. Consultations daily. It is impossible for me to move from here until present complications have yielded to treatment."

"Binmore would be a good man to take charge in my absence."

"YATES."

"There," said Yates, with a tone of satisfaction, when he had finished the reading.

"What do you think of that?"

The professor frowned, but did not answer. The boy, who partly saw through it, but not quite, grinned, and said, "Is it true?"

"Of course it's true!" cried Yates, indignant at the unjust suspicion. "It is a great deal more true than you have any idea of. Ask the doctor there if it isn't true. Now, my boy will you give in this when you get back to the office? Tell 'em to rush it through to New York. I would mark it 'rush,' only that never does any good and always makes the operator mad."

The boy took the paper and put it in his wallet.

"It's to be paid for at the other end," continued Yates.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the messenger, with a certain condescension, as if he were giving credit on behalf of the company. "Well, so long," he added. "I hope you'll soon be better Mr. Yates."

Yates sprang to his feet with a laugh and followed him to the fence.

"Now, youngster, you are up to snuff, I can see that. They'll perhaps question you when you get back. What will you say?"

"Oh, I'll tell 'em what a hard job I had to find you, and let 'em know nobody else could 'a' done it, and I'll say you're a pretty sick man. I won't tell 'em you gave me a dollar."

"Right you are, sonny; you'll get along. Here's five dollars, all in one bill. If you meet any other messengers, take them back with you. There's no use of their wasting valuable time in this little neck of the woods."

The boy stuffed the bill into his vest-pocket as carelessly, as if it represented cents instead of dollars, nounced his tired horse, and waved his hand in farewell to the newspaper-man. Yates turned and walked slowly back to the tent. He threw himself once more into the hammock. As he expected, the professor was more taciturn than ever, and although he had been prepared for silence, the silence irritated him. He felt ill used at having so unsympathetic a companion.

"Look here, Renmark, why don't you say something?"

"There is nothing to say."

"Oh, yes, there is. You don't approve of me, do you?"

"I don't suppose it makes any difference whether I approve or not."

"Oh, yes, it does. A man likes to have the approval of even the humblest of his fellow-creatures. Say, what will you take in cash to approve of me? People talk of the tortures of conscience, but you are more uncomfortable than the most cast-iron conscience any man ever had. One's own conscience one can deal with, but a conscience in the person of another man is beyond one's control. Now it is like this. I am here for quiet and rest. I have earned both, and I think I am justified in—"

"Now, Mr. Yates, please spare me any cheap philosophy on the question. I am tired of it."

"And of me too, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, rather,—if you want to know."

Yates sprang out of the hammock. For the first time since the encounter with Bartlett on the road, Renmark saw that he was thoroughly angry. The reporter stood with clenched fist and flashing eye, hesitating. The other, his heavy brows drawn down, while not in an aggressive attitude, was plainly ready for an attack. Yates concluded to speak and not strike. This was not because he was afraid, for he was not a coward. The reporter realized that he had forced the conversation, and remembered he had invited Renmark to accompany him. Although this recollection had stayed his hand, it had no effect on his tongue.

"I believe," he said, slowly, "that it would do you good for once to hear a straight, square, unbiased opinion of yourself. You have associated so long with pupils, to whom your word is law, that it may interest you to know what a man of the world thinks of you. A few years of schoolmastering is enough to spoil a Gladstone. Now, I think, of all the—"

The sentence was interrupted by a cry from the fence:

"Say, do you gentlemen know where a fellow named Yates lives?"

The reporter's hand dropped to his side. A look of dismay came over his face, and his truculent manner changed with a suddenness that forced a smile even to the stern lips of Renmark.

Yates backed toward the hammock like a man who had received an unexpected blow.

"I say, Renny," he wailed, "it's another of those cursed telegraph-messengers. Go, like a good fellow, and sign for the despatch. Sign it 'Dr. Renmark, for R. Yates.' That will give it a sort of official medical-bulletin look. I wish I had thought of that when the other boy was here. Tell him I'm lying down." He flung himself into the hammock, and Renmark, after a moment's hesitation, walked towards the boy at the fence, who had repeated his question in a louder voice. In a short time he returned with the yellow envelope, which he tossed to the man in the hammock. Yates seized it savagely, tore it into a score of pieces, and scattered the fluttering bits around him on the ground. The professor stood there for a few moments in silence.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "you'll be good enough to go on with your remarks."

"I was merely going to say," answered Yates, wearily, "that you are a mighty good fellow, Renny. People who camp out always have rows. This is our first; suppose we let it be the last. Camping out is something like married life, I guess, and requires some forbearance on all sides. That philosophy may be cheap, but I think it is accurate. I am really very worried about this newspaper business. I ought, of course, to fling myself into the chasms like that Roman soldier but, hang it, I've been flinging myself into chasms for fifteen years, and what good has it done? There's always a crisis in a daily newspaper office. I want them to understand in the Argus office that I am on my vacation."

"They will be more apt to understand from the telegram that your on your death-bed."

Yates laughed. "That's so," he said; "but you see, Renny, we New-Yorkers live in such an atmosphere of exaggeration, and if I did not put it strongly it wouldn't have any effect. You've got to give a big dose to a man who has been taking poison all his life. They will take off ninety per cent. from any statement I make, anyhow, so you see I have to pile it up pretty high before the remaining ten per cent. amounts to anything."

The conversation was interrupted by the cracking of the dry twigs behind them, and Yates, who had been keeping his eye nervously on the fence, turned around. Young Bartlett pushed his way through the underbrush. His face was red; he had evidently been running.

"Two telegrams for you, Mr. Yates," he panted. "The fellows that brought 'em said they were important; so I ran out with them myself, for fear they wouldn't find you. One of them's from Port Colborne, the other's from Buffalo."

Telegrams were rare on the farm, and young Bartlett looked on the receipt of one as an event in a man's life. He was astonished to see Yates receive the double event with a listlessness that he could not help thinking was merely assumed effect. Yates held out his hand, and did not tear them up at once, out of consideration for the feelings of the young man who had had a race to deliver them.

"Here's two books they wanted you to sign. They're tired out, and mother's giving them something to eat."

"Professor, you sign for me, won't you?" said Yates.

Bartlett lingered a moment hoping that

he would hear something of the contents of the important messages; but Yates did not even tear open the envelopes, although he thanked the young man heartily for bringing them.

"Stuck-up cuss!" muttered young Bartlett to himself as he shoved the signed books into his pocket and pushed his way through the underbrush again. Yates slowly and methodically tore the envelopes and their contents into little pieces and scattered them as before.

"Begins to look like autumn," he said, "with the yellow leaves strewing the ground."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWEDEN ARMING.

It is Believed She Will Join the Triple Alliance—The Agitation for Separation in Norway.

A Christiania special says:—The Dagbladet, of this city, published a letter written to it by Bjernstjerne Bjersens, the Norwegian novelist and poet, in which he says it is undeniable that Sweden continues arming on a large scale, and that it is therefore useless to deny that that country intends to side with the triple alliance in the event of war. Therefore, the writer adds, Sweden refuses Norway's desire for a separate foreign department. If Sweden was preparing for armed neutrality she would have no need to fear the independence of Norway, because the latter is eminently disposed to be neutral, but Sweden intends to use Norway for her own purposes, against which Norway must continuously and loudly protest in order to attract Europe's attention.

The Cologne Gazette recently made a rather enigmatical remark to the effect that the anticipated insolence of the French after the forthcoming fetes of fraternization with the Russians will be stamped by some demonstration on the other side which will show that the international balance of power has enough additional weight at its disposal to neutralize the effect of the Franco-Russian league. The meaning of these words has been the subject of a good deal of conjecture. One report, published in a Vienna newspaper said that the recent visit of Prince Leopold, Frederick of Prussia to the Swedish court was really connected with negotiations with a view to Sweden joining the triple alliance. King Oscar, it was asserted, had been really alarmed by the Separatist movement in Norway, for this had been traced more or less to Russian influence. Only lately the Russian press urged that a Norwegian port ought to be "acquired" by the Russians as a coaling station for their Baltic fleet.

The Vienna paper added that "The apprehensions of King Oscar found a ready ear in Germany, and especially since the Czar's speech at Liban, and further negotiations are now proceeding in earnest." Whether the Cologne Gazette meant or not what is here stated, it is a fact that in many usually well-informed political circles the anti-Swedish movement in Norway has from the beginning been ascribed to indirect Russian influence. Even the money which was ostensibly sent from America to Norway to keep up the agitation is believed to have really come from Russia. The Norwegian Republicans and Separatists might themselves know of the connection of the leaders of the agitation with the agents of Russia, but on the principle of Cui Prodest, the idea had forced itself upon observers in Germany and elsewhere that Russia must be behind the dangerous agitation in Norway, and subsequent symptoms have strengthened that impression.

I beg you, my father trusted, you have some mere suspicion make you do of you are anyone you remember, were not always thought you of not strain melect that nature brooked your I do if your father your cares entiter than father.

I stood, a father throng at the clergyman, in dead, did a sen living. His reason to remgratitude, not in idle tears of "But," quodays as you mparted friend, father. They I had heard in long time.

TAKING PASSENGERS' NAMES.

The Plan Would not Work Say the Railway Officials.

In reply to the suggestion that the conductors on trains should take the names of their passengers with a view at once of identification in case of accident, and of comfort to their friends by the prompt publication of names, Mr. McNeill, General Passenger Agent of the C. P. R., said to a Montreal reporter that it would be quite impossible to carry out any such idea.

"Suppose an accident occurred between the city and Cote St. Antoine. It is not likely, but it is possible. There might be one hundred and fifty people on the train. How could any conductor attend to the people getting on, collect the tickets and take the names at the same time? If it be said it might probably be done on through trains, the answer is there is always more or less local travel on such trains. People get off and on. How could the conductor keep track of them? Suppose he had all their names, how could he tell who got off? And when an accident does occur, those who escape are only too glad to hurry home, and thus cover up all trace. The thing is quite impossible. It would require an army of officials to work it, and then the result would not be of any value, owing to the impossibility of keeping trace of the people who drop off at every station along the line of route."

A Grand Trunk official expressed himself somewhat similarly. He said that twenty years ago it was the custom in the Old Country to book passengers. That was, that each person who went to the ticket office was asked his name, which was entered in a book, the object being to keep some such record as was sought in the present instance. He did not know whether that practice was still in vogue, but he knew that the conductor could not do it here, and that even if clerks were placed on the train for the purpose, it would be impossible to keep track of people who got off at the frequent stations along any route.

He Needed Best.

"Begobs, auld woman," said O'Heahly, "It's up to the doctor's O'ive been this mornin', an' he says O'ill not be able to work fur some toime, that's risti O'! made an' that O'i must take a nap ivery afternoon. Faith, an' O'ill be layin' down a bit now, an' if I should happen to fall ashlape, be sure to wake me up in toime fur me afternoon's nap, d'ye mind?"

The Longest Way Round is the Best.

Stranger—"You tell me that to follow the road is the longer way to town, and to cut across that field and through that orchard is the shorter, and the next minute you say if I take the road I'll get to town sooner. How's that?"

Countryman—"Well, if you attempt to go through that orchard the Coroner will have to be sent for before you can go on to town."

MY FA
BY H
"Your father sir, long before we were at old man who hand of a young date for high of "Indeed?" I reply, And he ing cordiality t father honored regard shall ha terest!" I
It must be a old man's life friend advances, the his friend's ho it were yester and talked a lot "Can it be p what would his see what I see the young man; his father's lin Yes; he is a shut my eyes a voice in his to five-and-thirty boy will not kn proud and vain; dent his sire a li fate. But let's loved him, as h
For my part always dear to a bit saddening of the shadowy proaching, and to detect a shadow as there used to
He always r whether anythi him with fathe course, that he ings in life, an bring just that have even det thought that h that his tarry i it is not to c father to his s sons orphan's So it transpires father's friend tions. I am sad
How the sign affects my mot able things in ing her with, "the old familia have him com does not come gone—oh, my
If your fathe he will serve y It will be a ple for his dead ri gard such servie he is willing to cator for your you quarrel w gets, the offic If he be a god troubled and a he is over his a the dead looki own money a n if he lose it, I trust-money i care.
I beg you, y father trusted, you have some mere suspicion make you do of you are anyone you remember, were not always thought you of not strain melect that nature brooked your I do if your father your cares entiter than father.
I stood, a father throng at the clergyman, in dead, did a sen living. His reason to remgratitude, not in idle tears of "But," quodays as you mparted friend, father. They I had heard in long time.
If you, father that is, if his a him—ought y your father's a him somewhat
What a mi a good man ar poor knew you he has gone, t they pass, and and it is not it.
There is an your father I boys came into old clerk's lif his heart. If I look down, wh of you? Ther to look to you You are not y
Are there h men and wom who were you would not to- so, whose fat he not try y receiving you cared not for possible that father's friend in the trade t father's friend enemies? Wh over there, wh window, all y or are there. a stranger. T
It is a wis end in advic your sire's of your father's never heard of loves you, pro is doubtful if legacy than a be kind to Elizabeth