# <del>张家亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲亲</del> A PRETTY J. COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER IV.

Janetta only stayed long enough to listen to a few polite inquiries as to whether she had suffered any inconvenience from the accident, then rose and asked leave to retire for the night.

"You can go if you wish," said Clarice; "but please don't imagine that Harry and I always need to be left together. I am generally down in the drawing room in the evening. Tonight was an exception, Good-night. Tell me if you are not comfortable."

Captain Merivale rose and opened the door.

Then Janetta bethought herself that it would only be courteous to return down-stairs and wish Mrs. Mortimer good-night. She found her seated be-

fore the fire, reading a novel. "The interview was a long one, and therefore I conclude successful," she said, laying down the volume.

"Miss Seymour is quite delightful, and kinder than words can say," answered Janetta eagerly.

"And you feel the world beneath your feet? So it may be for a time. You will be the reigning favorite, just because you happen to be blessed with a handsome face and figure. Prize them whilst you have them; when you lose them the world will pass you by."

"The world, perhaps; but not those whose love one has won already. I shall think poorly of myself if I have not made a single friend."

It was the second effort Janetta had made in their brief acquaintance to reach Mrs. Mortimer's sympathy; apparently it failed.

"Shall you like it when you see an-

other step into your shoes?" Janetta rose. I am very tired. Will

you think it rude of me if I go to bed?" abe said, not answering the question. Mrs. Mortimer's attitude towards her 4id not greatly disturb her. She had a bright, wholesome nature, and feit it possible to outlive the lady's un-

spoken jealousy. Besides, the days that followed were so full of delightful and exicting experiences that she had no time to trouble her head with what Mrs. Mort-

imer thought about her. Clarice Seymour had taken an impulsive liking for her new companion, and poured tokens of her favor upon her. The very difference of character between the girls possibly made them greater friends.

Janetta was strong, self-reliant, and self-contained, even-tempered, and accustomed to give help rather than receive it; Clarice was capricious as the weather-one day all smiles and sunshine, the next at war with herself and the world, railing at the fate that kept her belplessly tied to the sofa.

Yet through all her varying moods she possessed a fascination for all about her; and Janetta condoned her fretfulness and waywardness for the grace and charm that peeped out constantly, even in her most irritable moments, like specks of blue sky on

a cloudy day. "How old are you!" asked Clarice auddenly, when Janetta had been with her for about a week. "I believe you are years younger than I am, and yet you have a kind of motherly way with me when I'm wicked and cross, as am today."

"I'm two-and-twenty," said Janetta with a laugh.

"And I am four years your senior. and yet I feel as if I were a child and you a woman; you are so tall and strong, and you make me feel comfortable even when you are sitting in the room. You are making me a monster of selfishness. Do you know you've scarcely been out of the house since you came?"

"I don't want to go out. I'm never dull with you.'

"I've told Harry it must not go on." said Clarice. "I've sent him off to hire a bicycle for you, and he'll take you out; it will cheer you both up. I wonder sometimes if Harry will get tired of waiting for me-do you?"

"I think the very fact that you are delicate, and need so much petting and love, would make me love you all the more," said Janetta.

"Ah! that's a woman's view. I wonder if it's Harry's. I often want to ask him, and I'm such a coward I dare not. If he wants his freedom he must ask for it: I will not give it him."

"I think." Janetta said, rising to rearrange Clarice's cushions, "if you fret yourself over imaginary ills you won't be down tonight."

"I shall if you leave me quiet!" eried Clarice, who had not ceased talking for the past hour. "You'll promise that you'll go out with Harry?"

"Oh, yes: I'll go if you like," said Janetta, who was learning that the simplest way of managing Clarice was to humor her whims.

She looked such a picture of grace and strength when she came down ready equipped for her ride, in a neatly-made coat and skirt of some dark material, relieved only by a brightcolored ribbon in her sailor hat, that Captain Merivale gave her an involuntary glance of admiration.

"My mistress' orders are that I'm to take you for a good long ride," he said, wheeling round Clarice's bicycle.

"She says she has kept you too tightly tied to her sofa."

"It is the place where I like best to be." Janetta answered, with perfect sincerity.

sunshine of the February afternoon was real enjoyment, and the compantenship of a clever, cultivated man

米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米 like Captain Merivale was intellect-

ually invigorating. They were racing along the broad road that stretched like a white line for miles along the top of the cliffs

when Jenetta began to slacken speed. "Tired at last?" cried Harry, with a triumphant laugh. "I thought I would just let you have your fling. You must be magnificently strong to keep up a pace like that."

"I am not tired now," retorted Janetta, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. "I could go on for miles and miles, but Miss Seymour will be glad to see us back."

"Do you know why I brought you this way?" asked Harry, with a sudden change of tone. "We are close to the very spot where Clarice was thrown over the cliff on to that projecting ledge of rock that you can see if you get off your bicycle for a min-

Janetta jumped off, went to the edge of the cliff, and peeped over, with shuddering interest. "I wonder she was picked up alive! Were you with her?"

"Yes," replied Harry shortly. "It was hard lines on us both, wasn't it We had been engaged just a month." She's getting better, isn't she?"

"I do not know. Sometimes think-" Harry came to an abrupt pause, and

Janetta did not ask him to finish his sentence. They pursued their way home at more sober pace, and Janetta felt the brightness of the day had departed

with the relation of that sad little

story. They found Clarice on her couch in the drawing room, every vestige of illtemper gone, looking her best and brightest, arrayed in a new gown of soft texture and bewitching hue.

"Yes, i hope you are going to say something nice to me," she said, with an arch smile at her lover. "I had it made as a glad surprise, and came down partly to gratify my own vanity, and more to annoy Doctor Drake, who told me to stay upstairs this evening. Instead, I've invited him to dinner and

put on a new frock." "I care little for the motives that brought you down, as long as I find you looking so happy and pretty, if I may give expression to a truth," said Harry, sitting down by her sofa. "Mrs. Mortimer, will you be kind enough to give us some tea? We are hungry and thirsty after our ride."

Mrs. Mortimer looked more glum than usual. She had employed her afternoon in lecturing Clarice upon the impropriety of sending out Janetta with Captain Merivale, and Clarice had answered her remenstrance with

merry, derisive laughter. "I'm not afraid to trust their Harry is going to marry me; but if you feel like that, dear Mrs. Mortimer, take a tricycle and follow after them." she had remarked, a little flippantly.

"If harm comes of it-" "No harm will come," interposed Clarice, a little sharply. "Janetta is the soul of honor, and of Harry there is no need to speak."

"You have known her for a week," said Mrs. Mortimer.

"And she is as easy to read as book," Clarice had said. And there the subject dropped.

"I'll tell you a secret, Harry," said Clarice, when they were left alone for for half an hour's chat before dinner. "I've ordered a new dress for Janetta-an evening dress-such a pretty one, and it's on her bed ready for her to put on tonight. I want her to look her best. She knows nothing about it."

"Will she wear it, do you think?" asked Harry, a little doubtfully,

every night. Neither did she and Doccommon: for although he took her in to dinner, and talked to her as in courtesy bound, when he came into the drawing room afterwards he scated himself by Clarice's sofa, and devoted

### CHAPTER V.

himself to her for the rest of the even-

"Janetta, I'm going to call you by me Clarice," announced Miss Saymour the following morning.

Janetta looked up from her writing with a swift shake of the head. should like you to call me Janetta, but I prefer to call you Miss Seymour.

"I've been waiting for your faults to crop up. I feared you hadn't any: but I've found you out now-you've a very nasty pride."

Janetta laughed merrily. "How have shown it?" "Twice already. You didn't put on

that new dress last night, you decline to call me by my proper name today." Janetta's colors came and went. "Did it seem horribly ungrateful? I had a hard struggle with mysel! before I knew what to do, and then it seemed quite clear to me that I must keep my Yet the swift ride through the bright | independence, and wear my own clothes as long as I can earn money enough to provide them. You are so kind and good to me that you ignore | sets note,

my true position; but i must remember my own, and respect its conditions It does not seem fitting to take your gifts and call you by your name when I am really your paid companion. We

are not on equal terms." "It seems to be as if we were on very equal terms; both of us are or phans-at least, I think you told me that you had neither father nor mother living."

"Yes, they are both dead," said Janetta shortly.

"And because I happen to have more money than you, why should you mind if now and then it pleases me to give you things? I have not many pleas-

"You don't really know me, you see. In your generous, impulsive fashion. you've invested me with various qualities which, as you know me better

you'll find I do not possess." "You think my friendship is like Jonah's gourd-that it will wither in

a day or so," said Clarice petulantly. Whatever topic of conversation might be started, Janetta noticed that it always veered round to one or two subjects-either Captain Merivale, or the likelihood of Clarice's recovery With a heart at leisure from itself she grew day by day more painfully interested in what the future might hold in store for the two whose lovestory was being enacted before her

Sometimes she suspected that the passion of devotion must always have been more on her side than his. His manner to her was gracefully affectionate; but for berself she felt that she would have demanded something warmer from the man she was going to marry.

"I shall go to India with a much easier mind now that I know Clarice has some one with her who will make her life so bright," said Captain Meri vale one afternoon, as they were returning from a walk by the sea.

"It is good of you to say that," Janetta answered. "I need not assure you that I'll do everything I can to make Miss Seymour happy. She's the kindest friend I ever had, and I'm glad I've got to know you so well. like to think that, when she gets better and you marry, I shall feel that I may keep you both as friends."

Captain Merivale did not answer for a minute, and Janetta glanced up at him a little uneasily, and saw that he had turned rather white.

"Yes," he said carelessly, "we've been capital friends ever since we met in that curious way on the railway. and I pulled you through the window.

Janetta felt puzzled and hurt by his manner. His tone was studiedly indifferent, and he referred pointedly to what had been, rather than to what might be in the future. She thought, with bitter mortification, that in her eager sympathy with him and Clarice she had proffered friendship which had evidently been regarded as an import-

"With all my boasted independence, I've forgotten my position," she said to herself reddening with vexation; but her resolve was taken at the risk of vexing Clarice, she would have no more walks or talks with Captain Merivale.

She did not make her way as usual to Clarice's room that afternoon when she came in from her walk. She felt as in her inward annoyance might find expression in her face. She was considerably surprised as she entered her bedroom to hear the quick shutting of a drawer, and Mason, with some anpearance of confusion, began to close the window and draw the blind

Janetta was certainly not suspicious by nature, but the girl's manner made her feel certain that she had been tampering with her things

## (To be Continued.)

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE. The Only Man in the British Cabinet Who Could Speak Franch,

When the Marquis of Lansdowne was governor-general of Canada he had to make a speech to the French-Canadians, says M. A. P. With all its loy "I shall be furious if she doesn't, alty to the English connection, this I want Doctor Drake to take a fancy little bit of transported France adheres very rigidly to many things French, and "So that's it, is it-you are turning especially to the purity of the French into a matchmaker? A dangerous tongue-at least as it was spoken in game, Clarice. I advise you to drop it." the eighteenth century. Few viceroys To Clarice's intense mortification have ever ventured accordingly to Janetta, who did not come down until leave the safe security of the English the dinner gong sounded, appeared in tongue, and it was with some trepidathe simple black dress that she wore 'tion that the French-Canadians heard that Lord Lansdowne was going to detor Drake seem to find interests in liver a speech to them in their own language. But he had scarcely uttered the word "messionrs" when the whole audience burst into cheers; they recognized at once the accent of the true French tongue, the accent only possible to a man of French blood, and one who had spoken French as his mother tongue. It is perhaps this accomplishment which had something to do with Lord Lansdowne's latest appointment, your Christian name and you can call When some one remonstrated with Lord Salisbury for retaining the two offices of prime minister and foreign secretary, his reply was that he could not help himself, there was but one member of his cabinet who could speak French, and that was Lord Lansdowne. And now Lord Lansdowns will receive the foreign ambassadors every Wednesday afternoon,and whatever else may be found fault with, his French will be faultless. Lord Lansdowne's mother was a daughter of Gen. Flahalt, one of Bonaparte's officers .--Toronto Star.

Book Made of Money.

A devout Spanish lady, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Pope, recently sent him a present of a book It consists of 250 leaves, elegantly bound. Each leaf is a duplicate of its brother and is simply a thousand-per

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. On Christian Herolam-The Great F

ward That Comes to the Faithfu

Soldier of the Cross-Heroes and Man tyre of Everyday Life. (Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch.) Washington, Feb. 24.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The

text is Galatians vi., 17, "I bear in my

body the marks of the Lord Jesus." We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted and to their dying day they will have a sacrification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt; but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubescence is emaciation, than balm is vitrol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars ignoble scars.

But Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and maltreatment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the fiesh the inflammation must have departed and right circulation must have been restored and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh-a cleatrix. Paul did well to show those scars. They were positive and indisputable proof that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he suld. They were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of hardship for Christ. They were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Not Asbamed of Bears. Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer, "That was from a saber cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ank an Italian. "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer. suffered that in the last battle under our glorious General Garibaldi." But remind you of the fact that there are sears not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country years ago an eminent advocate who was called into the presidential cabinet at attorney general. In mid-life he was in a Philadelphia courtroom engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry and in a most brutal manner referred to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, a face more deeply scarred than any face l ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded, but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned and as black as the heart of the scoundrelly counsel who on the other side of the case has referred to my mistortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue.

### Rearing a Family.

But why do we go so far for illustration, when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear aright for God and heaven a large family of children in that country home was a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the garret must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that family went. They missed nothing in the way of childish disorders. Busy all day was the mother in every form of housework and twenty times a night called up by the children all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow. Her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping. Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need reenforcement. Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one. After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the paths turns toward the setting sun. cannot walk so far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing honor to a Christian auMartyre All Around Us.

People think they must look for may tyrs on battlefields or go through a his tory to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service. In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. in almost every village of the country you find some broken down state or national official. After exhausting himself in the public service, rough American politics kicks him out of congress or cabinet or legislative hall, and he goes into comparative obscurity and comparative want, for he has been long enough away from home to lose his professional opportunities. man that was ever put to death by sword or instrument of torture was more of a martyr than that man who has been wrung to death by the demands of official position. The scars may not be visible, for these are scars on the brain and scars on the nerves and scars on the heart, but nevertheless are they scars, and God counts them, and their reward will be abund-

#### The Usesen Scars.

In all lands there are veterans of war who may not have had their face scraped with one bullet or their foot posures to disease along malarial swamps or from many miles of marching, and ever and anon they feel a twinge of pain, each recurrence of Be right and do right, and all earth which is sharper or more lasting, until after awhile they will be captured for | down. the tomb by disorders which started 20 or 30 or 40 years before. And their scars are all unseen by human eyes. But those people are as certainly the victims of war as though they had been blown up in an undermined fortress or thrust through with a cavalryman's lance. What I want to make out is that there are scars which are never counted except as God counts them, and I want to enlarge your sympathics.

There is a woman who has suffered

domestic injustice of which there is no cognizance. She save nothing about it. An inquisitor's machine of torture could not wring from her the story of domestic woe. Ever since the day of and if so much as a splinter pierce orange blossoms and long white veil your flesh cry out louder than many a she has done her full duty and re- one torn in auto da fe? Many a polceived for it harshness and blame and | dier has gone through a long war, been neglect. The marriage ring, that was in twenty battles, led a regiment up a supposed to be a sign of unending af- hill mounted by cannon and swept by fection, has turned out to be one link of a chain of horrible servitude. A having been once hit and without a wreath of nettle and nightshade of brightest form would have been a more among those who pass in the grand reaccurate prophecy. There are those view of heaven. They have all in the who find it hard to believe that there is holy wars been wounded, and all bear such a place as hell, but you could go scars. And what would the newly are right out in any community and find rived in heaven do with nothing to more than one hell of domestic tor- show that he had ever been struck by ment. There is no escape for that human or diabolic weaponry? How woman but the grave, and that, com- embarramed and eccentric such an one pared with the life she now lives, will in such a place! Surely he would want be an arbor of jasmine and of the hum- to be excused awhile from the heavenming bird's song poured into the ear of ly ranks and be permitted to descend the honeysuckle. Scars! If there be to earth, crying "Give me another none on the brow showing where he chance to do something worthy of an struck her arriving home from mid- immortal. Show me some post of dannight carousal, nevertheless there are ger to be manned, some fortress to scars all up and down her injured and be stormed, some difficult charge to immortal soul which will be remem- make. Like Leonidas at Thermonylas. bered on the day when there shall leap like Miltriades at Marathon, like Martforth for her avengement the live borough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at thunderbolts of an incepsed God. Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sampach who has lost a limb in battle, our sympathies are stirred. But, oh, how many have in the domestic realm lost their life and yet are denied a nillow dust on which to slumber? Better en large your roll of martyrs. adopt a new mode of counting human sacrifications. A broken bone is not half as had as a broken heart.

There are many who can, in the same sense that Paul uttered it, say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"-that is, for the sake of Christ and his cause they carry scars which keep their indenture through all time and all eternity. Do you think that Paul was accurate when he said that? If you have studied his career, you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cicilian goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the president of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Panl's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more than enough to assure the truthfulness of his utterance, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Marks of Christian Service.

All of Paul's sufferings was for Christ's sake. He had intellectual powers which could have achieved for him all worldly successes. You see what he could do in a courtroom when with extemporaneous speech he made the judicial bench tremble; when on Mars hill he confounded the Athenian critics; when he preached amid the excitement of a tumbling penitentiary; when in a storm at sea he took command of the ship, the only one on has been a Mecca for thousands of his board cool headed. With his inspired logic, and his courage of utterance, and his power of illustration, and his capacity to move audiences, and his spirit of defiance, there was no height of worldly power he might not have memory of him. gained. \* \* \*

Army of Christian Soldiers. All ye who bear in your body the and development, and an marks of the Lord Jesus, have you | cures on all inaction. --

thought what use those marks in the heavenly world? What of glorious reminiscence! In that you will sit together and talk earthly experiences. "Where d get that scar?" saint will say to and there will come back a story hardship and struggle and m and wounds and victory through 2 grace of the gospel. Another spirit say to listening spirit, "Where did yo get that hurt so plainly marked?" An the answer will be: "Oh, that was one of the worst hurts I ever had. That was a broken friendship. We were in sweetest accord for years, together in joy and sorrow. What one thought the other thought. We were David and Jonathan. But our personal interests parted, and our friendship broke, never to be renewed on earth. But we have made it all up here, and mi understandings are gone, and we are in the same heaven, on neighboring thrones, in neighboring castles, on the banks of the same river."

#### Practical Application. Now what is the practical use of this

subject? It is the cultivation of Chrise. tian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be underraken for God and righteousness. lamed by one bursting shell and who And if we happen to get bit what an could not roll up their sleeve and show | ado we make about it! We all need you one mark suggestive of battle, yet | more of the stuff that martyrs are carry with them weaknesses got in ex- made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life, and hell combined cannot put you

> The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battle axes on splitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ. Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work musketry and yet came home without mark upon him. But it will not be so gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others, show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I can not go back to heaven until somewhere bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your mistortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for sears!

## A HISTORIC HOME,

Roussens's Famous "Les Charmettes" Ready for a Purchaser.

In all literature there is hardly any house more famous than Let Charmettes, that modest dwelling in Chambery where Jean Jacques Roussean, the renowned French philosopher, spent the happiest years of his life and therefore it is no wonder that the reading public of Europe was considerably and prised and somewhat shocked when it heard the other day that it had been advertised for sale, says the St. Louis Star. The advertisement read as follows: "For Sale-Les Charmettes, the historic home of Jean Jacques Roussean, together with furniture, fields, and orchard." In 1600 the house was built, but it first became historic on July 6, 1738, that being the day on which Mme, de Warens, Roussean's friend, purchased it, together with the barn, meadowland, orchard, plowland, vineyard, two oxen, two cows, ten sheep, seven hens, and a cock." The new owner occupied it at once and Rousseau joined her there later in this same year. Of his life there one of his French biographers says: "To Mme, de Warens the world is infinitely indebted since it was she who provided this man, the son of a Geneva watchmaker with a home in which he had amou opportunity to improve himself and to develop his many talents. Since 1782 the year in which Rousseau's. "Confess sions" were published, Les Charmet admirers from all parts of the world not a year since that time passing in which hundreds have not visited it an reverently taken away from the little flower garden some buds or leaves in

Natura knows no pause in p