

Tell You Your Fortune, Pretty Maid

"Tell me your fortune, pretty maid!" "You may, if you tell it true."

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Late on the following afternoon I am racing through the fields as fast as my limbs can carry me, my hat in my hand, the basket I had supposed to be carrying to old Mollie a quarter of a mile behind me, stuck into the hedge near her cottage, a flush of haste and measurable excitement burning in my cheeks. I have only two hours to get to the vicarage and back again, and I have no time to tell Judith! I shall not be able to say half I want to say before I am obliged to run home.

"The heart I ask from thee, love, A secret gift must be; Every second as I breathe, Must still a secret be."

"I am sure I do not want to talk about her. Tell me all about your visit, and how much you enjoyed it. And what did she say to your aunts when she brought you back?"

"The heart I ask from thee, love, A secret gift must be; Every second as I breathe, Must still a secret be."

"Why Indians Love the Warpath. Colonel Royall of the army is one of the best known Indian fighters in the service. He is now on leave, his health being much impaired by many years' life on the frontier."

"Wire Siege Guns. Siege guns built of wire are the newest description of ordnance for the national service. A very tough steel wire is used, having a breaking strength of 100 tons to the square inch, which is wound over a steel tube as tape may be bound on a reel, being frequently fastened off to secure its cohesion, and so neatly put together as to look precisely like solid metal."

Bottom section containing various small notices, advertisements, and fragments of text from the left margin.