

tribution At Last.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

Madge, who was all Ceoil said. The room was horror-stricken. The room was horror-stricken. The room was horror-stricken.

net, you'll find it out soon enough, as, if you're going to the Mars House. It was a gray afternoon in March, and the landscape looked bare and desolate as Ceoil walked down the well-remembered path, through the flowerless meadows, and by the river flowing so sullenly beneath the lowering sky.

CHAPTER IX. It was Ceoil Graham's wedding morning—a glorious glowing wedding morning in July; for, on account of Mr. Veriston's illness, a tedious attack of gout, the wedding had been put off more than once.

That I do, sir," responded Mrs. Mill, who had replaced her black dress by the old festive flowered silk—for after all no sorrow could bring back the dead to life; and Miss Veriston, she thought, was a more suitable bride for the well-bred young poet than simple country Nellie.

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