By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER. IX.

When Derwent opened his eyes the next morning, bars of golden sunshine were lying on the red tiles of the floor, and Ramon stood by his bedside, bearing the coffee to which he always looked forward as a distinct pleasure. His shoulder was less painful, and the recollection that he was to spend an indefinite time amid these charming surroundings was invigorating as a tonic. To the "Buenos dias, senor. Como esta Usted?" of Ramon, he answered "Muy bueno, gracias," with so much emphasis that ihe face of the attendant lighted up with a bright smile, and he said, Bueno!" bueno!" with an air of commendation, as he set the tray down.

A little later, after the doctor had paid his visit, and had also said "Bueno!" approvingly over the progress of the shoulder, Ramon came in and announced that el padre desired to see the senor. "Beg him to enter," said Derwent, who had been very much pleased by the gentle, refined face of the priest. He anticipated an agreeable visit, in which he could ask much concerning the country of one intimately acquainted with its inner life; but he was by no means prepared for the errand on which it soon transpired that Padre Francisco had come.

"Dona Zarifa," said the priest, after all due inquiries had been made, "thinks that perhaps you are strong enough now for a little out-door exercise, and that you may like to see something of the hacienda,—at least of the portion which lies immediately around the casa grande. If you care to go, she and I will be happy for you to accompany us on our usual morning round."

"I shall be delighted," answered Derwent. A man of another stamp might have been disappointed that he was not to have a tete-a-tete with his fair hostess, but Derwent was not only too much a man of the world to have expected such a thing in a country with the customs of Continental Europe, but he really did not desire it. He had world might not hear; and he was very sure that the society of the padre would in no degree detract from his enjoyment of her

companionship. They found her in the court when they came out, standing under the shade of one of the Moorish arches, dressed as Derwent had seen her first, in black, and draped with lacs, which she wore in the graceful Spanish fashion over her head. She gave him her hand, asked how he was feeling, and if he was sure that a walk would not fatigue him. "You must promise," she said, "that you will let us know as soon as you feel the least weary. Now, padre mio, I think we are ready."

They passed through the wide, vaulted passage, paved as a portecochere, which led to the front of the house, and out into the arcade, which ran the length of the long building, and the arches of which framed in a succession of pictures the magnificent expanse of the plain.

Derwent now saw fully, for the first time, better source of wealth. the commanding position of the house. Standing on a wide, level eminence, which on one side rolled gently down to the spreading table-land, it was enclosed on the other each side of the mesa,—their farthest point Buena Esperanza." nearer in the clear atmosphere.

"What a glorious view!" he exclaimed. "No wonder, senorita, that you like a place to realize a fortune in a short time," he an- ful. which charms you with such pictures al- swered. ways before your eyes!"

season, senor," she answered, smiling, | ly,--"to make a fortune in a short time." "when all the plain before us is carpeted He did not utter any word of disapproval been too thankful to find myself in such a cienda is called Miraflores."

fanciful names.

he had already had a glimpse from his If I do not pay it, others will suffer. And window, and which now spread before him | that must not be, if any exertion on my part in all its loveliness, with shadowy vistas can prevent it.' where great trees met overhead in an arch of shade, stretches of green turf, par- even so much of his secret to any human ear,

paradise possible.

detain you too long?"

"By all means let us show him the canada," the padre replied. "Miraflores himself fully and then bring him with you." has many beauties, but I think that is chief.

protested. "But if Miraflores contains anything more beautiful than I have already seen, I beg to be introduced to it at once."

"Come, then," said Zarifa, smiling. She had opened a large white parasol lined with explained, as they crossed the pretty stream, rose-color, the reflection of which threw a that, a little lower, it turned the flouringsoft pink glow over her delicate, ivory-like mills of the hacienda, which, Derwent found face, and as she walked by his side, later, were the largest in that part of the with her spirited head held aloft, and her country and supplied a wide district with firm, free step,—the true step of a Mexican | their product. woman,-Derwent could not but think how little there was of the conventional languorous, tropical type about her. There was nothing seductive in the glances of the dark proud eyes. Diana herself could not have suggested more strongly vestal purity and perfect physical vigor in every movement; while her manner was a perfect blending of simplicity and dignity. He likened her again in his thoughts to a young princess.wno, realizing in every act and word the full meaning of the noble old motto, Noblesse oblige, had yet under all her gentle graciousness the ineradicable pride of blood and birth and the fiery spirits of a warlike race.

It was Padre Francisco who talked most, answering Derwent's question about the country, as they walked down the beautiful avenues that led toward the hills which rose sheer and green before them. Presently they entered a path overshadowed by drooping live," said Padre Francisco. "There are for? foliage; that wound downward to a rocky several hundred souls here; for the indusravine through which a stream came leaping in cascades of white foam. No more enchant. ing spot could be conceived. Here nature seemed untouched in all her primitive beauty; only a few paths along the

stream, one or two bridges crossing and a temple-shaped pavilion on large rock overhanging the highest fall suggested the work and presence man. And yet, as Derwent was told, immense pains had been taken to bring no such bondage exists at Miraflores. numbers of plants and trees here, besides laborer who is in debt wishes to go, Don those which grew naturally in a place so Maurizio will cancel his debt rather than well adapted for vegetation. The result was a wild, lovely blending of tropical main." foliage, of masses of flowers, and of rare, exquisite orchids; while through all, like Dora Zarifa. "Few of our people ever wish spray, or fell into crystal pools where for them all, they are, as it were, part of naiads might have bathed.

The enthusiastic admiration of the young "There is something very charming in is no day so warm that delicious coolness and humanizing on both sides," said Der may not be found here, and the view down went. "How different from the wide chasm the ravine from there "-she pointed to the and the bitter strife between labor and capishall bring an artist here to paint it. what is this?" Are you anything of an artist, Senor Der-

to the pavilion ?"

I am sure you must be tired."

quarter of a mile.

nothing to say to Dona Zarifa that the whole than this, though not so picturesquely beau- boy, he envied the children their privilege

His companions glanced at him with in-Esperanza was familiar to them. "So it was

me to find it out of my reach altogether." Dona Zarifa.

could acquire it honorably, he need ask no it. Derwent thought that he had never

Francisco. "Are you professionally a judge bent over a woman tossing with fever, reof mines?

by hills, covered with verdure, behind which swered. "I should not think of attempting hand between her own cool, soft palms, rose the high crests of greater heights, that to judge a mine for another person; but I do and talked soothingly as if to an infant. curving around in the arc of a half-circle, lay | not hesitate to judge for myself, and it was

vestments, then ?"

"That is what all Americans desire to do, better," she said, with a smile. "You should see it during the rainy I believe," said Padre Francisco, meditative-

with flowers, -myriads of every kind and for such an aim, but something in his tone, place as your hospital." color. It is for this reason that the hall and a certain look of withdrawal that came over Dona Zarifa's face,—as if she lost inter-"'See the Flowers!" said Padre Francis- est in a man who avowed such an ambition, co, translating. "Mexicans are fond of |-stung Derwent, and made him say, on an impulse,—

"I should rather call them poetical," "I have a special reason for wishing to said Derwent. "But this place deserves its make the fortune of which I speak. It is name doubly; for what beautiful gardens!" not for myself—not merely for the accumula-It was the park-like pleasance of which tion of money,—but to pay a debt of honor.

It was the first time that he had uttered terres bright with flowers, tropical shrubs and these people were strangers to him. loaded with bloom, and small gurgling But he was repaid by a glance of sympathy streams, directed into channels here and from Zarifa's eyes; while the priest said, there for the irrigation which made this kindly, "In that case, I hope you may soon find another Buena Esperanza. There are Turning to the priest, Dona Zarifa said, - many rich lodes in these mountains, some of "Shall we take Senor Derwent through which are as yet untouched. Now, my the garden first, padre mio?-or will it child,"-he spoke to the girl,-"I must really go on; but there is no reason why you should not allow Senor Derwent to rest

"No, no," said Derwent, rising. "I can-And he may not be able to go further with not consent to detain the senorita, for I am really rested now. In this wonderful "I feel as strong as possible," Derwent climate I perceive that one recuperates rapidly. I am equal to accompanying you." "Bueno!" said the padre, approvingly. "Then let us go.

They left the pavilion, and Dona Zarifa

"My father is very proud of his mills," she said, "and will certainly insist on taking you over them. He has all the latest improvements. I sometimes wonder how he can maintain such keen interest in so many varied pursuits."

"He is a wonderful man, Don Maurizio," said the priest. "His energy is indomitable, and his interest in everything that can develop the country and help the people is unflagging. Now, Senor Derwent, can you guess where we are taking you?"

Derwent confessed his inability to hazard a conjecture; for, skirting the grounds, they now seemed approaching a village, composed of neatly-built adobe houses scrupulously clean both within and without, as almost all Mexican houses are.

"This is where the laborers on the estate tries of a great hacienda are very numerous. Everything which is consumed, and almost everything which is worn, is made upon it." "And is it true that all the peons on the

without the consent of their masters?" asked Derwent

"It is true that, by the laws of Mexico, no laborer can leave an estate so long as he is in debt to his master. That is just enough, and on it the stability of the industries of the country depends. In all countries, however, there are men who do not fear to incur the vengeance of God by becoming oppressors of the poor. Such men take advantage of this law to keep the peons in their debt and so hold them in virtual bondage. keep with him one who is unwilling to re-

"But such a need rarely occurs," said a charming Undine, the stream came whirl- to leave, and most of them have been born ing over the rocks in sheets of foam and on the estate. We know them all, we think our family; why should they desire to go?'

man pleased his guides. "This is my fa- this feudal dependence of the employed up vorite retreat," said Dona Zarifa. "There on their employers, -something softening pavilion-"is most charming. Some time tal with which we have replaced it! But

"The school-house," said the priest smiling, as they paused defore the open door "Unfortunately, no," answered Derwent, of a large room, where about fifty children "else I should be only too happy to paint sat at their desks and a teacher stood before such a scene as this. But can we not go up a blackboard. There was a simultaneous movement, as all present rose to their feet "Certainly,—and rest there for a time. Derwent did not enter, but leaning against the door-way, watched the scene, -the He did not like to acknowledge it, but he pretty, dark faces, the shining eyes and was tired; and it was with a sense of relief gleaming teeth, the reverence with which that he sat down in the pretty temple after the small scholars knelt for the padre's blessthey had mounted the slope which led to it. ing, the caressing affectionateness with which The view from this spot was as lovely as those nearest Dona Zarifa pressed forward to Dona Zarifa had said. Behind rose a touch her dress or kiss her hand. There was steep, green hill-side, below dashed the no servility in the last action. It was plainleaping water, while before them the roman- ly as much an impulse of thier admiring tic canada, with its wealth of foliage, its adoration as the same homage is from a rocks and cascades, extended for at least a lover. "Having the freedom to do so, how could they help it?" Derwent thought. "It reminds me somewhat," said Derwent, Looking at the beautiful, gracious figure of "of the view from the Buena Esperanza. the young lady, as she stood in the centre of Standing at the mouth of the mine, one the room, smiling into the upturned faces, looks down a ravine even wilder and grander with one hand on the, silky curls of a tiny to express the feeling which she inspired.

"We did not linger long, on your acterest. Evidently the name of the Buena count," she said, when they rejoined him. "Ususlly el padre hears the catechism and there you were!" said Padre Francisco. "I I distribute rewards to the deserving; but am inclined to congratulate you upon getting we let them off easily this morning, because off with a bullet in your shoulder. You little I do not want to fatigue you, and I do want knew what you were doing in touching that you to see our hospital, If you are equal to

a little farther walk.

"I have learned, however," said the young Derwent declared himself fully equal to man, dryly. "It seems that it is to all in- it; and indeed his interest was so much tents and purposes a mine of gunpowder as roused that he forgot his fatigue. The hoswell as of silver. This I must say for my- pital-a rather imposing structure built self," he added, "that if I had even the around a pleasant court, with cleanliness and faintest idea of how the bond of that mine space and sunshine everywhere—was as had been acquired, I should never have perfect in its arrangments as everything else looked at it. But, after having seen it, I on the hacienda seemed to be. There were confess that it is a great disappointment to only one or two patients in it at present; but everything was so attractive in appear-"You thought it a good mine?" asked ance, and so well managed, that it was evident sickness was as little a misfortune at "The best I have ever seen. If a man Miraflores a care and kindness could make

witnessed a more lovely sight then when, "You speak very confidently," said Padre | unconscious that any gaze was upon her, she newed the cool bandages on her head, held | brain. Derwent shook his head. "No," he an- a jucy lime to her parched lips, the hot, dry

"I think, senorita," he said, when they in splendid masses of blue and purple on for myself that I was anxious to buy the were walking away, "that if you had sent me to that hospital when I was brought, a forty or fifty miles distant, but looking much "Oh, you have come to Mexico to seek in- wounded, insensible stranger, to your door, it would have been as much as could be ex-"I have come to Mexico to find the means | pected of you, and I should have been grate-

"I hope you like your present quarters "Oh, yes,-since I have known them. But if I had not known them I should have

But he did not venture to add what was

in his thoughts,-" Perhaps you would have come to see me there!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It Made Him Ill.

The minister was a great handshaker—shutting down like a vise. One day he shook a boy's hand and gave it an awful squeeze as he said:

"My little fellow, I hope you are pretty well to day ?" With tears in his eyes the boy answered,

I was till you shook hands with me."

A Few Questions.

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea? Are there springs in the ocean's bed? Does a "jolly tar" ooze from a tree? Can a river lose its head?

Will a blacksmith's vise condemn his soul? Can books be white and read? To whom does the church bell pay its toll? Who shingles a water shed?

If a minstrel boy can sing his lay Can a ship sing her "lay-to?" Do tigers ask for grace when they prey ? Can a bugle note come due?

Is "Father Time" a noted thief For stealing the hours away? Can you give a window-pane relief? Can you mend the break of day?

Is a purchase made when shoes are soled? Can an ax the rainbow hue? If I keep on twisting the tale I've told Pray what will your readers do?

Same Thing.

Irate Wife-Oh, you mean wretch! You promised to be home at six o'clock last evening, and here it is six o'clock in the morning. Intoxicated Husband-Zat's all (hic) right,

my dear, zat's six of one and half-dozen of z'other. Same thing.

How He Would Stop Him.

Pat (who is being lowered into a well)-Stop, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up again.

Pat-Oi'll show ye. Af ye don't sthop lettin' me doon Oi'll cut ther rope!

If a man wants to pull himself into bankhaciendas are virtual serfs,—unable to leave ruptcy he can do it with draw poker.

What Is a Good Book?

A good book is one that interests you. One in which the bright rather than the dark side of life is shown.

One that makes you see how mean the Then I know that I will catch it, where the small vices of life and how despicable Then I know that I will catch it, where the sing of the

one that glorifies virtue in woman and As I listen for the patter of the my breeches. honor in man. One in which the good are rewarded and

the wicked are made to suffer-suffering by the by, that may be of the conscience—of And athousand burning fancies into the in a more material way, a reward given And athousand burning fancies into the being spring; One which convinces you that this world And a thousand bees and hornet, head a coat tail seem to swarm. is filled with good men and good women. One that breathes forth the goodness of a

Creator, and respects His all-governing laws. One that makes you feel you are meeting! real people -people who elevate your thoughts as you associate with them. A good book is one you remember with

pleasure, that when the dull hours come you can think of with interest and feel that there are people with whom you have a most interesting acquaintance, and who are yet only characters of the imagination. A good book is one that tells, in good

English, the story it has to, and does not I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you are sity for using foreign words, and does not I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you are supported by Sunday pants." English, the story it has to; sees no necesthe author had written it with an Encyclopædia Britannica beside him.

A good book is one that we want when weary with the people of the world; that we can read out aloud and discuss; that we can hand to our daughters that it may give Holy Moses! and the angels, castyour ping glances down stepping-stone on the road of taste, not only And thou, oh, family doctor, put a soft poultice on

That is a good book, and, my friends, there are hundreds of them.

What Men Like in Women.

There is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one great possession and they are what men like in women, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that

are pleasant to them. They like the courtesy of the fireside. They like women whose lives and faces

are always full of the sunshine of a content-

ed mind and a cheerful disposition. They like an ability to talk well and knowledge of the virtue of silence. They like a motherliness big enough to

understand the wants of the older, as well as the younger, boys. They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil, of every human being.

They like sympathy—which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness. They like a knowing how to grow old gracefully.

They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, by the by, doesn't mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies, and quiet colors; not by showy colors or designs.

They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart shoud be stronger than the

Brush Your Hair at Night.

No woman need expect to have her hair wedded to Art. looking beautiful who goes to bed without taking it down and giving it its night dress- ground of incompatibility." A woman who has wonderfully beautiful hair says: "I take out all the pins, brush my hair well, and then plait it carefully but loosely, so that in the morning it is not in a snarl. I usually try to brush it 10 minutes, but when I can get somebody else to do it for me the sensation is so delicious that I almost wish they could keep on forever. Of course, I sit down to brush it, because standing taxes the strength too much. I am one of the people who believe in learning the easiest way to do everything, for really the same ends may be gained with less exertion. The foolish woman is the one who rushes about her room in dressing, paces the floor while buttoning her gloves, stands while she is arranging her hair, and the result of her folly shows itself in her weariness when the time for recreation arrives." Think over all this, you nervous women. Try to recognize the wastefulness of misapplied endeavor, and while you strive in every legitimate way to make yourselves look as pretty as possible, save your strength for something for which it will absolutely be required.

The Dunkards.

The German Baptists, who are better known as the Dunkards, have risen up against what they consider too much of worldly fashion in their church. It is against their rules for the women to wear That laughs and coos throughout the day ornaments and fashionable attire, but it is found that they are arraying themselves in beautiful bonnets and other emblems of vanity, while the men, instead of complying with the rules of the denomination, and wearing long hair, parted in the middle, and full beards, now appear with short hair and mustaches. These signs of yielding to the pernicious practices of the followers of other faiths have created a disturbance in the Dunkards' church, and at the forthcoming national convention of the order an explosion is looked for that will put an end to these encroachments of vanity. These are not what the Dunkards go to church

Christanity in the Household.

The Living Church(P. E.)says; "We hear a good deal about the lack of religious teaching in the schools. How about the lack of it in the homes of professing Christians? The parents who complain most loudly that the bible is not read in school, do they read it at home ? Is the household gathered, morning and evening, at the family altar, to hear the words of Holy Scripture, and to join in prayer and praise? In how many cases is the entire religious training of the child turned over to the Sunday school, with its one hour a week, in which a variety of interests and exercises claim attention? Murphy (still letting him down)—Phat In how few instances do parents and godparents neglect their bounden duty and privilege, while they complain that the State does not attend to it? By all means let us have the Bible in the school, but whether it is found there or not, let us have it in our but two things he won't take." homes, not closed upon the shelf, but open and read daily by the assembled household."

any line a limited to the to to would a serie

styring the and our this worth languaged to the land

The Patter of the Shingle When the angry passion gatherns and mother's face I see,

she leads me in the bed-non-

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echoice

coat tail seem to swarm, As I listen to the patter of the shingle

In a splutter comes my father—whom I had gone To survey the situation, and tell her to let To see her bending o'er me as I lister to

Played by her and by the shingle inavit and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears to my Sunday pants."

She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft, And says: "I had not thought of that, Et son, just take them off."

ing glances down, soft poultice on; And may I with fools and dunces everlas. ingly commingle

If I ever say another word when mother wields the shingle.

He Also Had Rules.

He had opened a restaurant in Toronto. and after two or three weeks he called a bank to get the cash on a small check ceived from some one in Hamilton, "Have to be identified, sir," said the tex.

er as he shoved it back. "But I am Blank of the new restauran: around the corner."

"Must be identified." "This is payable to me or order, and

I've endorsed it," protested the restaurant. "Cant help it, sir. Rules of the bank." The man went out and brought some one back to identify him, and the money was handed over. Three days later the tel dropped in for a lunch at the new restaurant, He had taken a seat and given his order.

when the proprietor approached him and "Have to be identified, sir."

"How! What?" "Have to be identified before you can get anything here, sir." "Identified? I don't understand vou," protested the teller.

"Plain as day, sir. Rule of the that all bank officials have to be identified. Better go out and find some responsible party who knows you."

"Hanged if I do!" growled the teller. and he reached for his hat and coat and banged the door hard as he went out.

"Then Art should get a divorce on the

"He doesn't paint very well, but he is

An Unhappy Marriage.

Johnny's Magnetism.

"Johnny is very popular with his teams "That must be gratifying." "Yes, indeed, They never let him leave

them until five o'clock.'

Starting Out. She wanted a cottage. He wanted an "Suites to the sweet," he said with a tender

"Flats to the flat," she retorted with scornful smile. N. B.—They took a cottage.

He Had Met Her Sort Before.

Young Housekeeper-Good morning. Mr. Cleaver. I want some roast veal to-day, and be sure to send the giblets. Butcher-Yes'm (and he skewered her address into a loin and tossed the kidneys into the basket.)

Sweetness in Long Dresses. Oh, what is sweeter than a babe in dresses

long and white, (and cries throughout the night.) Well, if the babe's a girl, why, she herself is sweeter when She's passed through shortened skirts and

Smoking Her Out.

reached long dresses once again.

A company of Edinburgh students were starting for Glasgow on a football excursion, and meant to have a railway carriage to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked: "My dear woman, this is a smoking-car, don't you know?" "Well, well, answered the woman,

"never mind, I'll mak it dae," and she took As the train started, the word was pass ed round, "Smoke her out." All the willdows were closed, accordingly, and every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. So foul became the air that at last

took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat, the old woman leaned "If you are dune, sir," she said, in s toward him. wheedling tone, "would ye kindly gie me bit draw? I came awa in sic a haste I for

got mine."

one of the boys began to feel sick. As he

A Bad Boy. "That boy's a natural thief. I know of " What ?" "Advice and cod liver oil."

BOMANTIO SIL or Grand Ban

Intil recently there tofa safe and loc alt of a sale tools to to burglar tools to boldest attempts a been recorded in fifteen years ago fifteen sceived the grand uisville National and getting away ild cash stored awa went about the tematically and c der, a trained safedozens of safes, al onth in laying plans cape and preparing en the avenues to though there were fi conspiracy, but fi work, the balance ifferent points. Th passers-by or wat thing, but to do the oise as possible, using tresort. The burg

o'clock in the nigh Catchmen, chloroform hem quietly away in onfederates watched wo precious hours bea nto the building, the w through some about 1.30 in the mo loors of the big vault old and specie to the were stored. There solid chilled-steel charge of powder cou perted and touched off plished all this, and a morning there was a shook and a heavy pi flew off and crashed stream flowed out of thieves crept back to was, and began filli bags they had broug secured in all about the money within re vault door not being man. When they they could the intrud were met at the poir hy a half-dozen det the whole lot. At t that one of the bur who had learned of th and had ingratiated ally becoming one of pany that furnished t open secured the too

> wrecked. Janet and t "Come Janet," sa bright morning to h you want to go out i day? The sea is as

work with, and exhib

tisement in their bu

made that with the

burglars used half th

been torn down, whi

paratively small pie

shall have no rough Janet was not lo vitation, for she love ways happy when little boat. She co many a time pulled who called her his l ing the waves dance and the small vesse hand of the fisherma water. Suddenly t point seemed to stri

rock. There was a of the water nymp "Fisher Ben," have broken one of tal palace under th mend it."

Little Janet was

father only laughe you, old Water K to mend your win time to talk with y And the boat sh king murmuring Ashort time after held in the village

Janet, dressed i hastening to join she could hear th most see the day As she ran along an old woman car and laces. "Where are y asked in a friend

"To the villag not hear the mu "But, my dea man, "I have ju and there all the gay ribbons, and ing over her bas scarlet ribbon.

"Let me tie t

said, "and then

Janet could no and allowed the on her. But wh friend, she saw 1 basket, but the upon her. Alr she tried to run "Now I have co your father to h

make sport of more sail in yo crystal palace v The little gir no one heard he by the angry ki the water, and father and mo vain for the ret

At the door which Janet ha captor sat the catiful little er, was kind a the poor little nome and place

She wanted to prisoner; but o, and dared tion of the plant, and the could wal

aght it mi