ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

SPREADING THE NET. If Mrs. Aspline's dinner had been successful in its pleasure-giving power so she repeated. was that at the Dower House, which was larger and more inclusive. It took in all the former guests and some half dozen more, among whom where Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde. Estelle would not go. She had been asked, of course, but in her selfelected state of quasi-widowhood she had preferred the solitude of home, where she heroes! How far had he gone with Lady might think of her distant and ever-adored Charlie, and carry her renunciation as so was as astute as any human being could be, hearted because her lover has gone away. much sacrifice to the memory of their not to have more than the normal interrupted love. And as Mrs. Clanricarde was only cruel when the "sacra fames" was gnawing too fiercely at her vitals, she let her daughter indulge her somewhat wayward humor and forego the dinner, which perhaps, the mother reasoned, a girl is it?" could not be expected to enjoy. Had it been a dance, she might have insisted; but a dinner to a girl who prefers bread and butter to anything else, and calls "a Is Soubise" onion sauce-that was of the Mrs. Clanricarde disapproved of waste.

For herself, she went to the Dower her.' House as a matter of duty; so she said. It was only right to cultivate neighborly feelings, and to help the Kingshouses when they took the trouble of entertaining such people as the Asplines. She had heardwho had not ?-of this new rich man who had suddenly descended as if from the skies on the Asplines-like Job in that shower of gold which neither ancient nor modern Danaes can resist. As yet she had not seen him. She was not on visiting terms with the Asplines—she wished now that she had been -Anthony had not shown at church as a good citizen and sound Churchman should have done; and the weather had been too bad for walking out.

With the secret determination to fascinate this new-comer, whom yet she spoke of prepared hostility, Mrs. Clanricarde dressed herself with more than ordinary care—and she was never negligent of her appearance. The result justified the means. She looked superb, and she knew it. She had that indescribable chic, that look of foreign distinction, which no daughter of Albion can imitate.

"How handsome you look to night. Louise!" said that unlucky George, seeking to propitiate his tart tempered goddess, as well as sincerely stirred to

unwoated admiration.

He laid his haud on her white, plump arm that a caressing, half-timid touch. "It is a wonder that I have any looks at all after your conduct," was her cold reply,

At dinner Mrs. Clanricarde was seated next to Anthony Harford; and on her, as on every one, his wonderful manner of impression of a new experience. That odd she proposed that her guest should drive this with the nicest little air of apology and of a man who is next thing to a natural, or combination of the wild West "scout" with the English gentleman gave him flavor as cf cultivated wild fruit. And he, though seated next to Lady Kingshouse, was not unwilling to divide himself between the two. The vivacity of this strikinglooking woman, with her lark bright eyes and prematurely white hair dressed a la Pompadour, amused and interested him. He did not know, but he half believ d, that he was in love with Lady Elizabeth. For all that, he was not sure, for he felt for | caster Road." her differently from what he had ever felt for any woman in his life before; and he

was not quite able to analyze his own sensations. Nor did he know her mind. She was sweet and friendly and gracious as a wingless angel might be. But how about the woman? He fancied that her cheeks had taken a deeper color when he came apon her suddenly in the lane; that her eyes looked both brighter and softer when they met his; that, when he entered the goom this evening, that inner kind of smile which tells of secret pleasure had come over her face like so much sunlight. He fancied all this; he did not know. The reserve of a modest English girl makes divination difficult. Anthony was no fop, and he was afraid to think that these shadowy signs meant more than so many accidents with which he had really no vital connection. And how beautiful she looked to-night! Not with the beauty which stirs a man's senses or mounts like strong wine to his brain, but with the beauty that calms while it inspires, that brings the glory of heaven down to the earth for sweet sustenance and illumination. Anthony thought her again and again the lovelist increasing wistfulness what she thought of House, and see that dear Delight, whose by saying, as a kind of after thought—a yonder, that Caleb Stagg, that I declare I entire:

Thus the dinner passed. When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Anthony went straight to bit of information, "They do not like each really not a very despicable artist; at least, where Lady Elizabeth and Mrs. Clauricarde other. were sitting together, discussing Shakspeare and the musical glasses with apparent the fact and wanted the reason. interest and real flatness-Lady Elizabeth Mrs. Clanricarde with unrest. As he joined they came," she answered. them, what was dark to Anthony was clear as daylight to Mrs. Clanricarde, and she correctly after long looking.

surface, and not only just upon it.

"She is in love with him," thought Estelle's mother; "and I will conquer." Something stirred her as if it had been and guest. a sword drawn from its scabbard. The passion of the fight, love of intrigue, desire of conquest, all leaping up in a sudden knot with one blow. flame in her heart. Born for the kind of warfare as she was, how seldom had her talents been utilized here in this old Sleepy Hollow-this Noah ark kind of society ! squire consecrated himself to the laws of

his new knighthood. "Will you come and see me, Mr. Harford?" she said, in her blandest way. very rare. They are fine, are they not.

dear?" to Lady Elizabeth. Aslauga. "Quite worth seeing," she added. house."

"Thank you. I will go with pleasure," Lady

said Authony. Delight would tell him, and perhaps pleasing to her, from him was delightful. been made clear, as if he had looked into a pause, "I shall be doing the square thing almost incredible, were they not well accompany him. She was a very amusing "But there is nothing against either the magic crystal and seen the hidden secrets if I clear out of this and make new tracks. authenticated.

"When will you come ?-to-morrow? Hindfleet? Perhaps, in any case, you had

better come to morrow!" "Yes, I will call on you to morrow," he answered. "I am not staying many days longer. I have outstaid my time as it is." "I am sure you will admire my curies."

"I am coming for you, not for your old

relics," he said, bluntly. And Mrs. Clanricarde's heart gave throb like a girl's. If this stranger were so much as she loved -which gave a certain easily charmed with her, what would he be flavor of tenderness exquisitely charming. with Estelle? And what a splendid-looking creature he was ! really a conqueror among Elizabeth? Not very far, she thought. She senses, and she did not see any indications of an express understanding between them. "Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, with the briskness of a sour ferment, when he told her of his engagement; "that's in the wind,

"What's in what wind?" he asked. "Well, you have fallen into the hands of the Philistines, that's all," she answered. manœuvring woman in Kingshouse. She nature of pearls cast before swine; and is like a spider with flies. You are done for, Anthony, if you do not see through

> He laughed. "I am not afraid of her," he said, lightly. "It would be better if you were," said

man who has fallen into a trap." "Don't see the trap," he returned. "And I do," said Cookey, with a certain

viciousness by no means usual to her. "And then she is so proud," said Anne, languidly; "and what of, I should like to know? They are ruined, and every one know? expects to hear of their being sold up-any day. Why should they be proud?"

"Then you too don't like them?" asked Anthony. "I? Like them?" she answered, quite quietly. "I seldom dislike any one-do I. with not so much judicious reserve as mother? But if there is one person in the world that I hate, it is Mrs. Clanricarde.

> Anthony looked at her in amazement. "What queer cusses women are!" he

I wish she was dead!"

thought to himself. What was the meaning of all this? What corn of poor, fat, good natured Cookey's had this quasi-Bostonian trodden on Where had sleepy, stupid, unpractical little niggardiness as from excess. She said she which now she would not visit were it Anne been pinched? What tempest in a teapot had shaken these atoms into antagonism, and what was the solution of the mystery?

All that, however, was their affair. He had nothing to do with it. As a gentleman he must keep his promise to this vivacious French-marquise-like woman.

CHAPTER VII. HIS FATE.

The next day Anthony prepared to go to Les Saules, as agreed on. Mrs. Aspline with her and Anne to see the Fairy Howk, self accusation. She was really a wonder for Mrs. Clanricarde either, with her pride which was one of the "points" of the place, fully charming woman! and which would be so lovely to-day! There had been a two days sharp frost, and the icicles would be now beautiful-really something worth seeing.

"You will come, of course?" she said. with a flushed face and rather quick voice. "Where is your Howk?" asked Anthony. 'In what direction?

"Through Kingshouse, and on the Lan-

"Anywhere near Les Saules?" "Les Saules!' Mrs. Aspline spoke in a have we to do with Les Saules?"

"Weil, I have, if you have not," he returned. "I am going to see Mrs. Clanricarde to day." "Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, crisping her

lips. "So you persist, do you?" "Persist in keeping an appointment?" he laughed. "Why, of course, I do."

"Then you'll repent it," said Mrs. As pline, turning coldly away, as one turns from a son of perdition finally abandoned to his evil wave.

It was all very inexplicable to Anthony and he exhausted conjecture in vain. He finally came to the conclusion that the vivacious half-foreign looking woman was a runaway wife, whose little slip society had agreed to condone in a half-hearted waystrict sisters, like that virtuous and astute Cookey, holding aloof no matter who drew near. He was sorry to offend his hostess, but an engagement is an engagement; and interesting and thought them hideous. Anthony was not the man to allow his actions to be influenced by any one, man or the outside world as represented here in who has a cough like a church-yard, and woman, and woman no more than man. Meanwhile he would go round by the Dower him, and whether she liked him below the presence always brought him the sense of spiritual harmony and mental rest.

But Lady Elizabeth could not help him. All she could give him was the rather bald

"But why?" asked Anthony, who knew "I do not know, except that Mrs. Clanri-

thinking of Anthony Harford with pleasure, carde did not call on the Asplines when "But why?" he asked again.

"Mrs. Clanricarde is very proud, and read in a glance what he had not spelt has great ideas of birth and all that," said Lady Elizabeth, reluctantly. She did not like to allude to Mrs.

Aspline's industrial origin to her friend "Because she was once a cook?" said

"Yes, I suppose so," was the answer.

The Americanized Englishman laughed.

and vivacious lady—that was all he knew one or the other?" he asked again. "My of fate and the future. and all he cared for at the present moment. old friend Mrs. Aspline, I know, always "How long do you stay at Clanricarde as clean a record?"

s personal feeling. Perhaps, as mothers, they are as mutually persons of their daughters." daughter?"

"Yes: Estelle; a very pretty girl, and a very dear one." Lady Elizabeth spoke warmly. She

dearly loved Estelle-and she pitied her as "Why did she not come here yesterday? was Anthony's next query. "She is not very well," answered Ladv

Elizabeth. She did not say, "She is broken-

"Oh! now I see it all," cried Anthony, with sudden illumination. "Why, of course. How dense of me not to have seen it before! Jealousy. There it is. Well you women do best creation for that!" he added. "You are jealous among yourselves, and that's a fact! We men are nowhere compared to you."

"I think you do pretty well, however. in that line," was Lady Elizabeth's This Mrs. Clanricarde is the best laughing reply; but Anthony, with emphasis, repeated his assertion. and declared that women were the most jealous beings on earth, and beat all creation hollow, let what else would make the running.

Then he arose to leave, and holding Lady Elizabeth's hand just a moment Kingshouse just yet, and he could not stay longer than necessary, he said, looking at her Mrs. Aspline, sharply. "Pride goes before again with his satiny eyes," But you are acquaintance with the Clanricardes, as he installed at Kingshouse Arms, where he a fall, Anthony, and you are not the first above that trash, I am sure! I should as soon expect lightning from a rainbow as jealousy from Lady Flizabeth!

"I hope I should never be so poorhearted or mean spirited," was her answer. made gravely and with earnestness. "The loveliest lady in England'

was Anthony's unspoken thought, repeated two or three times, he went on his way to Les Saules -" just the loveliest! She has a heart as and often-to get to know her and to prove pure as crystal and a mind as bright as silver. I wonder if she could ever on his heart for all his life, as his flower of be brought to love me? She is worth try. ing for. With such a wife as that all my unrest would be over-all my fever would be quieted

He turned into the gate of Les Saules, and soon found himself in the room where

Mrs. Clanricarde was alone. that amount of cordiality which keeps on was glad to see him, and she did not ask after his hostesses. She spoke of the pleasant dinner they had had yesterday vening, and called Lady Elizabeth, a dear soul. But she greatly lamented her want of man that manœuvring old cat has caught practicality.

"In what way is she unpractical?" asked Anthony, feeling as if his lance were in rest and the bugle had sounded.

"She is too good," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a soft smile. "As if any one can be too good! I suppose I ought to say that we are all too bad for her." She said

To be too good is not a very general does to look like a picture! fault," said Anthony, answering her smile. "For me, I think Lady Elizabeth just perfect."

"She is indeed delightful," returned Mrs. Clanricarde. "It is a pity she belongs to such a family."

"What of them?" he asked, gravely. "Do you not know?-there is madness among them," she answered. "Some of themselves!" them are now, I believe, in a lunatic asylum. It is that which makes me tone of surprise. "Oh dear no! What regret the dear love's decided eccentricity as I do. If her family history was not darkened bythis terrible scourge, she might be as odd she as liked, and one would only love her all the more, and say it was

ellection. Mrs. Clanricarde thought she had made a Clanricarde has hawked hers! mistake and done more harm than good by time. Her vivacity was infectious, and like death. Anthony could not resist the contagion. and shaven heads, pronounced them forced quietness.

the drawing room at Les Saules, was not a penny-piece to bless himself with; stance. To shorten the controversy, howbeginning to take leave, she stopped him and then that moon calf up at Redhill ever, we will give Prof. Lattimore's report kind of minor and even minus attraction - would not touch with the end of a mopmy daughter before you go. She is upstairs, daughter at these two, and would have painting. She is so fond of art !- and is given her ears for either. The way she naturally, I think so."

"Oh yes! your daughter. I should like to see Miss Clauricarde," said Authony,

who had forgotten her existence. Mrs. Clauricarde rang the bell and asked

down. In a few minutes the door handle turned and the door opened. Framed as in a picture-checked by the momentary surprise of finding a stranger where she expected to less the improved, hospitable, almost lady- different druggists in this city "Warner's a pale flower-like face, dressed in a quaintly Anthony, bluntly, cutting the Gordian fashioned gown of clinging material and indeterminate color-neither blue nor green, but between both; a girl whose beauty was great, but whose charm was laugh. "You are old enough to know your "Good Heavens!" he said, with that greater—that subtle, nameless charm which kind of mirth which has in it more gall belongs to the fated and fateful women of have seen enough of the world by now to But now had come the hour—and the man; than honey. "As if it signifies a red cent men's passion and destruction; the charm find your own way about. And I dare say and Mrs. Clanricarde consecrated herself whether she were a cook or not, if she which Helen and Cleopatra and Mary to the struggle as fervently as ever a young knows how to behave herself, and bore a Stuart had to their sorrow, and the sorrow good character before and after! I should of those who loved them. Her eyes were have thought that lady—Mrs. Clanricarde worlds in which the soul was lost. Her had more sense than to stumble into this smile was a net wherein the senses were hole. Also," he added, looking at Lady entangled. Her dark and curling hair was "I have a few old Japanese curios that are Elizabeth, with eyes as soft as satin, "I like the perfumed tendrils of a dusky vine. should have thought that what Lady Her lithe and graceful figure had in it the Elizabeth Inchbold patronized might pass series of melody and rhythmic harmonies "Beautiful!" answered that guileless muster with all the world besides in Kings. in every line and every gesture. She stood there as she might have been the blessed Lady Elizabeth smiled with the pretty damozel against the golden bar of heaven; faint embarrassment she so often showed and Anthony caught his breath as at a He had not the faintest notion who Mrs. when with Anthony Harford. Flattery, vision seen in the twilight. He felt as if Clanricarde was, nor where she lived, but which from any one else was especially dis-

conducted herself like a lamb. Has Mrs. there and he looked at her, he seemed to live half my time at Les Saules, it will be better

was formally introduced. And Anthony, who had adopted the American habit of shaking hands on an introduction, was afflicted with a sudden, and to himself an dared not touch that long white graceful hand, no more than an ordinary knight dared have touched the San Graal had he seen it.

After this he lost count of time. He could never remember how long he stayed, nor how he tore himself away. He only knew that he found himself at last at Hindfleet, in his heart, as it were, a bird singing, a fountain playing, a garden blooming, and the dull winter evening changed to an infinite glory of great gladness which yet was akin to tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE KINGSHOUSE ARMS.

The position was undoubtedly awkward. Anthony Harford was the guest of Mrs. Aspline, who hated the Clanricardes, and irresistibly attracted by the Clanricardes, who did not visit the Asplines. What was to be done? Anthony would not leave at Hindfleet if he intended to improve his remain here at all? Even Lady Elizabeth, sweet as she was and delightful as he had found her-just on the brink, too, as he had been; just on the brink, looking for her face in the magic fountain-even she could not have kept him; nor could her people, nor could his present hostess. But that tall darkhaired girl, with her fated charm-ah that was another matter. To see her again of her feelings. her-to win her to himself, and wear her love and jewel of his treasury-yes, for Estelle he must stay and could not go. And yet he could not stay at Hindfleet. Wherefore, making se far a clean breast

mind as relating to her and "those people at Lissols," as she called them; and how She received him graciously, with just impossible he felt it to accept her hospitality while using his time in visiting the right side of gush, and is as far from a house which was shut against her, and opened to her.

"I am sorry for you, Anthony," said Mrs. Aspline, flushing a violent crimson passing into purple. "You are the first and you will not be the last. I thought you had more sense. You are old enough, I am sure!"

"Old enough to know my own mind?

said Anthony, gravely. "I hope so."
"When you say the Clanricardes, you mean Miss," continued Mrs. Aspline. do not suppose you care much for that fool and her finery. At her age dressing as she I have no patience with such vanity! It is not

decent : and so I tell you." Anthony was silent. It did not come into the programme of his duty, as he conceived it, to defend Mrs. Clanricarde's millinery; but he thought again, as so often before, "What queer cusses women are when they come to loggerheads among

"Take our advice," said Anne, putting on a day to dinner." little maternal air that was both becoming and entertaining; "go home to Thrift, and daughter. keep out of danger. You will repent it if you stay here. We know all about these people better than you do."

her way, and, being hers, beautiful! But know of them," said Anthony; even graver I never saw her look better. She might now come and look at my curios, Mr. than before. "Well, I don't know what have been one of her own ancestors at the Harford. I have really a very notable you call harm," said Mrs. Aspline. "If court of the Grand Monarque." right and left, and Tom, Dick, and Harry's She had however, taken the heart out of no harm, then there is none, I suppose. him for the moment, and he could think of But I know I would have been sorry nothing but the terrible shadow on the enough if any daughter of mine had been path of his sweet triend. And for a while hawked about all over the place, as Mrs.

Anthony's bronzed face became strangely her false information. She recovered her lost livid, as well as stern. It seemed to suddenly in Canada, have read the report ground with infinite pains, and only after a set like so much metal, and to become rigid

He handled her queer little squat figures hawking any girl about in such a God-forand dislocated monsters with wry necks saken old place as this," he said, with istry in the Rochester, N. Y., University,

Oh, by the way, I must introduce you to stick. That woman there flung her went after that young Stagg was what I call a disgrace. And all the world knows

it as well as i." Anthony drew his lips close together, as

She saw that she had made a mistake. " Well, there! I am wrong to put myself about like this," she said, with a forced own mind, as you say, Anthony, and you I am prejudiced against this Mrs. Clanricarde and all her kith and kin."

"It is as well to know all sides." said stoned the saints once on a time, and they

keep up the practice yet." Mrs. Aspline flushed again, as before Anne bit her lips; but both kept silent, resignation. It seemed little less than

As I am going to see for myself what the In the brief moment while Estelle stood ladies are like, and calculate to be pretty near years, and to go through the experience of for us all if I take rooms at the hotel.

"Quite," was the answer. "It is only personal feeling. Perhaps, as mothers, hey are as mutually palous of their laughters."

"Uaughters? Has Mrs. Clanricated a laughter?"

"Uaughters?"

"Uaughters?"

"Uaughters?"

"Uaughters?"

"You are not in our way here."

"You are not in our way here." her hand, came slowly into the room and shown that you were. I hope we have made you comfortable, and let you see that you were welcome. We have done our hest.

Here the poor dear woman's voice a little broke, and her eyes grew red. The incomprehensible shyness, and felt as if he rain threatened after the thunder had growled.

" You have been just as kind as ever you could be," said Anthony. "There's nothing to be said on that, and I'm ever so much grateful to you. But I reckon it will be the squarest to clear out now, and most likely to keep us good friends.'

"Very likely," said Mrs. Aspline, curiously lachrymose and indignant at one and the same time.

" Perhaps you are right," said Anne. Vexed to see her mother so moved, she took a tone as hard and cold as an iron rod. as acid as so much lemon juice. For all her vague dreams, she had not dreamed herself in love with Anthony Parford.

"Then that is all fixed and straightened out," said Anthony, with a sense of relief. "Certainly," said Mrs. Aspline; and Certainly," echoed Anne.

Which ended the matter and clamped the proposition into its final affirmative. So that night saw Anthony Harford certainly would. For what else should he intended to remain for at least some weeks. He could not go back to Thrift! How cold and gloomy and desolate that fine old

> place looked in his memory! Every one was glad to hear that Anthony Harford had moved into the town.

> A curious little warmth spread over Lady Elizabeth's heart when she heard the news; and her fair face took the color As for Anthony, had he been there he

would no longer have noticed whether the fair cheeks flushed or paled, whether the soft eyes brightened or were abashed. These signs were signs to him no more. "What can Harford be staying for at

such a place as Kingshouse?" said my lord of it, he told Mrs. Aspline what was on his when he heard the news, like a man unable to see through a millstone. "For society. I dare say his own place

is dull," said my lady, like a woman having a reason always ready. "I should not think the Kingshouse Arms a very lively lookout," he returned.

"But he has us. and that compensates."

"And he seems so much interested in astronomy," said Lady Elizabeth, with unconscious diplomacy. "So he does," said her father; "and now that we have the frost again we will ask

him to dinner, and we can make a night of it up aloft." You will freeze yourself to death some night up aloft," said the countess, just a point of querulousness-of quasi grumbling

-mingled with what else was care and consideration. "Oh, we have wraps and mufflers, as you know," was her husband's reply.

Both he and Lady Elizabeth were in "We will ride round by the town, and leave a message at the Arms," continued the earl. "I do not suppose he is

engaged anywhere else." "I should think not," said Lady Elizabeth, who was anxious he should be asked. "Why, to whom should he be engaged?" asked her mother in surprise. "Society is not so numerous here as to ask him every

"He might be at the Asplines," said her

"Or the Clanricardes," said the earl. 'He seemed monstrously taken with Mrs. Clanricarde the other night: and upon my "I do not suppose there is much harm to soul she looked uncommonly handsome!

(To be Continued).

IS IT GENUINE?

Probably thousands of people in this section of country, and this section is no exception to any other in this respect said to have been written by Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyist of "I reckon there's not much chance of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, and Professor of Chemstating that all of the Safe Remedies man-"Then isn't there just!" returned Mrs. ufactured by H. H. Warner & Co. were Then, as Anthony, having exhausted Aspline. "First that Mr. Charlie Osborne, pure and wholesome, nor did any of them contain any mercury or deleterious sub-

UNIVERSITY OF BOCHESTER,)

CHEMICAL LABORATORY. Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulæ of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the people do when they are deeply moved, and processes of manufacture which are conyet wish to keep their self-command. ducted with extreme care and according to the servant to beg Miss Clanricarde to come | Could be have ever liked this woman—this | the best methods. I have taken from the vulgar traducer of that exquisite vision? Laboratory samples of all the articles Mrs. Aspline took a new face and form and used in the preparation of these medicines. meaning for him. She was no longer the as well as the several medicines in which kind old Cookey of his boyish days, still they enter. I have also purchased from see only her mother—Anthony saw a tall like woman of this latter time. She was a Safe Remedies," and upon critical examinadark haired girl, with soft brown eyes and vulgar scold, and his heart sickened against tion I jind them all entirely free from mercury and from poisonous and deleterious substances.

> S. A. LATTIMOBE, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, Professor of Chemistry, University of Rochester, N. Y.

We cannot think that a firm of the standing of H. H. Warner & Co. would dare publish such a statement if it were untrue, and we now have that firm's Anthony, speaking with difficulty. "They authority to say to our readers that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly true in every particular.

MARGARET LADY SANDHURST, who has been and chewed the bitter cud with decorous elected a member of the London County Council for Brixton, is a very remarkable blasphemy to compare the Clanricardes - County Councillor, with exceptional gifts. Estelle or her mother-to saints; but both social and magnetic, says the Pall Anthony Harford was-well, he was a Mall Gazette. Some of the feats of healing Harford, and the Harford mouth was hard. which she has been able to perform at her "I reckon," he said after a moment's little hospital in northern London are THE IM

Lively Time

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