The London Leper.

Good gracious me!" cried Smith and Jones "Good gracious me!" cried Brown;
'A London leper in our midst! For God's sake,
hunt him down!

Our Prince, whom no one would deceive, declared this leper stands
In that great mart whence comes our meat st meat goes through his hands!

The awful rumor ran the round, like wildfire fast it spread; Men gazed upon their steaks and chops in doubt, With fear they eyed the tender joint; the lismay and dread.

thought perhaps it might Have come from where the leper worked destroyed their appetite.

In panic London salesmen met; the retail dealer cried, "O find this leper butcher out—search, search The hue and cry rang clear and shrill from east, west, south and north, And every day the London press in leading type

They ran the man to earth at last, and found-Otthank the fates—
He only vended odds and ends outside the mar-The leper's hands were never laid on Dives' A

He only touched the common stuff that Lazarus Then died the sudden panic down, the nine days waxed and waned.

And with them ceased the sudden fame "our only leper" gained;

Society was satisfied, as soon as it felt sure The only meat the leper touched was eaten by the poor. -By George R.Sims.

Lizzie.

I wonder ef all wimmin air Like Lizzie is when we go out To theatres an' concerts where Is things the papers talk about. Do other wimmin fret an' stew Like they wuz bein' crucified— Frettin' a show or concert through, With wonderin' ef the baby cried

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there see that everything is right, Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care Ain't good enuif f'r baby, quite; Yet what am I to answer when She kind uv fidgets at my side, An'asks me every now and then: "I wonder if the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile— Seems like she heern the pleadin' cries Uv one she thinks uv all the while; An' so she's sorry that she come, An' though she allus tries to hide The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum Thau wonder of the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike-By Lizzis you kin jedge the rest; There never wuz a little tyke But that his mother loved him best. And nex' to bein' what I be The husband uv my gentle bride-I'd wisht I wuz that croedlin' wee, With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried. -Chicago News.

The Temple of Fame.

Three riders set out for the Temple of Fame, Each booted and spurred and equipped the

same.
The first rode forth at a rattling pace, Like a jockey who wins an exciting race. The second set out with caution, slow, That, when need was, he might faster go. The third rode steadily, quietly on, At a quick jog-trot he could reckon upon.

And which do you think the winn The hare, the tortoise—or number three

The first one soon broke down, of course He saved his saddle, but lost his horse.
The second met the regular fate— Dallied too long, and was just too late The third, I grieve and regre; to say, Did not get there—for he lost his way. He thought so much of his regular trot, To look at signboards he quite forgot.

See how strangely things befall!

Another—not thinking of Fame at all—
Who was on his way to the breadfruit tree, To provide for a wife and children three, Went straightway into the Temple of Fame, And innocently asked its name! They answered him. With a quizzical face, He remarked, "It's a most uncomfortal

place! Then on he went to the breadfruit tree.
And home to his wife and children three. The moral ?-Well, if you can't find it,

Write it out-for I shan't mind it!

Bargains.

He pressed a ruby on her lips, whose burning blood shone through;
Twin sapphires bound above hereyes, to match their flery blue;
And, where her hair was parted back, an opal

Type of her changing countenance, where all delights were met. "Will you surrender now," he said, "the ancient grudge you keep Untiring and unuttered, like murder in the deep?"
"I thank you for the word," she said; your

gems are fair of form,
But when did jewels bind the depths, or splendors still the storm? There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl beneath the wave.

There is no fretted coronet that soothes a princely grave,
There is no fate nor empire in the wide infinity,

Can stand in grace and virtue with the gift you -Julia Ward Howe.

The Old House.

In through the porch and up the silent stair; Little is changed, I know so well the ways— Here, the dead came to meet me; it was there The dream was dreamed in unforgotten days.

But who is this who hurries on before, A flitting shade the brooding shades among?

She turned—I saw her face—O, God! it wore

The face I used to wear when I was young!

I thought my spirit and my heart were tamed To deadness; dead the pangs that agonize,
The old grief springs to choke me—I am Before that little ghost with eager eyes,

O, turn away, let her not see, not know! How should she bear it, how should under stand?

O, hasten down the stairway, hasten and go,
And leave her dreaming in the silent land.

The Boy in Love With His Mother. He went up the pathway singing : I saw the woman's eyes Grow bright with a wordless welcome, As sunshine warms the skies. Back again, sweet heart mother,

He cried, and bent to kise The loving face that was uplifted

what some mothers miss. That boy will do to depend on I hold that this is true. From lads in love with their mothers Our bravest heroes grew.

Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts.
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother.

Is every inch a man. Laws of Health. Tramp-" Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' sich a fine supper to-day, mum. May Heaven bless ye!" Housekeeper-"As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some

"Yes, mum; our you know the old sange of March 20th, 18—, was the After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum."

March 20th, 18—, was the manual went with the remains to Boston, March 20th, 18—, was the manual went with the remains to Boston, make of March 20th, 18—, was the walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum."

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Do you think a hundred trips to Europe would keep him from you if he knew you wanted him?" Maude asked, and Grace replied: "Perhaps not. I don't know. I

only wish he were here." This was the last of February, and after that Grace failed so fast that with the hope that it might reach him before he sailed, Maude wrote to Max, telling him to come at once, if he would see Grace before she died. She knew about how long it would take the letter to reach him and how long for him to come, allowing for no delays, and on the morning of the first day she could by any chance expect him she sent the carriage to the Canandaigua station, and then all through the hours of the long, dreary day she sat by Grace's bedside, watching with a sinking heart the pallor on her lips and brow and the look she could not mistake deepening on her face.

"What if she should die before he gets here, or what if he should not come at all?" she thought as the hours went by. She was more afraid of the latter, and when she saw the carriage coming up the avenue she strained her eyes through the

blinding snow to see if he were in it. When he came before, he had stood up and waved his hat to them, but there was no token now to tell if he were there, and she waited breathlessly until the carriage stopped before the side entrance, knowing then for sure that he had come."

"Thank God |" she cried as she went out to meet him, bursting into tears as she said to him, "I am so glad, and so will Miss Raynor be. She does not know that I wrote you. I didn't tell her for fear you

wouldn't come. She had given him her hand and he was holding it fast as she led him into the hall. She did not sek him when or where he received her letter. She only helped him off with his coat, and made him sit down by the fire while she told how rapidly Grace had failed and how little hope there was that she would recover.

"You will help her if anything can. am going to prepare her now," she said, and, going out, she left him there alone. He had been very sorry that he could not keep his promise at Christmas, and tried to find a few days in which to visit the Cedars between the close of the suit and his departure for England. But he could not, and his passage was taken and his luggage on the ship, which was to sail early in the morning, when about 6 o'clock in the evening Maude's letter was brought to him, changing his plans at once. Grace was dying the woman he had loved so long, and although thousands of dollars as he said it a throb of pain belied his depended upon his keeping his appointment words, for he knew that across the sea was in London, he must lose it all, and go to a face and voice he was longing to hear and her. Sending for his luggage, and writing and see again, a face which now visited him few letters of explanation, the next morning found him on his way to the Cedars, which he reached on the day when

Maude expected him. to meet Max, but on re-entering her room hair and lending a warmer tint to the glowfound her awake and leaning on her elbow in the attitude of intense listening.

in the hall? Tell me, is he here?" "Yes, he is here. I sent for him and he came," Maude replied, while Grace fell back upon her pillow, whispering faintly :

Bring him at once.' ed her to the sick room, where she left him that means I lose all that makes life desirealone with Grace.

day following, in order to give Maude the one side of the bed, and she upon the other, with their eyes fixed upon the white, pinched face where the shadow of death of the room she awoke and asked, "Where is Max?

"Here, darling!" was his response, as he bent over her and kiesed her pallid lips. "I think it has grown cold and dark, for I can's see you," she said, groping for his hand, which she held tightly between her own as she went on: "I have been dreaming, Max-such a pleasant dream, for I was young again -young as Maude, and wore my bridal dress, just as I did that day when you said I was so pretty. Do you remember it? That was years ago -oh! so many - and I am gesting old; we both are growing old. You said so in your letter. But Maude is young, and in my dream she wore the bridal dress at the last, and I saw my own grave, with you beside it and Maude, and both so sorry because I was dead. But it is better so, and I am glad to die and be at rest. If I could be what I once was, oh ! how I should cling to life! For I love you so much! Oh, Max, do you know, can you guess how I have loved

me to give you up?" Max's only answer was the hot tears he dropped upon her face as she went on : You will not forget me; that I know; but sometime—yes sometime—and when it Maude so. Where is she?

" Here!" and Maude knelt, sobbing, by the dying woman, who went on: "She has been everything to me, Max, and I love her next to you. God bless you both ! And if, in the heaven I am going to, I can watch over you, I will do it, and be often, often with you, when you think I am far I wonder what office with say. I said that you care for me as I care for New York Weekly. often with you, when you think I am far long ago. But things are going from me, you have. I recognized him at once; but you, has made me forget all the proprieties, and Heaven is very near, and the Saviour the heroine is more like Grace than you. is with me-closer, nearer than you are, I Max; and the other world is just in sight,

loved her : tell her -- . which shineth as the noonday. In another moment I shall be walking the golden

pulseless bosom, placing in them the flowers and told me she was willing." her mistress had loved best in life. She was to be buried in Mt. Auburn, and the list of passengers who sailed from most autogether please her. One would have says, over his own signature, in the list of passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers who sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers where the sailed from hot autogether please her. One would have speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers where the sailed from her was speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers where the sailed from her was speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers where the sailed from her was speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers where the sailed from her was speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I rather that he should remain single, for passengers where the sailed from her was speaking of Warner's Saf was to be buried in Mt. Auburn, and the list of passengers who sailed from

hinted broadly at the impropriety of the the lady, who was afraid of her brether, looking its loveliest, for Mrs. Marshalland a little afraid of Mande, who did not seem quite the girl she had last seen in

Merrivale. "What will you do now? Go back to your teaching?" she asked, after the funeral was over.

"I shall go home to mother," Maude replied, and that afternoon she took the train for Merrivale, accompanied by Max, who was going on to New York, and thence to keep his appointment in London. Few where the words spoken between them during the journey, and those mostly

of the dead woman lying under the snow at Mt. Auburn; but when Merrivale was reached Max took the girl's hands in his own and pressed them hard as he called her a second time by her name.

"God bless you, Maude, for all you were to Grace. When I can I will write to has in it an old couple-Mr. and Mrs.

you. Good-bye. leaving Maude standing upon the platform with her mother and John, while Max him there, occupying the room which, by a resumed his seat, and, pulling his hat over little skilful questioning of Mrs. Martin, his eyes, never spoke again until New York he learned had been Maude's when her was reached. A week later and a ship of father owned the farm. the Cunard line was plowing the ocean to the eastward, and Max Gordon was among the passengers, silent and abstracted, with a bitter sense of loneliness and pain in his heart as he thought of the living and the dead he was leaving behind—Grace, who was to have been his bride, dead in all her sweetness and beauty, and Maude, who was nothing to him but a delicious memory, alive in all her freehness and youthful bloom. He could hardly tell of which he thought the more, Grace or Maude. Both seemed ever present with him, and it was many a day before he could rid himself of the fancy that two faces were close against his own, one cold and dead, as he had seen it last, with the snowy hair about the brow and a smile of perfect peace upon the lips love to him—the other glowing with life and which had never said aught but words of girlish beauty, as it had looked at him in

the car step and waved it his good bye. CHAPTER X.

the gathering darkness when he stood upon

AT LAST. Five years had passed since Grace was aid in her grave in Mt. Auburn, and Max was still abroad, leading that kind of Bohemian life which many Americans lead in Europe, when there is nothing to call them home. And to himself Max often said there was nothing to call him home, but as often in his dreams quite as often as that of his dead love, and which he always saw as it had looked at him that summer afternoon in the log house among the Richland hills, She had left Grace asleep when she went with the sunlight falling upon the rings of ing cheeks. Delicious as was the memory of that afternoon, it had been the means of "Oh, Maude," she said, "was it a keeping Max abroad during all the dream, or did I hear Max speaking to you for, in the morbid state of mind into which and stood before her, the s must do penance for having allowed him. he seemed a little older, with a look of self for a moment to forget her who had

believed in him so fully. "Grace trusted me, and I was false to "Come," Maud said to Max, who followsher and will punish myself for it, even if by able," he thought; and so he stayed on into the face he had seen so often in his He stayed by her all that night and the and on, year after year, knowing always dreams, though never as beautiful as it was just where Maude was and what she was now. "Maude," he began at last, "I canrest she needed, but when the second night doing, for Archie kept him informed. came they kept the watch together, he on Occasionally he wrote to her himselfpleasant, chatty letters, which had in them a great deal of Grace—his lost darling, he to me, and I have come to congratulate called her and a little of the places he was you. was settling. For several nours Grace slept visiting. Occasionally, too, Maude wrote quietly. Then, just as the gray-daylight to him, her letters full of Grace, with a hands so hard that he almost took her was beginning to show itself in the corners little of her life in Merrivale, for she was breath away. But she released herself with her mother now, and had been since Miss Raynor's death. A codicil to Grace's will, bequeathing her a few thousand dollars, made it unnecessary for her to earn her own livelihood. Indeed, she might have bought Spring Farm, if she had liked; but this she would not do. The money given for that must be earned by herself, paid by the book she was writing, and which, after it was finished and by some dyspeptic critics, who saw no good in it, began to be read, then to be talked about, then to sell—until finally it bookstore and railway car and on almost a cloud of disappointment as Maude became the rage and was found in every every parlor table in New England, while the replied, " Is it much more you ask?" young authoress was spoken of " as a star which at one flight had soared to the zenith of literary fame," and this from the for she was now sitting down; "but I very pens which had at first denounced "Sunny Bank," as a milk-and-watery effort, not worth the paper on which it was written. All Mrs. Marshall-More's guests you all these years, and what it has cost at Spring Farm read it, and Mrs. Marshall-More and Archie read it, too, and both went down to congratulate the author upon her success, the latter saying to her, as he beat his boot with his cane, and looked admiringly at her through the glasses he comes, remember—I was willing. I told now wore, "I say, Maude, your prophecy which would make mother proud to say she knew you, and, by Jove, you have done it. You ought to hear her talk to some Boston people about Miss Graham, the authoress.

am going to send it to him." where I soon shall be, free from pain, with the lors for Editope carried with its mode as folig as you choose to make it so.

Maude's book directed to Max Gordon, who will you Maude? I have come thousands like Maude's. Dear Maude! tell her how I read it at one sitting in a sunny nook of miles for your answer, which must not the Colossem, where he spent a great part be ne." Here her voice grew indistinct, and for of his time. Grace was in it, and he was a few moments she seemed to be sleeping; in it, too, he was sure, and, reading between then suddenly opening her eyes wide, she lines what a stranger could not read, exclaimed, as an expression of joy broke he felt when he had finished it that in the back to the happiness there was still for John will go to college in the fall."

With Max to will was to do, and among

act, wondering how she could have done it. morning, with skies as blue and air as soft to be. So she went up to Merrivale early "She did it at Grace's request, and to and warm as in the later days of May. And Spring Farm, for the season, was More had lavished fabulous sums of money upon it, until she had very nearly transform. ed it into what she meant it should be, an English Park. She knew that Maude had once expressed her intention to buy it back some day, but this she was sure she could never do, and if she could, Max would never sell it, and if he would she would never let him. So, with all these nevers to reassure her, she went on year after year improving it possible for him to feel, and suddenly and beautifying the place until it was worth far more than when it came into her hands, and she was contemplating estill greater improvements during the coming summer when Max suddenly walked in upon her, and announced his intention of gayest of all the guests who, on the morn-

going to Merrivale the next day.
"But where will you stay? Both house are closed—only the one at Spring Farm Martin-who look after it in the winter, she said, and Max replied, " I will stay at the station, and then it moved swiftly on, Spring Farm with the Martins. I want to of the brown ox, and declared her hatred of see the place." And the next day found Max and all relations.

Miss Graham was home, she said, and at authoress of whom Merrivale was so proud. was born here in this very house! It seems

so queer. "And is the house more honored now than went she was simple Maude Graham?" Max asked; and the old lady replied, " To be sure it is. Any house can have a baby born in it, but not every one an authoress!" and with that she bustled off to see about supper for her

Max was up early the next morning, wondering how soon it would be proper for him to call upon Maude. He had no thought that she would come to him, and was somewhat surprised when just after breakfast her card was brought by Mrs. Martin, who said she was in the parlor. Maude had heard of his arrival from Mr. Martin, who had stopped at the cottage the previous night on his way to the village.

"Mr. Gordon in town! I supposed he was in Europe!" she exclaimed, feeling herself grow hot and cold and faint as she thought of Max Gordon being so near to

That very afternoon she had received the first check from her publisher, and been delighted with the amount, so much more than she had expected. There was enough to buy Spring Farm, if Max did not ask too much, and she resolved to write to him at once and ask his price. But that was not necessary now, for he was here and she should see him face to face, and the next morning she started for Spring Farm immediately after their breakfast, which was never served very early.

"Will he find me greatly changed, wonder," she thought, as she sat waiting could scarcely speak when at last he came sometime be compelled to give shape and he had fallen after Grace's death he felt he had parted from five years before save that

But that lifted the moment they rested upon her.

"Oh, Maude," was all he could say as he held her hands in his and looked not tell you how glad I am to see you again, or how glad I am for your success. I read the book in Rome. Archie sent it

He was talking so fast and pressing her from him, determining to have the business off her mind as soon as possible, and began abruptly :

" I was surprised to hear of your arrival, and glad, too, as it saves me the trouble of writing you. I can buy Spring Farm now. You know you promised to keep it for me. What is your price?" " How much can you give?" Max asked

and without stopping to consider the strangeness of the question, Maude told

face looking so anxiously at him there fell Yes, a great deal more," and Max

seated himself beside her upon the sofa, think you can arrange it. Don't look so sorry. It is you I want, not your money. Will you give me yourself in return for

Spring Farm ?" He had her hands again, but she drew them from him, and, covering her face with them, began to cry, while he went on; " Five years is a long time to wait for one we love, and I have waited that length of time, with thoughts of you in my heart, almost as much as thoughts of Grace, whom came true. You told me you'd write a book which everyone would read, and dead, and could she speak she would bid you grant me the happiness I have been denied so many years. I think she knew it would come some day. I am sure she did, and she told me she was willing. I did not knocked over a blade of grass. You d suppose you'd been her dearest friend.
I wonder what Uncle Max will say. I told again to be my wife, to give yourself as the And the next steamer which sailed from price of Spring Farm, which shall be your New York for Europe carried with it home as long as you choose to make it so.

> What else he said, or what she said, it is unnecessary for the reader to know; only

sister one so famous as Maude was gettin patronized Maude and Mrs. Graham, and made many suggestions with regard to the wedding, which she would have had very fine and elaborate had they allowed it. But Maude's perference was for a quiet affair with only a few of her more intimate friends present. And she had her way. Archie was there, of course, and made himself master of ceremonies. He had received the news of Maude's engagement with a woke up to a consciousness that he had always had a greater liking for Maude than he supposed. But it was too late now, and casting his regrets to the winds he made the best of it, and was apparently the ing of the 20th of June assembled in Mrs. Graham's parlor, where Max and Mande

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were made one. Aunt Maude, Archie called her, as he kissed her two or three times and asked if she remembered the time she cried on the neals

"But I did not know him then; did I. Maux?" Maude said; and the bright face lifted to her husband told that she was far from hating him now.

There was a short trip to the west, and once launched out into praises of the young a flying visit to Richland and the Cedara, so fraught with memories of the past and "And to think," she said, "that she of Grace, whose grave on the wedding-day has born here in this very house! It seems had been one mass of flowers which Max had ordered put there. "Her wedding-garment," he said to Maude, to whom he told what he had done. "She seems very near to me now, and I am sure she is glad."

It was a lovely July day, when Max and Maude returned from their bridal journey and took possession of the old home at Spring Farm, where Mrs. Graham mes them with a very different expression upon her face from what it wore when we first saw her there years ago. The place was hers again, to enjoy as long as she lived; and if it had been beautiful when she left it, she found it far more so now. for Mrs. Marshall-More's improvements, for which Max's money had paid, were mostly in good taste, and never had the grounds looked better than when Max and Maude drove into them on this July after-Although a little past their prime there were roses everywhere, and the grassy walks, which Mrs. Marshall-More had substituted in place of gravel, where freshly cut, and smooth and soft as velves, while the old-fashioned flowers Maude loved so well were filling the air with their perfume and the birds in the maple tree seemed carolling a welcome to the bride, so full were they of song.

And here we shall leave her, happy in her old home and in her husband's love. which is more to her than all the world Whether she will ever write beside. another book we do not know. Probably she will, for where the brain seeds have taken root it is hard to dislodge them, and Maude oftens hears around her the voices of new ideal friends, to whom she may

How to Change the Color of Canary Birds The following is from the proceedings of the Berlin Physiological Society: Starting with the observed fact that canaries fed with Cayenne pepper acquire a ruddy plumage, Dr. Sauermann has based upon it a scientific investigation of canaries. fowls, pigeons, and other birds. From these he has obtained the following results. Feeding with pepper only produces an effects when given to young birds before they moult; the color of the feathers of older birds cannot be affected. Moisture facilitates the change of color to a ruddy hus. which is again discharged under the influence of sunlight and cold. A portion of the constituents of Cayenne pepper is quite inactive as, for instance, piperin and several extractives, similarly the red coloring matter alone of the pepper has no effect on the color of the feathers. It is rather the triolein, which occurs in the pepper in large quantities, together with the characteristi pigment, which brings about the change of color by holding the red pigment of the pepper in solution. Glycerine may be used instead of triolein to bring about the same result. The same statement holds good with regard to the feeding of birds with aniline colors. The red pigment of the pepper is also stored in the egg yolk as well as in the feathers. The first appearance of the pigment in the yolk may be observed as a colored ring four days after the commencement of feeding with the pigment dissolved in fat; after a further two days feeding the whole yolk is colored. Dia Sauermann is still engaged in carrying on his researches.

On the Hotel Perch.

" Mamma, dear, do you know you've go 29 pins in the back of your dress?" Good gracious, child, how do you know?"

"Why, I've just pulled them out."

What We Are Coming To. Justice (a few years hence)-What is this lady arrested for? Park policeman-Vandalism. Herskirts

Justice-Madam, have you anything to say before sentence of death is passed?-

A Gloomy Outlook. Old Friend-"Got a star for next sea

80n ?1 Theatrical Manager (gloomily)-"No; all the babies are engaged, and the woman who killed that Chicago broker won't go on the stage."

HEADACHE, fickle appetite, failure of eyethis, that when the two walked back to the sight, tube casts in urine, frequen, desire so cottage, Maude said to her mother, " I am urinate, especially at night, cramps in call exclaimed, as an expression of joy broke he fest when he had limited is thus in the over her face: "It is here—the glory which shineth as the noonday. In another he heard Maude calling to him to come he he heard Maude calling to him to come he he heard Maude calling to him to come he he heard Maude calling to him to come he he he he h It was very had taste in Max to select disease or Bright's Disease, and Warner's the 20th of June for his wedding-day, and Safe Cure should be freely used according ready for the coffin, her tears falling like of penance have atoned for five minutes of ready for the coffin, her tears failing like of penance have atoned for five minutes of rain upon the shrivelled feet and on the waxen hands which she folded over the waxen will be a folded over the waxen hands which she folded over the waxen waxen hands which she folded over the waxen hands which she folded over the waxen waxen waxen hands which she folded over the waxen hands which she folded over the waxen waxen waxen hands which she waxen wax Archie, when commenting upon her brother's approaching marriage, which did not altogether please her. She would far Lewis says, over his own signature, in