

# The War Cry.

Small Yankee pirates dare to front  
Our grand old Union Jack?  
No! Still Britannia rules the waves,  
And soon will drive them back!  
Let blood in torrents freely flow—  
Canadian ships be free  
Where'er it pleases them to go  
And fish in British seas.

Where is the slave, the traitor knave,  
Whose heart is not aflame  
To stand and fight for England's right  
Against the Yankee's claim?  
Is there a coward crawling wretch,  
Unworthy of his birth,  
Who'd basely yield the foe the field?  
Why cumber he the earth?

All who are loyal to the flag,  
All patriotic souls  
Will treat with scorn the Yankee's brag  
So long as ocean rolls;  
Old England's might shall be supreme,  
And if the sea be free  
Just count another sailing ship,  
There's music in the air!

We'll burn their sea-board cities down  
And raze all the coast;  
We'll trail through mud the stripes and stars,  
And scatter all their host.  
A brigadier, vain, bombastic crew,  
The Yankees cannot fight;  
One single red-coat regiment  
Fits ten of theirs to fight!

Oh, no! I'd not enlist myself—  
I didn't think of that!  
Well, hardly, for my health is poor.  
And then, I'm getting fat.  
My business needs my presence, too,  
And it would never pay  
To go and waste in Yankee gore  
A penny cent per day.

But I'm a thorough patriot  
As any you will find;  
My folks were in the front  
Of the most ultra mind.  
And so, although I cannot fight,  
I'll do my level best  
To whip it up both day and night  
To animate the rest!

—Toronto Grip.

## ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

By the end of July the family at the deanery were all at home again; the dean seemed much better for his stay in Germany, and Mrs. Mortlake had recovered her spirits, too; it was only Cornelia who was permanently altered by that time of grief, and shame, and self-reproach. She never lost the lines of sadness which gathered then around her firm compressed lips, but the expression rather softened her face than otherwise.

Bertha's marriage had now of course been published. It was generally known in Richelieu that she had been married abroad to her cousin, but that her family did not approve of the connection, so the subject was avoided with the Collinsons, and, with the exception of Claude Magnay, none but the very nearest relatives ever heard the real story.

Claude was impatiently through those summer months for Gaspard's reply to his letter, working hard at his paintings, and alternating between hope and despair. At length one morning he found the long-expected letter on his breakfast-table; it was all that he could possibly wish; Gaspard was apparently pleased and gratified by his proposal, and wrote most affectionately. Claude's happiness was complete—his long waiting had been rewarded; he would lose no more time. He rang the bell at once and ordered the "angel-pag" to call a hansom, then unable to touch his breakfast, he rushed up to his room, tossed a few clothes into a portmanteau, and in ten minutes was on his way to the station to catch an early train to the north.

The journey rather quieted him down. By the time the flat barren plain warned him that he was near Richelieu, he had become far less hopeful and confident, and when the magnificent pile of the cathedral appeared in the distance, a dark mass against the blue sky, he even began to feel doubtful as to the wisdom of going to the deanery at all. Should he write to her instead? He sent his portmanteau to the Spread Eagle, and walked slowly away from the station. He walked quickly through the silent court, and across the square, graveled approach to the deanery, and rang the funeral-sounding bell. He asked boldly for Mlle. de Maillon. She was at home; he entered the blue-and-tiled hall where he had seen her last Christmas with her holly wreath, and felt his courage rising. The footman, who, of course, remembered him well, turned just as they were crossing the hall—there were visitors in the drawing-room—he believed *ma-meselle* was in the dining-room—would Mr. Magnay see her there? Claude eagerly assented, blessing the thoughtful footman, and registering a mental vow that he would ever after tip him in gold; then the heavy door was thrown back, he caught a momentary vision of mahogany and crimson rep, and the next moment was only conscious that he was in the same room with Esperance, that he held her hand in his. They sat down near the open window, he heard her speaking to him in her clear voice, and was vaguely aware that she looked cool and beautiful in her white dress, among the hot, ugly surroundings, and that she wore a deep crimson rose, like the one he had given her at the Priory. She was telling of their stay at the sea-side; then she asked if he had come to paint another picture in the cathedral, and Claude suddenly roused himself from his half-dreamy happiness, and replied earnestly:

"No, I have not come to paint this time. You remember, perhaps, that I asked you for your brother's address, when I was staying here before. Can you guess at all why I wrote to him?"

He had spoken hesitatingly, his color had risen, and he began to wish most heartily that he had written to her. How was she to guess from his floundering speech that he loved her? Why had he begun with such an unanswerable question? Esperance looked up at him with her gravely-sweet eyes, her heart was beating fast, but she saw his embarrassment, and said, gently, "Tell me."

Those two words, and the sweet, truthful, upward glance gave him fresh strength; he stood up and drew nearer to her, leaning against the window-frame.

"I wrote to your brother," he began, in a low voice, "because I had a favor to ask him. I wrote to ask him if I might come to see you; and this morning I heard from him—he said I might."

There was a pause. Esperance's eyes were once more down, her cheeks were glowing; a little baby kitten stole in through the

French window and played about at her feet, but she did not notice it.

"Do you remember," Claude began again, "do you remember that snowy Christmas eve when you were in the hall, deprecating? You thought I did not recognize you then, but it was at that moment, really, that I first saw you."

He broke off abruptly. Why did that wretched little kitten distract her attention just then by springing on to her knee? She took it in her arms, rose from her chair and came to the window. Claude stroked the little intruder in silence, then Esperance looked up, and somehow their eyes met; he knew that she understood him then, and spoke with sudden confidence.

"Esperance! I have no words with me, but I love you with my whole heart and soul! Tell me, darling, could you love me too, some day?"

He had taken her hands in his, and could feel them trembling; her color came and went, but she did not keep him long in suspense; he knew his answer in her eyes, and it was with his arms round her that she said, "Oh, Claude, now—always—with all the love I have!"

The lovers were left undisturbed for at least an hour, then the cathedral bells began to ring for afternoon service, and Claude rose to go, promising to call and see the dean afterward. Esperance went up to her room, feeling as if it were all a wonderful dream, and glad to have something tangible in the shape of Gaspard's letter of congratulation to assure her that this great, awe-inspiring joy was real and lasting. She was glad to be alone for a few minutes; then, hearing Cornelia pass along the gallery, she opened her door and called timidly.

Cornelia came with inquiry in her eyes, but once glance at Esperance told her all. "So Claude Magnay has been here," she said, quietly.

"Yes, he has been here a long time," said Esperance, looking down. "And—and I have something to tell you, dear—he has asked me to be his wife."

She had half hid her face on her cousin's shoulder as she said this; then, reassured by Cornelia's embrace, she went on more eagerly:

"And he loves me, Cornelia; he has loved me, he says, ever since Christmas. It seems so strange, so wonderful! He says I shall sit with him in his studio while he paints, and we shall have a dear little cozy house—think of having a house of one's very own! And you must come and stay with us, Cornelia, and then you will be able to hear all the great people preach, and go to all the lectures. Dear Cornelia, he is so good! so wonderful! It seems almost too much joy!"

Cornelia kissed her repeatedly, but could not speak; then suddenly she turned away, hurriedly took off her spectacles and wiped them. "Will you like to come to the service or not?" she asked, in an odd, choked voice.

Esperance said she would go, and the cousins went down stairs hand in hand.

Claude joined them as they went out, and Cornelia spoke a few words of congratulation to him—kind, true words, with no effusion. He looked so radiantly happy that she half trembled to think of his interview with the dean; but it passed off better than might have been expected. The dean had a great regard for Claude; he was flattered that he had thought of his niece, and there was nothing to be said against the marriage.

"Dear uncle," she said, eagerly, "I feel that we owe everything to you. If I had not been for your kindness to me I should never have seen Claude; there is only one more thing I want, and that is your blessing."

The dean was touched. He put his hands on the two young heads, and his words were usually fervent, then for a few minutes they all talked naturally, and before long Claude had begged for the keys of the cathedral, and had wandered away with Esperance for an hour's uninterrupted peace before dinner. It was while they were standing in the south aisle, beside the crusader's tomb, that he drew out a ring and placed it on Esperance's finger.

"Do you remember," he said, smiling, "that walk which we had once together, when you told me your motto was *esperer toujours*? I thought we would keep it still. If you had said 'No' this afternoon I should have kept the ring and the motto for my comfort."

Esperance looked at the beautiful little ring and saw what he meant. It was from his own design; a wide band of gold with the motto in quaintly carved letters around it. Nothing could have delighted her more. There was no reason for a prolonged engagement, and before he left Richelieu it was arranged that the marriage should take place at the beginning of the next year.

On the whole that autumn passed happily; Mrs. Mortlake was quite in her element at such a time, and was much more kind than Esperance had expected; indeed, after she had heard that Bella was to be a bride-maid, she was never tired of discussing the wedding-day. Cornelia was, however, the real sympathizer, and it was she who first asked Esperance if there was no one she would like invited to the wedding.

The Worthingtons and Frances Neville were, of course, to be present, and Esperance remembered Mme. Lemercier, and wondered if Mr. Henderson would allow Maggie to come. These, with an uncle and a cousin, a cousin, who acted as best man, and Mr. White, the minor canon made up the small wedding party, for both Claude and Esperance were singularly destitute of relations. Mrs. Mortlake was quite sorry that the procession of guests would not be more imposing; she tried hard to find a few friends for the occasion—sent a pressing invitation to Mr. Henderson to accompany his girl, and persuaded old Mrs. Passmore to risk coming out in winter. Then Esperance had to choose who should marry them, and, having considered the various cathedral dignitaries for some time, she finally selected the good-natured parson as the most kind-hearted among them, and a friend of Claude's as well. When this was arranged Mrs. Mortlake suggested that the parson's eldest little girl would look charming as a bride-maid, and was exactly Bella's height, whereas Katie was shorter, and would, no doubt, pair much better with Maggie Henderson. Esperance, of course, agreed to this, and was a good deal relieved that Christabel should take such an interest in the preparations, being quite well aware that it had not been the case the autumn

would have been a time of great discomfort.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Lady Worthington was delighted to hear of Claude's success, and felt much satisfaction in remembering the share she had had in bringing the two together. She and Frances saw a great deal of Esperance, and were very anxious that she should spend Christmas at the Hall; but she was obliged to decline the invitation, as she felt sure that Cornelia, at least, would be grieved to lose her at all before the wedding-day. This had been fixed for the 6th of January, and the time was drawing very near. Claude came down for a few days at Christmas, but he was obliged to go back to town again to make the final arrangements; as they intended to be abroad for some months he had a good deal to do, and at the last was so much hindered that he did not reach Richelieu till the latest train on the evening of the fifth.

That was a strange day to Esperance—and rather a dreary one. Frances Neville came to see her in the morning, and in the afternoon she drove to the Priory to see Mrs. Passmore, hurrying back with the expectation of Claude's arrival. Instead of this, however, there was a telegram to say that he must come by the later train instead, and, although the meeting was only postponed for a few hours, she could not help feeling disappointed and depressed.

While she was sitting rather drearily with the telegram in her hand, Mrs. Mortlake came in with a disturbed face.

"Where have you been?" she asked, in a reproachful tone. "So many callers have been here wishing to see you and the presents—you really ought to have stayed in this afternoon."

"I am very sorry; I went to the Priory to see Mrs. Passmore."

"Oh! that is why the carriage is out! You really are very inconsiderate, Esperance. I suppose you kept the horses standing at the door for ever so long in that pouring rain! You ought to be more thoughtful. I think it's the least you can do when you live in other people's houses."

"I am very sorry," repeated poor Esperance, "but Cornelia told me to drive."

Mrs. Mortlake muttered something about the mistake of having two mistresses, and left the room, while Esperance crouched down beside the fire and had a good cry. She was tired and disappointed, and the gloomy twilight of the dining-room made her feel still more dreary and forlorn. And to-morrow was to be her wedding-day! She tried hard to realize it, and felt a little sad as she remembered how far away Gaspard was, and wondered if other people felt as lonely as she did on the eve of marriage.

And then that bitter reproach which Mrs. Mortlake was so fond of using about "other people's houses" stung her afresh, and she felt that it was hard and cruel to have made it on this last day.

Her dismal thoughts were not put to flight till Cornelia returned from the cathedral, and coming into the room was surprised to find her alone, curled up on the hearth rug.

"Claude does not come till half past ten," she said, mournfully.

"Oh! I am sorry for that," said Cornelia, kindly. Then stirring the fire into a blaze, and glancing again at Esperance, "Why, you have been crying; how is that, dear?"

"It was lonely, and Christabel was vexed with me, and I think she will be glad when I'm gone, and somehow I felt so wretched," replied Esperance, nestling up to Cornelia in the way which she had only lately dared to do.

"Christabel will really miss you a great deal," said Cornelia, decidedly, "whether she says so or not. I am sure she will, for you have done a great deal for her; and you know, Esperance, how much I shall miss you."

Cornelia could not say more; she could not tell Esperance of the wonderful change which had been wrought in her life during the last year and a half, of the cold, hard, self-contained nature, which had first been softened by the sight of her love for Gaspard, of the long-dormant womanly tenderness which had been awakened at the time of her illness. Reserved she must always be, but no longer with the cold suspiciousness of former times.

Esperance quite understood those few words, and answered them with such gratitude for the love which she herself had stimulated, and such lavish endearments, that Cornelia could not help feeling deeply touched. After that they talked for a good half hour about Claude, by which time Esperance was quite herself again, ready to take the greatest possible interest in the arrival of the Hendersons and Mme. Lemercier.

The 6th of January dawned gloomily enough; it was one of those still, cold winter days, when not a ray of sunlight seems able to pierce the gray, cloudy atmosphere. The Richelieu people looked suspiciously at the sky, and quoted the proverb about the bride whom the rain falls on, and even the family at the deanery felt depressed, except indeed the little bride herself. Nothing could affect her happy serenity that day.

Frances and Mme. Lemercier helped to dress her in the Indian muslin which Gaspard had sent home, relieved by its pretty trimming of airy-light swan's-down, and tiny sprays of myrtle and orange-blossom. It was a little too simple to please Mme. Lemercier, "too much like a dress for a premiere communion, cherie," she explained.

"I don't think it need be any better than that, dear madame," said Esperance, simply.

Mme. Lemercier hardly understood the remark, but she expressed complete satisfaction when the tiny wreath and veil of silks were added, and declared that the *jeune ensemble* was perfect when Claude's bouquet of Christmas roses and maiden-hair was brought upstairs—he had arranged it himself, and would not admit any other flower.

For a few minutes she was left alone; then, when the last party of guests had started for the cathedral, she went quietly down-stairs to the drawing-room, expecting to find her uncle there. The room was empty, however; she waited till the carriage was announced, then feeling just a little forlorn, she crossed the hall and knocked at the library door.

The dean was bending over a great dusty volume.

"Oh! it is time, my dear?" he said, looking up. "I'll just finish this page, and perhaps you would see to that."

He held up a white glove which had lost a button, and she took it obediently, and ran

to look for her work-box. In spite of the hindrance of trembling fingers, the glove was ready for the dean long before he was ready for it; however, at last he did get up, carefully placed a marker in his book, adjusted his white tie, put on the gloves, and turned to his niece with a little bow.

"Now, my dear, I am at your service."

For a moment she felt an unutterable longing for her father, but she would not allow herself to be really chilled by the dean's frigid manner, knowing that he intended to be kind. She lifted up her face to be kissed, and then allowed herself to be led in silence to the carriage. The dean was very absent that morning; he muttered to himself about somebody's comet which was expected, and made numerous little calculations during the drive. Esperance said nothing, but held her Christmas roses tightly, and wondered whether Gaspard was thinking of her.

Then they reached the west door of the cathedral, and the dean suddenly rousing himself gave her his arm, and led her into the nave. The gloom was intense, and the darkness and awe of the building would have chilled Esperance, had it not been for Wagner's beautiful march which pealed forth from the organ as she entered. Claude joined them within the choir gate, and they passed on through the crowd of eager, curious faces, to the altar. Cornelia, from her place at the east end, watched anxiously, but she could not feel otherwise than thankful and happy when the little bride came into sight, a bright form in the surrounding gloom. It could not be called an imposing procession. Mrs. Mortlake, indeed, was vexed by its extreme simplicity, and longed for more brides-maids and more elaborate dresses, but nevertheless there was something very striking about it. The dean, more erect than usual, looked quite patriarchal, with his silvery hair and flowing white beard; Claude was eager-eyed and wistfully grave; while between them was Esperance, with her radiant brown eyes full of tender awe, and her sweet tranquil face looking almost as child-like as those of her little brides-maids.

The service proceeded, and the darkness grew more and more oppressive, while the vows were interchanged between "Claude" and "Esperance Bien-Aimee"; the voices of the choir sounded far away in the gloom as they chanted the psalms, and the precentor could hardly see to read the prayers. It was not till the very end of the service, when Mendelssohn's hymn "Now thank we all our God" was being sung, that the light became suddenly brighter, and as Claude led his wife from the altar, a gleam of sunshine penetrated the clear-story windows, and the dreary, oppressive obscurity was at once changed to golden, mellowed brightness.

But the transformation scene that awaited them without was still more wonderful. As the great west doors were thrown open, and the pealing bells overpowered the distant notes of the organ, a brightness more dazzling than the winter sunlight greeted them. The heavy, ominous clouds had discharged themselves, and during the service there had been a brief but heavy snow-storm; now the ground was covered with a veil of the purest white, the heavy sky had changed to clear, frosty blue, and the day seemed turned from mournful gloom to rejoicing. Mrs. Mortlake would have been greatly disturbed, had she known that the bride and bridegroom were actually obliged to wait while the vergers swept the snow from the carpeted path, but happily they themselves did not the least mind.

"How beautiful it all looks," said Esperance, as they drove through the silent, snowy streets, "and I am so glad the sun has come out to welcome us."

"Yes," replied Claude, "this accounts for the darkness just now; it ought to be a good omen for our life, darling—brightness and light after gloom."

"Yes," said Esperance, smiling quietly, "and a reason and purpose in the gloom all the time."

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

Esperance had never traveled much before, and her freshness and naivete, combined with a very real appreciation of the beautiful, made her a perfect travelling companion; while the freedom from all formality and restraint, and the constant sense of love and protection, made that year of wandering one of the happiest of her life. Of the actual idleness of a honeymoon they had none. Claude worked assiduously from the very first, but the work took him to all the most beautiful places, and was never allowed to interfere with her comfort or enjoyment. They spent the winter in Italy, wandering on from place to place as they pleased, with no fixed limit to their stay.

It was while they were spending a few days at a little village near Ravenna, that Esperance first learned Claude's strong predilection for waifs and strays. A certain black-haired, large-eyed boy in tattered garments, had watched him for some time when he was sketching one morning; this was no novelty, as he not unfrequently had a small crowd of children to watch him; but this particular boy appeared day after day, at first looking on intently and in silence, but afterward venturing on intelligent questions. The third day he brought a rough attempt of his own to show, and Claude, struck by its merits, believed he had discovered a second Giotto; the boy undoubtably had great talent, and Claude at once offered to help him. Esperance was amused and pleased at this novel addition to their party. Beppo was a sharp boy, and was useful besides in fetching and carrying; he also cleaned Claude's palette and washed his brushes, and seemed to be making rapid progress in his studies. But unfortunately one morning Claude found his paint-box ransacked, and all his most valuable brushes missing—Beppo had mysteriously disappeared in the night, and was never again heard of.

One day Claude came in with an open letter in his hand, and his face brimming over with delight and triumph.

"Cherie," he said, brightly, "what do you say to spending the winter in Auvergne?"

She gave a little cry of joy. They had always talked of going home through France, but to spend the winter there had never occurred to her.

"You would really like it, then?" said Claude, with satisfaction. "I have been thinking of it for weeks, but the tireless proprietor of the chateau was so long in writing, and I did not want you to be disappointed."

"What! we shall really be at the dean's

old chateau?" exclaimed Esperance, joyously.

"Yes, the present proprietor is away from home, and he has agreed to let it to me for four months. Now at last I shall be able to make good that promise I gave you so long ago—to paint your dear mountains of Auvergne."

And so it happened that on a lovely October evening Esperance found herself once more in her old home. The return might have been painful to her in other circumstances, but with her hand in Claude's she could look with happy recognition, and tender but not regretful memories of the past, at all around her, from the beautiful Mont d'Or itself to the dear old gray chateau, with its ruinous walls and clinging ivy. It was all wonderfully little altered—the tiny village in the valley; the convent, where she had spent her long afternoons; the grassy terrace on which she had so often walked with her father, the half-ruined *pigeonnier*, to the top of which Gaspard used to carry her to the imminent peril of both their necks; lastly, the great door itself, with its rough-hewn stone steps, and a little crowd of old friends with an eager welcome.

Those autumn days were very restful and happy; she used to take her needle, work and sit beside him while he painted, wandering about when she pleased among the woods in search of late flowers, or resting when tired in a cleverly contrived hammock which Claude used to rig up for her.

Then, when the light began to fail, and the *ranz des vaches* echoed among the mountains from the clear voices of the village girls, Claude would pack up his easel and his painting apparatus, and they would go back to the old chateau through the rustling fallen leaves and the golden-brown woods. It was not until the trees were quite bare and leafless that Claude was obliged to go out alone to his work; and the painting did not prosper half as well then, for somehow there was always a good excuse for a speedy return to the chateau—either the lights were not favorable or it was too cold, or he had forgotten some very necessary implement. But perhaps this was not very blame-worthy, for in one of the quaint, rough rooms of the chateau, there awaited him a study of life worth all the mountains of Auvergne put together.

On Christmas eve a little son had been born to them, and though Alphonse Noel, as they called him, was heir to nothing but his father's genius, the villagers were enthusiastic in their delight, and with M. le Cure's leave pealed the church bells till the mountains rang with the echoes.

The baby grew and thrived, and was pronounced by every one to be just like a De Maillon. Claude wondered what Dean Collinson would say; but he himself was well content that Noel should have inherited his mother's radiant, ever-varying brown eyes, her soft, dark hair, and southern complexion.

Their time at the chateau was now nearly over; early in February they were to return to England, and Esperance began to dread all the farewells; however, they passed off more happily than she had feared. Claude arranged a village fete in one of the great disused rooms, and all Maillon came to pay its respects to "madame" and her baby. Nor was she to go back to England alone; Marie Bonnier had pleaded hard to be allowed to act as *bonne* to little Noel; and Esperance, who knew well enough how faithful and devoted were French country servants, gladly accepted her. Claude was guilty of one other extravagance which perhaps pleased Esperance more than anything—he insisted on conferring a pension on Pierre, Javotte's son, in memory of his mother's self-denying devotion. And Pierre was not too proud to receive the substantial souvenir, but gratefully kissed madame's hand, purchased a cow with part of his newly acquired riches, and began to save up for his little girl's dot.

The return to London was not without its pleasures. Esperance looked forward to arranging her new home, and she was anxious to see Lady Worthington and Frances again. Bertha and George, too, had left their German home, and were now living at Baywater, and the two cousins made many plans for meeting. Dean Collinson still refused to see his daughter; and though Cornelia had written, she had not been up to town since their return, so that Bertha welcomed Esperance doubly, longing to see a home face once more.

In spite of that, however, the meeting was a very trying one; Bertha was strangely subdued and changed, and Esperance was dismayed at her pale, worn face, and hollow eyes; the old nonchalant expression had certainly quite vanished, but it was replaced by a look of sorrowful, harassed anxiety, which made Esperance's heart ache.

(To be continued.)

### How to Wax a Floor.

All preparations for waxing floors are heated by setting the kettle containing the mixture into another containing boiling water. By this means the beeswax becomes incorporated with the turpentine and other ingredients. No floor will be "sticky" if the wax is properly rubbed in. The best article for rubbing in oil or wax is a parquetry brush, such as are sold by manufacturers of parquetry floors and at large housefurnishing stores. These brushes are furnished with long handles and have heavy-weighted backs of solid iron. They cost \$5, but will last a lifetime. They are moved back and forth on the floor like a mop. It requires considerable strength to use even the small (or \$6) size, but it is less laborious to rub in wax or oil by this means than by hand. It does not require so much rubbing to get an oiled floor into proper condition for use as a waxed one. Unless the surface of the floor in either case is thoroughly polished, smooth and glossy, a residue of oil or wax will be found on the surface which will catch the dust and make the floor unfit for use.—New York Tribune.

### An Inconsiderate Offer.

"I'm all unstrung," said the tramp.

"What's the matter?"

"There was a woman over in Ganese county this morning said she could give me work."

The berries of the maqui plant, a small evergreen native of Chili, where it grows along the banks of mountain streams, are being used to a considerable extent for coloring wines on the Continent. France is by far the largest consumer.

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