The Sweet Girl Graduate.

She has wrestled with the sages of the dim historic ages, she has studied deciamation from Demosthenes to Burke;
She has sounded Remopenhauer and been under Dante's power, and can giggle in all landard guages from English down to Turk.

She can argue in the isms, knows the history of schisms, and will go way back to Adam to elucidate her views; can bring up illustrations she's obtained from divers nations on the somewhat strained relations of the Christians and

From old Socrates to Spencer she has read and read and hence her intellectual adornments are a wonder to be seen; In the angles she's a terror and in art she makes no error, and she knows the mental value of the hackneyed Boston bean.

She can show that old man Pliny was in some respects a ninny; she has sneered at Archimedes and brought Tacitus to task;
She's revised the laws of Solon, knows the value of a colon and can calculate the contents of the Dutchman's famous cask.

She has studied up on diction, has explored the realms of fiction, knows the views of Hobbes and Bacon and of Paley and their

She can quote from Pepys' diary and knows Pope (so small and wiry) and has fathomed Billy Shakspeare and read Burton on the

There is not a branch of knowledge that this girl so fresh from college has not made herself familiar with, from Plato down to

But it isn't for her learning that she fills us me d with yearning—it's because she is a woman, and that's just the reason why. -Tom Masson.

## THE DEAN

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES CHAPTER XXI.

Rilchester again with its quiet, undisturbed streets and its busy tongues; the cathedral with its daily services and its thin congregations; the deanery, with all its luxurious discomfors, and the weary, distasteful life once more. Strive as Esperance would to be thankful and contented, it was of no use-each day seemed more burdansome, each petty trial more unbearable. It was an intolerable effort to be even mainstily polite to every one, and when Bend was provoking she was sorely tempted to box her cars. Cornelia told her openly that her visit to

Gaspard had upset ker, that she was ungrateful for the kindness shown her, and that she ought to be ashamed of herself. Mrs. Mortlake put everything down to the long holiday at Bournemouth, and was always on the lookout for fresh employment for her. Bella's nurse, a kind-hearted, sensible person, suggested that mademoiselle felt the spring weather, and should take a

April passed into May, and the alternations of cold east wind and hot sunshine did not improve matters. Esperance grew more and more languid and depressed; she could not sleep, she could not est, she could not even think clearly. The one idea impressed on her mind was that Gaspard was alone and starving, and this thought never left her; by day, she dwelt on it with bitter tears—in her brief intervals of restless sleep it haunted her dreams.

Things went on in this way for about a month. Cornelia was beginning to feel alarmed, and to watch her with real though carefully disguised anxiety.

One day when the lessons had gone worse than usual, and Esperance felt that she really deserved a scolding, she was surprised by the sudden question, "You do not feel well, Esperance, I am sure. What is the matter with you? "I do not know," she answered,

languidly. "But you must know what you feel like;

come, tell me at once

" I don't feel anything particular." "Would you like to see a doctor?"

"Oh, no, thank you; I have nothing to Cornelia was not at all satisfied with the

spiritless tone of her answer. She had lost all her brightness and energy, and whereas she had before been eager and responsive, she was now silent and apathetic. "You need not prepare your lessons for

to-morro s; we will read together instead," said Cornelia, after a minute's thought, watching to see what effect this would have. There was some slight shade of relief in Esperance's "Thank you," but it seemed as if nothing could make very much difference to her now.

Just then the gong sounded for luncheon, and the two went down-stairs together, Cornelia feeling uneasy and puzzled. In the dining-room they found the dean and their cousin, George Palgrave, who had just Ceylon, and we shall be independent once arrived on a visit. Esperance looked at more. This is worth all sacrifice and all him rather curiously, remembering with a present pain to my mind. Am I wrong in pang the scene of their last meeting. He was not the least changed in appearance, but he seemed less awkward, a fact which she naughtily explained as owing to her increased acquaintance with Englishmen. He wou her heart, however, by inquiring after Gaspard, for though the question was hard to answer, and brought the ready tears to her eyes, it showed that he was not | well-nigh unbearable.

Cornelia watched Esperance carefully, noticed her reply to George Palgrave's questions, the sudden blush which rose to her cheek quickly succeeded by deadly paleness, the almost impatient gesture with her, and her languid attempts to eat a few to be endured? Was life worth having mouthfuls of what was before her. All brought to her mind that sharp, despairing sentence, which had so startled her, "Should I take care of myself, when he is starving?" It must then be this trouble which was weighing down Esperance; she

was at hand. Several letters had passed between Mr. Seymour and the dean, and Cornelia knew that Mr. Seymour intended to have a personal interview with Gaspard, and that if pleased with him, it was highly probable that he would give him employment. Matters were arranged even more quickly than she had expected; that very afternoon the dean received letters both from the coffee-planter and from Gaspard.

" Mr. Seymour really takes him ?" asked Cornelia, anxiously.

"Yes; he seems much pleased with him you can read his letter, and the young man himself writes very properly. I am glad something is settled; it has been a most troublesome correspondence."

" You will tell Esperance will you not, "Oh; well, yes, if you think best; but

send her here quickly, for I am and have been sadly hindered this most by George."

ber, father, she has no idea of this; it will be a great surprise to her." "Yes, yes, I understand, my dear; only

let us waste no more time." Cornelia hastened away in search of Esperance, not feeling quite satisfied. After all, would this help which she had taken so much pains to secure be very acceptable to his good." her little cousin? She wished Ceylon were not so far off, or that she had persuaded her father to try for some English appointment for Gaspard; and then wished heartily that she had more tact and sympathy, or could fancy in the least what her left behind in England more terrible. To feelings would be on hearing that her imaginary brother was to be shipped off to the

Poor Cornelia! in spite of all her wishes, her voice was as cold and peremptory as ever when at last she found Esperance. " My father wants to speak to you in the library; no, pray don't fidget about your hair, it is quite tidy, and he is in a hurry."

other side of the world.

Esperance went without a word. A few months ago she would have been excited by such an unusual request, now size only raised her eyebrows slightly. Cornelia would almost have been thankful for one of those objectionable French expletives, this silence seemed so unnatural, and with many misgivings, she watched her as she went slowly down the dark staircase, her hand passing landguidly over the balustrade rail. The dean was pacing up and down the library when Esperance entered.

"Cornelia said you wished to speak to me, uncle," she said, approaching him. "Yes, my dear, just for a few minutes upon a little matter of business; take this chair. Cornelia told me that your brother could meet with no employment, and that perplexed. he was in fact in very poor circumstances, and I have been trying for some weeks to find some suitable situation for him."

"Dear uncle, how very good you are," cried Esperance, springing up with all her old energy, "and you have really found something for him."

" Yes; Mr. Seymour, a friend of mine, has offered him a situation on his estate in Ceylon, and your brother seems very much pleased with it.

Esperance tried to believe that she did not hear rightly; it had never entered her head to think of work for Gaspard out of of coming life, and proud of her age, England; she turned giddy at the thought, and sinking back into the chair from which she had startled in such an ecstasy of hope, asked faintly, "Ceylon, did you say, uncle?"

"Yes, Ceylon, my dear, on a coffee plantation; very interesting work, no doubt, and a most fortunate opening for your brother. I am very happy to have been the means of introducing him to Mr. Seymour, I am sure." "You are very kind," said poor Esper-

her executioner, and trying hard to grasp this new idea, though well aware that the realization would bring pain.

"Don't mention it, my dear," said the surely? Ah! that tiresome missionary meeting! I must go at once. The archdeacon might have taken the chair, instead, I am sure-what's in a name?" Then half rousing himself, " Here are the letters; you may read them, Esperance; by the bye there was one inclosed to you from your brother," and the dean hastily delivered the whole packet of letters to his niece and hurried off muttering grumblings about a "dull deputation," and "missionary twaddle."

Esperance took the letters eagerly and began to read Mr. Seymour's marveling at her own composure. He spoke very kindly round-faced, gray-headed, cheery old man, of Gaspard, and agreed to take him to Ceylon with him, offering him a salary of £100 a year to begin with, and a prospect of speedy advancement. Then came Gaspard's letter of thanks to the dean, written in English, and this failed to awaken Esperance's feelings, for she could not realize that it was his writing at all. Lastly, there was the little inclosed envelope directed to herself, which she opened eagerly, and read through fast falling tears.

MY VERY DEAR ONE .- I have been offered a very good post on a coffee plantation in Ceylon, by a friend of Dean Collinson. I thought long before accepting it, for I cannot endure the thought of leaving you alone in England; but at last I have made up my mind to do it. It seems wrong to refuse such an offer, and you see, mon cour, the sooner I begin to earn something, the sooner your exile will end. Perhaps in three or four years you will be able to join me in thinking that you will agree with me? How I wish we could have talked it over together! These letters are terribly unsatisfactory things. The whole affair is such a mixture of pain and relief that I hardly only be too thankful to be at work again, ing. "Then that is just what I want. In busy too listen to his wife's story. know how to support it. I shall, indeed, but the separation from you, cherie, will be fact, Mr. Jenkinson, I may as well tell you

Unbearable! Yes, indeed! Esperance could read no further, and throwing aside the letter, she buried her face in her hands, sobbing unrestrainedly. To be away from pities to cut off such beautiful hair as that." Gaspard—thousands of miles away—with a vague hope held out to her of seeing him which she rejected the dishes handed to again in three or four years! How was it let me have for it?"

when it was so full of pain? In the midst of this outbreak, Cornelia opened the door, full of anxiety to know how Esperance liked the new idea. She made a gesture of annoyance when she saw should know as soon as possible that help face hidden, and the open letter pushed aside. Why must French people always be having "scenes?" Tears were so con-temptible and weak in Cornelia's opinion, she could not sympathize with sorrow that

found such an outlet. "Why are you crying in this way?" she asked, coldly. " Come, pray control your-

self ; you are getting quite hysterical." Esperance raised her head, and made an effort to check her sobs. If Cornelia would only have taken her in her arms, would have given her but one caress, or said one kind word, the relief would have been unspeakable; as it was, her coldness only

added to pain already almost intolerable. It had the effect she desired, however, of forcing Esperance to control herselt, though, whether the unnatural calmness to which she schooled herself was really good for her, is doubtful.

" How is it that your are so inconsist-

you were crying because your brother had unusual thing—holding the tea-pot ungraces good appointment you are owing again." ent?" asked Cornelia. you were crying because your brosher had "She shall come at once. You remem- good appointment you are crying again."

"The separation!" said poor Esperance, afraid of breaking down again if she said too much. " Nonsense! why you are separated now

practically; it is only a question of thoushow selfish to think of that, when it is for off suddenly, "what in the world have you

It was very true, no doubt, but Esperance was too sore-hearted to find much comfort in this; moreover, all Cornelia said, though intended to be salutary, made the wound deeper, and the idea of being be left alone !—alone !—so utterly alone ! She could not even cry now; her tears desired anything more controlled than the else." voice which asked, in an odd, unnatural tone-" When does Mr. Seymour go?"

"At the end of June, I believe; that will be just a month from now. Your brother be so inquisitive. had better see about his outfit at once." "What kind of outfit do they require?" asked Esperance, wondering how is was to be obtained, and turning almost willingly to this practical difficulty, in the hope of

stifling the pain "I have not the least idea, but probably Mr. Seymour will have told him all about that; does he not tell you in his letter?" and Cornelia glanced at the closely written sheet which lay before her.

Esperance took it up and read to the end, and there, sure enough, was the formidable list of necessaries suggested by the coffeeplanter, but which Gaspard looked upon as so impossible to obtain that he mentioned them half laughingly. She was greatly

Well?" asked Cornelia. "Yes, he speaks of it," she replied slowly. "But I do not much understand such things; I am still only very young The combination of adverbs offended Cornelia's ear, but she was touched by the pathos of the confession. There was something weary in the tone, as if it were sad still to have so much of life to look forward to, and it struck her that there was some thing strange and wrong in such a remark being made by a girl of scarcely seventeen, who should have been rejoicing in the hope

" I would not worry over the outht if were you," she said, more kindly. " No doubt your brother will manage it himself. You have a headache, I am sure, after all this crying; suppose you go out for a walk—you will have time before afternoon gervice."

Esperance was grateful for the kindness of this speech, and wearily assenting, folded Gaspard's letter and carried it up to her room, her mind still full of the difficulties of procuring his outfit. Whether it was ance, feeling rather as if she were thanking from the relief of thinking of anything except her grief, or from the anxiety to being something for Gaspard while it was still possible, this idea quite absorbed her. The nineteen shillings in her purse were dean, absently. "Three o'clock, is it? not consolatory—how little they would Dear me, there was something at three, procure for him! She racked her brains for some means of making money, but for some time it was quite in vain. At length as a third party; you forget propriety and an idea struck her—her face lighted up gossip." with eager hope, and hastily putting on her advice and went out-of-doors.

No country walk was to be hers, however. She bent her steps toward the town, and walking hurriedly through the more frequented parts, reached a quite side street, and entered a hair dresser's shop. Her heart was beating quickly, and her voice was a little tremulous as she made known her wishes to the master of the shop, a who would not have betrayed his profession but for the extreme accuracy of his parting, and the elegant curve of the hair plastered down on his temples.

" For custing only, miss? will you please to walk upstairs? Esperance obeyed, following her conductor to the shabby little room above, ostentatiously advertised as a " Hair Cutting and Shampooing Salcon." There she took off her hat, loosened her hair, and with heightened color drew it out to its full length, and glanced at her reflection in the it is."

gilt-framed mirror. "Just tipped, I suppose, miss?" said the hair-dresses, arranging his implements hard to send him to the ends of the earth and surveying Esperance's beautiful hair with professional admiration.

" No, I want it cut off," she said, half carelessly taking the chair he had placed for her, and tossing her hair over its back. "Cut off, miss!" exclaimed the astonished hair-dresser.

"Yes, please," said Esperance, quietly. "But, miss, you will excuse me, but it is such a pity. I have not seen such hair for many a day-so long, so thick, in such capital condition! Many ladies, miss, would give any money to have such a head

of hair; they would indeed, miss." Would they?" asked Esperance, smil-

would you give for it? " Indeed, miss, I hardly know what I ought to say; but it seems a thousand

" Never mind," said Esperance, flushing crimson. "I want money; what will you The man examined it more critically, felt Mr. Seymour was the little, dark, talkative

its weight, and again admired it. It was, indeed, very beautiful-long and thick, yet at the same time both fine and glossy, the color of the darkest shade of brown, while a soft waviness, ending in tendril-like ringher leaning on the dean's writing table, her lets, added not a little to its value. He thought for some minutes, then said, "I would give five guineas for it, miss. If it were light-colored it would be worth twice thing, and now that he is going out of that, light hair being fashionable. If you England there will not be a chance. care to part with it for five guineas, though, I will take it."

Esperance did not hestitate a moment. "Thank you," she said, eagerly, "we it will be a heavier of will settle it then." And without a shadow bear, I should think." of regret she submitted to the hair-dresser's scissors, and thought of all that the five

guineas would buy. In ten minutes all was done, and Esperance, feeling rather cold and shorn, was walking back to the cathedral, contemplatgreat satisfaction. The service over, she returned to the deanery, and found after-

window, Cornelia was pouring out tea an

"A very dull affair, indeed," Mrs. Mort-"My father actually lake was saying. went to sleep in his chair, while a young converted Kaffer was speaking through an interpreter such a creature you should have seen-Why, Esperance!" breaking done to yourself? Are you trying to imitate our Kaffer triend?"

Esperance laughed and colored, and there was a general exciamation. "I have had my hair cut, that is all,"

ordinary freak ?" "I thought I could do very well without

"Absurd! What have you done with it? "I have sold it," said Esperance, blush-

ing, and wishing Mrs. Mortiake would not "Solu it!" Even Bertha joined in the exclamation.

Mrs. Mortlake, however, was more than surprised; an angry flush rose to her cheek as she continued.

"You sold it in Rilchester? How could you think of doing such an imprudent thing. It will be all over the place now, and every one will be gossiping about you. "I do not mind that," said Esperance.

"Of course not," said Cornelia, coming to the rescue. "That is the most sensible thing that has been said yet. I'm sure I don't know why you make such a fuss, Christabel."

"It's a disgrace to the house!" said like thing! and in a small place like this, where every one must know! Why, all Kilchester will talk!"

"Well, Esperance, the family seem to disagree about the matter," said Cornelia, calmly. "For my part I have never respected you so much before."

Esperance looked up gratefully. The unexpected kindness was welcome enough, and she was still more thankful when Cornelia quietly turned the conversation away in engrossing Mrs. Mortlake's attention.

ways and means with Bella's nurse, and got the grievances of the lost hair.

" A spirited little creature," said George Palgrave to Bertha; "but what induced her to do such a thing?

going out to Ceylon, you know." a hard case ; I shall report it to grannie." very proud."

"She must not know of our interto a walk to the Priory this evening?"

"Hang propriety! you and I ought to walking things, she followed Cornelia's be exempted from such a tiresome thing; to-morrow morning, then, by broad daylight," and he looked up, persuasively.

Bertha colored. " Very well, on condition that you do the begging," she said. George willingly agreed, and the result was so successful that Esperance found a five pound note added to her earnings, and given in such a kind and delicate way that even her sensitive nature could not shrink from the help.

CHAPTER XXII.

" Poor Esperance! So your protege is disposed of Katharine," said Frances Neville, handing an open letter to her sister. Lady Worthington read it in much eurprise.

"Who would have thought of Dean Collinson coming to the rescue! My opinion managed to keep him in England. This poor child! what a heart-broken letter

"I suppose it is really a good thing," said Frances, sighing. "But it does seem

like that." " If Henry could only have found somewould not hear of giving Gaspard de Mabillon the chance of a situation till capital secretaryship the other day, but he got that for Mr. Frankland, you know." "They have been waiting a long time,

said Frances. "I suppose it is all right." "Of course; but still-," and Lady Worthington sighed impatiently. She her own way.

Just then Sir Henry came in, not too

"I am sorry we are forestalled,"

that I want to sell my hair. How much said, kindly. "But it is a capital appoint-would you give for it?" pleasant sort of man; I met him at the deanery once, not so very long ago." "Ah, yes," said Lady Worthington. "I remember now, it was at that dull dinner

which they gave for some colonial bishop, while Mrs. Mortlake was at Bournemouth. man who tried so hard to put a little life into us all."

Sir Henry smiled at this description. "He is a kind-hearted man, I should

De Mabillon." "But I do wish we could have helped him, Henry; we have done scarcely any-

"I will call on Mr. Seymour, and see if we cannot be of some use," said Sir Henry. "Perhaps I might take his passage for him. it will be a heavier expense than he can

(To be Continued)

De Kique (whose opinion isn't worth much anyhow) says that one of the few things that make it desirable to be a woman ing the little pile of coins in her hand with

One of the new stars in Wall street is

NOT THE TRING FOR CANADA.

Commenting upon the Bill before Congress, intended to prevent aliens from acquiring and holding large tracts of land in the United States, a Canadian paper said the other day that British investors might soon regret that they had neglected Canada. Surely our contemporary does not want to see the land of this country owned by absentees, who will be enabled as population and demand for land increase, to take large sums as rental or selling price from Canadians who desire to cultivate the lands. The experience of early settlers in Western Ontario with the Canada Company should not so soon be forgotten. Why not let the land value she said, quietly.

"Cut! Why, it is cropped all round your all go to the "Crown," that is, head! What is the meaning of this extrator to the public treasury, to be used for the good of the whole people. instead of steering it away to British nonand dry, and even Cornelia could not have my hair, and I wanted it for something producers? A letter in Bradstreet's from been injured by the system which our contemporary appears to favor for Canada when it invites the British speculator to look this way. After describing the condition of general trade, the writer in Bradstreet's says: "The gold mining prospects are better than they have been for some time, and excellent yields of the precious metals have been obtained from some of the mines during the last few weeks. Other indications of an improved state of affairs in New Zealand are not wanting, but it is becoming more and more apparent that no great and permanent improvement throughout the country can take place until the land question is settled on some equitable basis. A few words on this important subject cannot fail to be of interest. The total acreage of New Zealand is 66,000,000 acres, of which 25,-Mrs. Mortlake angrily. "A most unlady- 000,000 acres are suitable for agricultural purposes, and about 28,000,000 acres are suitable for sheep and cattle runs, most of the remainder being waste lands. Up to December, 1888, 19,244,344 acres had been dealt with by the crown, but last year the authorities received £344,000 for other freehold and leasehold lands, and it is sufficiently accurate to say in round numbers that about 20,000,000 acres have been disposed of by the colony. Now 17,-987,507 acres of that land is owned by from the subject altogether, and succeeded 1,615 families, and the greater portion of it is used for the grazing of sheep, the value As soon as possible she slipped out of the of their wool last year being about £4,000,room, and went to the nursery to discuss 000. But 1,140 of the owners are permanent absentees from the colony, was soon so deeply engaged in the necessary drawing large incomes from it, calculations for a set of shirts that she for one owner deriving an annual revenue of £85,000 from it, which he spends abroad. An immense drain thus yearly takes place, but that is not the worst feature. Only 9,172 families are living on their own free-"Probably to help her brother; he is holds, from 1 to 10 acres for each family. and 7,507 families are living on their free-"Will no one else help her? It really is holds of from 10 to 50 acres each. These 16,679 families, the bulk and flower of the "Well, that is not a had idea, for she is a agricultural population of the colony, thus favorite with grannie; but I doubt if she occupy an acreage of about 400,000 acres in will thank you for begging for her-she is round numbers, while 1,615 families, largely absentees, hold about 18,000,000 acres. The absentees escape most of the vention," said George. "What do you say taxation, as well as the labor and expense of developing the colony, whose eyes they "It would be too late after dinner; have picked out by securing at mere nomisides, we should have to take Esperance nal prices the bulk of its best land. When the small holders, whose properties are on the margins of the large cetates, want to buy more land, they are asked almost prohibitive prices, and thus the development of the country is resarded. In this colony there are 360 private owners, banks and companies, which own between them 7,348,713 acres of unimproved land, valued by Government valuers at £15,153,630. Those properties are freehold, the estates averaging 20,300 acres. Seventy six persons own between them land valued in Government returns at £8,498,541. How these lands are to be unlocked is at present a mystery, but it is felt that such large holdings of absentees will have to be dealt with before New Zealand can progress as

Lord Bandolph Churchill

sources and the people.'

she should, considering the climate, re-

Speaking at the opening of a Wesleyan Bazaar, Lord Randolph Churchill recently of him is raised. But they might have said, while he could understand and sympathize with political struggle and strife when purely political questions were at issue, what he could not understand or sympathize with was anything like party rivalry in the work of social reform. They found that all members of Parliament were agreed as to the great evils of intemperance, as to the great intemperance which thing for him; but he is so very just, he prevailed, as to the provision of temptation to intemperance which to some extent had been, if not created, at any rate per-Julius Wright was settled. There was that mitted by the State, and although they were all agreed as to the ravages which intemperance produced on the health of the people and the loss which it occasioned to their resources, yet they seemed unable to come together and unite in remedying or removing these great evils. He thought would have liked to help all the world, in that was a spectacle which, so far as public men were concerned, did every little credit to their hearts or heads.

The Noble Art of Seif-Defence,

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?" a religiously inclined youth inquired of his pastor. "Certainly not," answered the minister :

I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life." "Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?" " Neither. I learned Solomon's system.

" Solomon's system?" "Yes; You will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Prothink, and will be a good friend to young verbs: "A soft answer turneth away It is the best system of selfwrath. defence of which I know."-Home Companion.

The Anchor line steamer Devonia, which sailed from Glasgow for New York June 19th, has returned to the Clyde. Her high pressure piston became disabled.

The lumber camps of Wisconsin have been the scene of a remarkable work this season. The state W.C.T.U. has kept am itinerant missionary constantly in the field and the camps have been supplied with the best of literature, by the various unions throughout the State. Croakers are informed that men do read with eagerness all that they receive and are grateful for the interest shown in their welfare

The word "oratorio" was derived from noon tea going on in the drawing-room. Camille Weidenfeldt, who has just paid the place Oratorium, Oratory or small Mrs. Mortlake had juse returned from the \$23,000 for a seat on the stock exchange. Not chapel, where these performances were first missionary meeting; George Palgrave and long ago he was a junior clerk in a broker's heard. Its first known use was in 1630 by Bertha were talking together by the office. Now he is worth half a million.

a composer named Balducci.

The Sab The us But the A fierce And, ale

Very an Lest the telli When th Bits of y here With the O, it nee mus in st

O, for the Helpless hear And the her who Lo ! who Only on seen Near th And the

"Could trut Twas ti WOU Any me There w d ". Wate And the And the Strange Singing

> Leave, And th Whe The w When

bou

Sham Wh Who And Sham While Are Sham Men v And

There

Let th

F11 accid Mr. Befor reach agree Knig Eliza Mar Mar John

\$2,00 \$1.50 E. 5 Ana. Bud which of t

Cert she

does can her. 140,