

HE DOESN'T ADVERTISE

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade, of late, I gettin' bad,
I'll try another ten-itch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair—
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing round to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And prouder still gives him pain:
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Thought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, do plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep.
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know his loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."
—Exchange.

A VENTURE FOR LOVE.

"Oh, me, I am certainly no beauty!
It was the gilding which made Vermont
swallow such a nauseous pill."
In a Venetian mirror was reflected
an oval face, pale and sad looking,
with dark, liquid eyes, a nose of non-
descript order, and a mouth rather
large than otherwise. Clarissa, Lady
Vermont, turned from the study of
her features to take from a table loaded
with photographs the portrait of
a handsome man. "I am unhappy, for
being which I am an idiot," she said,
addressing the smiling face which
looked at her from out its frame of
pierced silver, "and it is all your
doing. When you asked me to marry
you, I did not care a snap of my fingers
for you, and I know you did not for
me. It was a convenient arrangement;
you wanted my money, I your title.
How you shuddered on our wedding
day over the too-evident rapture of my
parents at having a titled son-in-law!
I saw it as we stood in the vestry of
the church. You put your hands on
mine when we were alone in the car-
riage, but did you for one moment
imagine that I thought love inspired
the shudder too well."

"And then—well, and then I told
you, you had got what you wanted, the
wealth of my Chicago papa, and I had
succeeded my ambition. I was 'Lady.'
For the rest, in the eyes of the world,
we were husband and wife, and that
was to be all. If you wished anything
different, you did not show it, and I
imagined myself content."
She threw the photograph impatiently
by from her. It was nearly time to
dress for dinner, and she went slowly
up the stairs. On the landing Lord
Vermont's man stood aside for her
to pass.

"His lordship dines at home to-
night?" she asked.
"Yes, my lady." The servant's foot-
steps padded decorously down the
thickly carpeted staircase.
She passed by the door of her hus-
band's bedroom, then passed on and
entered her own. A moment and she
was back again and stood within his
chamber. His clothes lay ready for
him, and on the dressing table a black
silk mask, while propped against the
looking-glass were two cards of admis-
sion to masked balls. One for this
very night, the other one for three
days hence. She took them up, twist-
ing them nervously round in her fin-
gers. Strange thoughts coursed
through her brain. She put the cards
down and ran out, coming back a min-
ute later with a needful of thick blue
silk in her hands. She ran the needle
in and out along the fall of his coat.

There was a sound of quick foot-
steps on the stairs. With a whirl she
was out of the room and in her own.
She shut the door then stole softly to
the one which divided her chamber
from her husband's. It was locked, as
it always was, and the key was still
in its socket. She pressed her lips
against the woodwork. "It is a ven-
ture for love," she whispered, and her
eyes shone like stars.
"What pretty bird is it that wears
a blue tail?"
The words spoken in soft cooing ac-
cents struck Lord Vermont's ear as
he stood against a pillar of the ball
room. He turned sharply. A white
clad figure stood by him holding up
his coat tail by a thread of blue silk, while
behind a white domino dark eyes
danced merrily.

"That would be telling," he answer-
ed, "but I think I'll shed my gay plum-
age," twisting to get hold of the thread.
"And I think I'll keep it, Sir Bird,"
drawing it out and winding it in and
out of the links of a gold chain that
held her long cloak together. "We
will reverse the old order: the lady
shall wear her knight's colors. Doth
it please you, Sir Bird?" She dropped
him a courtesy as she spoke and a
faint scent of white violet came to
him, along with the silver chiming of
bells.
"Are we to dance?" he questioned.
A slight movement of her hooded head
and his hand slid around her waist
beneath the cloak. For a space neither
spoke. He felt her violet-scented
breath coming in little quick gasps,
and the music of her silver anklet bells
seemed to his heated fancy to beat out
the words: "Love, love!" to the meas-

ure of her footsteps. He breathed
some tender words in her ear, and felt
her whole frame quiver. A moment
and she had drawn herself from him,
and, lifting her head, let her glowing
eyes rest on his face.
"In truth, fair maiden, it does," he
answered, "but it would please me still
better if you would dance with me."
The eyes behind the white domino
had lost their merry look, but that
which had replaced it made the blood
beat quickly in his veins, as, without
a word she yielded herself into his
arms. He felt her slight form tremble
in this clasp as they glided around the
room.
"Are you tired?" he whispered.
"No, no, my knight."
He bent again and whispered some
tender words in her ear; the scent of
her violets, the chiming of her bells,
had intoxicated him. They neared the
entrance.

"I am tired now," she whispered,
and before he realized her intention,
she had slipped from him and fled.
Something white lay at her feet. He
stooped to pick it up: it was a slip of
paper, violet-scented. "Three nights
hence I shall be here again," was
written on it. He put it away in his
pocket and left the building.
"It will depend on Lady Vermont
whether I come again or not," he said
to himself. I've tried to keep straight,
but I'd be hanged if I can go on with
this arrangement at some much longer.
I was a fool to begin with it, but I
felt I owed so much to her that I
did not like to oppose her wishes.
Who would have imagined such a
strength of cold purpose behind those
eyes of hers?" He bit off the end of
his cigar viciously, halled a hansom
and was driven homeward. He tried
to think of his wife, but the jingle of
the horse's bells recalled too vividly
the girl in the white cloak. She had
cast a spell over him which Lady Ver-
mont's coldness—more pointed than
ever during the next day or two—was
calculated to loosen.

Lord Vermont found himself on the
night of the second masked ball dress-
ing eagerly; he even ran up to his
room at the last moment with a thread
of blue silk, purloined from his wife's
work bag, and with clumsy fingers in-
serted it in the tail of his coat. He
would lose no chance of being recog-
nized by his sorceress.
It was hours before he saw her
white-clad figure drawing near him
through the crowd of dancers, which
he had watched with all the weariness
of hope deferred. She did not speak,
but slipping one white rounded arm
from the shelter of her cloak, laid it
on his.

"My knight," she whispered, "dare
I say au revoir?"
"Do not go," implored Lord Ver-
mont, stretching out his hand to
catch, not her cloak, but a little slip
of paper. He stood looking at it sul-
lenly long after the chiming of bells,
which marked her flight, had ceased.
"Little witch, let her go," he muttered,
but twisted the paper all the same.
"What impertinence! Well, I'll be
hanged! So this is some scheme of
her ladyship's; thinks to entangle me
with this young woman that she may
be free to carry out some little game
of her own. I wonder what she plot
say to this revealing of her plot.
H'm, reading the note. 'All Americans
are not as cold as you deem your
wife to be; go home and ask her who
I am; she knows.' He smoked no cigar
on the homeward drive on this
night; his temper was too ruffled. He
meant to have it out with his wife;
despite the lateness, or rather ear-
liness of the hour; such affairs as this
were better gone into at once. She
would have to get herself into a dress-
ing gown and come down to her bed-
chamber, or else give him, for once, access
to her bedroom. He went with no
light footstep up the stairs, and
paused at her door, which was on the
latch.

"Vermont, is that you? Push open
the door a bit. I want to tell you
something; I have had a letter from
papa; he has just made a big thing
over some railways; that means more
dollars for you some day. Good night;
shut the door now, and firmly, please."
Lady Vermont's voice was hard and
cold; he shuddered at it. For that
moment he was disposed to go and let
matters drop; then some faint scent
of violets which doubtless still hung
about his coat sleeve altered his pur-
pose. He took a step or two into the
room.
A rose colored satin curtain hang-
ing down at right angles from the fire-
place shut out his wife from his sight,
but beyond its edge protruded a little
Moorish stand on which were set a
coffee equiptage and cups for two.
A quaint shaped liqueur, carafe and
glasses were also on the tray.
"You here!" he cried. "Where is
my—where is Lady Vermont?"
"She is"—fumbling for one moment
with the mask which the next moment
lay on the floor—"she is here."
She sprang to her feet as she spoke
and stood facing him, the cloak with
its gold clasp threaded through with
the strand of blue silk, hanging back
from her white shoulders.
"Clarissa, why, what does it mean?"
he asked, gaspingly.
"It means"—she put out her hands,
imploringly—"it means—oh, don't you
see? It was a venture on my part, a
venture to gain your love."
He let her stand there a full minute,
the color coming and going in her
cheeks, her dark eyes misty with un-
shed tears. He had never been a
quick thinker, and he was fighting now
against the prim prejudices of gener-
ations.

"Have I failed?" There was a heart-
ache in each word. He felt the pain of
it.
"No," he cried; "come!" and with
a little shiver of gladness she let her-
self be caught in his outstretched
arms.—Frank Douglas.

THE OLD STAGE COACH.

A Man Who Was Traveled Required
Money.

The old stage coaches that used to
run on the highway between New York
and Boston, when New Haven was one
of the principal stations of the line,
were peculiar institutions, says the Pal-
adium. There were very few that
traveled either for business or pleas-
ure, and when a man did travel he was
supposed to be very forehanded, or else
represented some very wealthy in-
dividual for carrying passengers on the
road. Accordingly, the speed and com-
modations, if a person had to
ride on the roof of the coach, when
here were accommodations for twelve,
he must pay ten cents a mile. In the
lead of winter it was much pleasur-
able to be an inside passenger. In a
warm June day, when the coach ves-
sels of the Sound, it was much pleas-
ant to be an outsider.

Whenever the coach stopped for
meals, the passenger had to pay eight-
een and three-fourths cents for break-
fast or supper, and twenty-five cents
for dinner. If he wanted a stimu-
lating beverage, he had to pay six cents
for a glass of French brandy, three
cents for a glass of gin or Jamaica rum,
and two cents for a glass of whiskey.
If he purchased a cigar, he generally
paid one cent or one-half made of domestic
tobacco, or three cents if he took a
warranted Havana cigar.
The stage driver, as may be imag-
ined, was also a great man in his way,
and he was generally on terms of in-
timacy with every prominent person
along his route, which was about forty-
five miles. He it was who would
give out important news at every stop-
ping-place where it was asked for, and
when he stood at the bar of the hotel
with his long coat whipping under his
arm, and his long draw overcoat com-
ing down to his heels, he looked like
one of the old English coachmen just
stepped out of a frame of a picture of
early times. And when the coach went
whirling down the highway, at the rate
of ten good English miles an hour, it
was an exhilarating sight, and dozens
of laborers in the fields would wave
their hands and cheer as it went by.
Oh, those were grand old days of our
grandfathers!

Quoted Scripture and Went Free.

"What have you got to say, John McNulty?" The officer says he found you drunk in a hallway," said the magis-
trate to a tall, angular prisoner.
"But I obeyed the teachings of the
Bible," pleaded the prisoner.
"I don't think you did," replied the
Court. "For you were drunk."
"Please hand me that Bible, officer,"
said McNulty, with a twinkle in his
eye. The Bible which is used in ad-
ministering oaths was given him. The
magistrate watched with interest.
With great rapidity McNulty turned
to Proverbs and read the sixth and
seventh verses of the thirty-first chap-
ter, as follows: "Give among drink
unto him that is ready to perish, and
wine unto those that are heavy of
heart."
"Let him drink and forget his pov-
erty, and remember his misery no
more." Then the prisoner laid down
the book with an air of triumph.
"Discharged," was the brief comment
of the Court. McNulty murmured his
thanks and walked out. He said later
that he had been educated in a theolog-
ical seminary, but drink had ruined
him.

Hunting Wolves.

The gray wolf is not much taller than
a setter dog. He is longer and heavier
a sort of combination of wire and raw-
hide, which never tires and can cover
ground with great rapidity. A man
not long ago started two wolf hounds
after six hungry wolves of this type.
The dogs overtook the wolves with un-
expected ease, and then the wolves ate.
A year ago a man who believes in
poisoning wolves, dragged a fresh beef
hail thirty-one miles, throwing out
bait of poisoned meat. Next day he
returns over the line, he found twenty-
eight wolves and covers dead while
others, no doubt, had wandered away
sick to some hole or other and died.
A very effective trap is made of a
gang of fish-hooks baited with meat.
The hooks are hung on wires and fas-
tened to branches. The animals come
along, smell the bait, and getting on
their hind legs, succeed in reaching it.
The bending of the branch prevents the
hooks from being torn out. It makes
it decidedly interesting when a panther
gets hold of a hook instead of a wolf.

Cat That Thinks.

The adored cat of a Boston family
was taken ill. He pined, refused to
look on milk, and turned away in dis-
gust from fish, and the beauty of his
black coat grew less day by day. Cat-
nip was offered, but to no good end;
and it was deemed best to have a doc-
tor. The prescription, whatever it was,
relieved the sufferer, who was soon
turned out as good as new; but short-
ly after the doctor came to the house
again to see some one else. The cat
at once appeared, and, taking a seat
beside him, never stirred until the visit
was over. Each day brought the doc-
tor; and every time his former patient,
hearing the familiar voice, rushed out
to greet him, evincing every sign of
joy and welcome. Now who shall say
that cats don't think?

A New Editor.

A Kansas editor went to Mexico re-
cently, leaving his 17-year-old daughter
to get out the paper. The next issue
which appeared contained the follow-
ing: "Pa is in Mexico. I received a
letter from him this morning. He has
got me with him and is having a darn
good time. I guess. I wish he was
home, as it is lonesome. I was editor-
in-chief all alone. Pa and ma went to
church and a bull fight last Sunday. Go
well together, pa and ma, church and
bull fight." It is safe to say that his
paper lost nothing in spiciness during
Pa's absence in Mexico.

A Wise Conclusion.

Herbert Spencer once said, amid the
mysteries which becomes the more
mysterious the more they are thought
about, there will remain the one abso-
lute certainty—that he is ever in the
presence of an infinite and eternal
energy from which all things proceed.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Scattered Groves Were Part of an Ever-
green Forest.

Every girl and boy of the Christian
world has heard and read, over and over
again, of the "Cedars of Lebanon."
For very few have any idea of the local-
ity and surroundings of the famous
grove. It is a popular error, by the
way, to suppose that there are no other
cedars remaining besides this group at
the head of the "Wady" (valley or
anon) Kadisha. There are, to my
knowledge, ten other groves, some
numbering thousands of trees.
This particular group that we are about
to visit is called by the Arabs by a
word which means "Cedars of a
Lord." The number about four hun-
dred trees, among them a circle of giant
fellaos that are called by the
natives "The Twelve Apostles," upon
the strength of an old tradition that
Jesus and his disciples having come
to this spot and left their staves sprout-
ing in the ground, these staves sprout-
ed into cedar trees.

There is every reason to suppose that
in the time of King Solomon these
scattered groves were part of an enor-
mous unbroken forest, extending the
entire length of the Lebanon range of
mountains, about one hundred miles,
running nearly parallel with the Medi-
terranean shore from a little below
Beirut. The summit of the range are
from fifteen to twenty miles from the
 coast.

The Lebanon—that is the "White"
—does not derive its name from glitter-
ing snow-peaks, but from the white
limestone cliffs of its summits. The
first historical mention of the trees is
in the Bible (2 Sam. v. 11): "And Hi-
ram, King of Tyre, sent messengers to
David, and cedar trees, and carpenters,
and masons; and they built David an
house."

From that day to this the people
have been almost as reckless and
wasteful of these noble giants of the
mountains as our own redwood trees
of the California coast range. As we
approach the grove, which stands upon
the top of a small hill, the foliage is al-
most black against the snow-covered
crags of Dah-el-Kadib which rears its
highest peak over ten thousand feet
above the sea.—Harry Fenn in St.
Nicholas.

The Freaks of False Teeth.

Accidents will happen sometimes,
even to the veteran in official or social
life. But when a certain Congres-
sman's eloquence grew so spirited that
his false teeth flew out into space, very
few knew it, except those sitting close
to him, and the Washington Star says
that the adept manner in which he
caught them went to show that he is
familiar with their freaks.
It reminded a Kansan of a man
whom he once knew, a prominent edi-
tor of one of the largest newspapers in
his State. He had beautiful false teeth,
but he didn't love them, and when he
had visitors and got into a reminiscent
mood, it was his habit to remove his
teeth and play with them. In this
manner they were liable to get lost,
and would be found in the most unex-
pected places. One day he absent-
ly mumbled them among a batch of letters,
and the mischief was not paid till he saw
them advertised in his own paper. Af-
ter that he had his name engraved on
the solid gold plate, and felt that he
was quite safe. When he talked very
rapidly his teeth had a startling habit
of flying out. He was a picturesque im-
proviser of profanity, and when he got
excited his false teeth would often
punctuate his remarks by their sud-
den appearance. One day his unfortu-
nate foreman was thus attacked, and
the teeth struck him in one eye, nearly
blinding him. He kept the teeth, sound
and recovered damages.

We Talk Too Much.

Most persons talk too much. Refor-
m is needed in some quarters. In
society silence is held to be ill-mann-
ered, and entertainers and entertain-
ed are obliged to keep up the form and
sound of conversation. How many per-
sons say things they do not mean be-
cause they must talk! Scandalous
wings in this way where there is no
malice. Why should there not be a
fellowship of looking at pictures, at
books, at nature, at one another?
What natural necessity is there for the
tongue to be the one essential organ
of social feeling?

They Accepted.

Now a certain man is wishing he
hadn't said a word. It was the last
meeting of a whist club for the season,
says the Beacon. In a rash moment he
said: "To finish up with, we ought to
have a fine dinner at one of the hotels,
and make up a nice theatre party af-
terwards." The ladies all took him
at his word, and went home and wrote
him notes of thanks, saying they were
all ready to accept for any date he
might name. The poor man thinks up
his dilemma with horror, but he is
going to bear it like a Rockefeller.

Promptness.

One well-known and decidedly inar-
tistic quality of Lord Leighton's was
his punctuality. He was once in Damas-
cus, and was urged to remain there,
but he declined. His reason was that
he had to be in London on a certain
day, because he had made an engage-
ment with his model. A friend was
anxious to learn whether Lord Leigh-
ton had actually kept this engagement,
and he found that when the artist was
ascending the staircase straight from
Damascus, the model was knocking at
the door of the studio.

Presence of Mind.

There is nothing like presence of
mind. A well-known surgeon was per-
forming a difficult operation at one of
the London hospitals, the other day,
when the unfortunate patient suddenly
died. After a short interval, said
the doctor to the assembled students,
"I will now show you, gentlemen, how
I should have completed the operation
had the patient not succumbed."

Had Eaten Two.

Two Turks were at a French ban-
quet. Toward the conclusion of the
feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick
from the tray near him, and politely
passed it to the man on his neighbor,
who, however, perceptibly declined
the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you!
I have already eaten two of the accursed
things, and I want no more!"

EDNA'S TEMPTATION.

"Yes, it is hard, very hard, my
child; but God will help you."
Mrs. Fairleigh kissed the pale face
of her daughter, Edna, as she stopped
to arrange the shawl about her should-
ers, and a half-suppressed sigh stirred
the folds of her mourning wrap-
per.

"I know, mother; but it is, at times,
so difficult to realize it. Heaven, and
its sweet glory, seem so very far
away. But I will hope always for the
best. If the worst does come, I think
I can manage to keep you comfortable.
You know Mr. Jameson gives me a
little more for my work, and I could
have some shoes to bind from Bar-
ley's."

"My poor Edna!"
"No, mother, am I not happy in
telling for you? It is well to have
something for which to labor. And
now, good morning; I'll not be gone
long; it is so very pleasant I can go
across the fields. It lessens the dis-
tance full half a mile."
Edna Fairleigh put on her faded
shawl, and tied the meagre ribbons of
her hat, with a rebellious heart. She
could not remember when she had felt
so very hard and stubborn. There
was no spirit of resignation, no
steady faith, no hopeful trust, in the
tense lines of the white face that look-
ed at her out of the glass. She scarce-
ly recognized herself.

Life had not been beautiful to her
for many years. Do you know what
it is to be filled with a fervid appre-
ciation of all the rich, rare love-
juggles of earth's fair things, to hear con-
tinually within the dumb cry of the hun-
gry soul for the tender beauty we
know life sometimes holds? To wor-
ship all the perfect gorgeoussness of
the sunset skies, yet never dare to
revel in their splendor? To shrink from
the melting touch of the south wind,
because to drink in its ripe breath
might hinder the toll that is neces-
sary to keep life in the pulses of one
you love more than your own happi-
ness?

Four years Edna had spent in this
way. A daily struggle with the world
for bread—bread for herself and her
feeble mother. Early and late she
toiled at the coarse garments given
her to make from the great clothing
establishment at the village—poorly
recompensed, sometimes scolded for
mistakes and errors with which she
had nothing to do. But this morning
she felt more keenly than usual. And
why? The twenty-fourth of June
would see the Fairleighs homeward,
and that fateful day was only distant
another hour! A few words will ex-
plain whatever of their little history
the reader will care to learn.

Arthur Fairleigh, Edna's father—
four years dead—had been a gardener
on the estate of Ralph Wilmot, the
miserly miser at the hall. Fairleigh
had once been wealthy himself, but
by a series of misfortunes he was
reduced to penury, and was glad to ac-
cept the tolerably lucrative situation
offered him by Mr. Wilmot. Oak Cot-
tage, the present residence of his
widow and daughter, was then vac-
ant; and there Mr. Fairleigh took up
his abode, with the understanding
that it should be his when he had paid
the proprietor a certain sum of money
agreed upon.

Falling to show receipts for the full
amount—so ran the bond of agreement
—the estate of Oak Cottage should, on
the 24th of June, 18—, belong to Ralph
Wilmot, provided he still survived;
but in the event of his death before
the said 24th the whole property
should revert to Arthur Fairleigh and
his heirs forever. Mr. Fairleigh had
been to make his last payment, when
he was seized with paralysis while yet
in the presence of Mr. Wilmot; and
three days afterward he expired at the
hall, remaining speechless and motion-
less to the last.

After the funeral obsequies were
over, Mrs. Fairleigh, searching among
her late husband's papers, found Mr.
Wilmot's receipts up to the time of the
last payment. The final receipt in full
was not among them. She applied for
it to Mr. Wilmot, but the miserly man
disclaimed all knowledge of the recep-
tion of the money, and coolly told her
that he should abide by his agreement.
She need expect nothing more at his
hands.

Four years longer, Oak Cottage was
hers, and the only chance of her get-
ting justice lay in the very uncertain
prospect of Mr. Wilmot's death before
the expiration of the time mentioned
in the bond. These years had passed
now, and with each succeeding week,
Mrs. Fairleigh had grown feebler. Up-
on Edna's labor the existence of the
family depended.
As the time drew near which was to
turn them out into the world, shelter-
less, Edna went to plead with Mr.
Wilmot for a little extension of the
time, that she might look about for
lodgings; but was harshly refused.
Oak Cottage, she said, was already
rented, and the new tenant would ar-
rive on the 26th of June. He did not
keep houses to shelter people who
could not pay for them.

Edna turned away from his pres-
ence full of fierce rebellion. If all
looked so cruelly unjust to her, the
child, childless old man refusing them
so little out of his great plenty! Re-
fusing them the heritage her father
had labored for so faithfully, and for
which she knew the last dollar had
been paid. It is little wonder that
thinking over their wrongs, she should
cry secretly, "O that God's judgment
might fall upon him!"
A little afterward, when she had
prayed earnestly for strength, she
asked for Ralph Wilmot's money in-
stead of judgment; but for all that
though she forgave him she could not
forget. And this fair June morning
she took her way across the fields

she drove home, and then, with
a gigantic effort, she cast out the
impulse. She would do what she
could, God helping her!
The bank was steep and rough, but
Edna had been brought up in the
country where agility is fostered. She
ran fleetly down, and stopped late in
the water. The strong purpose which
hardened her woman's nerves to meet
the put fear away from her, and
thought only of saving the man who
had so oppressed her family. Her
snowy hair floated upon the water,
she rushed toward it, swayed almost
off her feet by the mad plunging of
the current. She caught him by the
arms, he felt the touch and grasped her
convulsively, clinging to her breast
and drawing her under the water to
dashed her against the mill
rocks. Still, she did not relinquish
her hold on him. Suddenly she felt
the smart out of a tree branch against
her face, and with a last frantic effort
she snatched at it as she was about
along beneath. The strong will which
she did not break—she held firmly—
a moment afterward Edna was lying
exhausted upon the shores of a
stream, with the tassels from
Ralph Wilmot at her side.

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a gigantic effort, she cast out the
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