

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



seems a bed-coal in his grate, or a faggot alder, from our year's end to another. It's a small' and a mumble, and keeps him well right, carrying a stick-up per cent girl up and down, but it won't keep up his eyes. But then, Miss Charlotte, there never was a man wise when women go about flattering them and telling them they are amongst the seven wonders of the world. A little soft answer, and a man will let you stare—all you are like. I'd never seen such ways."

Such delirious opinion from Abigail was more, and I used rather to enjoy her racy observations on men and things, even I could not carry the handkerchief with such a father. Your husband Abigail's honest heart, and I knew that she often hit her pain beneath satire.

CHAPTER II.

WEED AND STOOL.

ABOUT a mile out of the town, and nearer the sea, was a house, which stood in a little oasis made by a dip in the moorland, skirted by tall Scotch fir-trees, and a few birches, sheltering from the fierce winds which came sweeping over Cather from the Great Northern Ocean.

Cowhurst had passed through many changes; it was built after the style of William III., and a lightning-rod, the Montague family, it is said, takes refuge in Holland during the tempestuous times of the Great Revolution, had settled there.

The old Barony of Montague, had long ago died out, and the last of the line had suffered the loss of his wife, the Countess, and the son he had married, son of a Hallermont named Van de Meyer, had returned to her native soil with her Dutch husband, and Cowhurst had risen under their auspices, and into the favor of the family. By degrees the distinction "Van de Meyer" had given Mrs. Meyer was content that they should have no direct sign of their Dutch origin.

They were a thin race; a large number of brothers and sisters, and, while the mother of the family was at the time which I write represented by Madame Meyer, as the people always called her, her son, who was a cripple, and a fair pretty girl,

Sophie, were the only ones left. Cowhurst, even more lonely and isolated than my own, Madame Meyer was pained and distressed. The people said she never smiled, and bore off a haughty and even supercilious air to her neighbors. It was said that she had been a good girl, but had got into trouble, and that never had she forgotten her, and that she had lost her liberty at a worse loss than death. Mrs. Meyer had been killed by a gun accident, leaving her a widow early in life, old Philip, the poor old soul, had been a widower for a few years.

That there had been an elder son every one knew. A fine handsome fellow, those who remembered him said; even such a gentleman, and bearing the old name of his race, "Montague Meyer." He was very much attached to his old Philip, and was still very bright at the time of his father's death. I had a very dim remembrance of him in my childhood days, and the details had faded out of my mind, and I could not even tell me any of his history.

It was two years after my mother's death, when I was in my twentieth year, that on a March afternoon I set off on a walk to Cowhurst, after our early meal dinner. My father was just mounting his big black horse, and I was about to mount mine, when there was a gale blowing hard out at sea, and that we expected we should have rough weather that night. As we spoke, a blast of wind came sweeping down East Street, and blew my father's hat into the road.

Tom, who was standing at the horse's head, ran to pick it up, and said—

"It has terrible bad out in the open, sir. Nancy Gandy and I would scarce get along with her master, out of Old Town."

"Take care you are not blown away, Charlotte," my father said, forcing his hat down on his head, and pulling up the collar of his great coat. "Shall I give you a hand?"

"Oh, no!" I said, "thank you father. I am only going to Cowhurst."

Then my father touched the old horse with the whip, and the big grey went up the street, my father howling as he rode so madly back, except it did, and You

standing with the horse cloth in his hand watching till the pig had turned the corner.

"I wonder if I have it now," said I. "I wonder if she isn't here twice as often in the year. You'll be blown off your feet, Miss Charlotte, if you don't take care."

And now Abigail's voice was heard at the little door in the wall which divided the office from the dwelling.

"How long am I to wait for the wood, I'd like to know? It will come in just as wet as it had been picked out of a ditch, and how am I to light the fire tomorrow morning, while you stand gossiping and idling?"

Abigail's voice was stopped by another blast of wind, which slammed the door behind her, and she had to beat an enormous rush to the front door, with her hands on the back of the chair, and "Tommie" following her.

"That's what you get by making a breeze about nothing."

The word "breeze" is an east country and especially for a quareld which is got up in a moment without warning, and subsides as quickly as it rises.

I pursued my way with all the rest of you. I rather enjoyed battling with the wind, against which I had to struggle, and the town was indeed "open" as Tom called it. I had some difficulty in holding my own.

The blast seemed to increase in fury, and the rays of my cloak which had been given to my cousin's wife, Sophie, were soon lifted up into the air, and my heavy bonnet, although tightly tied under my chin, was blown back and my hair laid loose.

It was not easy to turn into the whitewashed of Cowhurst, and I was obliged to leave the first door where the wind in the topmost branches roared like the sun miles away.

Cowhurst was a quaint, irregular building, of stone and brick, and added to by Mr. Meyer in their own style. The rooms were low, but covered a wide area. They were dull because the house lay in a hollow, and the firstries, if they kept out of the form of a circle, were all broken and irregular.

Abigail Meyer met me in the low, dimly lighted hall, and sprang towards me.

"I thought you were never coming again," she said. "Why don't you come oftener? But if you do, you're very welcome. Come in! I'll bring you water to wash the stormy. My cousin Hans Meyer is here, and he says the sea is perfectly grand down by Overstrand. Such splendid waves."

"Let me make myself wind-right," I said firmly, and took the steps.

"You, you poor old Letitia! you are nearly blown to pieces; you can go into Philip's room. It will like to see you lying hanging about a umbrella."

"Is your mother in the library?" I said.

"Oh, no! she is nuptial writing; we think she must be writing a big book, but we don't ask her. Anything; it has been dull enough till Hans comes. I will call him to walk with us to see the tide."

"Philip," I said, "I am half blown to pieces till a dose on the left hand of the hand, and knocked."

"Come in," and Philip rose from his seat by the fire to meet me.

Mrs. Meyer was very small and delicate-looking. Her hands were thin, and her fingers were like about eighty years old, but deprived him of the use of one leg, and the whole of the left side was weakened.

"Philip," I said, "I am half blown to pieces with the wind. May I take off my coat and cravat; and then I will be wind-right."

"Yes, of course; but I wish you would stay with me. Don't go yet, poor old."

"I am going to Overstrand with Abigail and this new cousin," I said, "to see the great waves breaking."

"Have you seen the new cousin, as you call him?" Philip asked.

"Not; what is he like?"

"He is a great heavy giant, with light hair, and a face like a hawk's eye; he looks like me. I don't like him. He is come here to spy the land."

"What do you mean, Philip?"

"Don't you know," he said, "that there is nothing between him and Cowhurst, but me, and my one

think I shall ever live to come into possession here."

"Oh, yes, Philip, you are so much stronger than I am."

"No, Charlotte; that is a mistake. I have, it is true, tried to rouse myself a bit; and the last few months especially I have been thinking what I can do, and what seems best to do, in order to catch Adonis. I dare say it was 'out of drawing,' and that there was a thousand faults in it; but I sincerely admired it."

"I could know it anywhere," I said.

"And who is this?" Philip asked, turning up another head.

"I don't know," I said, "but not one I know."

"You ought to know," he said, with a smile; "I am your friend. I'll try again tomorrow if you will sit to me."

"Did you mean it for say Philip?" It is much too pretty."

"Is it? Well, opinions differ."

And now Adelaida and her mother came into the room, and Philip hastily put away the drawings.

I remember well my first impression of Hans Meyer, as Adelaida introduced him.

"He looks ugly," I said to myself, "and yet what a handsome boy he is."

Hans spoke English with a strong but unpleasant accent, and when I seated by the school, glancing through a long silky mattock-like, a row of very white teeth. It was not until even Adelaida looked at him that I saw his beauty.

Philip, who had been standing by the table when his sister and cousin entered, now sank back in his chair, and all the brightness vanished from his face.

"Good-bye, dear old Phil," Adelaida said. "It is a great pity you are not here to-day. Mother says she is coming down to sit with you, for the wind at the top of the house runs so furiously."

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

"I will do so gladly. I am not so desirous as your sister to be blown over to Holland. I like England better."

"Adieu then, dear boy," I said.

Philip, who had been looking at his old friend, laid his arm round Adelaida's shoulder.

"I am sorry to say I have to leave you for a few hours," he said.

"It is a great storm," Hans said. "Shall I sit with you, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you."

Thoughts on the Life of St. Peter.

St. Peter's Miracles and Second Imprisonment.—
Acts v. 11-29.

HE time following the death of Annas was very remarkable. Great signs and wonders were done among the people, and that was not all, for numbers believed in Christ. No doubt many were struck by the death of Ananias, for his judgments are intended to warn people. When we hear of terrible accidents—comes great trouble, and all shivered—it would be natural for us to heart. He would have us ask ourselves, "If I had been there, would my soul have been safe?" Such questions will often vex and very important. It may be that some hearts have been stirred by such feelings; but those who heard the death of Ananias, for instance, read that "great fear fell upon the church" (ver. 11). Some souls are saved by fear, others are saved without fearing, pulling them out of the fire" (Jude 23). Such a one was at Philippis, who, startled by the orders of the centurion, was telling to the apostles and crying, "Sir, what must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 27-31). If men will listen to a great call, God can soon give a loud, one-scall! He will give a blow, too—a blow that will be felt. Do not let us be afraid.

The miracles at this time in the history of the early Church seem to have been greater than at any other. Even the powers of hell, passing by women healing (ver. 15). So great a power and such a marvellous miracle has probably never been seen before or since. There can be no doubt that these signs greatly strengthened the Gospel message in those days, when it was first proclaimed. To preach the Gospel and to heal the sick was just what Christ had commanded (Matt. x. 1-13). When men and women are suffering in body their hearts are often more ready to hearken to the word of life for they are. The love of God and His creatures is

At the time when all these often specially blessed men's minds must have been filled with thoughts of the miseries worked by the apostles, persecutions was again stirred up against them. Perhaps this persecutor was permitted to keep Peter and the other persecutors humble. Trials do that work.

"Bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there."

If Peter was to be a faithful messenger, he must be kept low, and laid flat, so that he could not stand upright for a little while." That same night the angel delivered them. "No one could hurt Peter unless God permitted it." It may seem as if men have great power over us, but we are in danger without God. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast into a burning, fiery furnace; yet that

fire could not burn them—a lair of heat was not singed (Daniel iii. 27). Fire is a most powerful thing, yet it has no power at all unless God permits. If such is the case, a Christian ought to be a very fearless one, able to sing as David did, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my shield; in him shall I be afraid?" (Ps. xxvii. 1).

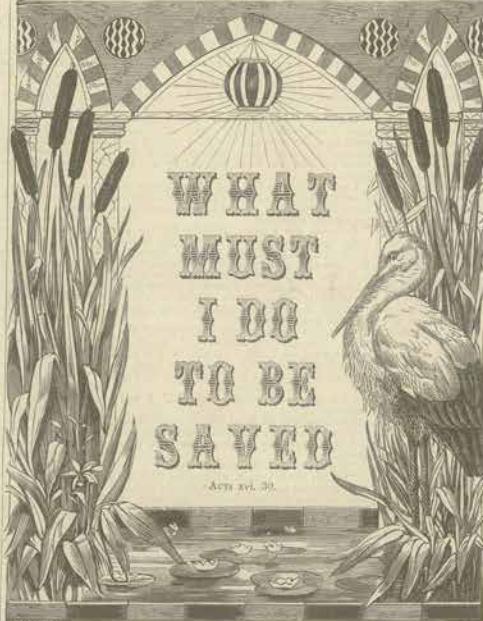
Peter and his companions had need of such a spirit. The angel who first opened their prison doors commanded them to go again and speak to the people. "What message are you to bring?" they asked. "The same which we brought you," they replied. "This is the word of the Cross." What important message! The expression is familiar to us, "it is a matter of life and death." For such a matter everything else must be set out on one side. The people of Christ come first in life and death. How distinctly was this taught by St. John. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

apostles did not dare to trust themselves to be brave for Christ. The needed grace must be given them, and it was given them. This is a most important truth. If we want to have more courage to take our stand as Christians—to show our colours as soldiers of the Cross—or to speak for Christ, we must get the lesson well learned.

When the prison was found empty the enemies of the enemies of the apostles must have been indeed great. A message was brought as to where Peter and his companions had gone when they were brought before the Council. What they said must have been their defense must be considered at a future time.

God is able to deliver his children from any kind of trouble. He has many ways of doing so. In the case of the apostles, the deliverance came directly by the hand of an angel. But God can also deliver us from riding over a precipice by a flash of lightning suddenly showing him the danger of his position.

There have been circumstances such instances when God's people have had to live in moments of peril. What a beautiful—what a blessed thing, however we may feel about it, to have "God on our side, for if God be for us, who can be against us?" M. E.



(1 John v. 12). Because life or death eternal is an important matter, the apostles were ready to put their lives in their hands that they might deliver God's message. They obey the angel at once—in the twinkling of an eye. They were ready to do God's will—soldiers and martyrs prepared themselves to die for the word of command. Peter was ready now to do Christ's will. Once Peter had said to his Lord, "I am ready to go with Thee to prison and to death." He followed his master to the cross and fell down. "How sad thou art, Christ!" said the Lord. "Peter, you are not ready now. He was held enough to leave a prison and go back to the work that had brought him thence! His boldness was an answer to the prayer of a previous errand." And now, Lord . . . a grant me another errand that with all your help you may speedily accomplish. "What you say, I will do." Your word (Job. vi. 20). It is well to note this. The

ERY dinner! Are you ready, Sir?" It was a strange form for dinner to take, namely, that of a round-limbed table, covered with a white cloth, standing in the middle of a room, with a chair at each corner, and a large window looking out upon the town. "I am ready," said the speaker, and his companion, who was a young girl, smiling. "What a young glibton it is," replied Sir. "You know young girls and caterpillars

Suspense.

CHAPTER I.

"I am ready," said the speaker, and his companion, who was a young girl, smiling. "What a young glibton it is," replied Sir. "You know young girls and caterpillars

do nothing but eat, the chrysalis does nothing but sleep, and the butterfly does hardly anything but sleep and fly about. You, Tommy, are in the first blessed instance."

"Let's talk as we go along, Sis. You know Pip's all right."

"Pip don't wait for me then, if you are so awfully ravenous; I'm in first and I'll follow. I am not much in a hurry for dinner myself."

The speaker did not intend to utter a reproach for the old daughter-in-law's want of consideration for her circumstances, but Tommy's tone was subdued in a moment.

"Here are your pins, Sis," said he gently, handing her a pair of crutches from the lee of the boat.

After the introduction of Tommy and Liza Morton to the notice of the reader, they were soon to be better known as the stern of old disused lugger, in a fishing town on the south coast of England. At the risk of keeping Tommy and the disengaged reader, must help the reader to understand the situation by adding a little preliminary information.

Tommy, with his fishing net, looked a nut-brown, round-faced, sturdy boy of eleven years of age, who had a great deal more about exterior, since, tawdry, bunglers, and so forth, than he did of grammar and geography. He carried his mother in and not behind his face, and when you looked into his eyes, you looked into his heart. He had the most unselfishness of love, which approaches so near to the point of selflessness in coming, that it is very different from it in motive. For instance, at the moment of his introduction to the reader, his mother's uppermost thought was a signal of animal satisfaction to him; he thought of himself only, and not of his mother or sister; but if his mother had been recalled to either, he would have given proof on the instant of deep shamelessness to them both—deep as the hole in a bear's heart; for that is some shadow than the sense of a girl of the same age.

And Liza was all heart! This was the conviction that struck every one that met her for a time into contact with her. Four years ago, when she was of the same age as Tommy now, in rampling about the house, her father, a large lugger, had slipped over the gunwale as the boat lay on her beam ends on the beach, and in falling had bent one leg beneath her, so as to disable it for life. Up to that time she had been as brown as a berry, and as gay and vivacious as Tommy himself; but the sun, she observed, had been bad for her health, and from that time she had lived in feelings and associations, in anticipations and remissiveness, which we tried, explain our meaning in the title of this chapter.

"Give me a hand, young boy-constructor!" she playfully called out to her brother, indulging in a very mixed metaphor. "I wish you could give me a *feast* too," she continued, looking rustily at her disabled limb.

"I'd give you both of mine, if I could," replied Tommy, with some feeling.

"Bless the boy, I am sure he would! Now I am

ready for the start. You are fond of stuffing, aren't you, Tommy?"

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of stuffing, child. I mean sage and onions with roast pork."

"Oh!" replied her brother; and there was a world of amusement, inquiry and ascent in the rounded expression.

Because that's what mother's got for dinner to-day, and I thought the knowledge of the fact might strengthen you to get over the interval from the 'old' to the 'new' dinner, to the best of my ability."

"One moment, sir," piped out he, "one look out he

gives the deer old weedy harbour to the offing beyond; and her eye gazed into the distance as if all her soul

baskets swinging up into the air at the united pull of the oarsmen. Their dark figures and black faces stood out like blotches on the blue sky beyond, which formed a background to the tracery of the colliers' masts and yards.

On the beach immediately before her, the dun walls of the luggers drawn above high-water mark, the coils of fresh-tarred rope, the tame nets spread out to dry, the place in which the fish were washed previous to marketing for the London market, the little girls of fishermen clad in brown smocks and high leather boots, the children on their backs basking in the hot sun, the rotund figures of the fishwives with their tubs of fish and their nets, the green grass and jetty running into the harbour, the anchor with one fluke imbedded in the shingle, the canvas bags of bullion, and all the other paraphernalia of a fishing port, made a picture—picture of a picture that would have been sure to make a good "pot-boiler" could they have been transferred to the canvas.

There is something to all Englishmen and Englishwomen that is peculiar, and a juncture of the sea that is sure to enlist their sympathies; and in Liza's case those were associated with home, and with the broad winds so dear to her. For she was "Mim's Pride," and "Pip's Daughter," the wife being the only legitimate woman at the cottage door, still waiting for her triumphant return. Pip the dear old boy!

"Down to A," said the mother, as her child drew across at the close.

"T for Turn," laconically said the boy, so let's turn it, as Pip says, I'm awfully hungry."

"When are you so?" inquired Mim.

"Not for an instant," quickly replied the boy. "But I'm wide awake enough now."

They passed through the passage into the bright room beyond, which was at once kitchen and living room. The little room in front was assigned to Pip, and was never used except for the short time—at intervals of a fortnight or three weeks—when he returned from the fishing grounds to stay at home for two days. For the rest of his time, except in the roughest weather at winter, Pip was away every night and by day, only returning at regular periods by the steam cutter that brought out fresh provisions and oddments from the land. At these latter times the Venetian blinds

were drawn down at the front window, and the "best room" was kept as dark and secluded as a Dutch cupboard; but that was the room where all the treasures picked up by Pip when serving as an A.B. aboard H.M. ship *Brimstone*, and the sideboard by the chimney was a little museum of white and red coral, and shells, and pieces of coral, and faience, and porcelains, and so many objects in Natural History that Pip would have sworn were seaweed, but which the naturalist would have dignified by the name of Zoophytes.

This chamber was a very comfortable room, notwithstanding that the cooking was carried on in it, and was bright with wax-paper lids, a brass-handled meat chopper, a glass case containing a model of H.M.S. *Brimstone* made by Pip's own hands, and which was a masterpiece of patient toil.

But Tommy saw nothing of this; the human mind



"TOMMY WITH HIS FISHING NET."—See Page 5.

went out in her gaze to the invisible father's lugger, which she knew was riding on an anchor beyond her sight above the fishing grounds in the Channel.

But there was nothing to reward her strolling sight, save the white sails of the Indians sailing up and down the coast of water before her. So she turned her head towards the window, and her eyes travelled towards the tide-locked cottage where the mother was awaiting them for the inward dinner meal. But she turned as loth to quit the spot, for the inward dinner was less appetizing than in Tommy's breast, and she had but little "bird's appetite," even for roast pork and stuffing.

The tide was fast running out of the harbour, and already some of the boats were stranded in the mud nearer the mouth, and where the water was yet deep enough of outer brig were discharging their black diamonds at the quay, and she could see the coal

"Please do," cried the little girl impatiently; "please begin."

Nora bound herself up, and, because her thoughts were so full of it, she told the beautiful old story of "Picciola, or the Prisoner." She described, and she described well, too, what the Count de Charney, after having wasted his youth in a vain search of happiness, had become who he was, a giddy, wild, and peevish, found himself thrown into prison for joining in a conspiracy against the Government. And here, while living in one rude chamber and permitted to a privilege to walk for rest in a dark garden, he had given up all hope of ever being released, and had given up all peace, found himself thrown into prison for joining in a conspiracy against the Government. And here, while living in one rude chamber and permitted to a privilege to walk for rest in a dark garden, he had given up all hope of ever being released, and had given up all peace, found himself thrown into prison for joining in a conspiracy against the Government. And here, while living in one rude chamber and permitted to a privilege to walk for rest in a dark garden, he had given up all hope of ever being released, and had given up all peace, found himself thrown into prison for joining in a conspiracy against the Government. And here, while living in one rude chamber and permitted to a privilege to walk for rest in a dark garden, he had given up all hope of ever being released, and had given up all peace, found himself thrown into prison for joining in a conspiracy against the Government.

Nora was so absorbed in the recital, and Ethel so intensely interested, that neither of them perceived a gentleman who had come to them, with an open letter in his hand.

When the story was over they were quite surprised to see him. He was Nora's uncle.

"Nora," he said gravely, "I have but news for you. Your father is very ill, and Mrs. Ponsonby writes that you are to come home at once."

So Nora, with a heavy heart, and she hurried home to leave a toilette and sorrowful watch by her father's sick bed, and as it proved, dying bed. How she wished she had not left him there last few weeks, and how many times she tried to control her grief, and yet again, when she attempted to do so, would take leave to describe. But when he had sunk peacefully to rest, it was that she broke down, and in the depths of her despair and desolation, wished that she might die.

"How could she live?" I asked herself, "unloved, unloved, and with us one more year and dead to her."

She wept in her solitary chamber, she wept in her loneliness at the large funeral, for her father had been a good man, a kind, considerate, thoughtful man, who always went to the church on Sunday to hear the special funeral service, for that an icy feeling of despair had closed about her heart, and she was hardly conscious of anything but the one great anguish of her loss.

The prayers seemed comforted her, for she could not attend to them; the hymns sounded for a little, but very little, for they spoke of the Paradise where she believed her father was, but she felt left out in the cold, dark, lonely, empty open space. But then there was the sermon.

The minister was a tall man, who looked as if the experience of life, which had tinged his hair with grey, had chastened but not smothered his soul. He had given his text in a grave sweet tone: "To die is gain."

"Ah! so it is," thought Nora, hanging her bitter sorrows and dirges in this way, and looked pathetically at the preacher. But what was that he was saying?

"To wish to die before your time, when you are young, when life is still untrue before you, when the battle has not been begun," he cried, "simply because this world seems bad, and you are unhappy, and uncontented at the moment of death, you will, without question, Yes, it is an unhealthy mortal feeling arising from distrust of life, rather than desire for Heaven, of dislike to the world in which God Almighty has placed you, rather than desire for Hell and longing for a broken man's paradise. His love and longing for the broken man's paradise, His love and longing for the broken man's paradise, made St. Paul say 'it is not good to die.'

"Dad," said she, "what when he was young and first converted?" No, no, it was only when he was old and had borne the burden and heat of the day, and was feeling ready for the rest that remained for the people of God, and was looking forward to the crown which was laid up for him after he had fought the fight that he said 'to die is gain.'

Did he wish to die when he was young and first converted? No, no, my dear cry was, "Lord, what shall Thou have me to do?" And when he had found the answer to the question, he went and laboured for many years before he uttered those other words of our text.

When people believe their sins are forgiven, as all may, for man's sake, that is but the first step in the Christian life. Then must go on "from faith through works to salvation."

This and much more said the preacher, and Nora went home saying in her heart, "Lord, what will Thou have me to do?"

To those who ask this question sincerely, the answer always comes in one way or another.

Nora found it in some words she read that evening in a little book she had taken up half-absentmindedly. She was very tired, and did not care to think; go and comfort them, and that will comfort them.

Then she woke up to the fact that Mrs. Ponsonby was very unhappy. She was afraid of being thrown into prison again, and she was afraid of her husband's infirmities; for, of course, her step-mom's money had been left to his daughter. She was too old to work now; and she was feeling remorseful that she had not made her son's home more agreeable to him, and that she had not tried to win her son's affectionate advances half-way during the two years in which they had lived together, so that now she might have had her fit her son, who would be able to make a home for her.

So Mrs. Ponsonby kept looking at Nora in a dull hopeless sort of way, and when she spoke to her there was additional harshness in her voice, indicative of a mind which was at its wits' end.

"She will only be too glad if I propose that she should stay with me."

And she wondered if this was the work God had for her to do. It seemed likely. Yet how hard it would be to leave her son, and his wife, and her step-mom, for, of course, her step-mom's money had been left to his daughter. She was too old to work now; and she was feeling remorseful that she had not made her son's home more agreeable to him, and that she had not tried to win her son's affectionate advances half-way during the two years in which they had lived together, so that now she might have had her fit her son, who would be able to make a home for her.

"I know," she said to herself, "it will be welcome as a tonic living here with Mrs. Ponsonby as I was impulsive; but, oh! if I do my

so, might win her to faith in God and love to her children, and all that the wallflower taught Constance Clouston in the story, how glad, how thankful I shall be."

"Mrs. Ponsonby," she said aloud, "will you stay with us and make this home (it was her own) your home?"

Mrs. Ponsonby was sewing, and her needle clicked very rapidly in and out of her work, but she made no reply.

Nora repeated her request.

"I am doing it," she said, "but, oh! why you don't mean?" said her step-grandmother in her lamest and most uncomprehending tone.

"I do mean it. I shall be glad if you will live with me," said Nora earnestly, and she really thought she was doing a good deed, for poor Mrs. Ponsonby looked so very terrible.

"You can't, Nora. You're not bad, that kind to you that you should wish to have any more to do with me than you can help."

"I am not bad, Mrs. Ponsonby, and, however lame I feel, however heavy it had ever done since her father died, though she was mentally relinquishing a plan to go abroad with a dear old governess of hers, which would have been a great consolation to her, she had been a good, kind, and considerate woman, and she had sufficient to live upon alone in great comfort. But if she had to provide for Mrs. Ponsonby as well, she could not go on the Continent. There must be no extra expense. Yet she did not know what to do."

She rose, and putting her arms round the old woman's neck, kissed her gently.

"I want someone to love and take care of me, and care for me just a little."

"Nora," said the old woman in a trembling voice, and then began to cry as if her heart would break. Nora knew she had conjectured. And she never regretted the silence which followed.

The old lady was devoted to her from that hour, and though Nora's patience was often tried in having to listen to her vulgar talk and put up with her coarse remarks, the scheme was one which bore the best of fruits.

For this younger woman hired the older originally to think of better things, oil, by degrees, oil acquired an iron faith in God and love for Him; and for her Christian life. Then must go on "from faith through works to salvation."

And as Nora lived her patient holy life, with a sweet expression of peace and joy became habitual to her face that when her contains came to see her, as they did sometimes, they all declared that she was probably growing beautiful.

She was a mystery to them. But whenever they

were in trouble or distress of any kind, they knew where to go for help. It was always cousin Nora who would come to the rescue and assist them, and they came to love her dearly.

Nora never went to a dance. And she never married and had a home of her own, though she might have done so if she had liked, for there were those who were won by the sweet good face, and who thought she was beautiful enough for any man to make his wife.

But she would not leave Mrs. Ponsonby, and when the latter died, she declared she was too old to have fresh fun.

And she was very happy. The reward of such a life is exceeding great.

EDITH KENTON.

NOTICE.—Just ready, the TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME of THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN. With handsome colored pictures over by HENRY STANLEY. Price 1s. 6d.

Just ready, the new Volume (Vol. IV.) of THE CRYSTAL STORIES. Containing twelve complete moral and deeply interesting Tales by popular Authors. Price 1s. 6d. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Vols. I, II, and III. New edition, just ready.

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN. A Magazine for Girls and Young Women. Price 1s. 6d. Monthly. Contains Moral Stories, Pictures, Poems, &c., for each day, and selected sayings. Price One Penny.

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN'S SATURDAY DAY-SERIES.

—THOUGHTS suggested by THE LORD'S PRAYER. By M. L. STONE, illustrated by THE Lord's Prayer. Price 1s. 6d. Monthly. Contains Moral Stories, Pictures, Poems, &c., for each day, and selected sayings. Price One Penny.

SEVEN BLESSINGS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS and other Biblical Thoughts, by M. L. STONE. Price 1s. 6d. Monthly. Contains Moral Stories, Pictures, Poems, &c., for each day, and selected sayings. Price One Penny.

THE BLACK SPECK. A Temperance Tale. The author of "The Black Speck" and "The White Rose" and "The Little Girl." Price 1s. 6d. Monthly. Contains Moral Stories, Pictures, Poems, &c., for each day, and selected sayings. Price One Penny.

THE CRYSTAL STORIES. "Thoroughly sound and wholesome, and especially well adapted for family reading." Price 1s. 6d.

No. XII.—"The Black Speck," Ponsonby (1st), ready on Oct. 15, 1884, will contain a new story.

A STAFFORDSHIRE GIRL. By ANNIE CYRUS LEWIS.

The following numbers have already appeared:

- No. 1. The Woman who Saved Him. F. W. HODGSON.
2. Herries Castle Russell. GRACE STEPHENS.
3. Rescued from Jeopardy. LEADER LOVITT.
4. Duty. MARY E. PIERCE. Author of "FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON."
5. Aaron's Harvest. G. H. M. BRIDGE.
6. His Own Friend. E. O'NEILL.
7. His Own Friend. Author of "A TEAR TO CAUSE A SCREAM."
8. Mike of the Shamans. E. J. LYNN.
9. The Mystery of the Red Rose. E. J. LYNN.
10. The House in Ballion Court. M. E. R. PAYMAN.
11. Jessie Hayes. MAUD SEVERN FRANCIS.
12. Bertha's Secret. MARY E. WILLIAMS.
13. Mrs. Weston's Cup of Cappuccino. LOUISA E. DURRIT. "ALICE."
14. A Headless Head of the Day. ETHELLINE KELL.
15. Sir Valentine's Victory. ERIC THOMAS.
16. The Young Heart. LAUREL LANFRED.
17. Dermot O'Hara. J. CALDWELL.
18. Her Crooked Way. S. GREGG.
19. The Mystery of the Red Rose. MARGARET PAYMAN.
20. A Jilted Woman. E. J. LYNN.
21. Walk a while. C. I. PARTRIDGE.
22. Two Masters. T. PRINGLE.
23. The Mystery of a Lady. T. PRINGLE.
24. An English Rose. Author of "Mrs. JENNIFER'S JOURNAL."
25. The Cradle of the Petrel. MARY E. WILLIAMS.
26. The Mystery of the Red Rose. GRACE STEPHENS.
27. Stolen Away. SUSAN L. HADDOCK.
28. Having Her Own Way. ETHELLINE KELL.
29. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
30. How Alice Saved her Villain. W. S. HOWE.
31. Grace Everett's Good Fight. ALICE KING.
32. At the Well. MARY JEANIE FRANC.
33. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
34. She Would be a Lady. E. J. LYNN.
35. Miss Burton's Prudence. F. A. GOOD.
36. The Old Major. HERBERT Y. MANNING.
37. The Mystery of the Red Rose. R. E. WILLIAMS.
38. Toiling, Rejoicing, Sorrowing. H. MAHER.
39. Through Thick and Thin. L. E. TROTTER.
40. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
41. In the Dark, the Dusty Wife. ERIC THOMAS.
42. In the Dark, the Dusty Wife. ERIC THOMAS.
43. Austin's Fall. ERIC THOMAS.
44. Austin's Fall. ERIC THOMAS.
45. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
46. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
47. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
48. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
49. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
50. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
51. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
52. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
53. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
54. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
55. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
56. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
57. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
58. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
59. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
60. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
61. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
62. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
63. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
64. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
65. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
66. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
67. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
68. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
69. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
70. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
71. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
72. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
73. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
74. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
75. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
76. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
77. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
78. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
79. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
80. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
81. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
82. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
83. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
84. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
85. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
86. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
87. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
88. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
89. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
90. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
91. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
92. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
93. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
94. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
95. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
96. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
97. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
98. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
99. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
100. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
101. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
102. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
103. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
104. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
105. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
106. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
107. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
108. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
109. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
110. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
111. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
112. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
113. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
114. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
115. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
116. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
117. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
118. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
119. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
120. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
121. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
122. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
123. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
124. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
125. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
126. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
127. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
128. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
129. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
130. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
131. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
132. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
133. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
134. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
135. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
136. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
137. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
138. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
139. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
140. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
141. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
142. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
143. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
144. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
145. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
146. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
147. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
148. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
149. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
150. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
151. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
152. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
153. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
154. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
155. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
156. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
157. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
158. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
159. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
160. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
161. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
162. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
163. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
164. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
165. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
166. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
167. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
168. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
169. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
170. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
171. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
172. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
173. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
174. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
175. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
176. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
177. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
178. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
179. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
180. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
181. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
182. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
183. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
184. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
185. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
186. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
187. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
188. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
189. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
190. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
191. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
192. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
193. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
194. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
195. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
196. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
197. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
198. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
199. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
200. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
201. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
202. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
203. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
204. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
205. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
206. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
207. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
208. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
209. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
210. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
211. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
212. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
213. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
214. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
215. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
216. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
217. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
218. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
219. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
220. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
221. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
222. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
223. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
224. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
225. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
226. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
227. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
228. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
229. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
230. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
231. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
232. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
233. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
234. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
235. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
236. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
237. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
238. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
239. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
240. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
241. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
242. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
243. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
244. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
245. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
246. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
247. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
248. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
249. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
250. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
251. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
252. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
253. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
254. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
255. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
256. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
257. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
258. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
259. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
260. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
261. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
262. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
263. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
264. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
265. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
266. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
267. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
268. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
269. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
270. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
271. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
272. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
273. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
274. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
275. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
276. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
277. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
278. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
279. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
280. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
281. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
282. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
283. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
284. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
285. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
286. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
287. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
288. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
289. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
290. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
291. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
292. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
293. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
294. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
295. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
296. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
297. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
298. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
299. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
300. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
301. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
302. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
303. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
304. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
305. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
306. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
307. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
308. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
309. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
310. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
311. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
312. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
313. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
314. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
315. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
316. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
317. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
318. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
319. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
320. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
321. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
322. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
323. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
324. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
325. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
326. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
327. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
328. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
329. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
330. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
331. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
332. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
333. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
334. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
335. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
336. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
337. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
338. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
339. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
340. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
341. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
342. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
343. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
344. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
345. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
346. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
347. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
348. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
349. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
350. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
351. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
352. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
353. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
354. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
355. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
356. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
357. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
358. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
359. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
360. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
361. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
362. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
363. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
364. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
365. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
366. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
367. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
368. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
369. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
370. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
371. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
372. The Mystery of the Red Rose. ERIC THOMAS.
373. The