

THE MURDER AT RYE

BY FLORENCE WARDEN,

Author of "A PRINCE OF DARKNESS," "THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"THE TALES WHICH THEY TELL." It is a picturesque spot, that ancient town of Rye; when the river runs full at the base of the rock on which it stands, and the little fishing-boats, with their red-brown, patched sails, swim down on the tide to the sea. But when the tide has run out, and the mud-banks fill the river's bed in a long gray line to the now-distant sea, the old town, with its narrow, steep streets of small, close-packed houses, crowned with the low square tower of the ancient church, looks desolate indeed.

So thought Ned Marix as, on a chilly November afternoon, he made his way slowly up to the town from the station, through a drizzle of rain which made the rough stones slippery, and pattered down from the overhanging eaves of the houses. This was his first visit to Rye, and he seemed likely to get no enthusiastic welcome. He had asked his way "to the best inn," and having been told rather pointedly "that the principal hotel was 'The Bull' in the High Street," he perceived that he had gone next to wondering the town's susceptibility, and that in losing its importance, it had not lost its dignity.

Ned was at least able to thank the fates, however, that "The Bull" proved to be no resplendent hostelry, "re-erected with all modern improvements," but a plain and by no means extensive building, which fully carried out the promise held forth in its advertisement in the guide-book. "This house has for many years enjoyed the reputation of being clean, sweet and comfortable." The very first steps he made along the narrow entrance-passage raised his spirits. A fresh-faced country woman stood at the door of the room on the right; at the end of the passage he saw a cozy, old-fashioned bar; a huge grandfather's clock ticked loudly somewhere in the dim recesses of oak-paneled passages in the background.

"Good-day," said he to the waitress. The very fact that there was no dining waiter about warmed one's soul. "Can I have something to eat?" A chub, anything?

"Yes, sir. This way, if you please, sir." She was quite pre-emptory in her manner as she directed him from his purpose of entering the room on the right, and insisted on his going into the coffee-room on the left. Ned felt that she was too anticlerical. For in that apartment on the right, which bore the words "commercial room," and into which, therefore, as a public room, he had every right to go, there was a big, well-filled book-case, a golden-haired girl, and now Ned was an artist, and endowed, like other artists, with susceptibilities as to golden hair which made even a tinge of flaxen or auburn a torment to him.

The girl, who was sitting close under the book-case studying a volume open on her knee, looked up. Something in her very glance showed Ned that she was not only a woman, but a woman of a certain class. He was not shy, or awkward, but she was surprised. "If you want anything, will you please ring the bell in the coffee-room, and the waitress will come," she said.

"The words were a snub, but the gray eyes were kind. Ned retreated to the door, but said dully: "I beg your pardon. But I came to ask if you would be kind enough to lend me a book."

"I am sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

"I'll go and ask her," he said. "I'm sure Mrs. Richmond will. I'll go and ask her." "Oh dear! this was not what he had wanted at all, portly landlady descending upon him, with open suspicions as to the genuineness of his avidity for literature!

ing which he was haunted by feverish, fragmentary dreams, in all of which the actual sounds going on around him, the dropping of the water, the wailing of the wind, the rain, and the gnawing of the mice, played a part. The candles burned down to their sockets, and flickered out; the fire grew low and hammy.

Suddenly a burst of cold air swept through the room and awoke him. A sharp rattle of the shutter from the window, the draught, rushed across from the chimney to the open door, almost blinding Ned, who sprang up from the rocking-chair with a cry.

There before him, plainly to be seen through the smoke, by the dull glow of the fire, was the phantom of which he had been dreaming. The phantom which he had called "The Mermaid"—the lady in black with the waving arms!

"THROUGH THE QUIET OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR." Ned Marix staggered back, breathing with difficulty, trying to beat down the smoke to see more clearly. There was the figure, however, human, feminine, with arms outstretched, slowly advancing towards him. He did not speak; but, turning to the table, felt with tremulous hands the match-box, and struck a match.

"I am afraid you will think it very strange that I—that I should come," she said, "but when I heard—where you were—I felt that I must, that I ought to come, and I know that you did not hear, so I walked in."

"You came all through the rain?" he asked. "Oh, I don't mind the rain. They ought to have told you. You must not stay here. It is the haunted house, the house where the old Mermaid lives, and she knows how this is the old Mermaid."

"Ned felt no shock of horror, but a strange relation. He had indeed guessed where he was, but he could not see her. He had seen her account shown by a lovely girl made him feel that he blessed the chance the story gave him of becoming something like a second-rate detective."

"Is it?" said he. "Well, then, I have a chance of an adventure at last." "Oh, you will not stay here. Really, really, really I mean to put the mystery to the test. And if I may have the pleasure of speaking to you, you are not to be disturbed by my coming, for the result of my discoveries of the night."

"You won't be alive to-morrow morning if you sleep here." "I shall be on my guard, you know." "And—and if you—if you should be safe, I could not speak to you, and I am very strict. He only allows me to go and read Mrs. Richmond's lodgings, at least no body who looked clean, and who had less than six babies. Before his wanderings were over it was so dark that he could not see the names of the streets. And, however, he saw in a window a card with the words, "Furnished lodgings, apply at No. 3."

"How some difficulty, for the houses were numbered, he found No. 3. A bright-faced young woman, with a baby in her arms, opened the door, and, on learning that he wanted furnished lodgings, she led him over to the shut-up house with great alacrity. As he followed her Ned got a better view of the exterior of the house, which was a two-story building with a gable end, and a long black cloak, and moved towards the door.

"I must go now," she said. "My father will miss me, and I don't want to be late." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

READING FOR SUNDAY.

Love Will Continue.

The Sun looked from his everlasting skies, He leaped into my daily dying eyes; He smiled, he smiled, he smiled, he smiled; "Poor mortal, strange, rebellious little one! "Thou shalt not find it, yet there shall be truth; Thou shalt grow old, but yet there shall be youth; "Thou shalt not die, yet there shall be death; Believe me child, I am an old, old sun."

"Thou shalt go blind, yet fair will bloom the Spring; Thou shalt not hear them, but the birds will sing; Thou shalt despair, no less will hope be ripe; Thou shalt die dead, but many will have life."

"Thou shalt not declare of love, 'tis a dream"; Yet, long with love my love, the earth, will lift up thy heart, exult that it is so!"

International Sunday-School Lesson for March 6, 1892. THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10).

Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. (Jer. XXXIX, 1-10). Golden Text—Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. (Matt. xxiii, 38).

opportunities. Join the ranks of noble men who have risen above adverse circumstances and make life a success for themselves and a blessing to others. Young Men's Era.

The first grand element of liberty is a heart transformed into the temperature of heaven, under the divine benediction, so that a man shall not be so sensitive about himself, nor about the future of his own name, nor about his standing, nor about the opposition he may meet in his path, nor about anything that is low and personal whatsoever, but may hold his rights in the sublime and most beautiful temper of a free and noble heart, and Christian love.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Without an end or bound, Thy life lies all outspread in light; Our lives feel Thy life all around, Making our weakness strong, our darkness bright; Yet it is neither wilderness nor sea, But the calm gladness of a full estate. —T. W. Faber.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Gold does not tarnish like other metals, for the reason that it is not acted on by oxygen or water.

A Russian can plead infancy for a long time, as he does not come of age till he is twenty-six years old.

The ten lines of railroad entering in London carry about 2,210 suburban train a day, carrying 400,000 passengers a year.

It is reported that a saloon-keeper in Bar Harbor has announced that he must retire from business on account of excessive competition.

The State treasury of New Hampshire has just had to honor a draft for \$300 for thirty-six boys killed within the limits of one town during the last year.

At a Catholic convent in Fort Berthold, N. D., all the sisters, including the mother superior, are Indians, and the spiritual director is a priest of Mohawk descent.

A velocity as high as 2,887 feet per second has been attained by a projectile from a rapid-fire gun. This is at the rate of 1,908 miles an hour. It is the highest velocity yet recorded.

Thirty thousand dollars' worth of liquor was expended "for medical and mechanical purposes only," by the Biddford, Me., city agency during the past year, at a net profit of \$5,667.

The voyage to Liberia takes thirty-five days in the steamer "Liberia." In seventy years, during which there have been nearly 200 emigrations, there has never been a case of loss or disaster.

Gustave Jovanovitch, the greatest chess player in Russia, and called the "King of the Steppes," owns 600,000 acres of land, and possesses more than 1,000,000 sheep and 34,000 shepherd dogs.

The first notice of India rubber on record was given by Hegeba, who, in the second voyage of Columbus, observed that the natives of Hayti "played a game with balls made of the gum of a tree which is called India rubber."

The six Shields brothers of Collin county, Texas, have an average height of six feet eight inches, and Colonel Henry Thurston, of Titus county, Texas, towers up to the height of eight feet.

At a wedding in Brookfield, Mo., last week, the bride and groom each wore very valuable gold nuggets, old family relics, dug from Leadman's Gulch, Sacramento valley, by the father of the bride.

A Chilean merchant used to defy forgery by placing one thumb on the paper he wished to sign, and tracing its outline; then he placed the other thumb across, and then he signed, and his signature was complete.

If the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of seven hundred miles, the sun's heat and rays could never penetrate it, and we would freeze to death in the blackest darkness blacker than the blackest midnight.

The United Kingdom has neither petroleum nor natural gas. Our product of each in 1888 was not over \$30,000,000, the aggregate, as given by the latest report of the United States Geological Survey, being over \$17,000,000.

A Deer Isle, Me., man has a curiosity in the shape of a crab which had on one end a cap-like excrescence, which, being lifted, showed a full-sized cranberry bean beneath. It was taken from the inner lining membrane of the egg.

Steps are being taken to tear down the old John Jacob Astor headquarters fur-trading house at Fond du Lac, and enough interest has been aroused in the preservation of the oldest building at the head of the lake to call out a vigorous protest.

It is stated that there are more priests, monks and nuns in Jerusalem, in proportion to the population, than in any other city of the world. They belong to every nation of Europe and many of Asia, and are of every creed, form of worship and dress.

Solomon's temple, as described in the Scriptures, would not be regarded as a very imposing structure in its day and age of the world. Its length was 107 feet, its width 37 feet, and its height 30 feet, with a portico or veranda 36 feet long and 18 feet wide.

The Buddhists in India have a horror of eating the flesh of man. In the provinces of the Himalayas, where the people are so ignorant, they permit themselves the luxury of fish, usually getting around the difficulty by saying that the fisherman who traps it has killed it, and is responsible.

A cat born in Germany with only two legs (the hinder pair) is healthy, and goes about easily, the body in the normal position. When started to walk, it watches anything it raises itself to the attitude of a kangaroo, using its tail as a support. It has twice borne kittens; in both cases two of which had four, the other only two feet.

Fish are drowned when taken from the water into the air, and animals, when put, even for a short time, under water, but the axoloti cannot be drowned in any water. It is nowhere safe, for the inhabitants of the places where he is found—Mexico, New Mexico and Texas—think that his flesh is very good to eat, and catch great numbers of the axoloti for food, which they cook in various ways.

"How many people come to Florida," asks the Jacksonville Times-Union, "know anything about the great hot-water spring in the Atlantic ocean? This great natural wonder covers an area of about two acres, is located in the Atlantic ocean about two miles east from the shore, and about ten miles from St. Augustine south. The spring is defined by the silver-gleaming white caps trying to force themselves over the powerful boiling spring."

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX" PILLS PAINLESSLY EFFECTUAL. Human health can only be maintained under the rules which God has ordained. Man's system is like a town; to be healthy it must be well drained. This drainage is frequently interrupted by the action of habits, and when it becomes clogged, illness is the result.

Dr. J. C. Root's Pills have been in popular use in Europe for fifty years, and are especially adapted to a soft, gentle, and healthy action. They are sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents a box, New York, N. Y. Dr. J. C. Root, M. D., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

of his house and tapped at the door of the next. It was the shoemaker himself who opened the door, the intelligent-looking little man, of middle age, with a countenance which inspired trust. Ned began frankly to explain that he had had a curious experience, and that the shoemaker invited him into the general living-room, apologizing for the fact that he had no "parlor."

"I am in, sir, come in. I make no doubt it's lonesome enough in there, even without the tales they tell, which no doubt you've heard, sir."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness." "I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness."

"I'll shake hands, won't you?" he said, as he got to her side in a few strides. "And—and let me thank you for your kindness