

off Scotland's hills, who would have suffered their tongues torn from their heads...

CHAPTER XXIV. A MODERN MIRACLE.

"Mrs. Durham, the doctor wants you," said Charlie when McLeod's footfall had died away.

"Dear, dear, why don't you call me 'mama'—surely you love me a little we bit, don't you?" she asked, taking the boy's hand tenderly in hers.

"I'll go to book you for her lackey, he'll slave devoted to her every whim while she's here. One night—the day."

"I don't. But as far as I can understand him, he purposes to take me up on an exceeding high mountain and offer me the world in his hand."

"I don't know you hobbled with the enema," said McLeod, hastily rising.

"I must go," said Gaston, hastily rising. "I have an engagement to discuss the coming political campaign with the Hon. Mr. Love."

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on the ocean. She is bright, witty, romantic and full of coquetry. She is determined to live her girl's life to its full limit.

"She has a full, queenly figure, small hands and feet, delicate wrists, a dimple in one cheek only, and a mass of brown-black hair that curls when it's going to rain."

"No, but you will be looking for a pilot and a harbor before you've known her."

"I'll give you my answer to-morrow."

kept the younger men down with their war cries and old soldier candidates, until he had had more than once disgusted them.

"I'll give you my answer to-morrow."

"Yes, she's God's last and best gift to me, to show me he still loved me. Talk about trouble. Man, you're a baby. You ain't cut your teeth yet. Wait till you've seen some things I've seen. Wait till you've seen the light of the world in the dark met the devil face to face, and looked him in the eye, and smelled the pit. And then feel him knock you down in it and the waves roll over you and another you. I've been there."

"I'll give you my answer to-morrow."

placed in an open carriage beside a handsome chattering society woman, drawn by two prancing horses, was escorted to the hotel, where he was introduced to the distinguished old soldiers of the Confederacy.

"I'll give you my answer to-morrow."

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she said with delight. "I love every brick in its walls, every tree and flower and blade of grass."

"I'll give you my answer to-morrow."

"I'll give you my answer to-morrow."