

Failed to Score.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly," said the orator. "Did you or did you not once run for the office of lieutenant governor?"

In breathless silence the vast assembly awaited his answer. He drew himself up to his full height, flashed a glance of concentrated scorn at the presumptuous varlet and raised his voice till it jarred the rafters.

She Couldn't Understand.

From Judge. He was describing the game. "I thought I had a clear field," he said, "when suddenly he tackled me."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked. "Why, in this case he caught me around the waist with both arms and I couldn't make him let go."

"But, why," she inquired with a sigh, "why under those circumstances, did you want to make him let go?"

Then she added, after a pause, "You men are queer creatures."

Philosophy of a Plutocrat. From Judge. Dollars and sense should always go together. Never sign a promissory note or a gushing love letter.

Science and Superstition. From Harper's Weekly. There is a young woman in Washington who is a graduate of a seminary that makes a feature of its course in domestic hygiene.

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Copyright, 1903, by A. Conan Doyle and Collier's Weekly. Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE.—CONTINUED

"I am glad to stretch myself, Watson," he said. "It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations, we have, if I may ask for your co-operation, a hard and dangerous night's work in front of us."

"You'll come with me, tonight?" "When you like and where you like." "This is, indeed, like the old days, when I shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it."

"No, Watson, I never was in it. My note to you was absolutely genuine. I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarty standing upon a new pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his grey eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway, Moriarty still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his game was up, and he was anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds, and clawed the air with both hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounced off, and splashed into the water."

"I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette. "But the tracks!" I cried. "I saw, with my own eyes, that two went down the path and none returned. The instant that the professor had disappeared, it struck me what a really extraordinary lucky chance fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most dangerous men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take leaving some tracks, I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, and I have done on similar occasions, but the sight of three sets of tracks in one direction would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarty's voice screaming at me out of the abyss. A mistake would have been fatal. More than once, as tufts of grass came out in my hand or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock, I thought I was gone. But I struggled upward, and at last I reached a ledge several feet deep and covered with soft green moss, where I could lie unseen in the most comfortable position. I was stretched, when you, my dear Watson, and all your following were investigating in the most sympathetic and inefficient manner the circumstances of my death."

"At last, when you all had formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel, and I was left alone. I had imagined that I had reached the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurrence showed me that there were surprises in store for me. A large rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path, and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident, but a moment later, looking up, I saw a man's head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched, within a foot of my head. Of course, the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarty had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance told me how dangerous a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the professor had attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend's death and of my escape. He had waited, and then making his way round to the top of the cliff, he had endeavored to succeed where his comrade had failed."

"It did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone came hurtling down, and I was hurled from the edge of the ledge. Half way down I slipped, but, by the blessing of God, I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later, I found myself in Florence, with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me."

"I had only one confidant—my brother Mycroft. I owe you many apologies, my dear Watson, but it was all-important that it should be thought I was dead, and it is quite certain that I would not have written so convincing

an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true. Several times during the last three years I have taken up my pen to write to you, but always I have lost your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you this evening when you upset my books for I was in danger at the time, and any show of surprise and emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results. As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. The course of events in London did not run so well as I had hoped for the trial of the Moriarty gang led two of its most dangerous members my own vindictive enemies, at liberty I traveled for two years in Thibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lhasa, and spending some days with the living lama. You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. I then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but interesting visit to the Khalifa at Khartoum, the results of which I have communicated to the foreign office. Returning to France, spent some months in a research into the coal-tar derivatives, which I conducted in a laboratory at Montpellier, in the south of France. Having concluded that, to my satisfaction, and learning that only one of my enemies was now left in London, I was about to return when my movements were hastened by the news



AN ELDERLY, DEFORMED MAN.

of this very remarkable Park Lane mystery, which not only appealed to me by its own merits, but which seemed to offer some most peculiar personal opportunities. I came over at once to London, called in my own person at Baker Street, threw Mrs. Hudson into violent hysterics, and found that Mycroft had preserved my rooms and my papers exactly as they had always been. So it was, my dear Watson, that at two o'clock today I found myself in my old armchair in my own old room, and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned."

"Such was the remarkable narrative to which I listened on that April evening—a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had learned of my own sad bereavement, and his sympathy was shown in his manner rather than in his words. "Work is the best antidote to sorrow," my dear Watson," said he; "and I have a piece of work for us both tonight, which, if we can bring it to a successful close, will in itself justify a man's life on this planet. In vain I begged him to tell me more. "You will hear and see enough before morning," he answered. "We have three years of the past to discuss. Let that suffice until half-past nine, when we start upon the notable adventure of the empty house."

"It was indeed like old times, when, at that hour, I found myself seated beside him in a hansom, my revolver in my pocket, and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent. As the gleam of the street lamps flashed upon his austere features, I saw that his brows were drawn down in thought and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beast was about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured, from the bearing of this master huntsman, that the adventure was a most grave one—while the sardonic smile which occasionally broke through his ascetic gloom boded little good for the object of our quest. I had imagined that we were bound



Too Hard a Word. Mrs. Fuller Boote (at 2 a. m.)—After you've drunk all the whisky that I good for you, you should call for seltzer. Fuller Boote (loaded)—After I've drunk (hic) all the whisky that's good for me, I can't say (hic) seltzer.

for Baker street, but Holmes stopped the cab at a t corner or Cavendish Square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave the most searching glance to right and left, and at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes' knowledge of the by-ways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly and with an assured step through a network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester street, and so to Blanford street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wadded gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed it behind us.

The place was pitch dark, but it was evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my outstretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes' cold, thin fingers closed round my arm, and he pressed me down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fan-light over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right, and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the center from a light that burned beyond. There was no lamp near, and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips closed to my ear.

"Do you know where we are?" he whispered. "Surely this is Baker street," I answered, staring through the dim window. "Exactly. We are in Camden house, which stands opposite to our own old room. But why are we here?" "Because it commands so excellent a view of that picturesque pile. Might I trouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a little nearer to the window, taking every precaution not to show yourself. I am amazed to see that you are still a little fairy tale. We will see if my three years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you."

I crept forward and looked across at the familiar window. As my eyes fell upon it, I gave a gasp and a cry of amazement. The light was done away, a strong light was burning in the room. The shadow of a man who was seated in a chair within was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window. There was no mistaking the position of the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the features. The face was turned half-round, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandpater loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that I threw out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent laughter.

"Well!" he said. "Good heavens!" I cried. "It is marvelous." "I trust that age doth not wither nor care stale my indite variety," said he, and I recognized in his voice the old pride which the artist takes in his own creation. "It really is rather like me, is it not?" "I should be prepared to swear that it was you."

"The audit of the execution is due to Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the moulding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker street this afternoon."

"But why?" "Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere."

"I knew that they were watched." "By whom?" "By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leaders in the Reichelbach Fall. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them, continuously, and this morning they saw me arrive the hunters."

"How do you know?" "Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garrotter by trade, and a remarkable performer on the Jews-harp. I cared very little for him. But I cared a great deal for the much more respectable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarty, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff, the most cunning and dangerous criminal in London. This is the man who is after me, Watson, and that is the man who is quite unaware that we are after him."

My friend's plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this convenient retreat, the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked. That angular shadow up yonder was the bird and we were the hunters. In silence we stood together in the darkness and watched the hurrying figures who passed and repassed in front of us. Holmes was silent and motionless, but I could tell that he was fixed and alert, that his eyes were keen and intently upon the stream of passers-by. It was a bleak and boisterous night, and the wind whistled shrilly down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, most of them wrapped in their coats and cravats. Once or twice it seemed to me that I had seen the same figure before. I especially noticed two men who appeared to be sheltering themselves in the doorway of a house some distance up the street. I tried to draw my companion's attention to them; but he gave a little ejaculation of impatience, and continued to stare into the street. More than once he flinched with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy, and that his plans were not working altogether as he had hoped. At last, as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared, he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him, when I raised my eyes to the lighted window, and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes' arm and pointed upwards. "The shadow has moved," I cried. (Continued Next Week)

ANNUAL TEMPTATION. BY JOHN ALLEN. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. R. HEARST. GREAT BRITAIN RIGHTS RESERVED.

It is autumn. A sister is standing in her cell in the convent near a window that overlooks the sea. A letter is in her trembling hands, and a pained expression on her tear-stained face. She reads the letter again and again, then puts it in the pocket of her sable gown and gazes sadly at the sun that is slowly dying in the west with a golden sea of glory around it.

The letter is from her lover of former days, when their two hearts were bound in one. It is an appeal of eloquence to her—to forsake the convent and to marry him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting