

IRENE'S VOW

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER III.

It was a new life to Irene Darcy; she never thought to ask herself if it were right or wrong, whether she was keeping a secret from those who loved her best or not. She soon ceased to think or remember anything else except that she was to see Sir Hulbert every day, and seeing him had grown dearer than life to her. She made no positive appointments with him, she never said, "I shall be by the brookside at such an hour," but it was understood between them.

Irene rose early to every duty which she performed, that no one would be able to say she neglected anything. Everything entrusted to her was most carefully attended to, in order that she might have more time for herself; and so it came to pass that in the early morning, before the others were awake, she spent long, happy hours by the brookside with Sir Hulbert, then hastened home, waiting on her father with such loving attention, and was so thoroughly kind to Mrs. Cotrel that they could see no flaw in her. When in the long sunset hours she was free again; and no one ever asked where she went or what she did. The artist was in his studio, the mistress of the house resting, as old age loves to rest. There was no one to hold out a hand to save her.

Sir Hulbert accustomed her to his presence as the flowers grew accustomed to the sunlight; it had become a necessity to her before she realized it. She might never have understood how it became part of her life but for his absence during one day. The sun was setting, and the waters of the pretty brook were crimson in the red glow of the sun. They were sitting under the drooping boughs of the willow tree; and he, looking up from the pages of the book, said:

"This time to-morrow evening I shall be in London."

"I knew, for the first time, how much she cared for him when he saw the lovely young face grow white as death and the shadow of unutterable pain dim the bright, sweet eyes."

"In London?" she repeated. "Are you going away?"

"Only for a day," he hastened to reply. "I could not remain longer if I would."

"I shall not see you all day, then?" she said, plaintively.

"It is rather I who will not see you," he replied. "The day will seem longer to me than it possibly can to you."

"I am not sure," she said, gravely. "You will have a thousand distractions. I shall have nothing to do but think."

"What shall you think of, Irene?" he asked, gently. Her fair young face drooped from his as she answered:

"You know that I will think of you," and the silence that fell upon them both was far more eloquent than words.

When the sun rose on the morning she realized all that had become to her. The bright sun shone in vain, and in vain did the birds sing; her heart was heavy as lead; there was no light in her eyes, no spring in her step, no singing over her work as she went through her duties; no delight in hurrying to the brookside; all life seemed blank and dreary.

"What is the matter this morning, Irene?" asked Mrs. Cotrel. "You seem to have lost all life."

"What is the matter, Irene?" asked the artist. "Why, child, all the brightness has gone from your face; what ails you?"

"What is the matter with Irene today?" asked the old servant, Jaqueline. "These jellies will not set, and the cakes will not rise; nothing seems right that she does."

"Ah! what ailed her? that she, so light of heart, so brilliant, so beautiful, had no words—no smiles."

"What ails me?" she asked herself, and her heart gave her no answer.

Without him she was like a flower without sun to warm or rain to nourish it. He had become part of her life—the best part of it—and what she could do she could not tell.

On the morning they stood together in the clear morning light, each one changed. He read in her face that the time had come in which he might safely say that he loved her. And she knew that she had learned with her whole heart to love him.

"Did you miss me, Irene?" he said, looking with passionate eyes into the lovely, drooping face. "Tell me. Do not be afraid that I shall grow vain; tell me, did you miss me?"

"More than I thought I should miss you," she answered. "And you?"

"I," he replied. "I will tell you; London looked very bright and full of life, I saw many friends and many friendly faces, but I was so anxious to be back here with you I did not stop to exchange one word except with the solicitor I went to meet. Do you know what this is a sign of, Irene?"

She made no answer. The golden morning light quivered on the leaves and in the water of the brook; a little bird from the alder tree sang sweetly. He bent his dark, handsome face over hers, as he whispered:

"Irene, does not your own heart whisper to you what this means? Why should I miss you? Why should you miss me?"

"Because we are friends," she answered, gently.

"No, not that; we are now in the land where friends never stand; the light, my darling, that never shone on land or sea, shines for us, the golden gate of the golden land opens to us; there can be no going back to the calm regions of friendship. Irene, my darling, look up at me, do not turn that sweet face from me; it is that we love one another. Oh, my darling, do you hear the words? We love one another."

The little brook might become a big ocean, and its mighty tide would become a rushing torrent; the mightier sweep of heaven that rushed through the girl's heart when she heard her lover's words.

been more successful. The girl had lost all her dainty, pretty shyness, she was quite at her ease with him; she had lost all her nervous constraint and indifference. With eloquence he had persuaded her that she was doing no wrong in keeping these clandestine meetings secret from her friends, but that she was doing something brave and heroic, trampling the prejudice of the world under foot. So, day after day, the love between them grew deeper and deeper, day after day the girl's face grew more and more lovely, until Sir Hulbert, accustomed as he was to the fairest faces in Europe, was dazzled by her beauty.

It happened that one most beautiful evening, when the sunlight seemed fairer than ever, Sir Hulbert, hating the hour which would part them, walked with her some little distance home.

They had not gone very far before a dark shadow fell across their path, and looking up, Irene saw the kindly, shrewd old face of Dr. Kean, the doctor who had introduced her to the world, and who had closed her mother's eyes.

"I did not think to meet you here, child," he said. "How are you?"

The lovely, flower-like face drooped from his, the sweet eyes fell, the little, white hands trembled. She had no words in which to answer him. He looked from the delicate, lovely face to the dark, handsome one, and something like a frown came over his.

"I have not seen you once for the last fortnight, Irene," he said; "whenever I have called, you have been out. I began to wonder when I should see you again. Will you introduce me to your friend, Irene?"

She blushed crimson. Sir Hulbert came to the rescue; he could not endure to see her in distress.

"I shall be much pleased, Dr. Kean," he said, "to make your acquaintance. I have heard wonders of your skill. I am visiting Lord Arundale, and you stand very high in his lordship's good graces."

It did so happen that there was no person on earth for whom the good doctor had so much respect as for Lord Arundale; the very name was a passport to his esteem; his face relaxed, the last frown disappeared, as he said:

"You are a visitor of Lord Arundale's? I am most happy to make your acquaintance."

It did not occur to the good doctor how cleverly the handsome young aristocrat had evaded the introduction, and how completely he had forgotten to ask his name.

Sir Hulbert smiled his frankest smile. "It is through Lord Arundale that I first had the pleasure of seeing Miss Darcy," he continued, "and a very great pleasure it was. I met Miss Darcy just now in the woods here, and begged to have the pleasure of seeing her home," added Sir Hulbert.

Dr. Kean was the last man in the world to tell tales or to make mischief; but in some way he considered himself responsible for this motherless child. He knew how unprotected she was; the dreamy artist father and the old grand-mere were no protectors for her; he was haunted by the memory of those beautiful faces, the girl's so fair and tender, the man's so dark, so full of fire. Certainly the young stranger had spoken but in the most frank and candid manner; yet it would be just as well to know if the artist knew of the friends his daughter made.

When the doctor met Santon Darcy he said to him: "Did Irene tell you that I met her in the woods lately?"

"No, I do not remember it," was the reply.

"I met her with one of the very handsomest young men I ever saw, walking in the woods. I say nothing, I insinuate nothing; but if it were my daughter I should like to know something of it," said Dr. Kean.

"Whatever I ask Irene will tell me," said the artist, proudly.

And the doctor, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders, walked away.

Although he was habitually a dreamer, Santon Darcy roused himself to think over the old doctor's words. He met Irene as she came in from a long, pleasant hour spent watching the sunset.

"Irene," he asked, in that gentle voice of his, which had in it always a suggestion of tears, "Irene, where have you been?"

"Watching the sunset in the woods," she replied.

"Have you been alone?" he asked.

"No, I was not alone, papa," she replied.

"With whom were you, Irene?" he asked, gravely, and she answered, frankly: "I told you that I had met Lord Arundale, papa, and this gentleman is visiting him; a friend of his. I have seen him often since, and he brings me part of the way home."

To this simple-minded man, who lived in his visions, this seemed natural and frank enough. No warning of a terrible tragedy came to him, no revelation that the beginning of the crisis of Irene's life was at hand. He thought it was merely a question of the politeness of a stranger, who believed it an act of kindness to see his daughter home.

"It is very kind of him, but you must not accept such acts of attention, Irene; you are not a child now; indeed, it fills me with wonder to find you are almost a woman, my dear. You must not speak to strangers or walk with them, no matter who they may be, and I advise you strongly not to go where you are likely to meet this person again."

"I will do as you wish, papa," she said, gently.

As she uttered the words all the brightness of life died away from her. For the first time, she realized the intensity of her love. The artist went back to his pictures, Irene went to the pretty little drawing room where she could think at leisure over what had happened.

"I will not be unhappy," she thought. "I will not be unhappy."

She decided in her own mind that she would see Sir Hulbert as usual on the day following, and tell him what her father had said.

It was a fatal sunrise for her, though the birds woke her with their singing and the flowers were all rejoicing in the morning air. She stood before him, tall, slender and stately as a lily, so loving that any man might have laid down his life for her.

"You look fresh and fair as the morning, sweet; and yet there is a shadow over you," he said.

"All shadows," she said, "vanish in the sun. If I had a trouble, it has gone, now that I see you."

"Have you a trouble?" he asked. "Either let me share it, darling, or give it to me."

"My trouble is about you," she said.

"About me, Irene? Ah, then I shall soon end it. There would be no way in which I would allow myself to trouble you. Tell me what it is."

He drew the slender figure nearer to himself with a loving clasp. Ah, what a haven of rest was this broad breast and loving heart of her lover—what a haven of rest for the clasped arms! It could not be that she was to lose them?

"Tell me what has troubled you, Irene," he said, and she told him. His face darkened.

"I knew there would be mischief when I saw that tiresome old doctor," he said. She looked up at him in sudden alarm.

"Shall we be parted?" she asked, while the beautiful face grew white as death. With passionate words he answered:

"Never in this world. You love me, Irene, do you not?"

"Better than my life; better than all the world besides; but I must obey my father," she answered.

"Leave it all to me; I will not ask you to disobey him; I only ask one favor, Irene. Meet me here again this evening, and I will tell you what I have decided. Will you do this?"

The last hope of her good angel, the last chance of her life died as she said: "Yes."

CHAPTER V.

"We need never part, if you will consent to one thing, Irene, and that is a secret marriage. In time we can make it known, but at first, and for the present, we must keep it a dead secret. What do you say?"

With these words Sir Hulbert announced his decision.

Slowly enough the rose bloom died from Irene's face and a white look of pain came into it; slowly the love-light died from the beautiful eyes, and the shadow of despair took its place. She spoke no word, but the golden head drooped more heavily on her lover's breast.

"You do not answer me, Irene," he cried.

She broke from the clasp of his arm with a little shudder as of cold or pain. "A secret marriage," she said; "that means unknown to my father or grand-mere. I cannot, Sir Hulbert; it would not be right."

He understood the delicacy of her nature far too well to attempt just then to argue with her, but in the far distance he already saw his triumph.

"Not right, my darling. I have never heard that a secret marriage was not right. It may not always be wise; but I will not persuade you; it shall be as you will; I will not urge you to consent to anything in the world you thought not right."

She looked at him through a mist of tears.

"You know, Sir Hulbert," she said gently, "that I have not brought up quite as other girls. My father has held but one idea up to me, and it is that one day I must go to my mother in heaven. She loved me so much, yet she hardly saw me before she died. Now, Sir Hulbert, you are so much wiser, so much better than I, will you tell me if I could go to my mother if I should consent to a secret marriage? Her face, they tell me, is full of light, but she would turn it from me. I fear she would say, 'This is not my baby girl, whom I left so young; this is a girl with a great, dark secret over her soul; and she would not love me, would she now, Sir Hulbert?'"

For shame and for pity's sake he should have fallen on the long grass and buried his face there. He should have trembled as he stood there, bold, defiant and handsome. As it was, the question started him with a keen, sharp pain. "This dead mother in heaven was like an enemy to him. He did not dare, reckless as he was, to answer her. The girl went on in a low, plaintive voice.

"It is not long since someone said to me that 'where there is secrecy there is guilt.' If that be true of ordinary marriage, what must it be of a secret marriage?"

"You are too much of a philosopher, Irene, to love very much," he said in a tone of bitter disappointment. "How foolish I was to think you would do anything in the world for me."

She answered him only by bitter tears and sobs. He might have had mercy on her, she was so young and so fair.

"Irene," he said, gently, "do not weep so bitterly. One word at any time will bring me to your side again; you have but to say 'come' and I will fly to you. Perhaps when you have thought it well over, a secret marriage may not appear so dreadful to you."

She answered him only by bitter tears, and something like remorse did come over him when he saw the beautiful face all wet with tears; still he said to himself if he were to conquer in the end he must be firm now.

"Irene," he said, "let us try, before we decide, let us try if we can live without each other. We need not part just yet. I can remain at Lord Arundale's. It is Tuesday now; take a whole week to think it over, and let us meet here next Tuesday, just one week from to-day, to decide whether we shall part forever or never part more. What do you say, my darling?"

"I will do anything you wish," she said, glad of any pretext that delayed the fatal parting.

"Then it shall be so," he said. "Next week shall decide our fate—next Tuesday. We shall meet here, and it shall be for real or for foe. Forever to love each other, or forever to part. Next Tuesday, Irene, how shall I live until the day comes?"

He kissed the tears from her eyes and left her the most miserable and desolate girl under the summer sun.

The following Tuesday she was at the trysting place, fully determined to tell him that while she could not bear to part with him, neither could she consent to a secret marriage.

"My darling," he cried, "how could we fancy we could ever part?"

She clung to him weeping and sobbing. The pretty, coquettish had fallen on the grass, the golden hair lay in rich, shining waves over her shoulders, her little white hands clung to him.

"I do not know how I have lived," she said, with a shudder. "Sir Hulbert, another such week would kill me."

"How did we ever dream that we could live away from each other, Irene?" he said. "This one week has been like a long year to me."

And then, looking into her face, he said: "I was to come for my answer to-day, Irene. What is it?"

He kissed the silent lips.

"You have no words for me. You know the old proverb, darling, that silence gives consent. May I take your silence for the sweetest consent ever given?"

Then she found courage to speak.

"I cannot bear the parting," she said, hurriedly, "and I cannot bear a secret marriage. You, who are so clever, you must find some other course for us."

(To be continued.)

Savings Bank Interest.

When the Vermont Legislature in 1900 passed an act providing that the trustees of savings banks and savings institutions in that State should regulate the rate of interest or dividends not to exceed 3 1/2 per cent semi-annual upon the deposits therewith, it anticipated a course of action which in now, to all appearances, forced itself upon the savings institutions of the Empire State.

While some of the stronger Vermont institutions, like the Burlington Savings Bank, could easily pay 2 per cent semi-annually, some of the weaker savings banks experienced great difficulty in keeping up the rate, owing to the larger percentage of cost of doing business, practically the same machinery being necessary for the carrying on of a small business as a larger one.

Some of the smaller institutions did not feel like reducing their rate of interest or dividend, for they realized that if they adopted a smaller rate while the stronger institutions continued to pay at least 4 per cent, depositors would be inclined to withdraw their savings and place the same where a larger rate could be secured. In this emergency, says the Burlington Free Press, an appeal was made to the Legislature to establish a uniform rate, above which no savings institution could go in the regulating of interest or dividends, and the act in question was the result.

Helps to Detectives.

Each of us carries with us, every day of our lives, a number of unconsidered things by which, if necessary, detectives could easily identify us. Take clothes first of all. A man, as a rule, gets all his clothes from the same tailor; but, whether he does or not, and however carefully he endeavors to cut off every tag and mark, that tailor would have no difficulty in identifying the garments he has made. Thread, stitching, buttons, lining—all tell their own tale. More particularly so do what tailors call "specials." These are simply special pockets—fountain pen and pencil pockets, eyeglass pockets, watch pockets lined with wash leather, cigar, ticket, flask and inner waistcoat pocket. A watch has frequently brought a criminal to justice. The man who has ever gone to a good dentist has left behind him a lifelong record which would enable that practitioner to identify him with absolute certainty. Such a dentist makes note of every tooth he stops, and more particularly of dozens of different kinds in these days. Plain gold or plain amalgam is comparatively rarely used. Gold and platinum in various proportions and many other metals are employed, so that, unless a criminal has all his teeth pulled out, he can most certainly be identified. Even then a plate is as sure a clue as a coat.

No Longer Dry.

Until recently, the Pool of Siloam has been for ten years only a name. Visitors to Palestine who visited this famous spot during that time found that its healing waters had vanished. This was a great blow to the inhabitants, but recently the waters of Siloam have been made to flow once again, and there has been great rejoicing in the holy land. It appears that Jerusalem has been especially short of water of late, and it occurred to some of the inhabitants of Siloam to try to find out whether the spring which used to supply the pool was really dry. Tons of accumulated rubbish were cleared away, and after about a month's work the spring was found. The excavators discovered behind some fallen rocks an old aqueduct running away into the valley of the Kedron, and into this aqueduct the beautiful, cool, clear water had run and been wasting for years.

Alpine Water Power.

Gigantic water power developments are projected in the Alps. There are now in the French Alps forty-three factories supplied by 250,000-horse power, electrically generated. Engineers estimate that 3,000,000-horse power is now running to waste in the Alps.

New Year Gifts.

When pins were first invented they were favorite New Year presents. Afterwards the money was given to buy the pins, and thus arose the term "pin money." The same account is given of the phrase "glove money."

New Vessels for the Navy.

The vessels built or authorized by Congress since the Spanish war more than equal in tonnage the regular naval vessels we then had. The effectiveness of guns has also been doubled.

To Aid Norwegian Farmers.

A law prevails in Norway to aid the people in securing land. The Government provides a sum of \$500,000, which is lent to industrious farmers to enable them to buy farms.

In a town of a certain size, if a girl gets as young as three new "sets" of underwear at once, it is ground for a marrying story.

THE PRIEST AND THE SCRIBE.

Sporting Reporter's Troubles Trying to Describe a Church Ceremony.

"One of the most amazing things that I have noticed in the conduct of newspaper," said a prominent Roman Catholic clergyman in this diocese in talking with a Sunday Inter Ocean reporter the other day, "is the absolute ignorance of our church matters that the average reporter detailed to write of them exhibits. One would suppose that the papers would select men for such duties who were qualified for the work by reason of being members of the church, or who at least had such a general store of information as to enable them to approach their assignment with the spirit of intelligence. The reverse seems, however, to be the rule."

"I am impelled to make this criticism by an experience that I had at the Holy Name Cathedral a short time ago. There was an imposing church ceremonial to take place in which I was to take part with scores of other priests of the archdiocese. A short time before the services were to begin a reporter for one of the papers came up to the parish-house for information, and, seeing me there, asked me to tell him in advance just what was going to be done. I sat down and he pulled out his pad of paper and began to take notes. In my description of the ceremonies I mentioned the acolytes. He stopped his writing and looked up at me with a puzzled expression.

"How do you spell that?" he asked. "I told him and he put it down. Then he looked up again and asked:

"Say, what are acolytes, anyhow?"

"Briefly, I told him what acolytes are, and then went on with my description of the ceremonies. In doing so I mentioned that the brothers were to take a certain part. Again the reporter looked up and asked:

"Say, what brothers?"

"I gave him a brief explanation of the brothers, and he took it all in. When I had concluded he fired another question at me:

"Say, what's the difference between the brothers and the priests?"

"It was now my turn to ask questions, and I did so. 'What is this, anyhow? A theological class?' I inquired. 'What kind of work do you do for your paper, young man? Horse races?'"

"Mostly sporting," he answered, not in the least abashed. "I never tackled a proposition like this before, and it is just so much Greek to me. Sporting news is pretty dull just now, so they sent me out on this."

"He was so frank about the matter and realized his own limitations so well that I couldn't feel angry with him, and actually had to laugh at the bewildered air with which he approached the whole matter. I fixed him up as well as I could, but never had the courage to look at the report that his paper printed." Chicago Inter Ocean.

Where Men Eat to Live.

"The Trappist monks consider eating to be a necessary evil," says John Ball Osborne in Lippincott's March Magazine, "and curtail it to such a degree that one step further would be suicide. Dinner, to which scarcely 15 minutes is devoted, consists of a mess of vegetables boiled in water without butter or salt and served in a crude earthenware bowl, a slice or two of rye bread without butter, and a mug of milk or water as a beverage. Supper is the barest apology for a meal, being nothing more than bread and water. The guest-master did not mention breakfast; if there be such a meal, it probably consists merely of a glass of water. A slight relaxation of this dietary is allowed to invalids, who may have two eggs a day, while on extraordinary occasions, such as a funeral feast in honor of a departed friar, the monks revel in an egg apiece. They are strict vegetarians, and a Trappist must be in the very jaws of death before he will consent to eat meat. How these poor, untiring toilers can exist on such feeble food surpasses my comprehension; and yet I saw individuals at Westmalle who had been undergoing the rigid regime for half a century. The majority of the veterans, however, were haggard, sad faced and gaunt, and bore no resemblance to the proverbially sleek, jolly, rotund monks of the cloister."

The Moon Kept on Shining.

A certain well known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very impudent counsel. To the surprise of everybody, the judge heard him quite through, unconscious of what was said by those present, and made no reply.

After the adjournment for the day and when all were assembled at hotel where the judge and many of the court folk had their refreshments, one of the company asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impudent fellow.

"Permit me," said the judge, loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company, among whom was the barrister in question—"permit me to tell you a little story. My father, when we lived in the country, had a dog, a mere puppy. I may say, well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

"The judge paused, as if he had finished.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, but the moon kept shining on, just as if nothing had happened."

Chinese Woolen Workers.

In San Francisco 570 Chinamen are employed in factories making underwear for women and children. Girls are totally unable to compete with them.

"I Want Everybody to Know How Completely It Cures Indigestion."

This shows the unselfish disposition of Mr. Hodge, of Orchard Cottage, Ippleden, Newton, who, having been cured by Vogler's Compound, wishes every other sufferer to know of the benefit he has received from this marvellous remedy. He tells his story as follows:—

"Gentlemen—I find Vogler's Compound a remedy above all others; last year I was in a thorough bad state of health, and could hardly drag one leg after the other. I had tried dozens of remedies advertised to cure indigestion and all its attendant evils, but was rapidly going from bad to worse, when I had the good fortune to be recommended to take Vogler's Compound. I did so, and am thankful to say it made a new man of me. I should like other people to know its virtues, and how completely it knocks under the worst forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. (Signed) GEORGE H. HODGE."

Vogler's Compound is the greatest remedy of the century for all stomach disorders and liver and kidney troubles in both men and women. A free sample bottle will be sent on application to the proprietors, St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md.

Why Is It?

That St. Jacobs Oil always affords instant relief from pains, after all other remedies have signally failed? Simply because it is peculiar to itself, wholly unlike another remedy. It possesses great penetrating power, reaching the very seat of the disease. It acts like magic. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It is an outward application, and is used by millions of people.

Due to Nervousness.

"The constant blinking of the eyes is due to nervousness, and unless it is nipped in the bud it will develop into a positive affliction," says an eye specialist. "Naturally blinking is necessary to clear and moisten the eye. By natural blinking I mean about ten to the minute. The nervous blinkers, on the other hand, will often get a hundred twitches of the eyelids in a minute, which enlarges the tiny muscles and sets up an irritation that eventually effects the sight. Many children seem to acquire the habit unconsciously, and parents do not exercise sufficient care in trying to break them of it."

Velocity of a Bullet.

It appears that the greatest velocity of a rifle ball is not at the muzzle, but some distance in front. An average of ten shot with the German infantry rifle has shown a muzzle velocity of 2,063 feet per second, with a maximum velocity of 2,132 feet per second of ten feet from the muzzle.

It is said that only the steel bullets of the Austrian Mannlicher rifle can pierce the bullet-proof coat of finely textured silk recently invented by M. Szecezpanski. Against the ordinary bullets, as well as saber cuts and thrusts, the garment affords perfect protection.

Only good swimmers are acceptable as recruits in the German army. The best swimmers in the service are able to cross a stream several yards in width even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition.

Had Met Before.

Hostess—"Miss Beautie, Mr. Goodheart."

Mr. Goodheart—"Miss Beautie and I have met before."

Miss Beautie—"Why, so we have. I thought your face seemed familiar."

Mr. Goodheart—"Yes, I am one of the men you accepted last summer."

The digestive apparatus of the horse measures 100 feet—small 75 feet, large 25 feet.

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Louise M