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AT THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

We went to see the pictures. Tom and I... I'm sure.

SAM SPERRY'S PENNION.

For more than two years it was the... I don't know what you think of us, I'm sure.

With the keenly confidential aspect of Sam's face changed to a triumphant smile, and turning to thrust another companion (as he supposed) on his right, he opened his right arm, and thrust his elbow through the wrappings of a large parcel of sugar...

"I don't believe you ever could," she said. "I don't believe you ever could," he replied. "I don't believe you ever could," she said.

"You've promised to marry me," he said. "You've promised to marry me," she said. "You've promised to marry me," he said.

"I don't know what you think of us, I'm sure," she said. "I don't know what you think of us, I'm sure," he said. "I don't know what you think of us, I'm sure," she said.

There was one person whom Sam's weakness and derelictions failed to inspire with appreciative mirth. In the presence of Sam's home on the mountain there were two other homes. One was possessed by Isaac Travers and his beautiful wife and numerous small children...

In the little hamlet at the foot of the mountain, Sam had a green-covered "spell" in which she and Sam studied their lessons together. And they were at the hour of the class always, the mountain boy and girl...

There Sam's parents died, and he went over to help John Ellsworth in his mill, and the work prospered under his strong, blithe hand. And as the days passed by, Sam and Mary were away from the affectionate intimacy of their childhood, and ended by falling as deeply in love with each other as though they had just met.

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never cared for any girl but you, Mary. "I never could," he repeated, earnestly. "I never could," she said.

There he paused. Mary did not smile, but her heart yearned over Sam as a mother's might over a child who had tried in vain to be good and brave and unselfish. And Sam went away comforted.

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My good people are distressing themselves just now about the future of agriculture in this part of the country. Looking abroad for analogies and taking the hints of the forest...

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Let us take a slight glance in at Nature's kitchen and wash her guests at their meals. We shall not call it breakfast, dinner, supper, or noon, for there is no such thing as a breakfast, dinner, supper, or noon...

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