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THE TWELVE

MCMULLEND.

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the difficulty of the position. In their love and care for the girl these words would doubtless demand not only elaborate explanation of his plan...

He looked at her anxiously toward the head and glanced anxiously toward the train. At sight of Royal his countenance cleared and he accented him cheerily.

"All right, doctor! How are you? Jump right in. I thought judgment day would beat that train coming. I forgot about the accident. Here, I'll help you get your things. Here, I'll help you get your things."

"You have that?" observed a maker. The whole group had followed Royal round and round the place, and the scene of the situation and deeply interested in it.

"Filled with amusement, and feeling hypocritical, Royal declined the boy's proffered aid to take his place in the buggy. Spotswood sprang in beside him, followed by the reins, and they were off, galloping by a shout from Jim Dodson."

"You ever hear that?" he asked. "You ever hear that?" he asked. "You ever hear that?" he asked. "You ever hear that?" he asked.

"Where are you going now?" Royal questioned, the demand being plain and direct. "Straight to the church. If you were on time I was to drive you out home; if it wasn't, right to the church."

"The boy meanwhile, considering himself, evidently, not a deputy to be despised, put his horse along with a deft avoidance of stones, mud holes, and other annoyances of the road."

"It was all right about the license," Spotswood gleefully assured him. "Tom had a fine time of it. He was the best man, as he doubtless knew. The preacher would be up to the notch also; Uncle Jeff—Miss Royal's old carriage driver—had gone for him at daybreak."

"What a fine wedding!" he said, and faced about to the wood on the right, put both hands to his mouth, and gave vent to a long drawn sighing howl, which echoed and re-echoed among the trees, and in the distance of the hills.

"In a second it was answered, and the lad dropped back to his seat and put out his hand for the reins. "You're demanded," he said, "and you're demanded."

"You're Dr. Royal yourself, I reckon. Royal nodded and the man extended his hand with great cordiality. "Don't forget me, I reckon, doctor, but I ain't forgot you. We all used to bust an' flog together back yonder befo' you went to school. My name's Jim Dodson; tha'll fix you. I reckon. Hurry right along. You ain't got time to talk now. I know, an' we'll hitch up them six years after a while. Come this a-way. Squire Brandon sent the buggy, an' I s'pose that mar' o' hain't can't abide no spot. So he'll be here behind the depot an' axed me to look out for you."

some days ago, and all the arrangements made. You were so explicit—so so. You were so explicit—so so. You were so explicit—so so.

"Are you tired, John?" he was the young lady who broke the silence. "No, I'm answered, surprised. It seemed odd to him, at the moment, that the woman should put that question."

"You were so quiet that I had to laugh. It seemed so funny to sit up like two owls, never saying a word to one another, she proceeded. "You were so quiet that I had to laugh."

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Miscellaneous Reading. MEMORIAL DAY AT EBENEZER. It is Celebrated With Appropriate Ceremonies. Written for the Yorkville Times.

MEMORY AND GRATITUDE IN ANIMALS. The following incident is related of a celebrated hunter on the coast of Maryland. It is an illustration of what any one can discover for himself or herself...

THE TRAIN. Among the many exhibits at the World's Fair in 1893 will be a contribution from Tulare county, Cal., that will not easily be surpassed—at least, in oddity.

PERVERTED HIS MEANING.—He was a promising and wealthy merchant, but he had a little bit of a clerk who lived and thrived, and took care of a little sister on a few dollars a week, and was as bright and cheery as if she were the only child in the world...

FIGHTING AN EQUAL. While duelling is dying out in the South there are still many excellent men there who believe that redress for a wrong done by another man is a gentleman who has been, or who imagines he has been, offended. Captain W. was a man of this character...

HOW A BILL BECOMES A LAW. Considering the number of laws enacted by each successive congress, it might be imagined that the process of making a law was a simple and rather complex. To introduce a bill is the work of a few minutes, and then it is referred to a committee. From the committee it is reported to the house, let us say, and then to the senate, and through a similar ordeal.

THE WRITERS OF GREAT HYMNS.—It seems a singular fact that apparently nothing in literary work will relegate a writer to oblivion so surely as a hymn. The author of a world famous hymn, having obtained a copyright in his state given power to legislate with congress. Should the president decline to sign a bill, and congress adjourn before the expiration of the ten-day period, it receives what is popularly known as a "pocket veto."

HUNTERS' MARENS. For a long time I stood up against hunters' tales and fishermen's lies, but constant reading of sportsmen's letters, and writes W. L. P., in Forest and Stream, and I, in communication with me, have at last become convinced that the truth is as they say. However, I have never been able to quite equal others in putting on the imaginary embellishments. One day, though, I was satisfied that I had conceived something good, and proceeded to relate it to a select few of those who were in the habit of rivalling me in such talk. I had just returned from my April turkey hunt in the swamps just above Vicksburg. For example, the lawyer gave me the name of the man who had killed the turkey. "I am at a loss sir to understand your conduct. What was your reason for withdrawing the challenge?" "Because, sir, you had not met me on the field of honor," was the reply. "Am I not your equal?" asked the lawyer, hotly. "I will concede that I am a single man, but you are a lawyer, and you are a lawyer."

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