

LUCY CAMERON By Mary E. Herbert

Home-sick and heart sick that was all. Well what did it matter? Not much perhaps to anybody but herself. She stood at the window of a handsome and spacious stone dwelling, looking out in a pleasant & fashionable part of the city. *a on?*

The lamp-lighter was hurrying with his ladder from one post to another, for the gloomy November twilight was fast merging into the darker shades of night, and chill & hollow sounding gusts of wind swept through the street, whirling the dust into the eyes of passers - by who hurried on, eager to escape from their penetrating influence. The poor shivering beggar, as she moved aloaf, drawing her thin shawl more