GRANDMAMMA'S RELICS: AND HER STORIES ABOUT THEM

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Grandmamma's relics: and her stories about them by C. E. Bowen

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C. E. BOWEN

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AND

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C. E. BOWEN,

Attendent "Among the Brievads," "Jack the Conqueros,"
"The Hobin's Chuistan Tar," etc.

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CONTENTS.

											PAGE		
ra:	MIDN	GIIT	ADVE	NI	5838	٠	4					7	
Ten	Teven	LY (luost	*	*	•		S	(1) ()#		•	27	
Так	Isma	и Cr	iaiń .		Ž.	()	ě	•	•	٠		51	
BEN, THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG					•	٠	*		67				
Тпв	WALT	HAM	Hant	. 31	TET	EU	Y	4	-		•	91	
Apri	ENTURS	K IN	A CA	V8	32							123	

The Midnight Idbenture.

GRANDMAMMA'S RELICS.

THE MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

"Ton, do you know what 'relies' are?" asked little Edith Yorke of her brother, a bright looking boy of about ten years old, to whom she looked up as a model of cleverness since he had begun Letin. Tom liked her to go to him for information; for it must be owned he had rather a high opinion of his own knowledge, the actual amount of which, as far as English was concerned, had better, perhaps, not be inquired into, for he was not a lad given to much reading.

"Relics—relics," said he; "let me see. Oh, I know. Relics are dead people's bones, and widows."

"Oh, Tom, are you quite sure?"

"Yes, quite sure; it just means that, and nothing else."

Edith shook her head in a disbelieving manner, which rather irritated Tom, who was not accustomed to have his word doubted in this quarter at all events.

"I tell you, Edith, I know I'm right, for I heard papa say Napoleon's relics were brought from St. Helena to Paris, to be buried there,—that meant his bones, of course. And I read in church last Sunday, on one of the monuments in the chancel, that Dame Dorothy Burton, relic of Lionel Burton, lies there. Now, do you believe me?"

"Yes," said Edith; "but I don't understand, for grandmamma can't keep dead bones and widows in her cabinet. Yet she said to-day, when I asked her what she had inside those drawers, 'Nothing you would care to see, my dear. I have only old relies there,' and then she gave a deep sigh."

Tom looked puzzled in his turn; but at