THE BEGINNING OF THE END:
AN ENGLISH TALE.

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CHAPTER III.

As Phil Henso had predicted, Tom Thurn went to the fancy store to call on Miss Henso.

"Miss Henso lives here," he was told. "You can't come in."

"I don't want to. I'll—"

"No, you can't. You'll just have to make an appointment with her."

Whiles he was waiting, Tom Brownly, with a lightened heart, was reading, as usual, his book of meteorological observations, which he had declined, as well as all the mean and saucy songs, which were in the heart of Miss Henso. He was a hard man, a drunkard, and even worse than he had been as a youth; but for that, he said, he meant to take care of his life on the road. He didn't drive back, but, he kept himself away from the ideas of his life on the road.

In a short time Rose came to the door, and after a little suspicious hesitation, which he, a man, had no more to say to himself, she was at the door. "Rose," he said, "I remember."

"You can come in now, sir," she said, "and have a seat."

"I want to see Phil," he said, "and tell him about our plans."

"Phil has declined," she said, "to come and see you today."

"I know," he said, "but I want to see him, and I'll wait until he comes."

"I don't know how long he will be," she said, "but I'll tell him you're here."

"That's all right," he said, "I'll wait."

"Tom," she said, "you can't wait here."

"I'll wait in here," she said, "asked Grandmum Hints.

"Thank you," he said, "I'll just wait here in the store, and I'll come in and see you."

"Well, she'll come in and see you," she said, "and I'll let you know." and he walked away.

"Mr. Tom," she said, "I think you should stay here, and I'll let you know."

"No," he said, "I'll just wait here in the store, and I'll come in and see you."

While he was waiting, Brownly, with a lightened heart, was reading, as usual, his book of meteorological observations, which he had declined, as well as all the mean and saucy songs, which were in the heart of Miss Henso. He was a hard man, a drunkard, and even worse than he had been as a youth; but for that, he said, he meant to take care of his life on the road. He didn't drive back, but, he kept himself away from the ideas of his life on the road.

The door opened, and Rose came in. "Tom," she said, "I want you to see Miss Henso."

"I'll see her," he said, "I want to see her, and I'll wait until she comes."

"Miss Henso is here now," she said, "and I'll tell her you're here."

"I'll wait," he said, "and I'll see her."

He was a hard man, a drunkard, and even worse than he had been as a youth; but for that, he said, he meant to take care of his life on the road. He didn't drive back, but, he kept himself away from the ideas of his life on the road.

"Yes," he said, "I'll wait."