THE CHARITY GIRL
By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XV.

Angrily.

"I should have loved him!"

"Old boy!"

"He was a poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!"

"Our poor son!"

The curtain rose a moment later, and a young woman entered.

"I should have loved him!"

"Old boy!"

"He was a poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!"

"Our poor son!"

The curtain fell.

The next day, Mr. White was out in the garden, and the young woman was still there.

"I should have loved him!"

"Old boy!"

"He was a poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!"

"Our poor son!"

The curtain rose, and the young woman entered again.

"I should have loved him!"

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The curtain fell.

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