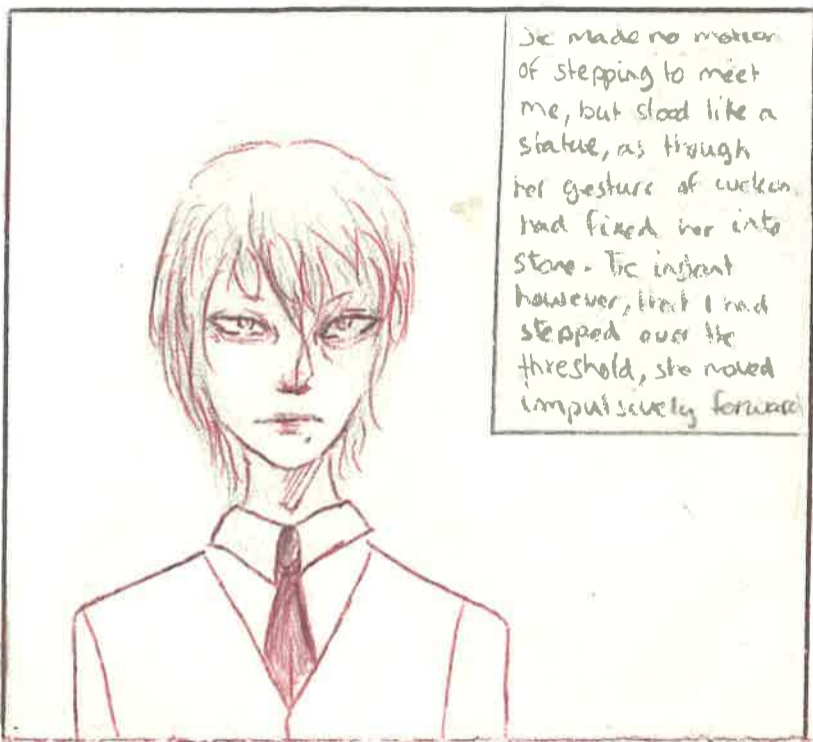


Within, stood a tall woman and
clead black from head to foot,
without a single speck of colour about
her anywhere. She held in her hand an
antique
silver
lamp.



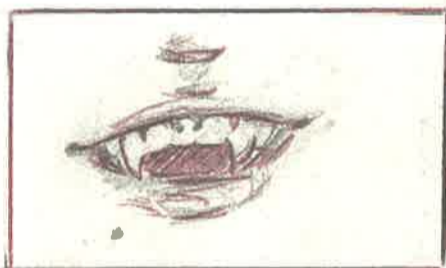
Welcome
to my house.
Come freely
Go safely
and leave
something
of the
happiness
you bring!!



He made no motion
of stepping to meet
me, but stood like a
statue, as though
her gesture of welcome
had fixed her into
stone. The instant
however, that I had
stepped over the
threshold, she moved
impulsively forward



say, if you are
my guest it is
late and my
people are not
available let me
see to your
comfort myself

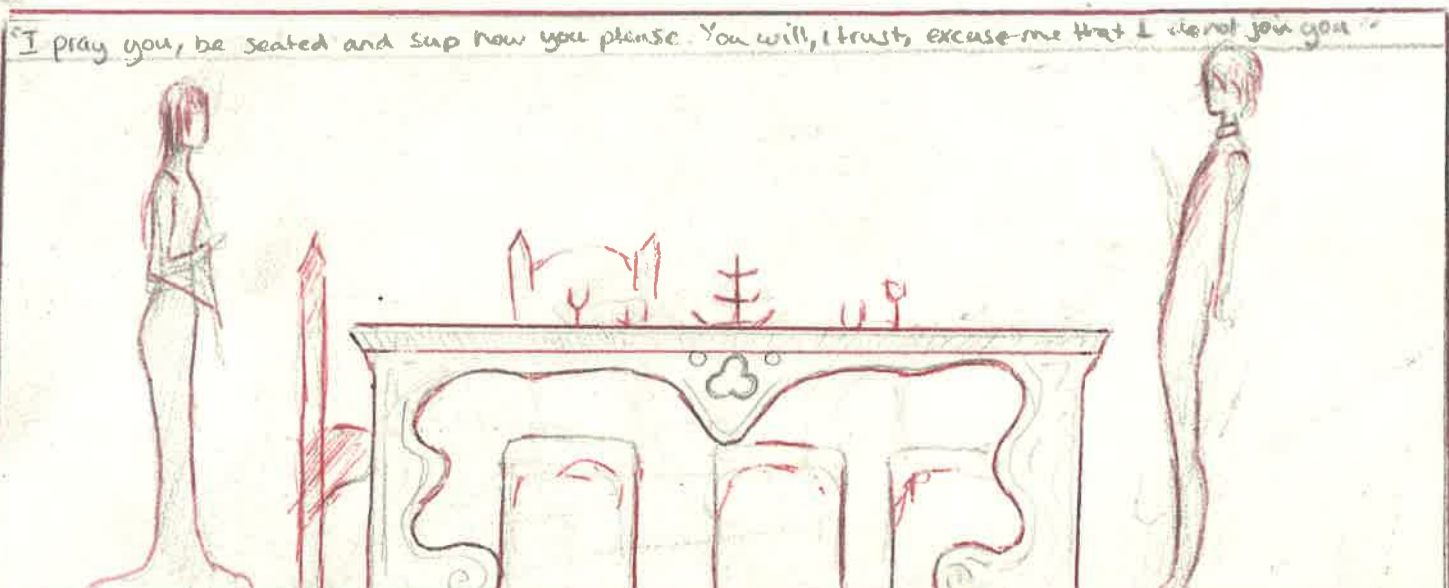


The count
herself left
my luggage
inside and
withdrew
saying before
she closed
the door-



You will
need after
your journey
to refresh
yourself by
making your
toilet I trust
you will find
all you wish
when you are
ready come
into the other
room, where
you will find
your supper
prepared

It was a welcome sight, for here was
a good bedroom well lighted and
warmed with another log fire. Also added
to that likely, for the log logs were fresh
which sent a hollow roar up the wide chimney



"I pray you, be seated and sup now you please. You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you"