

ODDS AND ENDS.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

Mr. Skinner's Relatives.
On a highway leading across the Arkansas desert I found a native sitting on a log with a shotgun across his knees, and after we had passed the time of day I asked him if there was much game in the swamps.
"No game right around here," he replied.
"You are not shooting snakes?"
"No, sah. I don't waste powder on snakes."
"Just out looking around, eh?" I continued as I presented him with a new clay pipe and a paper of tobacco.
"Stranger," he replied as he thumbed out a little, "I'm waitin' right here for Aba Skinner to cum along, and when he shows up somebody's goin' to git popped."
"So you've had trouble with Mr. Skinner?"
"Yes, sah. That Aba-Skinner dan shot one of my hawks."
"But there's the law to get even with him. Why don't you bring him to trial?"
"Waal, sah, when I found that he'd shot that hawk, I went to the only constable around here to see what I could do about it. That constable was a real shun of his, and he said I order be plumb glad that Aba didn't shoot me as well."
"But you should have gone to a justice of the peace for a warrant."
"That's what I did, sah. That justice he was a realshun of Aba's, and he said dern that hawk and me too."
"And you didn't see a lawyer?"
"I did, sah. Yes, sah. I went to Lawyer Shad and to Lawyer Peters and to Lawyer Davis, and every last one of 'em pounded on the table and dratted Aba Skinner. If I should git that constable court, the judge would be ag'in me, the lawyer would be ag'in me, and the jury would all be related to Aba and bring in a verdict of not guilty and put the costs on me."
"But haven't you sent word to Mr. Skinner that he must settle the damages?" I asked.
"Can't be did, sah. I've bin to three or fo' men, but they was all related to him and said he order shot my bull dove of hawks."
"And so you are obliged to pop at him to get even?"
"Got to do it, sah, but I reckon it won't cum to doin' any real shootin'. Abe, he'll cum along soon on his ole mevl, and I'll jump out on him with a yell, and as soon as he git over his skeer he'll want to settle the case."
"That will be the best way."
"Yes, I reckon. I'll want fo' dollars fur that hawk, but bin as Abe is related to me he'll dan want to git off fur two, and arter awhile I'll take it."
"Mr. Skinner must have lots of relatives around here," I said as I moved on.
"Heaps of 'em, stranger—heaps. Yes, he's got that's the trouble, and if you happen to be a cousin of his just let him know that his brother-in-law is waitin' right yere with a gun and must hev pay fur that hawk or he'll shoot!"

Bill Was at Home.
It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon that the sheriff of Bucks county rode up to Bill Hooper's cabin at the foot of the mountain to arrest the man on a warrant charging him with stealing corn. Bill's wife sat in the open door with a pipe in her mouth, and as the officer came along up she inquired:
"Sam Davis, you are just the man I wanted to see. I've heard you talk a heap about the Bill, and I want to ax you if you really believe that story about Jones and the whale."
"Of course I do," was the reply—"of course. Is Bill around home today?"
"How big a man was Jones?" persisted the woman.
"Bout as big as I am, I reckon. Did you say Bill was off huntin'?"
"And did the whale swallow him head first or feet first?" continued the woman, as she crowded some fresh tobacco into her pipe.
"Head first, I reckon, though I ain't disputin' 'bout it and resin a row. Egger Dickman says it was feet first, but he wasn't around here, no more'n me. If Bill is around home, I'd like to see him a minute."
"But how did Jener live down there in that whale till he was cut out?"
"Dunno, but he went right on livin'. I can't say why the whale goes round, but I know that she do. Mebbe Bill is in bed and asleep, Mrs. Hooper?"
"What gits me," continued the woman, calmly ignoring all questions about her husband, "is why that whale didn't hang on to Jener when he had him. What did he cast him up for?"
"Can't say," replied the sheriff, "but I reckon the Lord wanted things the way they was, and so they turned out as they did. I was speakin' to you about Bill—what is he?"
"Kin I see him?"
"For sure. When you rid up, he was clean in his gun out back of the house, but I reckon he's ready fur you by this time. Jest step around the corner."
The sheriff stepped and ran against the muzzle of a shotgun held in Bill's hands. As he recoiled a step or two Bill asked:
"Was you lookin' for me, Sam?"
"I was," replied the officer. "Yes, I jest stopped a minute to say howdy and to remark that your ole woman ain't no fule, and hevin' said it I'll be goin' back to town. Nice day, Bill! Good evenin' to you, Mrs. Hooper!" M. QUAD.

A Fool Tip.
An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself he asked faintly: "What was it?"
"A foul—only a foul."
"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was a mile."—Argonaut.

FOOD FOR THE FIEND

NEW YORK'S "FIREPROOF" SKYSCRAPERS INVITE A HOLOCAUST.
Once Well Started a Contagion Might Wipe Out the Best Part of the Business Section—Too Much Iron, Says Chief of Fire Department Bomber.
New York's business section—that part of the city that includes the newest of modern fireproof buildings—is in great danger of being wiped out by fire, Capitolists who furnish the money that pays for erecting these new buildings do not seem to realize this fact, although the veteran chief of the fire department reiterates this statement about once a year. Read what he says.
"That a big section of lower New York some day will be wiped out by fire is probable if existing conditions continue," Fire Chief Bomber said to a Press reporter.
These conditions are the height of the buildings, the material used in their construction, the narrowness of the streets and the inadequacy of the water supply.
It is a favorite argument that if worst came to worst, buildings ahead of a burning area could be blown up, as the farmer turns a dead furrow to check the prairie fire. This theory is not advanced any more by intelligent men, says the chief.
"We can fight a fire 125 feet high, or ten stories. Above that we are well high helpless. They say that the modern tall fireproof building needs not as much protection as the ordinary low structure. But the fireproof building is yet to be built. The communists couldn't destroy Paris in 1871 even by the use of barrels of petroleum. In American buildings are all the necessities of a big, hot fire, without the aid of a drop of petroleum. The large structures in foreign cities are built far more solidly than ours. Having fewer floors and less wood, European builders get along with little inside trim of wood. Iron and steel in these days have taken the place in this country of masonry. Nothing withstands fire as well as a well constructed brick wall. Iron columns are covered with four inches of terra cotta or brick, which fire and water can tear off in a short time. Then the stripped iron is left to warp and twist and tumble. I believe the covering should be eight inches."
"With only one night watchman in a building, in danger like all mortals, of sudden sickness or incapacity, and with no night elevator, a fire could get a good headway in the upper floors of a 20 or 25 story building. Bursting out of the windows and fanned by a strong wind, the flames could easily leap the narrow streets of lower New York and a fire of enormous extent and damage begin."
"I have always opposed putting a big building in City Hall park, believing that the time might come when that area, needful as a base of operations, would be the salvation of the city."
Most of the new skyscrapers have fire fighting appliances of their own of more or less value. Tanks on the roof and in the cellar are supplied and kept full by various systems, but these are as much for the ordinary requirements of tenants as for possible use in fire. Some of the structures have standpipes inside or outside the wall. Legally there is no way of compelling the builders of what is called a "fireproof" building to put in more than the most ordinary fire appliances, even above the 125 foot line.
Building a 20 story structure is much like building a dwelling house in one respect—the plans are always deviations from the plans and improvements upon them. For every alteration from the drawings filed with the building department the permission of the board of examiners must be had. If the alterations are approved, consent is granted, but on condition that approved fire appliances be put in the building, particularly in the upper stories. These include a stipulation that at least one elevator shall be ready to run at any time in the night in order that the firemen can get up and down quickly; the putting of hose and fire buckets on each floor, and, usually, a standpipe, with couplings for each floor. When the builders consent to add these equipments and others deemed necessary, including a competent night watch service, permission is granted to make the alterations. This applies, of course, only to buildings under construction recently. Of those already up there is small help unless the underwriters' cite of lower premiums appeal sufficiently to the pocketbook.
To the end that the fire resistance of building materials shall be known positively, fire tests have been made under the supervision of the superintendent of buildings. Three such public exhibitions already have been held, and they will be continued at intervals through the winter. When finished, Superintendent Constable will make a report to the board of examiners.
The city for more water in the lower part of the city has been insisting for years. Many have been the plans for reservoirs at the Battery and on either side half a mile or a mile up stream. Every time an extra line of pipe has been laid with the object of furnishing the needed surplus it has been tapped up town, and fire and building departments hope that the two 48 inch mains being laid in Fifth avenue will be left free for the relief of the section below Chambers street. Chief Bomber says the Party-second street reservoir should not be disturbed until water is flowing undisturbed through those mains to the locality that needs it most and for which it is intended.
That New York will be brought face to face with grave peril from the 20 storied structures, unless precautions plentiful and timely are taken is not doubted by those who have studied the problem of maintaining safety within mountainous firebrands in narrow streets.—New York Press.

THE SUN'S REVENGE.

And How It Affected the Man of Snow One Day.



The story of the man—



—who told the sun—



—he was not—



—so warm.—New York Journal.

The Bishop and the Artist.
A pompous bishop was having his portrait painted, and after sitting for an hour in silence he thought he would break the monotony. "How are you getting along?" he inquired.
To his astonishment the artist, absorbed in his work, replied, "More your head a little to the right and shut your mouth."
Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship asked, "May I ask why you address me in that manner?"
The artist (still absorbed in his work)—"I want to take off a little of your cheek"—London Tit-Bits.

A Propensity.
Said Plodding Pete, "I guess dey've got us."
"What did de folks in de house say?"
"Ef we can't chop wood, we can't sleep in de barn. De' ll look it."
"Well, we kin go furder down de road."
"No, we can't. It's goin' ter rain in about five or ten minutes, an rain hard. De horrible alternative is jes' dis, which'll I do, go ter work or take a bath!"—Washington Star.

Honoring the Profession.
An editor in the south was traveling on a steambath, and having been shaved naturally offered to pay.
"We never charge editors nothin', sah," said the barber grandiloquently.
"But how can you carry on your business?"
"Dat's all right, boss," was the indignant reply. "We makes it up of 'n gentlemen."—Youth's Companion.

The Count's Mistake.
"So Gwendolyn is not to marry the count after all?"
"No, poor man. He tried to tell her that her singing was something that made one glad to live, and his pronunciation was so broken that she thought he said it made one glad to leave, and then she requested him to leave."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Booked.
Gobang—What sort of a trip did you have coming from Europe?
Ukerked—Awful. Sick all the time. There must have been at least a dozen of the folks who took a boat on board.
—Town Topics.

The Lucky Rich.
Soiled Sammy—Dere's just one t'ing I leaves dem millionaires.
Thirsty Thornton—Wot's dat?
Soiled Sammy—Dey never has to work out dere bins.—New York Journal.

Byond Help.
"They say kissing will cure dyspepsia."
"That may be, but dyspepsia always look so cross that nobody wants to kiss them."—Chicago Record.

Numerically Speaking.
"You know Peduncle, don't you? I tell you he's one of a thousand."
"Yes, he's one of the ciphers. I know him rather better than you do."—Chicago Tribune.

Experienced.
Manager—Have you had much professional experience?
Sobriety—Seven.
"Seaus or husbands?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Probable no other woman ever suffered

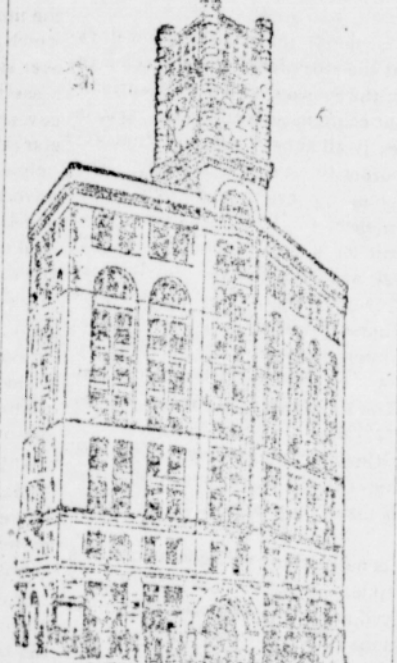
just as Mrs. Adams did, the wife of Rev. A. K. Adams, pastor of the Christian church at Elmhurst, Ill. Physicians were called by her ailment, and for years she was compelled to live a life of torture. To-day she is well and the story of her suffering and recovery will touch a responsive cord in the heart of every woman.
"About six years ago," said Mrs. Adams, "my health began to fail. The first trouble I noticed was with my stomach; food did not agree with me, and my appetite failed until I could scarcely eat.
"I would begin to bloat before I was through with a meal, and the food felt like a stone in my stomach.
"After eating I would have pains in my stomach with a smothered feeling which would finally extend into my throat and chest accompanied by a choking sensation.
"I began to bloat all over and my hands and feet commenced swelling until I thought I had dropsy.
"In a short time I had pain and soreness in my left side which extended across my back accompanied by dizziness, and then followed severe paroxysms of pain extending from the lower part of my stomach into the region of my heart.
"During these spells a hard ridge as large as my arm would appear in the left side of my stomach and around the left side.
"I had a feeling of heaviness in my head and at times could scarcely hold it up or keep my eyes open, yet when night came I could not sleep.
"I also suffered intensely from female trouble.
"I doctored with ten different physicians, but was not benefited. No two of the doctors diagnosed my case the same.
"One day my husband noticed an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the newspaper, and induced me to try the pills.
"I began taking them, but experienced no relief until I had used the sixth box. I continued taking them and after using eleven boxes was greatly benefited.
"I was also troubled with a nervous prostration and numbness of my right hand and arm. My hand burst so at times, tingling and burning, that I could hardly endure the pain, but that has all passed away.
"I now know what it means to eat a good meal without suffering afterwards, and enjoy a good night's rest.
"I am again able to do my work, and have done more this summer than in all the last four years put together.
"I feel safe in saying that it is all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and consider it my duty to let people know what these pills have done for me, as it may be the means of relief for others who are suffering.
"Diseases strange to physicians; symptoms that defied diagnosis, have succumbed to the potent influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Druggists everywhere consider them to be one of the most valuable remedial agents known to science."
As to Children and Dogs.
Washington Irving has often been accused of saying that little dogs and children were influential members of French society. It is quite true that in the United States I never noticed that close and sentimental intimacy between human beings and quadrupeds so frequently seen in France. American life is so active, so desperately crowded, either usefully or socially, that perhaps it does not permit the loss of time invariably brought about by friendly intercourse with a dog. As for children, I believe that their importance is equally great in all countries, but it asserts itself in a more noisy manner in American than anywhere else. Everything is sacrificed to them, for they represent the future, which is all that counts in a society whose present is a period of high pressure development. Yet no one must suppose that, before presenting an apology for French children, I intend to malign American children, as certain travelers have taken the liberty of doing very thoughtlessly, although they had met them only on steamships, cars or at hotels, enjoying a holiday with that buoyancy which is the characteristic mark of the whole race. I have known some who were very well brought up, even from our point of view, and among those who were not I have admired profoundness and capacity for self government—qualities which I should wish for all ours.—The Benton in Century.

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"For a long time it was considered to be quite harmless and destitute of any weapon of offense, although the hind legs of the males were armed with a powerful spur, apparently connected with a gland. Then the egg was advanced that this might be a weapon allied to the poisonous armory of snakes, scorpions and bees, all of which possess a sort of hyperemic poison syringe. Though one set of observers asserted that this was the case, another set denied it, and so Dr. Stuart determined to solve this question, if possible. He received two independent accounts which coincided perfectly, and from them he concludes that, at certain seasons at all events, the secretion is virulently poisonous. The mode of attack is by the scratching, but by lateral inward movements of the hind legs. Two cases are reported in the Digest. One dog was bitten three times, the symptoms most resembling those of bee or hornet poison. The dog was evidently in great pain and drowsy, but there were no tremors, convulsions or staggering. It is worthy of note that a certain immunity seems obtainable, for the dog suffered less on the second occasion and still less on the third. Two cases of men being wounded are reported, in both of which the animals were irritated, one by being snatched and handled, the other by being landed only in the dog. No deaths are reported in human beings, but four in dogs."
FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL.
John Wesley in Georgia Antedates Robert Raikes' Fifty Years.
In recounting the ministrations of John Wesley in Georgia, where the famous preacher sowed the first seeds of Methodism in America, the Rev. W. J. Scott, D. D., in The Ladies' Home Journal, claims that Wesley established the first Sunday school in the world at Savannah. In connection with his clerical labors, which were indeed prodigious, Wesley, soon after his arrival in Georgia, in 1736, began to provide for the Sunday school instruction of the children of the parish. His devotion to children at times amounted to infatuation. Children were likewise equal to intercourse with him. Both on week days and Sabbaths he gave no little attention to educational work. As a preliminary service on the Sabbath before the evening service he required them to be catechized then thoroughly and furnished them with additional teaching from the Bible itself.
In the present Wesleyan Memorial church in Savannah there is a Sunday school room into which hundreds of children crowd for Sunday instruction. The original school was less in number, but it was unquestionably the first Sunday school in the world. When taught by Wesley, it numbered between 60 and 75 scholars, but from all accounts there were few if any Indian boys in his early classes. A very high authority, Sir Charles Reed, M. P., LL. D., of England, is clearly of the opinion that this Sunday school was the first founded in the world, and that it antedates by a half century the secular instruction of Robert Raikes at Gloucester, England, as well as the first school in America upon Raikes' plan which was established in the city of New York.
Grant's Different Hats.
After his return from abroad Grant had a little Japanese servant, who took care of him as though the general were a bit of machinery who he was the noticed that in the course of one trip Grant had on six different hats, and the significance of the change Grant said: "Why, I do not know. I suppose investigation brought out the fact that some of the ladies of the party of the committee had reserved tickets to wear at certain towns. If I wore a college town, just before he arrived the little Jap would tip me to the fact that the lady had reserved a ticket and remove the starch hat, place a straw hat on, the general never losing a single opportunity of conversation. At the next stop, it was explained to the little Jap that the silk hat and coat were of a certain military hat. He made it a rule for the general never to appear at two places in the same hat, and the joke of it was that Grant himself didn't know any thing of the matter."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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In old days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If in a strange country they were their spearpoint forward, it was taken as a sign of war, while if they carried them on their shoulders with the point backward they were treated as friends.
"It is my creed that a man has no claim upon his fellow creatures beyond bread and water sold a price, unless he can win it by his own strength of arm."
—Hawthorne.
Preserved fruits in a state fit to eat have been taken from the ruins of Herculaneum.
Not the Stomach's Fault.
"Doctor," said the patient, "I believe there is something wrong with my stomach."
"Not a bit," replied the medical man, "but you must be more particular. There's something wrong with the way you put it in, maybe, and something wrong in the way you stuff it in. Stamp it down, but your stomach is all right."
"And then the patient immediately went out to find a physician who understood his business."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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"For a long time it was considered to be quite harmless and destitute of any weapon of offense, although the hind legs of the males were armed with a powerful spur, apparently connected with a gland. Then the egg was advanced that this might be a weapon allied to the poisonous armory of snakes, scorpions and bees, all of which possess a sort of hyperemic poison syringe. Though one set of observers asserted that this was the case, another set denied it, and so Dr. Stuart determined to solve this question, if possible. He received two independent accounts which coincided perfectly, and from them he concludes that, at certain seasons at all events, the secretion is virulently poisonous. The mode of attack is by the scratching, but by lateral inward movements of the hind legs. Two cases are reported in the Digest. One dog was bitten three times, the symptoms most resembling those of bee or hornet poison. The dog was evidently in great pain and drowsy, but there were no tremors, convulsions or staggering. It is worthy of note that a certain immunity seems obtainable, for the dog suffered less on the second occasion and still less on the third. Two cases of men being wounded are reported, in both of which the animals were irritated, one by being snatched and handled, the other by being landed only in the dog. No deaths are reported in human beings, but four in dogs."
FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL.
John Wesley in Georgia Antedates Robert Raikes' Fifty Years.
In recounting the ministrations of John Wesley in Georgia, where the famous preacher sowed the first seeds of Methodism in America, the Rev. W. J. Scott, D. D., in The Ladies' Home Journal, claims that Wesley established the first Sunday school in the world at Savannah. In connection with his clerical labors, which were indeed prodigious, Wesley, soon after his arrival in Georgia, in 1736, began to provide for the Sunday school instruction of the children of the parish. His devotion to children at times amounted to infatuation. Children were likewise equal to intercourse with him. Both on week days and Sabbaths he gave no little attention to educational work. As a preliminary service on the Sabbath before the evening service he required them to be catechized then thoroughly and furnished them with additional teaching from the Bible itself.
In the present Wesleyan Memorial church in Savannah there is a Sunday school room into which hundreds of children crowd for Sunday instruction. The original school was less in number, but it was unquestionably the first Sunday school in the world. When taught by Wesley, it numbered between 60 and 75 scholars, but from all accounts there were few if any Indian boys in his early classes. A very high authority, Sir Charles Reed, M. P., LL. D., of England, is clearly of the opinion that this Sunday school was the first founded in the world, and that it antedates by a half century the secular instruction of Robert Raikes at Gloucester, England, as well as the first school in America upon Raikes' plan which was established in the city of New York.
Grant's Different Hats.
After his return from abroad Grant had a little Japanese servant, who took care of him as though the general were a bit of machinery who he was the noticed that in the course of one trip Grant had on six different hats, and the significance of the change Grant said: "Why, I do not know. I suppose investigation brought out the fact that some of the ladies of the party of the committee had reserved tickets to wear at certain towns. If I wore a college town, just before he arrived the little Jap would tip me to the fact that the lady had reserved a ticket and remove the starch hat, place a straw hat on, the general never losing a single opportunity of conversation. At the next stop, it was explained to the little Jap that the silk hat and coat were of a certain military hat. He made it a rule for the general never to appear at two places in the same hat, and the joke of it was that Grant himself didn't know any thing of the matter."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. See All Druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarraparilla.
WANTED—THEY WILL TRAVEL FOR RESPONSIBILITY. I have a position in Oregon. Monthly salary \$100.00. Position steady. References. Endless self-addressed stamped envelopes. The Dominion Company, 107 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.
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Not the Stomach's Fault.
"Doctor," said the patient, "I believe there is something wrong with my stomach."
"Not a bit," replied the medical man, "but you must be more particular. There's something wrong with the way you put it in, maybe, and something wrong in the way you stuff it in. Stamp it down, but your stomach is all right."
"And then the patient immediately went out to find a physician who understood his business."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BLOOD WON.

One of these men who came to the country and has climbed to the bottom of the ladder to the second beauty is crowned by a woman with silken hair as white as cotton.
"We both lived on a farm there," says "Anna was an orphan and was reared up by a strict old uncle, who was a con. She was pretty and bright, and a prin and straitlaced that she was a sanction nothing to which she would herself object, and no old Con. ever drew the lines more closely than I."
"Next to Anna my affection was centered on a colt that was good at and developed a wonderful speed and gameness that spoke of aristocratic descent. I told this to no one but Anna, and it was with great difficulty that she induced her to ride one Sunday with me to a cupping being behind a real tree."
"Going to the meeting I realized the colt's pace to suit the day and the occasion, and he was as steady as a deacon himself. The only girl of my neighborhood who pretended to be Anna in beauty was there with a year or so the fastest horses in the county—Anna snowed us told Anna that we had a better start home early. They would require much less time and would pass us on the way. That made me mad and I thought I detected an unwelcome fire in her eyes. We were going home as decorously as we were, talking solemnly as we went, when there was a rush past us, a cloud of dust and a mocking laugh that was "giddy." My colt was prancing and pulling like a top-bow. I was bound to please my girl, grinding as it was.
"Let her go!" came between her lips and white set teeth just as a girl the period would say "Let her go, hahger!"
"That was enough. Fences and trees flew the other way. Becon did not seem on my wings. When we were out and near, Anna was called to me, she wanted to take the reins for herself, couldn't win the Sunday race. Her gawallant colt shot us through almost wasn't long till Anna wore a blueberry and tolerated cards to the playing 'old maid.'"—St. Louis Public.

WINDFALLS FOR GAMING.

Two Lavish Gifts Bestowed on a Pake Bright Boys.
Quite recently the pretty wife of a prosperous manufacturer was taking in a collection over a window when a basketed lot of about 10 colly waded up to her and placed his ragged arms through her.
"Excuse this liberty, mom," said, with comical ceremony, "but I ain't got a mother of my own, as I'm lonely. Will you kiss me?"
For a