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CHAPTER VIII. Judith was nuite eight: although her words filled me with frar, they could not dealtror, or even wasken. Die tasi-nution the even-ised avec me. Our main time dar was fixed. How distinuty i remember every aspect and event of that semiler every aspect and event of that y. The recember was, of course, to coherented at Little Rethiehem by the understoad that to be the right one, day. This recemmn was, of course, to be estimated at Little Bethieleen by the bride's father. All the principal members of the congregation were to be of the party, and the Rev. Ohadlah For-ter provided the entertainment with no signsently hand.

When I enter diggravelly hand. When I antered the parter I found it full of peeple. Of these two solemin-booking young men, when I had often seen at chapel, represented the greenin-neen, and two remarkably sour-looking fils, daughters of Mrs. Humphries, the bridgemaids. I entered the partor I found it no

<text>

The little chapel was chill and alsomy as a vault, and the damp atmosphere chang upon every object, dimning the windows, and hair-reding the cold, grap light that strangised through them. "Not a plensant day for a marriare." remarked Miss Humphries, solennip: it was the first remark she had addressed to me.

me. "More otting for a fuperal." I anawer drearly. She looked at me rather strangely, and I colored up at the mention of break-

She looked at me rather strangely, and

She looked at me rather strangely, and it certainly must have sounded a some-ment strange remark in the mouth of a bridgeroom. The exerement, according to the tructs of these people, commenced; and as I track her hand. I looked at Judith for the first time that morning. She usetted incommensions of my glance. Her face was distable calls and very rigid. like our bar her stars and an at the mention of break-rat. I had not a farthing of meney, and until I could dispose of the con-texts of my bundle, I could not procure a monthrul. I thanked him, took up my bundle, wished him good morning and turned to go. "Stop, stop! come here a minute," he called out. first time toring glance. Her face was unconneions of my glance. Her face was who had nerved herself to a terrible and repulsive task, as indeed she had. The twick of my hand awoke her from her vervets. She shutdered: but I thought there was loss of bardness and scorn in her manner, as well I might, for her tears were falling fast.

in her imanuer, as well I might, for her teurs were falling fast. Mr. Porter also was not quite him-welf; he seemed aginted and nervous. To my morbid fancy his prayers sounded like a service for the dead. At inst. If was all over. The whole party was pathered near the door preparatory to herving. Judith and her father had gone into a little room that stood near the entrance, where also had left her wrap-tions. I was the hat. Mooduy I was entrance, where she had left ber wrap-pings. I was the last, Moeduy I was full-wing the rest, when my eyes hap-pened to fall upon a small glittering object. It was a golden becket. In pickobject. If was a golden becket, in power ing it up my finger preased the spring and opened it. What a thrill ran through me! If contained the portrait of a girl of about 14. It was the face of the child I had met in the Norman gataway! Who had dropped it, or how had it come here? Futing it into my packet, I when the compared to account the solution of the solution of the large.

Two or three dark-looking cabs were I can rest a little while. I opened the

Table with me, he said, after a minute panse. "I like the look of you, and I don't think you're a tramp." I thanked him very much for his kind-ness, which, under the circumstances. I certainly had not strength of mind enough to decline. We left the church-yard and proceeded down a lovely green inne ennopied with trees. "I always rise at five." said the old continuon as we walked along." and

gentleman, as we walked along; "and, unless it is very had weather, take a walk as far as the churchyard. It's there my custom for many years, and, I suppose, will continue to be so unfil some morning I am carried there, never to come back again. Nothing like exercise.

life.

nals intended for human companios

"Leave the clothes with me. I don't want to look at them. I will lead you want to look at them. 1 will lend five dollars. That will take you to Friend, and leave some money to beot in your pecket. Any time you bring me or send me the money you shall have your clothes back again. A mile and a your clothes back again. A mile and a half from here is the railway station. Is half an hour a train will stop there. You will be able to eatch that comfort-ably. I will walk a little distance with you, and put you in the right path. Stop a minute, and 1'll bring you the moncy. Without waiting to liston to my fer-yent thanks, he left the room. Never in my life had I feit so light-hearted and imperfail.

opeful. 1 rose from the chair to take the lothes not of the handkenchief and month them, as they must have been onewhat crompled by doing service as pillow; also to take out the change of men which I could not do without. In

here which a could not do error a portrait, bung in a dark corner of the roam. It was that of a woman, with bright an-bore hair, transparently fair completion.

rtrait," he said, in a sad voice. "Your daughter's, sir ?" portrait."

"Yes-my only one." "Is she still living?" I asked, some-

DRAUGHT DOGS IN HOLLAND.

Animal Does the Work of the Doukey in the Low Countries. In Holland and Belgium the, dog oc cupies the place which the donkey does in several other countries. In the former the sight of a couple of

with vegetables, flowers or shining milk cans is a familiar one. They trot along underneath the cart, within easy reach of the blunt toe of the

sabot of the woman, who walks behind it to guide it by the handles attached at that point. In Belgium the dogs are hitched in front, as the Russians attach their horses to their droskles, three abreast, and are guided by a pair of rope reins fastened to a muzzle about the nose

of the dog in the middle. Great Danes, with the idea of increasand disproportionate limbs. Now they

are endeavoring to revive the original stock. The women and dogs of these two little countries are another evidence that human and canine nature are the same the world over. When one sees the white-capped Belgian milk woman with her dogs standing near a well, the woman having a battered can slung on her forearm, one instinctive ly becomes suspicious. The suspicion is confirmed when one discovers a po-

liceman detaining at the roadside a pair of suiky-faced milkmaids, with their dog team and cart laden with slender-necked milk cans, while he jots their names in his little book against a charge of watering milk. When the cart comes to a standstill

the dogs are no longer draught animais, but dogs. They sit or lie complacently down and loll their tongues from their open mouths. Apparently they have forgotten that they are ani-



WHY THE HUSBAND SHOULD RULE.

By Relan Oldfield. There is a strong tendency in the present day ong women who call themselves "advanced" to protest against a man's authority in his own bousehold. Women, they say, are fully equal to men in common sense, judgmont, and, when the apportunity is afforded for its exercise, in execuive ability To this question there is but on inswer-vis : every government requires a nom inal head, and custom and trailition, as well as the fact that it is the duty of the man to provide for his family, as his superior physical strength enables him to do. as a rule, assign him that place in his household. Well

born hair, transparently fair complexion, blue eyes, a very beautiful, pensive face, with something in it that come back upen me like a memory. It seemed to me that I had seen that face somewhere, While I stood trying to remember, the old genifeman re-entered the room. "Ah, ron're looking at my poor girl's portrait," he said, in a sad volce. Much pernicious nonsense is talked, often by peopl who ought to know better, about men being "masters in their own houses," of wives who "do not dare to call their souls their own." Not long since a woman's paper, which counts its circulation by teus of thousands, published a story of a wife whose husband bought her clothes, did the family marketing, etc.; a woman who, when, like a worn she turned at last, told her oppressor that she intended

"I such shill living? I saked, some the turned at last, ton har oppressive that as into the intervention of the saked these eighteen "She has been dead these eighteen "I much be mistaken I was oal? an infant in arms at that time," I thought. He gave me the money, but would not listen to my thanks. "Tat, int?" he said. "that's mothing. be a little less miserable than the one where the bushand submits to her sway for the sake of peace and quietness, may be a little less miserable than the one where the bushand submits to her sway for the sake of peace and quietness, may be a little less miserable than the one where the bushand is to the trease and the wife a splitting alarge the bushand is to be a little less miserable than the one where the bushand is to be a little less miserable than the one where the bushand is to be a little less miserable than the one where the bushand is to be a little less miserable than the one where the bushand is the safe of peace and quietness. Tar, int:" he said. That's holding, I'd give you more, if I really knew your taken in that I'm doubited of everybody now. But I like your hocks; but I've liked others that have been the property of great vagabonds." (To be continued.) (To be continued.)

anxious to please the other, and their wills never come into conflict. The hand of steel in a glove of softest velvet is the

ideal thing; strength behind, but all softness and gentle ness to the front. There are some with whom it is all stee and no velvet; which may compel submission, but does not make it willing: that a willing obedience is many times over worth that which is paid as a hated tax is a secret of good government which it behooves every master of a dogs dragging along a pushcart loaded bousehold to learn ere he takes the reins.

DEAL AND REAL LOVE.

Most women set out in life with an ideal of manhood, knowing little of the nature of a man. A girl's love is only too often a romantic longing the impossible; a desire for impassion adoration, such as she has read of in bookssuch as few men are capable of giving; the rea son being that while the girl is going through an nitial stage of comprehension, the man has long passed it. He knows a great deal more about her Recently the National Cart Dog As- than she knows about him, and while she regards marriage

excitation, organized to regenerate the as a revel of exactions and petty tyrannies he begins to original race of Beigian mastiffs, held assert himself after the first captivity of courtship. Its first exhibition of cart dogs. The love fc mied on mutual sympathy and appreciation is the Flemish breeders have found that in only love that can stand the severe tests of time, of hurossing the Belgian mastiffs with the man infirmities, and human weakness.

To idealize the lover is often a girl's mistaken metho ing the size of the cart dogs, and so accurate a state of the ling in the size of the cart dogs, and so of the ling love. But there is a wide guil between the securing additional strength, they feeling and the author or inspirer of that feeling. He He made a mistake. The result proved may be, and often is, the reverse of the ideal. But she to be animals with weak hindquarters insists on imagined perfections instead of testing the actual good qualities he may possess. Then comes the inevitable distiluation; the discovery of the feet of clay, and the broken reed, and all the other sadly sentimental reproaches

heaped by women on their fallen idols. Marriage may be the institution of reason and necessity. But love is a demand. And considering it as such the wonder is that the demand is so lightly answered, so

THE GIRL OF 1905.

She Wears Wide Skirts and Is Called the "Gold Field Girl." "Looks like a 49er," said an old fel

ow from the coast. "An' she is a 49er," said another. And a 49er she certainly is. The girl of 1905 who stepped across the threshold of the New Year, all binshingly, brought to the mind, not th days of 1830, nor the days of 1860. She is not an empire girl, not a girl of the Victorian era, not a girl of the 1880 days, but a "aller," true and un

will carry a reticule. And her orna

ment will be a little fan. Upon her

hands there will be long black gloves

and she will wear a noice bonnet and

THE OIBL OF 1905

Are filondes to Disappear?

golden-haired, and light-complexioned point .-- Yonkers Statesman.

pretty.

field girl."

is serious, solemn, and often-tragic. It seems a strange thing that out of a world of millions one individual is postively confident that his or her life choice is the one pee fectly suitable, sympathetic, and eternal.

TOUGH HIDE ESSENTIAL TO BUSINESS SUCCESS.

By John 4. HOWLAND. The man who can stand criticism unmoved is the man who cannot be interfored with, swerved aside from his purpose, and the idea of meeess implies this marching straight forward toward a definite end. You believe you have the ability to gain the object of your ambition; don't shrink and waver then because of the criticism and disparaging attitude of others. Ignore strictures on yourself and your methods; hold to your faith in yourself and march on. Consider the motto of the soldier: I care nothing for wounds; I cars only to defeat This man who marches on regardless of what the enemy." everybody thinks of him may be little or he may be great. That depends on what there is inside his thick envelop orsins or sawdust. But whether he comes out well or ill result will be something definite, clear cut. Whether he make a success or failure he will learn something from the result.

Keep your eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the mark you have set yourself, without taking too much heed of critiistn upon your efforts. Remember that no man of force ed trousers, and given his customary and distinction ever yet failed to make some enemies and o be stung by bitter criticisms. Only be sure you are right and don't worry about what people think of you. If you are too sensitive to the other man's opinion, you may meet the fate of the man who, from riding the ass, commanded his son to help him carry the heast, because somebody told him that was the right thing to do. The man who tries to please everybody, pleases nobody, and becomes a foolfor his pains.

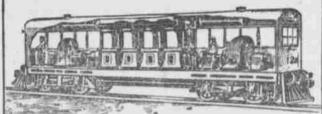
RESPECT THAT IS DUE TO THE LAW.

By Prot. Ottrer 4. Harker. As a branch of social science law has been a most potent factor in promoting human welling scandalously, and threw the sh fare. For eight centuries of continuous growth ded garments at the guests below. the sages of the bench and wise legislators, with keen conception of private right and distributive opinion. Mr. Brooks picked the cocos justice, have given the best, of their lives to its nuts from near by branches and hurlconstruction. And yet there are well meaning ed them with deadly aim at the table people who profess a contempt for the law, and, until the blehop and his guests fled in an occasional miscarriage of justice in its ad- for their lives and the afternoon tes

ministration, are quick to denounce it as utterly inadequain was a total wreck .-- Outing o effectuate justice between man and man. They lose sight of the fact that we live in security of rights of person and property because there is law; that because of its stable and beneficent principles and a general belief that when violated those principles will be vindicated we are per-

There is another class of people who profess to recogaize the rules of law as right and proper, but who con sciously violate them. The violations are usually those which affect property rights. They are prompted by per sonal greed. Unlawful combinations for the purpose of destroying competition, unlicensed encroachments upon the property of others, reckless and extravagant management of corporate property for the purpose of inviting mortgage foreclosures and securing the appointment of receivers, orrupt acts of boards of directors under the dictation of large stockholders for the purpose of squeezing out small holders are violations of frequent occurrence in this day of strenuous commercialism. These men do not belong to what is popularly designated as the criminal class, but, excepting violence and intimidation, their acts are about as reprehensible as those of the footpad.

In times of peace the ordinary citizen, not the inwyer, or the officer of the law-whose sworn duty it is to stand for the law and its execution-but the business man and laborer can furnish no higher proof of patriotism nor de more for the advancement and happiness of humanity than



PREFERS GARB OF NATURE.

Chimpanzes Shocks Histop of Bierra Loone and His Family.

Mason Mitchell, former rough rider, low United States consul at Zansipar, has found many odd diversions to enliven his exile and please his taste for African adventure, but among his African acquaintances none held higher favor than "Brooks," a chimpanze whose almost human qualities and cultivated presence, alas, are missing from drawing-room and promenade.

He was captured when quite young by the Manyamas in the west Congo district, near Lake Tanganiki, and adventures unrecorded was after brought down the coast and given to the bishop of Sierra Leone. Here he remained for a year as a pet of the ecclesiastical household, and was taught many tricks by the bishop. At length the bishop was married and his wife objected to the presence of Brooks without clothing. As she said "If he's to be treated like a child he must be properly brought up and taught to wear such garments as are seemly and decent."

A suit of clothes was made and put on for the first time on a Sunday afternoon, when a tea was to be given on the lawn. When all the guests were seated beneath the grateful shade of coanut tree Mr. Brooks was led

out in his new and swagger suit, a cutaway coat, white waistcoat and checkseat at table, where he had always conducted himself with the utmost case and dignity.

On this occasion he behaved with propriety until his share of the eatables had been tucked away. Then, seeing that there was nothing to lose by expressing his pent-up emotions of protest, he sprang from the table and rapidly climbed to the top of the overhanging cocoannt tree, splitting his new coat up the back in his reckless hasts. Safely perched aloft, he pro-ceeded to tear off his clothes, swear-

ing scandalously, and throw the shred-Not satisfied with this expression of

WHAT IS HEAD IN GERMANY.

How the Literature Differs from that of America.

The Germans are essentially a reading people-as much as, if not more so than, any other in the world, snys the Review of Reviews. The periodical literature, however, extensive and high-class as it is, is very different from that of England or the United States, and even from that of other continental European countries. In the first place, it is a fact that the farther south and east one goes in Europe, the loss influential does he find public optnion and the more servile the press

The French press has less freedom than that of England, and the German less than that of France. German periodicals differ from those of the Unit-ed States and England in another respect-they are more minutely differentiated. The Germans have monthlies, weeklies and dailies, and these are usually devoted to some, particular branch of literature, art, education or industry, and there is no publication combining fact and fiction, lifustration, poetry, history and humor, in all Germany, such as we find so many examples of in this country and in England.

If the English and American press is commercial, and the French artistic, the German may be said to be technical. There is an immense number of periodicals devoted to technical industries and handlerafts. The literary style of German periodicals is not so polished as that of the French, nor are these periodicals so attractive mechanteally as a general thing, but they are more honest and reliable than the French; and, instead of being trated in the capital or in any other one large city, they are published at widely scattered points.

By Mrs. Desmond Humphreys.

uitted to sujoy the fruits of our labors.

readily assured. The call of heart to heart, of kindred by teaching, by precept and example, high respect for the soul to kindred soul is no light thing. On the contrary, it law and the means by which it may be vindicated. **NEW INTERNAL COMBINATION LOCOMOTIVE.**

The case of the locket remained an inscratching the time of the socket remained by the market of the socket remained an inscratching the socket remained to the socke

and Mr. Porter was in his storeroom. I gentleman. and the opportunity to examine the per. It was a note, but written in a net almost illegible. It ran thus "Sweetly pretty," I murmured. He led the way into a little low resolved room, darkened by the overlang ing blossoms that hung thickly over the migery.

array I almost Regible. If ran tons, "This is my hast day here. I kerve twomerrow. Always to be beard of at twomerrow. Always to be beard of at No. 3 Reclarraw's building. Camden Town. Take care of yourself. Canden MARTHA."

No. 3 Racksizaw's building. Canden Treez. Take care of yourself. God biess you. So I was deprived of mr only rised. I was now utterly atone to the look data anseer and plate were soon produced by a kind-fooking, middle-aged woman, and I was soon sitting before a substan-bies of error and call been to be washed down by plenty of itredg coffee. Never had food been so itredg to be washed down by plenty of itredg coffee. Never had food been so itredg to be washed down by plenty of itredg coffee. Never had food been so itredg to be washed down by plenty of itredg coffee. Never had food been so itredg to be washed down by plenty of itredg to be to it. I could per-wise that no how every now and then and a curious glence at me, as though I presented landing of a puzzle to him.

passed during that month my lips are scaled. To no hving being shall I ever reveal the story of my sufferings during

reveral the story of my sufferings during those thirty-one days. Do the night of the Blat of August, i cred out of noy chamber, ascended to the boys' room and, thesen and unhourd by them, opened their window and de-ascended to the grinden by means of the pear tree. Viridly did my frightful drama come back upon me at that mo-red snake with his glittering eres with ing room do t almast expected to see the red snake with his glittering eres with ing room and t almast expected to see the red snake with his glittering eres with ing room a non leafy branch. But the tred snake with his glittering eres with ing has than three minutes more I was to the bigh room, a wagnbond, a homeleng sutcast, but a free man. All my worldy

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ship, but condemned to hard labor for The girl of 1905 wears round skirts. all ruffled and made to stand out. She

CHEATING SWEETMEAT VENDO Oriental Story with a Moral Told at a

Recent Supper. The Sabebuada Nasir Ali Khau

pent several weeks in New York in December, the guest of Jeffrey Duveen. The Sahebzada is a graduate of the University of Oxford. On New Year's eve, at a supper party in his honor, the talk turned to the subject of cheating and deception, and thereupon the roung man sald;

"I suppose that our okl Rampur story of the cheating sweetment vendor is new here. It is a story with a good noral, and therefore I will tell it to "There lived in Rampur a vendor of

weetments whose wife had weak eyes. One day this man went to see a friend at the bazaar, and he left his stall in the woman's charge.

'Be careful, mind you, about the change,' he said to her; but nevertheand a currinous glence at me, as though 1 presented something of a punde to him. "Now, if I might be permitted to haz-ard a guess, I should fancy you teste something in the parson line," he said, hearing back in his chait. I disclaimed the honor. "Well, it was the long hair and the unser-backing black clothes that put that less, when he returned home he found that she had taken in a bad rupee plece. "He could hardly sleep that night for

rage and sorrow. In the morning he rose early, and, determined to get rid of the had rupee, he set out through the town.

"Soon he met a boy. "'Boy,' he said, 'do you know the

sweetment shop of All? (All was a rival vendor.) Well, take this rupes go to All's shop and spend a pice for veetments there. The sweetments you

> may keep-1 want the change.' The boy departed merrily, and in a little while returned with his month

"So you got the change without rouble, ch?' said the man, as he counted it. 'And did All make no examina-

"'Oh,' sold the boy, 'I didn't go as far as All's. I got the sweetmeats at

Cold-Blooded, "I came very near freezing last night," said the mosquite, "But it wasn't cold," protested the

"No." rejoined the mosquito, "but]

The average man derives a lot of

pleasure from spolling some other fei-

W Mussense

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is experimenting with a loco otive that is expected to revolutionize the transportation system of the world. It is literally a power house on wheels and is designed to cover 100 miles in an hour. It is fireiess, smokeless and waterless. Its builders claim that it is capalide of handing a 2,000 ton train from New York to San Franisco without a stop. The locumotive is propelled by a combination of co pressed air, fuel oil power and electricity. It has long been realized by engi-neers that the limit has been practically reached in the construction of steam ocomotives, and it is believed by those best qualified to form an opinion that this new invention is destined to superside all steam propelling devices, at least as applied to railway mes.

variety of the human race is in the FAMOUS OLD STATEHOUSE course of extinction, and that, within NOW A RAILROAD STETION. few more generations, blondes are likely to become so rare in the world's population that they may be looked

upon as curiosities, somewhat as al-hinos are to-day. The blonde type has been so often chosen by artists and posts to represent their noblest onceptions of buman heauty that no one can regard even the bare sugges on of its extinction without dismay. Moreover, some of the world's great st races and many of its most masterful personalities have belonged to his type, and its admirers have some times gone so far as to aver that light implexions, and in particular lightplored eyes, are the favored livery of the highest genius.

This is undoubtedly an extreme and untenable claim, yet it cannot be de-nied that history shows an extraorinary number of men and women of the first rank in all the higher fields of intellect who possessed the charac-teristic marks of the blonde, and this the sweet smile which goes with every not only in countries where the light type prevails, but also in lands like The girl of 1905 does not look at all Italy, where the general complexion of like the girl of a year ago. Never was the population is dark .-- Garrett P. there so radical a change wrought in Serviss, in Success Magazine.

an individual in one year. She has stepped out of her clinging skirts into full ones, and she has thrown aside The Home of Musical Fish Lake Batticaloa, Ceylon, has the her picture hat for another one still probably unique distinction of being more picturesque. Her clothes are all the home of musical fish. The sounds pisture clothes, and she will be fash-ionable like a doll and destined to do emitted by these are said to be as

sweet and melodious as those which nothing more useful than to look would be produced by a series of Acotian harps. Crossing the lake in a In 1840 yellow was the color. And boat one can plainly distinguish the the new girl of 1905 wears yellow a great deal, gold and ivory and yellow pleasant sounds. If an oar is dipped in the water the melody becomes loud ored ince. She is called "the gold

er and more distinct.

Bacon-Why does he call his dach-

shund "Procession " Egbert-Beonuse The somewhat startling "statement ahund "Procession " Egbert-Because has been made that the blue-eyed, it takes him so long to pass a given through them.

THREE MILLIONS & YEAR.

Sum Out of Which Japanese Emperor Must Keep Up i.is Household.

The Emperor's yearly expense of living is limited. For this purpose ha draws three million dollars from the national treasury. His personal wealth is not to be spent on his own living, so that three mfillon dollars is ready his yearly salary as manager of the country. He has got to pay out of it some one thousand employes. The indy-in-waiting is said to be paid one hundred and fifty dollars monthly, I have no doubt that even a washing giri la paid about sevenly dollars. Japan is a country where a laboring man's wages are not more than fifty The chief cook of the cents daily. imperial palace is paid two hundred ioliars a month.

The Emperor's daily fare is Japan-He is perfectly satisfied, for ene. breakfast, as a common Japanese is, with a bowl of bean soup and a few atmilar dishes. But his dinner usually appears in splendid style, in some twenty courses, although he always denounces it as a useless extravagance. When any official feast is held -- the cherry-blossom-viewing party at the Kloshikawa botanicai garden, or the chrysanthemum party at the Akaanks palace, for instance-he will not spare any expense in preparing an elegant European banquet. The Em-She is a noted economist. She always gives a hint to her court Through the lower story of the hisisdies and the wives of the ministers how to arrange their dresses and how toric old statehouse in Boston, built in 1743, are the entrances to the Devonshire street station of the newly opento save expense. She is regarded as ed East Boston tunnel. The royal govan exemplar of loveltuess and womanernors under the first three Georges ly sweetness. There never occupied these quarters when Massa-chusetts had a colonial government. woman truer to the old teachings in respect to womanly disposition and Here John Hancock was inaugurated demeanor .--- Success Magazine. first governor of the commonwealth in 1790, and the State's general court sat

Handy to Have Around.

"You don't mind my leaving many of these bills, do you?" said the collector, with a touch of sarcasm. "No, indeed," replied the woman in to 1839. In recent years ingiven to part of the building has been given to the collection of the Boston Historical the door. "We rather like it, children do their examples on The backs of them."

> Keep one eye on your enemies and two ayes on your friends.

While a man is using his fingers to neasure drinks, opportunities slip

in this building until 1798. The city

government had possession from 1830 to 1889. In recent years the upper

