A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

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CHAPTER XIII. I look around me and shiver. The I hear him say: solid masonry of the walls is oozing with damp, which envelops me, enters my lungs, and literally permeates my being. drowning my spirits, lowering my vitality and extinguishing hope in my

breast. A warden brings me my allowance of pay for it, and shrugs his shoulders again. when I tell him that I have no money. On lighting my lamp he leaves me.

After a while I stretch myself on the bed, where I lie staring at the light. At times I grean sloud, I wring my hands, whilst the sweat of anguish pours from my body. And thus the night wears away-the ghastly, fevered night, whose seem to lengthen out more and more as they crawl toward the pale

To-day is little more than a wretched repetition of yesterday, only I feel it less. I have become apathetic. I have lost the mental energy to think strongly. For hours I sit on one spot and move not, or I stand at the grated window gazing vacantly at the river and the

About midday the sky darkens and it begins to rain. It is a straight, steady land-rain without wind, and the monotonous patter of the drops on the water comes to me, mingled with the creaking of the rafts and the husky calls of the

After my midday meal they take me to walk for a quarter of an hour in a court that is partly covered in, and again I shake off my spathy to observe the faces of the two gendarmes who pace at each side of me. They are stolidity personified. My eyes dart now at an official, now at a passing warden, with a vague hope that the Cosaack may throw himself in my way and give me a algnificant glance or sign. In vain, And we are treading again the damp corridor and the gendarmes leave me in my

cell The clock in the chapel tower of the prison tolls the hour of midnight. I count the strokes mechanically, sitting on the steel with my head against the humid wall. The final stroke is still quivering in the air when I hear a faint ettek.

Am I dreaming, or is there really a pair of gleaming eyes looking at me through the trap in the door? Is that in very truth a hand holding something toward me? I stagger to my feet, staring

with all my might. The hand beckons impatiently. In two strides I am at the opening! I grasp cold, rough iron! It is a file! A face is advanced so that I can see a long drooping mustache, as black as jet, and of red lips which pronounce one

word, "Work!" And the trap is closed. I clutch it, I hug it-the little instrument that is to give me liberty! reaction from the deepest depths of de-spair to sudden, full-fledged hope, for a moment overpowers me. I sink on the edge of the bed and find relief in a succession of gasping sobs. Then I get mastery of my emotion, and rise with compressed lips, burning to commence my task. First I deliberately put out the light, after which I mount the stool and work. Even when the dawn began to glimmer I dare to continue it, until every bar is sawn through top and bottom, leaving only a thin, unfiled surface to the inside, so that a single thrust will cause the entire grating to give way.

I am examining my handiwork with comparative composure, for I have grown confident during my undisturbed labors, when the unexpected click of the opening trap makes my heart stand still with sudden dismay, whilst the sweat turns ley cold on my brow. I have, however, the presence of mind to let the file slip up my sleeve. I dimly descrip the points of the Cossack's black mustache thrust through the aperture. I noiselessly speed

toward him. "How much have you done?" he whis-

"Finished," I whisper in reply. "Good. Give me the file."

I hand it to him and he thrusts it into the breast of his uniform. Again he bends down to me and murmurs the one word: "To-night!"

I go over to the bed, and fling myself on it with a sigh of supreme satisfaction "It is done my task is finished. With a single thrust of my hand I can make for myself an outlet from this foul den to liberty. A few hours and I shall be

It is the very longest day of my life! And when at last the shades begin to gather and enshroud me, I cast myself down on my bed utterly spent with the burden of it, and my woru-out system finds relief in sleep. When I awake finds relief in sleep. the lamp is burning once more, and my supper stands on the table. I eat up al food that has been brought me, as I have done systematically all day, and take a long pull of water. After which seat myself opposite the door and wait breathlessly, braced for the moment of

Suddenly, without the slightest warp ing, I am startled by the grating of the key in the rusty lock, and directly the Cossack enters; changes the key to the inside, and locks us in! For the first time I see my stranger friend. A single glance at him inspires me with confidence. Small, almost dwarfish; meager, coloriess, his face and form are yet instinct with energy and nerve.

'Ready?" he whispers. "Quite," I respond promptly.

M Va Ki

"Like a fish." Come then. You first: I follow. Straight across where Yerack awaits us."

am on the stool preparing to thrust out the grating. "Toward you! Toward you! Pull the re inside," whispers the Cossack. "It will make less noise. And by all the saints, the light!" he darts to the lamp and puts it out, and is standing below

Aiready I am drawing myself up to the stone edge. My head is through the aperture when-what was that? A fa- his spots, and thou art always a Cos

me ready to receive the grating from my

the legs and is actually pulling me back!

"Ah, just in time, Anton Antonelvitch! Not quite smart enough, my brave. Ha, ha!" as he drags me to the ground. And while I am struggling, dazed and

bewildered, to my feet he has rushed to the door, unlocked it, and by the dim light that illuminates the corridor I see bread and a jug of water. He informs him seize some one by the arm, jerk that me that I can have ten if I choose to some one into the cell and lock the door him seize some one by the arm, jerk that

"Just in time! Just in time to help me," I hear him repeat, with a strange, wild, exultation in his voice.

Then there is a short, fierce struggle in the dark. The bed creaks under a falling body. * * A cry of "help!" that is instantly smothered, followed by

gasps and groans What means it? Who is the vanquished? Is it the Cossack who lies groaning on the bed or that other oue? my eager eyes try to pierce the dark-ness. It is as black as pitch. The Cossack's voice reassures me at length.

"I have him!" he pants. Another groan and a gurgling sound. You were going to spoil our little game-what?" says the Cossack with utting irony; and there is an unpleasant thud as a head being knocked against a wall. "Where are you, my brother? Come here quick!" I feel my way toward the voice, and my hand comes in contact with the arm of the Cossack.

"In my trousers pocket you will find match box. Strike a light," he dictates. "I must see what I am doing here."

I comply, and see a ghastly sight. On his back on the bed, his body convulsed, his face purple and swollen, his tongue protruding from his mouth, is the warder. The Cossack's fingers are tightly twisted in the collar of the prostrate man's uniform, and the Cossack's knee is on his chest. He is to all appearances lifeless.

"He will tell no tales," observes the Cossack. And the smile with which he regards his senseless foe is truly dis-"Yet he might come round. Shall make sure?" He draws a small stiletto from the bosom of his coat and suspends it in mid-air.

I stay his hand. "Slay him not," I say. "If he be really dead, God speed his soul. If the life is still in him, leave him the chance of it. His death will not benefit us."

"Humph; less trouble to have given him his quietus," he murmurs, hiding away his knife again. "We cannot leave him thus. We must tie his hands and gag him, or he might set the dogs on us sooner than we expect."

While he talks he loses no time. He produces some strong cord from his pocket and binds the man's wrists together behind his back. After which he proceeds to gag his gaping mouth with a handkerchief. "It is cleverly done," he chuckles. "I was quick. Yes. In an instant I had him! Once he had got away to give the alarm, though we might still have escaped by the window, I would not have given the snuff of a candle for our chances of landing at the other side save into the arms of the gendarmes. It was even the best thing that could have happened that he should have come; to find out that the bird has flown be fore 5 in the morning, and by then they will find it a difficult task to get near enough to him to strew sait on his tail."

While speaking his quick, nervous fin gers are busy tying the knot at the back of his victim's head. "There now, thou art fixed up-war ranted not to go off?" he continues apostrophizing the insensible man. "Adieu my friend, and a good recovery! And

now out with the light and let us start. Yerack will think that all is lost. In less than five minutes I am cleav ing the cold, black water, striking out blindly for the opposite shore. In my rear comes the Cossack, gasping and

spluttering. The river is not wide, and I already feel the bank. Groping for a hold, my hand comes in contact with a branch, by which I pull myself up. The Cos-

sack is close on my heels.
"Catch hold of this branch!" I whisper, bending it down to where I hear him

So hastily is it snatched from me that I almost lost my balance. I recover myself to find a dark object rising at my feet.

"Onward!" he pants, taking the lead. A little more scrambling, and we are on the road. The Costack hurries me along a few paces. Then a form steps out from the trees and silently confronts us. It is Yerack!

CHAPTER XIV.

My companion utters one word in a anguage unknown to me, and Yerack retreats into the black gloom of the trees. There is a stamping of horses and muffled rolling of well-greased wheels. My sight having grown accustomed to the darkness, I can make out "troika" and some sort of vehicle as they emerge on the road. We quickly climb into the latter, which proves to be a cart laden with sacks of wool. Yerack springs to the seat in front, and away we speed as only a Russian "troiks" can.

Nothing says Yerack to either of us until between us and Kovno lie many versts, and the barren land is all about Suddenly he observes:

"Well, brothers, so far, good. low for the transformation scene. Thou Vladimir Alexandrovitch, as thy hands are white and thou hast something of a clerical air about thee"-here he gives vent to a sly chuckle-"art to be trans figured into Russian priest, with purple. silk kaftan and flowing locks; not forgetting a beard that would grace a pat riarch. It rests with thee to play thy new role well. Art thou satisfied with

"Yerack, my friend, I have no words wherewith to thank thee!" I exclaim warmly

"Bah, I merit no thanks. If I save thee, it will be life for life. I life to be level with people. And for thee, brother Kalatch, as the leopard cannot change miliar click! The Cossack has me by sack confessed, every inch of thee, I

have procured a Cossack's dress. In any other thou wouldst surely look like a Cossack in disguise. With a bushy beard from ear to ear and a quarter of an 'archin" off thy mustache, methinks thou wilt pass.

"I would thou wouldst make haste and let me rid myself of these soaking duds!" replies Kalatch, with irritation, while his teeth knock together like castanets "I am certainly sickening of ague!"

He gropes among the sacks and brings up two bundles, which he presents to us respectively. It is one of the most diff. cult things imaginable to make a complete change of tollet in a cart on top of a pile of sacks, while three horses are tearing full gallop with you through been known to make a man accomplish

What bliss it is to lie still among the sacks with a dry skin, after the wet clothes have been stowed away, and listen to Kalatch describing in his terse, powerful diction, his adventure with the varder! And how Yerack enjoys it! "Good-good; well done!" he interpo-

lates, slapping his leg. Meanwhile a dull, smoke-gray streak has been widening on the horizon, and now I can make out the details of Yerack's dress where he sits before me on the front of the cart, and also the head of Kalatch emerging from the sacks. so that his hooked nose and the onverse together, I no longer gather the substance of their conversation, for I think of Maruscha, and how soon I may inquiries subsequent to my trial in St. Petersburg should be instituted.

get to a post town as soon as possible. We are about ten versts from Borlitch," replies Yerack, without looking

"I must send a letter from Borlitch,"

-nonsense!" exclaims Yersck, Impatiently. "This is not a time to write letters! It is bad-bad-to send writing through the post! I believe not in this letter writing, it has lost many a man!"

Yerack, when I tell thee that the safety of one to whom I owe my life is endangered through me and that thethe individual knows not of it, therefore without being warned cannot escape it, thou wilt recognize that I cannot argue this point with thee."

The Cossack gives a dissatisfied grunt, but says no more about it. Presently he informs me that we pass through Borlitch on our way to Vilna. "Where thou wilt take train direct to Konigsberg," be adds quietly, as if it were the simplest thing in the world my passing the frontier.

"To Konigsberg?" I repeat in amaze "Yes; that is the program. And thou wilt arrive safe and sound in the Prussign town without a single hindrance. The officials at the frontier will doff their caps at thee and say, 'God speed thee, Holy Father!' "

A long silence ensues. Kalatch's head disappears from the range of my vision, and ere long loud snores rise at intervals near me. Yerack slackens the pace of the horses to a steady trot, and thus high will be approximately \$35. we proceed until we come to a long bridge thrown over a stream. He pulls up at the side of the road.

"Come, rouse thee, Kalatch," he cries. "Get down and stand by the horses" heads."

over the edge of the cart, and mechan- busked is the most critical period with leally does as he is told. "Now give me the clothes, Vladimir Alexandrovitch."

I dive among the sacks and fish up the two wet bundles. He takes them from me, and looks anxiously up and freezing. down the road. Having satisfied himself that it is deserted, he hurries up stream and is soon lost to sight in its tree-fringed windings. In about ten minutes he returns without the bundles.

"Sunk them in a pool," is the laconic I am on the road, stamping up and

down to stretch my legs, about which the long sliken skirt of the kaftan is flapping. My appearance must be starthe utters a little cry of surprise, which the husks from the sun and rain. laugh at the open-mouthed wonder on their faces.

(To be continued.)

The Old Lady and the Lawyer

A certain lawyer, famed for high charges, had incurred the enmity of an the freezing may destroy its vitality. old lady on account of the same. Wishing to get even with him she consulted him about drafting her will. As its value for seed. The best seed corn she was a very wealthy old lady with. results from storing it in a dry and out near relatives, she had many charitable associations to benefit, and the accurate draft of the will required much patience, skill and time. Among the provisions she made a generous bequest to this lawyer and nominated him executor. After the execution of the will she called for her bill, whereupon the lawyer, with the vision of ample fees in the prospective settlement of the estate, and the memory of the generous bequest, told the old lady that under the circumstances he should charge nothing, but finally to satisfy her business scrupies, made out a receipt in full to date for one dollar, whereas the smallest sum he could have properly charged would have been one bundred dollars.

The old lady marched home with her will, set herself to work, copied it out carefully word for word, leaving out the bequest to the lawyer and nomhating a new executor.

In the course of time she died, and the disgust of the lawyer at the contents of the will was so great that he inadvertently let out the secret, to the huge delight of his brother lawyers .-Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

Too Sanguine. Edns-And after our marriage I am going to keep a cook.

Belle-You are too reckless, my Edna-Reckless?" Belle-Yes. You should say you are going to try to keep a cook.



Good Plan for Icehouses. The cut shows a vertical cross sec tion of a cheap icehouse filled with ice. the darkness. However, necessity has The plan is as follows: The foundation should be dug about two feet deep in gravelly soil. If the soil is clay the foundation abould be dug a little deeper and then filled in with a few inches of gravel or crushed brick. Such a foundation will allow a slight circulation of air through the ice. Around the inside of the foundation, 6x6-inch sills should be laid and to these a double row of stude should be natied. one row on the inside and one on the outside. The boarding is then nailed to the studs. This will make a double wall with an air space between as insurmounted by the tall Cossack's cap. dicated by the letter A in the cut. His profile is between me and the bori- This air space will prevent the heat from getting to the ice. The boards on bushy beard are marked out against the the gable ends should be put on vergrowing light. Though they continue to tically, leaving cracks between them for the free circulation of air above the ice. The roof should project about get a letter dispatched to her. I cannot three feet and be covered with shiphelp feeling a consuming anxiety about gles. A portion of the middle of the her, though I keep assuring myself that ridge should be cut out, leaving an she is safe from interference until the opening about six inches wide, and over this a cap should be placed, as shown in the cut, leaving an opening "Yerack," I say at length, "where are at present? It is necessary that I on each side for ventilation. The ar-



rows in the illustration indicate the direction of the current of air in ventilation. A door should be placed at one end of the house, and, as the ice packed away, short horizontal boards placed across the opening will support the sawdust.

In filling the icehouse, layer of saw dust about a foot deep should be laid on the floor, and then the ice placed upon this. Care must be taken to leave at least a foot of sawdust between the ice and the wall, as the filling proceeds. When the house is filled a layer of sawdust should be piled on top of the ice three or four feet deep.

This plan may be used for an ice house of any size. The cost of building one about 12 feet square and 9 feet

If sawdust cannot be obtained conveniently, cut straw will serve in its place, if packed closely around the ice.

Seed Corn Suggestions. An exchange says of seed corn: The Kalatch, still half asleep, stumbles first month after seed corn has been

When racks cannot be used for seed corn, it should be hung up in a place where there will be no danger of its

Seed corn should not be stored in barrels or boxes, as it will gather molsture. We must remember that one third of the bulk of the corn at the time it is husked is water. This water is locked up with the hard material and inside a hard shell and dries out

but alowly. When seed corn is left on the stalks, It gets a free circulation of air, and it ling, for as Yerack catches sight of me, Is at the same time fully protected by attracts the attention of Kalatch, and can there cure under conditions that he, too, laughs at me. I break into a have been natural to it for thousands of years, and can absorb all the nourishment possible from the stalk.

Seed forn that has become thorough-ly dry is not easily injured by the cold. But if it is allowed to gather moisture, Careless storing of seed corn not in frequently results in the destruction of thoroughly ventilated place.

Butchering at Home. The slaughtering of live stock on the farm is going out of fashion altogether too fast. There is no good reason

why every farmer should not butcher his own meat as well as market more or less of his life stock direct to the consumer. The illustration shows a very simple and suggestive way of butchering a beef or other animal. Where a suitable building and windlass is not convenient, the work may be

HANGING A BEEF done under a large tree. Simply fasten a stout pulley, a. and rope up among the branches and fasten the end to a spike, b, driven in the trunk.-Iowa Homestead.

Qualities of Sonked Lumber. The effect of soaking timber for a long time is being tested by the Bureau of Forestry with regard to the keeping qualities of the lumber. has often been noted that certain kinds of lumber which have been left a long time in swamps are very durable and are preferred for certain uses. It is suggested that part of the gummy substances in the wood are soaked out, thus allowing the natural moisture of the wood to escape freely when the lumber is taken out and exposed to the air. It is possible also that chemical changes take place in the wood as the result of sonking.

Wood Ashes for Potataes. Of the fertilizers that can be s cured on the farm unleached wood ashes make one of the very best that can be used with potatoes, writes N. J. Shepherd. They can be applied in the hill or in the furrow broadcast, but it will be an exceptional case when a

apply broadcast over the surface. For part. this reason applying in the hill will prove_most economical. The ground can be prepared in a good tilth all to part their hair in the middle, and ready for planting and the furrows this was a fashion very commonly folrun out, and then a small quantity of lowed, and by many elderly as well as ashes dropped where each hill is to be by young men. There were many oldplanted and stirred in the sell, and upon this the seed can be dropped and covered. Potatoes require potash and themselves more like the younger man phosphoric acid, and this can be sup in appearance, and then many an older piled with unleached wood ashes man found that by parting his hair bonedust or bonemeal, or in a commer in the middle he was enabled to cover cial fertilizer with less waste than in up the bare spots that time had brought almost any other way. If farm or sta to his temples, and he took kindly te ble manure is used, it should always the fashion on that account. be well rotted and fined and then thor

Killing Asparagus Seed. A Western gardener says: One of

the troublesome features of asparagus growing is the seed that annually rip ens. Part of this seed will drop to the ground and become incorporated with the soil. Some of this seed will then grow, and unless great care is exercised, a lot of new plants will spring up. These seedlings soon take full posseasion and the patch becomes unprofitable. Some growers go through the plantation before the seed is quite ripe, and even by this method some seed will drop to the ground. Chickens will est some of the seed, but not enough to do much good. By scatter prevailing style for men now is to have ing wheat over the patch a flock will usually make a clean job of it. One thing is sure, to make an asparagus patch yield all possible profit it must e cultivated and managed with great intelligence.

Sand Against Rate and Mice.

According to an Australian writer, in the early days of Tasmanian the farmers suffered greatly from the ravages of rats and mice in their grain stacks. In order to protect himself one farmer adopted the expedient of and the middle part pleases their vana stack, he would throw a quantity of and it will no doubt come in again, to dry sharp, clean sand between every two layers of sheaves.

It is said that neither rats nor mice would invade such a stack, and the reason given by the farmer was that "the vermin, in attempting to get into the stack, would be driven away by the sand falling into their eyes and cleaning amutty wheat.

A Barrel Bag Holder. A convenient bag holder can easily be made of an empty flour barrel

Drive a nail through the hoops into each stave and clinch. Then saw out a door, as shown. Drive several 6d wire nails near the top of the barrel, aloping upward, on which to

hang the bag. By RAG BOLDER. having the door taken out without lifting over the top

Farm Notes. All stock should be kept out of the

For pigs milk and mill feed make

the cheapest feed for winter. Whenever a sheep is seen to refuse water, there is something wrong with

With all stock the value of good feed is wonderfully increased by close

Pruning the top of the tree to corre spond with the loss of roots in re moval is best done in the spring. One of the best systems of economy

on the farm is that which not only maintains fertility, but keeps it con stantly increasing in the soil.

A cow with a big udder is not al ways an enormous milker, nor is a thick, yellow skin an unfalling sign of rich milk, although these are among the indications, respectively, of abund ance and richness of milk.

Poultry Pickings Hens like a variety of food and it is line as possible.

to young chickens is to give it in a crushed or cracked condition. For ducklings try commeal

bran, equal parts, and make it into mush, with milk. If the egg shells are fed to poultry X-rays.

care should always be taken to crush them well before feeding. When desired to fatten rapidly, there is nothing better than good corn-

meal. Give all they will eat up clean. A hen pays in proportion to the number of eggs she produces; therefore, it is an item to feed so as to secure plenty of eggs.

When the chickens are off their feed and do not eat with an apparent relish, increase the exercise and change

In arranging the nests, have them arranged conveniently for the hens so his new photograph taken-full front that in getting in and out there will be little danger of breaking the eggs. ball team."-Judge.

MEN'S HAIR FASHIONS.

Not So Various as Women's, but Subject to Change.

"We hear a great deal about the various styles in which women dress their hair," said the barber, "but we don't hear much said about the styles in which men wear their hair.

"Yet men do have styles in this regard which they follow closely, though they do not change their styles so frequently as women do theirs, nor are their styles so various. They are, insufficient quantity can be secured to deed, confined mostly to changes in the

"Two or three years ago, as you will remember, it was the fashion for men er men not averse to following the fashion of the younger men to make

"Bo parting the hair in the middle oughly incorporated with the soil. My was really the prevailing fashion, and experience is that applying fresh ma men, old and young, wearing their hals nure to the soil just before planting in that manner were to be met on evfurnishes conditions favorable to the ery hand. But now a man with his development of seab and in many bate so parted is but rarely seen; pretcases produces a fungy growth of tu ty much every man now parts his hair on the side, and a man, old or young, with his bair parted in the middle would be so conspicuous as to attract

"Men have individual ways in the wearing of their hair, as for example some men who think long hair is becoming to them may wear their hair long, and some men with naturally curly hair may not try very hard to comb it out straight. There are men who follow their fancies as to how they shall wear their hair, just as there are some women who disregard the style and wear their hair in the manner they believe to be the most becoming to them; but as to the part, the

that on the side. Women say that men look better with their hair parted on the side than in the middle, but I don't think this has anything to do with making style, for most men consider themselves attractive anyway, and I look in due time to see the middle part become

rashionable again. "As a matter of fact, the side part, which is the natural part for men, does prevail in the long run, taking a long series of years; but men like a change, 'sanding" the stack. While building ity, or in some cases serves a purpose, last at least for a while. Men change their ways of wearing their bair just as they change the style of the shoe they wear."-New York Sun.

Latest Swindling Game. Here is one of the latest schemes for making money, which has flourished in ears." The sand was also useful in town for some weeks past, says the Philadelphia Press. A man stope you on the street and in the most confidential of tones asks you to direct him to a good pawnshop where they don't ask any questions. Then, without undu ceremony, he whispers in your ear that he has been working as valet for a rich old man, who has used him very meanly, and because of this he has stolen a lot of jewelry and only wants to sell it for enough to pay his railroad

fare to Baltimore. He then pulls from his pocket a collection of watches, rings and stickpins and offers any one of them for what hinged the bag can be put in and you have in your pocket, providing you have at least three or four dollars. Whether you buy any of the "stolen jewels" or not, the man prays you in a voice full of emotion not to tell the police, at least not until he has time to get out of town.

Of course, the jewels are nothing but cheap imitations and the watches not worth a dollar at retail, but, nevertheless, the scheme has been worked successfully, and a number of people have bought these "stolen goods," and found out later, much to their regret, that they had been swindled with ease.

Antique Furniture.

An electrical journal supplies a de scription of the treatment of worm eaten furniture. Everybody has beard of furniture which is given an appearance of antiquity by worm-eating artificially produced. The old crude way was to bore holes with a gimlet. . more subtle way is now in use. The bacteria which bore holes in wood are cultivated on potatoes, and are thence rubbed into modern imitations. They eat their way in; but, as everybody knows, if wood is too much wormeaten it rots and collapses into dust an item to give them as much in this Therefore, when the process of decay has gone far enough to give to the "modern antique" a venerable appear-Rather the best way to feed corn ance, but not far enough to make it unsafe to sit down on or to less against it, becomes desirable to kill off the bacteria. This can now be done, if has been found, by submitting them i their new quarters to the action of the

Georgie Wanted More Pie. "Gran'ma," says Georgie, "you gave me a awful little piece of piel"

"Why, Georgie!" cries the deep lady, "I gave you an extra large plece I remember cutting an enormous ples for you."

"Gran'ma"-the small boy ruminat a few minutes before speaking again-"Gran'ma, your glasses magnify a go deal, don't they?"-Cleveland Leader

Football Prolific. "How did your college cousin has "No; half back. He is on the for