

and I thought I had without using...

There is no more to tell. The tragedy was a brief one, and many a weather-beaten cheek, browned by prospecting across chert, snow and against lean mountain winds, was wet as the curtain went down, and the ghoulish undertaker jerked the leather lines from under the cheap coffin, and kicking a few yellow clouds of mounds of soil into the shallow grave, drove away.

WOMAN AND WORK.

There are more American women studying art in Vienna and Paris than ever before. The former city is quite overran with them, and one of the leading art clubs numbers twenty-five American lady students.

One of the features of the educational system of Mexico is the introduction of schools of mechanical training for women. Girls are taught carpentry, weaving and carving just as they are instructed in drawing, painting and music.

The woman's congress in Detroit devoted considerable attention to the absorbing question of woman's wages. The inferiority of the wages which women receive for doing the same work that men do has long been a subject of discussion, and the recent congress is by no means a pioneer in this matter.

New York philanthropists are turning their attention to the alleviation of the shop-girl's sufferings. They are also making an effort to make the factory girl more independent and to this end large sums of money have been raised with a view to establishing schools for instruction in the different branches of mechanical labor.

A Philadelphia physician, commenting on the prevailing ill-health among working women, says that every factory employe can do much to improve her physical condition in spite of the baneful influences of factory air and sanitation if she will but prescribe for herself a code of exercises and habits.

Miss Hosmer in Otsego County, New York, emerged from an attack of cholera with its bristles, formerly black, a very pronounced gray.

A Grand Rapids, Ind., lady, wears artificial limbs as a result of having been frost-bitten during the great blizzard.

Pneumonia causes the death of over 8,700 people annually in New York City alone. March is the most fatal month, the average number of deaths in that month for the past ten years being 410.

An Michigan court was lately called upon to decide whether a woman seventy-four years old could drive a horse thirty-two years old through and ten inches deep faster than the four miles an hour permitted by law.

A man was recently examined at Galveston for a license to practice law. In order to constitute a list will what is essentially asked the applicant, "A man who has property are all that is necessary," was the reply.

There is a dog employed in the postal service in the office at Albion, N. Y. The mail bags are laid on the pavement and the dog sits on them till the proper person takes them away. No one else dares to touch the bags while in the dog's custody.

Preserved Geico was the queer "curtain name" of one of John Morley's cronies who was buried in New York one day recently. "Lord Chesterfield" was his nickname. The hearse containing his mortal remains, on its way to the cemetery, passed the very saloons in which he had dissipated a fortune of \$30,000.

WATERS AND WAITING.

The Difference in Hotel, Restaurant and Tea-Party Work. "What would be deemed excellent service in one class of establishments, is not so in another."

Hotel waiting is one thing; restaurant waiting, quite another; and that required in entering, different still. I think hotel waiting is the easiest that is required in the American restaurant.

Hotel waiting is the easiest that is required in the American restaurant. It is a marvel that there are so few mistakes in orders and so little blemish of crockery.

In hotels there is a more leisurely class of patronage. Fewer foibles are displayed, there is not the clamor for haste, and the waiter has breathing time, so to speak.

The woman's congress in Detroit devoted considerable attention to the absorbing question of woman's wages. The inferiority of the wages which women receive for doing the same work that men do has long been a subject of discussion.

New York philanthropists are turning their attention to the alleviation of the shop-girl's sufferings. They are also making an effort to make the factory girl more independent and to this end large sums of money have been raised.

A Philadelphia physician, commenting on the prevailing ill-health among working women, says that every factory employe can do much to improve her physical condition in spite of the baneful influences of factory air and sanitation.

Miss Hosmer in Otsego County, New York, emerged from an attack of cholera with its bristles, formerly black, a very pronounced gray.

A Grand Rapids, Ind., lady, wears artificial limbs as a result of having been frost-bitten during the great blizzard.

Pneumonia causes the death of over 8,700 people annually in New York City alone. March is the most fatal month, the average number of deaths in that month for the past ten years being 410.

An Michigan court was lately called upon to decide whether a woman seventy-four years old could drive a horse thirty-two years old through and ten inches deep faster than the four miles an hour permitted by law.

A man was recently examined at Galveston for a license to practice law. In order to constitute a list will what is essentially asked the applicant, "A man who has property are all that is necessary," was the reply.

There is a dog employed in the postal service in the office at Albion, N. Y. The mail bags are laid on the pavement and the dog sits on them till the proper person takes them away. No one else dares to touch the bags while in the dog's custody.

CHILDREN OF NATURE.

How Mr. Turton Astonished the Simple-Minded Negroes. The unsophisticated tribe in New Guinea who think sugar is not fit to eat, recently offered to try an experiment upon Mr. Turton and his wife, which was respectfully declined.

Regarding the color of the Europeans as a white pigment laid on very thickly which the natives looked like without their paint, being amenable to argument, however, they finally became convinced that the pallor on the faces of the strangers was not applied, but was natural.

Confidential relations were nearly established when Mrs. Turton upset every thing by suddenly closing her parasol without notice. This phenomenon caused a panic, and the chief retreated over a hill in undignified haste, followed by all his people.

As the world did not come to an end, and as the visitors were most friendly in their manner, the natives finally ventured back. A present of a twopenny looking-glass to the chief re-established complete confidence, and was accepted as a present worthy of a great prince.

But Mr. Turton was determined to show these children of nature some more wonders. He first exhibited his watch and the movements of its wheels were observed with many exclamations of astonishment.

Then he held it to the chief's ear, and when that venerable person heard the ticking he jumped about three feet from the ground, and declared that the thing talked. Mr. Turton showed some other curiosities, and at last accomplished the most astounding feat of the day.

He caused wild dismay by lighting a match, and the chief declared that such exhibitions of magic art must be stopped. The portent of this occurrence was calamitous, and he begged Mr. Turton not to do any more.

The natives had seen more than they could assimilate in one day, and began to savor to their huts. These people live only a few miles from the coast, at a place which has only recently been visited by white men.

When Grenfell was ascending the Luango river in the African bush, he saw a white man to penetrate the region, he came across a chief who had heard only the vaguest rumors that such beings as white men existed.

About the only thing that the chief wore was the helmet of a French cuirassier which, in the course of trade, had come into his hands. Nearly everywhere in the Congo basin the first white visitors have found a few products of civilization among people who had never seen a white man.

Any sojourner in inner Africa can dispose of his cast-off clothing to his eminent advantage, and Stanley, in enumerating the commercial possibilities of the continent, declared that Africa was willing to absorb a large part of the discarded raiment of the civilized world.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER. The Most Distinguished Representative of Her Sex in Sculpture. Miss Hosmer was born in Waterbury, Mass., in 1835. Her father was a well-known physician, who, having lost wife and daughter by consumption, required his surviving daughter to live in the open air in the hope of strengthening her constitution.

Her father bulled better than he knew. In a play-pit near their home she spent many hours amusing herself modeling animals and shaping in the doleful medium any thing that pleased her fancy. She then studied anatomy with her father, who appreciated her gifts, and her drawings were notable for precision before she had been inside a school-room.

At sixteen she was sent to Mrs. Sedgwick's school. Thence she went to the studio of Stephenson in Boston. Friends in St. Louis becoming interested in her talents she proceeded West and entered the medical college of that city to perfect herself in anatomy.

NOTHING GOING ON.

News From Dry Fork Contributed to an Arkansas County Express. Rain. River rising. People are clearing up new ground. Eggs are scarce, but prospects are good.

Dan Boyd chopped off three of his toes with an axe day before yesterday. Uncle Billy Marsh has the thanks of a correspondent for a mess of squirrels. Old Bob Malone is dead.

Bill Potts killed a wolf last Sunday. Abe Firestone is a liar. Nat Pool and Joe Green had a fight Wednesday. Nat is dead.

Rob Parker was drunk Saturday. Miss Bettle Sawyer is the best looking girl in the neighborhood. She has promised to knit eye correspondent a pair of socks. Revival going on at Short's meeting-house.

Mandy Scroggins fell in the creek Monday and was drowned. News is scarce. Frolic at Jim Mayberry's Tuesday. Somebody shot Jim and hurt him mightily.

Old Doyle killed his uncle, Pete Brunsden, day before yesterday. Nothing of interest is going on in our neighborhood. Sam Myers shot Jesse Jones Sunday. The boys lynched Sam.

Our neighborhood hasn't been so quiet in six months. Tobe Spencer set fire to old Biddle's house one night last week. Biddle shot him. The boys expected a lively season this winter. Old Boylston is dead.

Bill Sevier got drunk Sunday and shot his cow. Every thing is quiet. Oliver Smith is a liar. Dan Pelt is no more. A wild hog settled him. Protracted meeting will begin at Marton's next Sunday. We've got a new preacher. His name is Wilson and he whipped Tad Bullock, Friday.

He is popular with our people, and will, we think, do a great work for the church. Old Mrs. Rolston grabbed up some hot water the other day and scalded Ben Bumpus. Our neighborhood is threatened with hog cholera. Mage Brown fell off his horse Saturday and split his head open. He's dead.

Mike Brady has got a new suit of clothes. John Fillpot killed Jack Walton day before yesterday. Soery I have no news. If any thing happens I will let you know.—Arkansas Traveler.

SLEEPING APPAREL. Sensible Suggestions for Sufferers from Cold and Kindred Ailments. A singular and striking anomaly in the habits of present-day people, is the great contrast in the amount and kind of clothing worn during the day and at night, especially in winter.

When the air is cold and the weather inclement, it is the general custom to wear garments of extra thickness and warmth, and to sit around roaring fires. But on going to bed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, people pass from the warm living-rooms into chilly bedrooms. As if the sudden change from extreme heat to excessive cold is not sufficiently absurd, they proceed to divest themselves of their several warm garments, to garb themselves in thin, perhaps linen, night-garments, and to consign their heated bodies to the cooling influence of ungenial sheets.

Conventionalism has habituated one to the custom; but a really serious contemplation of it can not fail to make the utter absurdity of the custom clearly apparent. If thin night-garments are worn and cold sheets preferred, it stands to reason that the warmth both lack should be present in the atmosphere. To heat the body and to suddenly deprive it of its caloric, is contrary both to science and common sense.

Dwellers in foreign countries almost invariably sleep in flannel garments, and the backwoodsman wraps himself in a stout woolen blanket, and defies the elements. They are sensible. The human frame should, undoubtedly, be clothed in woolen garments, for wool is a bad conductor of heat. Enveloped in flannel, the body maintains a normal temperature, which is of the greatest importance.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

The Great Question Settled in a Few Suggestive Parables. Once upon a time Jacob married Ruth and they set up housekeeping. Now it came to pass that Jacob became penurious and laid up the proceeds of his crops and stock in his own pocket, and it also came to pass that Ruth was somewhat troubled for pin money.

Her money went into the grocery, and her eggs and hens were of no avail, for Jacob took them to market. And Ruth grew shabby in dress and pinched in face. Her gowns were turned even into the third time, and the neighbors laughed at the ancient bonnet.

And Jacob prospered and grew fat in houses and lands, and drove fast horses, and speculated. And Ruth wept sorely that it was so, that in her own home she was a beggar. And Ruth and Jacob were old and died; and his heirs quarreled over the goods that were left.

Once upon a time Susan married Elisha, and they set up housekeeping. Susan loved not labor, and Elisha wrought hard with the plane and saw, a carpenter by trade. And it came to pass that Susan visited much, and bought silk gowns and banded her hair and she loved laces and bonnets. Elisha loved his wife, and gratified her in all ways.

His coat grew threadbare, and he discarded collars, insomuch that Susan became ashamed of Elisha's shabbiness and bemoaned her evil lot. And it came to pass that a rich stranger saw her face, and wondered at the ill-matched pair, and took Susan to the opera, and Elisha grieved that it was so, and began to hate all women; and the lawyers granted a divorce, and Susan departed with the stranger, and Elisha departed also and died in a distant land.

Now, in this same town, Edward married Sarah, and they rented a farm, for they had no land. And Sarah sang at her work and Edward plowed in the field, and the crops were abundant, and Edward said unto Sarah: "What is mine is thine, and what is thine is mine. We two have one purse and one interest." And Sarah was prudent and loved her husband, and they laid up money together, and sometimes Sarah carried the gold that was saved, and sometimes Edward, and Edward trusted Sarah more than himself, and they bought lands and prospered, and while still young their abundance was such that out of their bounty they clothed the poor, and bought pictures and beautified their home. And people wondered at her happy face; and they rode in a carriage that was not "yours" nor "mine," but "ours." And they lived to a good old age and died amid their children.

Here you have this all-absorbing question of the present days discussed in a few suggestive parables, by confronting conditions; consider them, if about to acknowledge Hymen, take what suits you best and may you live long and happy!—Yankee Blade.

SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS. A Famous Singer's Strange Belief—Frightened by Nitric Acid. "The third time I was bush an officer," and a superstitious person is horrified at some fact which he can not understand. A certain famous singer who is still living, is said to believe that another singer, a rival for the favor of the public, possesses the "evil eye." When the two happened to be at a hotel in San Francisco at the same time, an earthquake started them both down stairs and into the street. The superstitious prima donna, as soon as she recovered the power of speech, insisted that the shaking of the earth was due to her rival's evil eye.

The South Africans will not destroy the Natal rock snake, a reptile some times twenty-five feet long, which feeds on small quadrupeds. After swallowing an animal it remains in a torpid state for some days, and might be easily killed by the snake. But the believe that the snake has an influence over their destinies and therefore they refuse to destroy it. They say that no one has ever been known to kill the reptile and prosper.

The Muma Samel, a tribe inhabiting the mountains, fifty miles from the Persian Gulf, boast of having preserved their names and habits unaltered from the time of Alexander the Great. When the English Government sent its first mission to Persia, at the close of the eighteenth century, this tribe showed its adherence to one of its most ancient usages. The people plundered a part of the Embassy's baggage, which had been left in the rear, without a guard. Among the camels was one loaded with bottles of nitric acid, which had been brought from Bombay for medicinal use. The soldiers, after plundering several camels-loads, came to that with the nitric acid, which they threw from the camel's back upon the ground. The bottles broke, and the vapor and odor of the acid so alarmed the ignorant and superstitious robbers, that they fled in dismay, believing that a pent-up demon had been let loose, and would punish them for robbing his treasure.

Several of the robbers, who had the nitric acid were left untouched by the thieves, some of whom when caught confessed that the fumes of the acid had frightened them away.—Youth's Companion.

Rye Soiling Experiments. Pennsylvania Experiment Station Bulletin No. 5 gives some valuable information on soiling rye and its digestibility. At the college they sow the winter rye at intervals during September and October, at the rate of four bushels per acre on well-manured land, and in the following May and early June have a valuable crop for feeding. It is stated in the bulletin that if cut before the heads form, two good crops may be secured. In their experiments they have secured as high as 20 tons per acre, or 4 tons of dry matter, which is about double the amount of pasture grass for the same area. Prof. Frear found that when cut shortly after the heads formed, that over 70 per cent of the dry substance was digested, and sums up as follows: "This shows that, although soiling rye differs from pasture grass considerably in composition and digestibility, the yield per acre of digestible substance is much greater, and the material is probably equally well fitted for the purposes of milk production. Also that the constituents are present in such relative quantities as to fit the fodder for use without the addition of other more concentrated feeds."

Unflagging Interest. "What is the matter with you?" asked a traveling man of a seedy-looking fellow who was asking assistance. "You look as if you are able to work." "I am, but I can't get it. I lost my job about a month ago." "Discharged for failure to attend to your duties, no doubt?" "I don't know about that. The boss said that I attended to them with unflagging interest." "What was your occupation?" "I was station-master at a small town and let seventeen passengers get left."—Chicago Globe.

The Chinese are the greatest egg eaters in the world, according to the New York Ledger. They raise more poultry than all the other nations of the earth taken together, and have a way of keeping eggs for forty years or more in good condition. The older eggs the more valuable they are, and it is a trick of the Chinese grocer to show fresh eggs on his customers' shelves.

IN DANGEROUS COMPANY.

The Terrible Experience of a Soldier in a General, whose name Mr. Ingles does not give, tells the following story of his experience in a pit-trap in an Indian jungle in "Tent Life in Tiger Land."

I was hurrying along a slight track, when, hang, all at once, down I went into the concealed pit. But now comes the curious part of the affair. I went plump straight down, and the bottom hole, and at the bottom landed right up to my waist in a deposit of tannaceous, clayey mud. Regular "pank" it was. In fact, when I tried to struggle and free myself I found I was held as firm as if I had been bird-limed. I shuddered as I noticed the dismal surroundings. There were several great, grunting-looking, yellowish-green frogs peering at me with curious eyes; and then, as I turned my head around a little, I made a discovery that made my hair stand on end for a minute, and sent every drop of blood in my body bounding back in my veins. There, right on a level with my face, its length half concealed in a crevice in the crumbling sides of the pit, its hood half expanded, its forked tongue quivering as it jerked it out and in, and its eyes glittering with a baleful glare, was a great cobra. I felt utterly helpless and despairing, and for a moment my heart whispered to me that my end had come. Then came a sort of nervous recklessness. I suppose it was "the fury of despair" we read about. I knew I uttered a savage curse, and, snatching my hard helmet, I hit the brute a smashing blow in the face, and then began a fight for life. It was a big, powerful snake. The slow and methodical advance he made, his hissing filled the pit, and, swaying and rearing its clammy length, it launched full at my face. My gun was lying choked up with dirt and half buried in the "pank," but I had my hunting knife with me, and while I parried the fierce darts of the infuriated brute with my helmet, I made quick stabs and slashes at it whenever I could get a chance, and after a short, exciting struggle it was slain. I cried to withdraw behind the crevice, but with a slice of my knife I nearly severed its head from its body. And then for awhile you may laugh at me or not, as you will—all was blank. I must have fainted. The weary hours dragged along. It was intensely still and sultry above, I conjectured, for even in the deep dark pit the air was stifling and oppressive, and I could not detect a sound or rustle in the vegetation that overhung the mouth of my living tomb. I could now see that the day was waning. The heat had become, if possible, still more sultry and intense, and once or twice I had fancied I heard a low, muttering, rumbling sound as if of distant thunder. The clouds were hurrying up in tremendous solid masses, and soon a big drop or two of rain began to come bustling through the overhanging green, and another dread began to take possession of my mind. I knew what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crambing the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all