

**SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.**  
The woman was old, and ragged, and grey,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The street was wet with the winter's snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng.  
Of human beings, who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.  
Down the street with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of school let out,  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.  
Past the woman so old and grey,  
Hastened the children on their way.  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,  
Lest the carriage wheels or horse's feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.  
At last came one of the merry troop,  
The gayest laddie of all the group.  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and without hurt or harm  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.  
Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,  
If ever she's old, and poor, and grey,  
When her own dear boy is far away.  
And 'somebody's mother' bowed low  
In her home that night, and the prayer she  
said  
Was "God be kind to the noble boy  
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

**THE TROUBLESOME BURGHERS.**  
Philip Van Artevelde was a Dutchman. His father, Jacob, had been Governor of Ghent, and had made himself a great name by leading a revolt against the Count of Flanders, and driving him of the country.  
Philip was a quiet man, who attended to his own affairs and took no part in public business; but in the year 1381 the good people of Ghent found themselves in a very great difficulty. Their city was subject to the Count of Flanders, who oppressed them in every way. He and his nobles thought nothing of the common people, but taxed them heavily and interfered with their business.  
The city of Bruges was the rival of Ghent, and in those days rivals in trade were enemies. The Bruges people were not satisfied with trying to make more money and get more business than Ghent could, but they wanted Ghent destroyed, and so they supported Count Louis in all that he did to injure their neighboring city.  
Having this quarrel on their hands, the Ghent people did not know what to do. Count Louis was too strong for them, and they were very much afraid he would destroy their town and put the people to death.  
A public meeting was held, and remembering how well old Jacob van Artevelde had served them against the father of Count Louis, they made his son Philip their captain, and told him he must manage this quarrel for them.  
Philip undertook this duty, and tried to settle the trouble in some peaceable way; but the Count was angry, and would not listen to anything that Van Artevelde proposed. He said the Ghent people were rebels, and must submit without any conditions at all, and this the sturdy Ghent burghers would not do.  
Count Louis would not march against the town and give the people a fair chance to fight the matter out. He preferred to starve them, and for that purpose he put soldiers on all the roads leading toward Ghent, and refused to allow any provisions to be taken to the city.  
The people soon ate up nearly all the food they had, and when the spring of 1382 came they were starving. Something must be done at once, and Philip van Artevelde decided that it was of no use to resist any longer. He took twelve deputies with him, and went to beg the Count for mercy. He offered to submit to any terms the Count might propose, if the Count would only promise not to put any of the people to death. Philip even offered himself as a victim, agreeing that the Count should banish him from the country as a punishment, if he would spare the people of the town. But the haughty Count would promise nothing. He said that all the people of Ghent from fifteen to sixty years old must march half way to Bruges bare-headed, with no clothes on but their shirts, and each with a rope around his neck, and then he would decide how many of them he would put to death and how many he would spare.  
The Count thought the poor Ghent people would have to submit to this, and he meant to put them all to death when they should thus come out without arms to surrender. He therefore called on his vassals to meet him in Bruges at Easter, and go out with him to "destroy these troublesome burghers."  
But the "troublesome burghers," as we shall see presently, were not the kind of men to walk out bare-headed, with ropes around their necks, and submit to destruction.  
Philip van Artevelde returned sadly to Ghent, on the 29th of April, and told the people what the Count had said. Then the gallant old soldier Peter van den Bossche exclaimed:  
"In a few days the town of Ghent shall be the most honored or the most humbled town in Christendom."  
Van Artevelde called the burghers together, and told them what the situation was. There were 30,000 people in Ghent, and there was no food to be had for them. There was no hope that the Count would offer any better terms, or that anybody would

come to their assistance. They must decide quickly what they would do, and Philip said there were three courses open to them. First, if they chose, they could wall up the gates of the town and die of starvation. Secondly, they could accept the Count's terms, march out with the ropes around their necks, and take whatever punishment the Count might put upon them. If they should decide to do that, Philip said he would offer himself to the Count to be hanged first. Thirdly, they could get together 5000 of their best men, march to Bruges, and fight the quarrel out.  
The answer of the people was that Philip should decide for them, and he at once said, "Then we will fight."  
The 5000 men were got together, and on the 1st of May they marched out of town to win or lose the desperate battle. The priests of the city stood at the gates as the men marched out, and prayed for blessings upon them. The old men, the women and the children cried out, "If you lose the battle you need not return to Ghent, for you will find your families dead in their homes."  
The only food there was for these 5000 men was carried in five little carts, while on another cart two casks of wine were taken.  
The next day Van Artevelde placed his little army in line on the common of Beverhoutsveld, at Oedelem, near Bruges. There was a marsh in front of them, and Van Artevelde protected their flank by a fortification consisting of the carts and some stakes driven into the ground. He then sent a messenger to the Count, begging him to pardon the people of Ghent, and having done this, he ordered his men to go to sleep for the night.  
At daybreak the next morning the little army was aroused to make final preparations for the desperate work before them. The priests exhorted the men to fight to death, showing them how useless it would be for them to surrender or run away, as they were sure to be put to death at any rate. Their only hope for life was in victory, and if they could not win that, it would be better to die fighting like men than to surrender and be put to death like dogs.  
After these exhortations were given, seven gray friars said mass and gave the Sacrament to all the soldiers. Then the five cart-loads of provisions and the two casks of wine were divided among the men, for their last breakfast. When that meal was eaten, the soldiers of Ghent had not an ounce of food left anywhere.  
Meantime the Count called his men together in Bruges, and got them ready for battle; but the people of Bruges were so sure of easily destroying the little Ghent army that they would not wait for orders, but marched out shouting and making merry.  
As the column marched along the road in this noisy fashion, the "troublesome burghers" of Ghent suddenly sprang upon them, crying, "Ghent! Ghent!"  
The charge was so sudden and so fierce that the Bruges people gave way, and fled in a panic toward the town, with Van Artevelde's men at their heels in hot pursuit. The Count's regular troops tried to make a stand, but the burghers of Ghent came upon them so furiously that they too became panic-stricken and fled. The Count himself ran with all his might, and as soon as he entered the city he ordered the gates to be shut. He was so anxious to save himself from the fury of Van Artevelde's soldiers that he wanted to close the gates at once and leave those of his own people who were still outside to their fate. But it was already too late. Van Artevelde's column had followed the retreating crowd so fast that it had already pushed its head into the town, and there was no driving it back. The five thousand "troublesome burghers," with their swords in their hands, and still crying "Ghent!" swarmed into Bruges, and quickly took possession of the town. The Count's army was utterly routed and scattered, and the Count himself would have been taken prisoner if one of the Ghent burghers had not hidden him and helped him to escape from the city.  
Van Artevelde's soldiers, who had eaten the last of their food that morning in the belief that they would never eat another meal on earth, supped that night on the richest dishes that Bruges could supply; and now that the Count was overthrown, great wagon trains of provisions poured into poor, starving Ghent.  
There was a great golden dragon on the Belfrey of Bruges, of which the Bruges people were very proud. That dragon had once stood on the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, and the Emperor Baldwin had sent it as a present to Bruges. In token of their victory Van Artevelde's "troublesome burghers" took down the golden dragon and carried it to Ghent.—[Harper's Young People.]

"How much do you pay a load for fire wood?" asked one Austin lady of another, who was much given to bragging about her economy in house-keeping. "I only pay four and a half," was the reply. "How do you manage to get it half a dollar cheaper than anybody else?" "I hire a hack and go out on the road, and meet the wood wagons before they get to town."  
"How much do you pay for the hack?" "Only a dollar."—[Siftings.]

It has been remarked as singular that, although the war was ended eighteen years ago, the number of inmates in the homes for disabled soldiers is steadily increasing.  
The humbug of the day in Paris just now is the sale of Gambetta autographs, not one in a hundred of which are genuine.

## LEON GAMBETTA.

Discontented and Depressed by Uncongenial Employment.  
HIS MOTHER SENDS HIM TO PARIS TO STUDY LAW.

An old acquaintance of Gambetta contributes an important anecdotal paper to the *March Century*, containing the following account of a rather unscrupulous ruse by which Gambetta's mother got the means to send her son to the law school in Paris.  
As the "Bazar Genois" was in the market-place its business lay in a great degree with rustics. Leon got sick of dealing with haggling rustics, and prayed to be removed from behind the counter to the desk. As he was a quick accountant, and wrote in a neat, legible, and flowing hand, this was granted. He did his best to give his mind to the business, but failed, and his health sank under the tedious uncongenial pursuits. No device to which the watchful and tender mother resorted could get the better of his splanetic state. He had a fixed ambition which, as it appeared to him a chimerical one, made him restless, discontented and miserable; it was to study law, and become a teacher to a Legal Faculty in a provincial city. One day his mother called him to her. She said she had been unhappy in witnessing his growing depression, and she handed him a bag of money which she had saved unknown to anybody—enough to defray the cost of his journey to Paris and enable him to study law there for some time. A trunk full of clothing had been prepared, and was at the office of the stage-coach, where a place was booked for him to the nearest railway. Madame Gambetta instructed him to slip quietly away, in order to avoid a painful scene with his father, who was determined that his son should succeed him in the business. This communication was so unexpected and delightful that for the rest of the day Leon was in a state of bewilderment. He rose betimes next morning, and stole off as instructed. Before Madame Gambetta had instructed her son to follow his vocation, she had taken steps to keep him out of misery when the hard-earned placed in his hands should be exhausted. In 1856, the year in which Gambetta left Cahors, M. Emile Menier went there on a business tour. He had just opened the chocolate factory at Noisiel, and traded in medicated bisuits and sweet-stuffs. Calling at the "Bazar Genois," he was received by Madame Gambetta. In answer to his proposal to sell his goods on commission she, with tears in her eyes, met it with another. It was in the nature of the one enunciated by the unjust steward. "I have a son of great promise," she said, "whom I want to send to Paris, against his father's will, to study law. He is a good lad and no fool. But my husband, who wants him to continue his business here, will, I know, try to starve him into submission. What I am about to propose is that if I buy your chocolate at the rate you offer it, and buy it outright instead of taking it to sell on commission, you will say nothing if I enter it at a higher price, and you will pay the difference to my son?" M. Menier, from whose lips I had this anecdote, agreed, and for some years carried out the arrangement.

**THE ASTORS.**  
The Astor estate, like the old Roman Empire, was once a unit, but at last it reached a division. Like the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, the brothers John Jacob and William separated, and the realm which their grandfather founded is now two minor monarchies. The brothers, however, are on friendly terms, and their offices are side by side. John Jacob, whose health is feeble, has placed his real estate in the hands of his son Waldorf, who is now our minister to Rome. The latter is a practical man, of unassuming manners, has studied law, and understands both public and private business. His record while in the State Legislature is certainly creditable, and it is evident that his ambition rises above the mere possession of wealth. It is understood that when the division was made a map of the entire estate was prepared for the purpose, through which a dividing line was drawn, and the choice was made by lot. John Jacob obtained the Astor House, which alone is worth nearly two millions. Each of these brothers has about 3,000 houses on his rent roll, and they are buying property even at the present advanced rates. John Jacob has a preference for business structures, and the one which he recently erected in Wall street is highly profitable, notwithstanding the enormous cost. He has also purchased a large plot in the lower part of Broadway, where he will erect another business building. Such an establishment—bringing in a rent of \$50,000—is better than half a dozen dwelling houses, since there is less proportionate repairs and fewer tax bills.

It is pleasant about 9 P. M., when you have got well into the newspaper and your second cigar, and Madame is quietly napping on the sofa, to have the door bell ring, and after you have pitched your Havana into the cuspidor, turned up the gas, and mater-familias has rushed off to make herself presentable to callers, to find the servant bring up a small bundle of dirty chromos with an accompanying note, asking to purchase, and saying the bearer will soon return for an answer.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN TO SLEEP.—A lady overheard her nurse girl the other night talking to the little child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of the nursery in which she indulged was this:  
"If you don't go right to sleep this very minute, a big, awful black bear, with eyes like coals of fire, and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed and eat you—a-l-l-u-p!"  
The poor little thing nestled down under the clothes and after a long season of terror fell asleep to dream frightful dreams of horrid bears eating her up.  
That night when the stolid nurse had composed herself in her own comfortable bed and put the light out, there came a sudden rap at the door, and the voice of the mistress called loudly through the panels:  
"Maggie! Maggie! for mercy's sake get up as quick as you can! There's a fearful burglar under your bed, and as soon as you get to sleep he's coming out to rob and murder you!"  
At the word burglar she sprang screaming from the bed, tore open the door and fell in hysterics into the hall. The lesson was even more instructive than the mistress had designed; but when the girl's fears were calmed she said to her:  
"You did not hesitate to tell my little delicate child, who could not possibly know that it was a lie, a cruel story of a bear under her bed; now, when I treat you to the same kind of slumber-story, you are nearly frightened to death. To-morrow you can go into the kitchen and work—you are not fit to care for little children."  
How many children are there who, every night of their lives, are frightened to sleep?

**A GOOD PUDDING.**—An excellent pudding is made by soaking one pint of fine, nice bread crumbs in a pint of sweet milk; beat the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three till they are very light; beat in with them one coffee cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter; stir these in with the bread crumbs, add the grated rind and the juice of one lemon. Bake in a deep pudding dish. When done, spread a layer of tart jelly over the top and then a meringue made of the whites of three eggs, which should be reserved for this purpose. Set it in the oven to brown the top; this takes a very short time if the oven is hot, not more than four minutes being required for it.  
**COLD WATER DRINKING.**—Cold baths of the skin are good, but it is doubtful if flooding the stomach on going to bed and on rising, is not, on the whole, the most profitable form of bathing. Costiveness, piles and indigestion are uniformly relieved by this morning and evening cold douche. The quantity must be determined by each one for himself. Two or three swallows will do to begin with, and the quantity will soon grow to a tumbler full; and we have known persons to use much more with marked benefit. If wisely managed, every dyspeptic will be greatly improved by this cold stomach bath.  
**AMMONIA.**—A great labor saving article, and like some medicines, good for almost everything, is ammonia. A small quantity in warm water takes away every spot off of paint, removes every particle of grease from cooking utensils, cleans and disinfects the drain-pipe, cleans silver and brushes, cleanses delicate laces without rubbing, and is an excellent fertilizer for plants. Like other good things, it must be carefully used, plainly labelled and kept out of the reach of little fingers.  
**ALMOND CANDY.**—To make delicious almond candy take one pound of sugar and about half a pint of water; put in part of the white of an egg to clarify the sugar; let this boil a few minutes and remove any scum that rises. When the sugar begins to candy drop in the dry almonds; first, however, you should blanch the nuts by pouring hot water over them and letting them stand in it a few minutes; then the skin will slip off readily. Spread the candy on buttered plates to cool.  
**COCONUT CAKES.**—Take a small can of desiccated coconut, put it in a porcelain kettle and place over the fire, and stir constantly until it is nearly as dry as flour; then add one and one-half cups of powdered sugar and the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth. Mix well and make into small cakes; place them on well-buttered sheets of white paper. Bake in a slow oven until they are of a light-brown color.  
It is said that tar may be instantaneously removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately. It is astonishing what a small piece will clean. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, so that it can be wiped off.  
**TIN WEDDING CAKE.**—Rub one cup of butter and three of sugar to a cream; add one cup of milk, four cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, one fourth pound of citron. This makes two loaves.  
Burns and scalds are immediately relieved by the application of dry soda covered with a wet cloth, moist enough to dissolve it. Use the bicarbonate or common cooking soda.  
To relieve a severe headache, bind the temples tightly with a handkerchief or cloth.  
Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach may be quickly stopped by small doses of salt.

Mr. McKinstry of Hudson, N. Y., owns the largest apple orchard in the world—30,000 trees on 300 acres.

## A TRUE STORY.

The Practical Joke Played on a Young Southerner by a Friend in Leipzig.

HOW HE PAID HIS SCORE YEARS AFTERWARD IN BOSTON.  
The following amusing story is no fiction. Its principal actor is a well known musical gentleman of this city, who tells the tale, though its point is aimed at himself, with a hearty relish. It is a custom among musical students at Leipzig to play practical jokes upon each other, aimed more to make one appear ridiculous than to do one harm. Some years ago, when the aforesaid gentleman, whom we will call Penac, was studying in that place, there came to the conservatory a young Southerner, to study the violin. Penac and several of the students took him out to show him the lions. As they passed along he said to several of his companions, "Now, you do just as I do, and we'll have some fun with this new fellow."  
As they reached the square in which the statue of Bach is raised aloft, Penac solemnly turned about and reverently doffed his cap, his companions following suit.  
The young Southerner, with eyes wide opened for "foreign observation," gravely asked the meaning of this manoeuvre.  
"Ah," replied Penac, "you don't know much of German people and their customs?"  
"No," said his companion.  
"Well," said Penac, "Bach is very much revered in Leipzig, so much so that it is a custom for all who pass his statue to uncover. Beautiful custom, isn't it?"  
"Beautiful, indeed," replied the new-comer.  
"I'll give you a few points. I'll tell you another custom in musical circles; that is the solemn admiration paid Beethoven. Why, whenever his name is mentioned it is the habit to close one's eyes and bend one's head devoutly."  
The Southerner was much impressed. He had imagined such musical enthusiasm, but scarce hoped to find it, and was delighted.  
Penac forgot the matter entirely, until some time afterward he chanced to be at an evening reception where he found himself near his Southern friend. Before he had a chance to address him, he was amusingly surprised to see him bob up, close his eyes, and bow as if in prayer. He had scarcely suppressed a smile before a voice at his elbow asked if he knew the young man, remarking:  
"He seems very sensible; yet I have never met him but what he has gone through that performance, sometimes twice or three times in an evening."  
Penac afterwards explained to the new-comer, saying: "I have had my joke and don't want you to make too much of a fool of yourself." For a moment the victim would not believe it. He had cherished the "beautiful custom," and practiced it with assiduity, and could hardly realize that he had been so idiotic.  
Years passed, and one Sunday, a few weeks since, a crowd of Boston musicians were at dinner at a French restaurant not a hundred miles from Boylston street, where outlandish dishes are served that flavor of other climes, and where, for the first time since the good old days at Leipzig, Penac and the Southerner met and cordially shook hands. The former had entirely forgotten his practical joke, and from a fun-loving student had become a rather headstrong, eccentric musician. During the repast his new-found companion said:  
"Oh, by the way, Penac, I have a friend here whom I am anxious you should meet."  
"By all means introduce me, then."  
"He is something of a genius, generous to a fault, but peculiar—eccentric."  
"Indeed, I have a penchant for curio; what is its direction?"  
"Well, he plays beautifully, improvises, but he has a fancy for not playing unless he is paid, no matter if it is only a quarter, so long as it is something."  
"All right—that's all right," and the introduction was effected. Said Penac:  
"Your friend tells me that you are a pianist, and I have a great desire to hear you. I hope," holding out his hand, "that I shall have the pleasure of hearing you this afternoon," drawing his hand away and leaving a quarter in the gentleman's palm.  
"I do not know a note," was the reply of the gentleman, staring at the quarter, then looking into Penac's face, questioning, then angrily.  
"That's all right," said Penac, airily; "that's all right. I want—getting confused as the gentleman stared angrily in his face and beginning to back away; "I hope—that you will—favor us—you know," and he got to his Southern friend as soon as possible.  
"I should think he was eccentric; thought he was going to knock me down; never saw such a strange acting man; I gave him the quarter, too; never felt so cheap in my life."  
"No," was the rejoinder. "Probably you felt about as I did in Leipzig ten years ago."  
Then Penac remembered; but he laughed all the same.—[Boston Home Journal.]

At present the most valuable gift which can be bestowed on women, is something to do which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—[James Garfield.]

## FACTS OF INTEREST.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, according to the *London Truth*, is writing a drama for Miss Mary Aubuchon, which the lady is a Dutch murderer.

John B. Gough admits that of his suspender-bottoms during his first public oratory would never have heard of again. The world said to rest on pins and needles.  
Harvard has students from state in the Union except New York, Oregon, and Virginia. Besides are students from the District of Columbia, Idaho, Montana, Armenia in Asia, Bahama, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, New Brunswick, Scotia, and Prussia.  
The Santa Rosa Republician says J. L. Bensly has a ben with progressive turn of mind, scratched around and laid master a pair of eggs of entire design. One egg contains the other the white. Both are together by a ligamentous something after the style of "Siamese twins."  
Bogus noblemen are talented and audacious. Several London keepers have been swindled by them. American landlords give their English brethren the detection of the swindler, bogus duke was betrayed by the fact that his boots were shabby and run down at the heels.  
On the occasion of her late Bermuda, the Princess Louise's gage consisted of not less than three pieces, excluding nine wine. The first thing brought was a mocking bird in a cage, of the trunks were marked with white letters, P. L.; one of the best of them disclosed a brass inscribed, "Princess Louise, Trunk."  
Advertisement in a Berlin paper. "A medical student means are exhausted would meet with some one who would advance him the necessary sum, to complete his studies at a moderate interest. If necessary he would guarantee, at once marry his daughter, or, if preferred, make an agreement to do so on our v-ing his final examination."

President Authur's wife was buried in the Rural Cemetery at three years ago. The monument of the grave was finished recently of Italian marble, about 10 feet long and two feet high, and upon a massive triple pedestal. Around the upper edge, in English letters, is this inscription:  
HERE LIES THE BODY OF HELEN LEWIS HERNDON WIFE OF CHESTER A. AUTHUR Born in England, C. H. Aug. 8, Died in New York, Jan. 12, 1871.  
J. W. Patterson, in his annual report as superintendent of institutions, severely criticises Hampshire's educational system. The schools, which have fallen attendance and decreased in no longer perform their work. The teachers are to be pitied, and to that end using and visionary illustrations, teachers, he says, must be hired on larger salaries paid. The man now receives \$36 a month, average woman \$22 and 3.17 the 3,594 teachers are women.  
The *London Truth* tells this of a distinguished London Bachelor. "When his young wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, was in death-bed, a heavy and important case in which he was retained on for hearing. His presence was absolutely indispensable in the court of his client, Mr. Webster, wonderful self-control, took his in court, and spoke for several returning at the end of the day his wife's side in time to hear last words. The next morning though he was heart-broken and overwhelmed with grief, he appeared court again, pale and determined resumed his speech, only when he could safely do so."

At Moscow preparations for coronation of the Czar are proceeding upon a fabulous scale of magnificence, and eleven miles of tables being constructed for the banquet the plains. In addition, eighty circular counters are being prepared for the distribution to the million 900,000 pies. Rubenstein is to march and direct an orchestra of one thousand musicians and a thousand chorists. Sixteen thousand vats, to hold free beer, are being built in public places, and a company is covering the Kreml with electric lights. Meanwhile anxiety about the Nihilists grips the German police have possession to the Nihilists, giving instructions on the subject of the coronation.  
There are indications that a pleasure party which returned to Europe not very long ago has the cubus of a dishonest act weighing its collective conscience, and some custom-house inspector, if not proof against inner accusations is carrying a like weight. United States Treasurer received envelope a few days ago containing ten dollars and a letter in which anonymous writer says that money is the estimated amount the government on dutiable articles brought from Europe. He said, "If I could have made head or tail of the tariff, I would have paid the honestly at once, and not have offered myself to be overruled by other members of the party, and guided into paying the custom-house inspector instead of the United States."

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