

H. V. V. JOHNSON, PRESIDENT.
WM. D. STILLWELL, VICE-PRESIDENT.
GEO. L. SMITH, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.
CLAUDE THAYER, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
W. H. COOPER, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
L. H. BROWN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
WM. D. STILLWELL, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
H. V. V. JOHNSON, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.
W. F. D. JONES, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.
Meets first and third Saturday each month.

Tillamook City and County.

RECORDING

All about our Timber, Coal, Fisheries, Farming Lands and other resources. Deep rivers, magnificent harbors. Address

Board of Trade, or Tillamook Headlight.

THE REASON.

"It's not because she's fair,
Though she is very fair;
Nor that her smile is rare,
And bright her world and air,
And all her ways have air,
Neither because she puts, forth,
Into her sketches dash and truth,
Nor just because of tact,
That she hath been to me
Hope, joy and melody,
But 'tis you see, because
She is—'I'll whisper low,
Why is it? Here I pause,
I could not tell you if I could,
I would not tell you if I could,
So you can never know."

—Catherine W. Fowler in Brooklyn Eagle.

CURING A CRANK.

"I am a miserable man," said Mr. Cyrus Maddox gloomily, "and it is best that the world should be rid of my presence. No one cares for me."

"Oh, don't say that, uncle," said Lizzie Silver beseechingly. "You know I love you. You are the only friend I have in the world, and if you were to die what would become of me?"

"I suppose young Guy Cheevers would console you for my loss," said Mr. Maddox grimly. "At any rate, I don't care. I will end my troubles and sorrow to-morrow at 12 m."

And with these fearful words he strode out of the room, leaving Lizzie sobbing, with her curly black head resting on a dinner plate.

"What's the matter now, Boss? Has the milliner disappointed you in your love of a bonnet?" asked a warm, hearty voice, which was the property of "young Guy Cheevers," as Mr. Maddox called him, as that gentleman strode into the room.

"Oh, Guy!" sobbed Lizzie. "Uncle Cyrus is going to die to-morrow at 12 o'clock."

"How do you know?" asked Guy.

"He said so."

"But how does he know?"

"He's going to kill himself."

"So as to make himself a true prophet, eh?" asked Guy laughingly.

"Oh, Guy, don't joke!" cried Lizzie tearfully. "He will—I know he will."

"I don't it," said Guy skeptically.

"But he tried to commit suicide several times," persisted Lizzie fiercely with burning cheeks, "but he forgot to stop up the keyhole, and I smelt the smoke and got some neighbors to break open the door and saved him. Then he tried to hang himself, but the cord broke; and he fired a pistol at himself, but he forgot to put any ball in it, so that failed; and then—"

"Gracious!" cried Guy, as Lizzie stopped for want of breath, "what a determined man he must be! Such perseverance deserves to be rewarded. Have you any idea what plan he will try now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lizzie mournfully. "Something dreadful, I suppose."

"But what does he want to make away with himself for?" asked Guy wonderingly.

"Why, he says he is a miserable man, a burden to every one, and that life has no joys for him, and that he is weary of this world."

"And so would like to try the next?" said Guy. "Perhaps he won't find it so pleasant as the one he is quitting. What an unreasonable man he must be! He is rich, talented, healthy, and has a very pretty niece—and here in a moment of abstraction he allows his arm to wander around Miss Silver's waist—and what more can he want? But some people never are satisfied. It seems he is determined to pry into futurity, and it seems a pity to disappoint so laudable an ambition, but duty—duty to myself—compels me to interfere. I dislike any scandal or excitement. A corner's jury would cause both, therefore we must balk his little game."

"But how?" asked Lizzie curiously.

"A prudent general," said Guy laughingly, "never confides his plans to his army, particularly when the army is of the feminine gender; so excuse me; mine's the word. But rest assured, my dear Elizabeth, that unless your worthy uncle shuffles off this mortal coil in a surreptitious manner before 12 m. to-morrow he will not do it afterward—of course I mean illegally. Farewell till to-morrow."

Having concluded this address Guy strode off in a tragic manner, leaving Lizzie greatly surprised, but still quite reassured, for in her opinion what Guy couldn't do wasn't worth doing.

The next morning Mr. Maddox made his appearance, very saturnine and gloomy, and at his breakfast, with a mournful air that was terribly impressive. Having finished, he then took leave of his niece in a feeling manner.

"I am about to leave you," said he mournfully. "I am about to end this life of misery. I hope that you may be happy."

"Oh, don't go!" said Lizzie, tearfully clinging to him, and looking into his face pleadingly.

"It's useless," said Mr. Maddox grimly. "My mind is fixed, and nothing you can do can persuade me to relinquish my purpose. But you, my dear child, shall not be unprotected for. I intend to make my will in the few hours that are left me, and you will not be forgotten. Good-by, my dear child, farewell!"—and then, after embracing his niece fervently, Mr. Maddox rushed from the room frantically and securely locked himself into his own room and began to prepare himself for his last journey.

"Nine o'clock!" he said, to himself, looking at his watch. "Three hours yet! Enough to do all I have to do! First to make my will!"

The last will and testament of Mr. Cyrus Maddox was evidently not a long one, as it was finished in less than an hour.

"Eleven o'clock!" said Mr. Maddox, "and I have finished. How slow the time passes, to be sure! Now, what shall I do until 12 o'clock, for I am determined not to die until noon!"

A knock at the door.

"Go away!" cried Mr. Maddox angrily.

"you," said a voice outside the door, "but I can come in. I have a deplorable story here, and if you don't open the door I will."

Mr. Maddox rose and unlocked the door, and Mr. Guy Cheevers entered, carrying an oblong box under his arm.

He placed the box on the table, and then took a seat opposite Mr. Maddox and stared blankly at him.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Maddox fiercely. "Don't you see I am engaged?"

"Oh, I know," said Guy, "what you are about to do! Don't think that I am going to interfere—not at all. But before you make your quietus I wish to ask you a few questions. Have you provided for your niece's future welfare?"

"What's that to you?"

"Considerable. I am about to marry Miss Silver; so her interests are naturally mine."

"Then she is provided for—amplify."

"Thank you for your information. Very glad to hear it. And now excuse the apparent impertinence of the question, but where is your will?"

"Here," said Mr. Maddox, laying his hand on it.

"Suppose you give it to me to take care of?"

"It might become misplaced," explained Guy.

"I'll keep it myself," said Mr. Maddox roughly.

"Then just leave a memorandum on the table," said Guy earnestly, "to tell where it is. It will save trouble, perhaps."

"Get out!" cried Mr. Maddox angrily.

"Ah, I see!" said Mr. Cheevers coolly; "in a hurry to begin. Well, I won't detain you; but I have a little suggestion to offer."

"Well," said Mr. Maddox impatiently. "It is this," said Guy. "Miss Silver informs me that you have made several previous efforts to cut short your trouble and your breath, and always unsuccessfully. Now it seems to me you don't go the right way about it. This box," and here he opened the box before alluded to, contains several little plans that I think might please you. Here's one," and he showed a little steel instrument.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Maddox curiously.

"This," said Guy, "is an article that you can place round your neck like a collar, and, by striking your hand on the left side of your neck, a sharp spike is driven right into your jugular vein!"

"But that would kill me!" said Mr. Maddox, staring.

"Well, don't that what you want?" demanded Guy sternly. "Now, here's another," he went on. "Here's a wheel, you observe; you place this band round your neck, pass it round the wheel, and give it two or three turns—then let go. The recoil will twist your head almost off your shoulders—kill you to a certainty."

Mr. Maddox stared at him with unfeigned horror.

"Then," went on Guy coolly, "here's a little package, a torpedo. It contains nitro-glycerine. You place it in your mouth, snap your teeth on it, and off goes your head, smashed into millions of atoms."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Maddox fearfully. "What a terrible idea!"

"Not at all," said Guy soothingly. "Beautiful invention—I quite pride myself on it—scientific suicide, you see! Anybody can take poison or blow their brains out, but to do it scientifically requires real talent. You have it, and I am confident that you will reflect credit on my inventive skill. Now, he continued confidently, "if you could use one of these three inventions at once—cut your jugular, garrote yourself and blow your head off, all at once—why, I'd thank you."

"What?" cried Mr. Maddox fiercely. "Do you think I'm crazy? Do you think I'm going to use any of your infernal inventions? Get out of this room, you cold blooded villain, before I throw you out of the window!"

"But I have a great many more to show you," remonstrated Guy, "and you see I want you to try as many as possible. Well, well!" he added, as Mr. Maddox grasped the poker threateningly. "I'm going. But I'll leave this box here, and before you get rid of yourself just make a memorandum of what you will use and leave it on the table, because you know there will probably be nothing left of you to draw conclusions from, and so."

Any further speech was cut short by Mr. Maddox seizing his visitor and hustling him out into the passage.

"Well," said Lizzie, anxiously, to Guy.

"I think it's all right," said Guy, grinning. "Get the lunch ready. Your uncle is all right. He'll be down."

And sure enough, so he was, and though he spoke not he ate most voraciously of everything.

"Lizzie," said he suddenly, after an hour's pause, "did you ever see an infernal old fool and an idiot?"

"Never that I know of," said Lizzie.

"Why?"

"Because just look at me and you'll see one," said Mr. Maddox grimly, and he stalked upstairs.

Up to the present time of writing Mr. Guy Cheevers is alive, enjoying remarkably good health, and he seems to be on friendly terms with Mr. Cheevers and his wife Lizzie. He probably forgot that gentleman on account of a discovery that he made that the nitro-glycerine torpedo contained nothing more dangerous than salt, and the other "infernal inventions" were infernal in the same ratio, but Guy still maintains that when persons are weary of life they should end their troubles by scientific suicide.—Boston Globe.

MARITAL MISERY.

Some Recent Cases of a Sensational Nature.

THE INSANITY OF A BRIDEGROOM.

His Unexplainable Antics While on His Wedding Tour—A Jealous Husband Who Is Now a Double Murderer—Sad Fate of Tessie McCabe.

From the bridal chamber to a prison cell and thence to an asylum, back again to his bride and his friends and again to a prison cell.



REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON KILDOW.

A police station call, once more to his bride's society and finally in gentle custody—all in five days. Such is the extraordinary history of George Washington Kildow, formerly prize student, athlete and cowboy.

The physicians say that a few weeks' rest will quite restore his health. He has had a very curious career, and of all the students at the Central University of Kentucky he was suspected of liability to insanity.

He had the largest head in the place, wearing a 7 1/2 hat, took first rank in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, preached with extraordinary ability and wrote poetry which has attained wide recognition. His money gave out and he worked on a ranch in Texas, being known as the "person cowboy" who early next morning, Manager Porter, in response to an imperative call, entered the room to find a pale and trembling bride and an excited groom who demanded: "Are you a believer in Jesus Christ?"

Of course the hotel man was so the preacher went down with him and began writing queer telegrams. The police interfered and he then raved fiercely. A day in the Providence infirmary quieted him and he returned to his bride, only to go wild again the next day. Friends came and took him in charge. He insisted on \$15,000 to leave his bride and one against the Kimball House for \$30,000.

What Physicians and Lawyers Earn.

Says a west side physician: "Probably the most lucrative medical practice in Chicago is worth about \$25,000 a year. This is the best the most successful physician in Chicago can do. Doctors do not earn as much as lawyers. I mean the successful ones. I suppose there are a dozen or more lawyers in town who make more than \$25,000 a year, and a score or so enjoy an income of from \$15,000 to \$25,000 a year. You can count on the fingers of your right hand the number of doctors making \$10,000 a year. One of them is a colored man, whose practice is largely among white people. Yet the average earnings of the physicians of the city probably exceed the average earnings of the lawyers. The average in both professions is startlingly low, probably not to exceed \$1,000. There are hundreds of good openings for physicians in the growing country of the west, but young men persist in clinging to the city, where many of them also obtain an existence on an income of \$300 or \$400 a year, waiting for something better to turn up."—Chicago Herald.

Russian Cities' Fire Department.

The same precautions against fire are taken in Moscow and St. Petersburg today that were in use a century ago. Scores of fire towers are everywhere seen. They run up about seventy-five to 100 feet, are built like a lighthouse, with winding stairway, and have a platform all around the top, where the watchman patrols day and night. If a fire is discovered, a signal is given and the fire department turns out. It was only recently that St. Petersburg, the capital, with hundreds of millions of government property, secured a steam fire engine. And that is a poor, old fashioned affair. The hand engine does service there yet, as in most other cities in the empire. When a fire breaks out the streets are cleared for such a department display as an American town would make; people go wild, talk loud, get in the way, and when the fire turns out the department goes back to watch the towers for another signal.—Moscow Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

New Passenger Coaches.

"We don't like to put new passenger coaches on through service," said an old railroad man to me. Asked for a reason he said: "Through passengers have a bad habit of putting their feet on the new plush, spoiling it in a very short time. We always run the new coaches in the local service for about a year and then they are in about the right shape for long trips. Passengers going a short distance don't have that inclination to elevate their feet that other people have, and usually the cars are too full to turn over the seats."—Buffalo News.

Foot and Meter.

According to Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, the English foot is used as the standard of length by countries having 461,000,000 inhabitants, the meter by 347,091,000 people, and the Russian foot by 5,005,000. Denmark and Russia are the only countries in continental Europe which

Foot and Meter.

According to Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, the English foot is used as the standard of length by countries having 461,000,000 inhabitants, the meter by 347,091,000 people, and the Russian foot by 5,005,000. Denmark and Russia are the only countries in continental Europe which

Foot and Meter.

According to Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, the English foot is used as the standard of length by countries having 461,000,000 inhabitants, the meter by 347,091,000 people, and the Russian foot by 5,005,000. Denmark and Russia are the only countries in continental Europe which

Foot and Meter.

According to Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, the English foot is used as the standard of length by countries having 461,000,000 inhabitants, the meter by 347,091,000 people, and the Russian foot by 5,005,000. Denmark and Russia are the only countries in continental Europe which

TWO AMERICAN TRAITS.

We Are a People of Enthusiasts and Profoundly Sentimental.

Two of our national characteristics are going to preserve the equilibrium of these blessed United States. In the first place the American love of danger, in the second place the American indifference to home. Few Americans, who are the most reckless of mortals, are only happy when tempting fate or daring Providence through some medium of mental excitement and personal danger. It will be difficult to convince future historians of us as a race that we did not prefer riding on a can of dynamite to reposing on an innocuous down cushion. The love of self preservation which is implanted in man seems to be entirely subservient to the love of peril in the average American. A rather nervous individual recently assured me that the terror which assailed him when he first began to travel on the elevated railroads in New York always added a zest to his ride, and when custom wore away that feeling he was quite wretched.

"What did you wish should happen to you?" I asked, to humor what I believed to be an affectation.

"Just what did happen the other day," he responded, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "I wanted to be in an accident. I never have been in an accident, and I have done some pretty risky things. It is probably the same feeling that impels a boy to skate on thin ice, walk on peaked fences and scot across a railroad track when the engine's coming. My theory is that half of the great inventions are the results of innate recklessness. The inventor of electricity may have been a thinker, but he was a boy first! And do you believe a timid woman would ever have dreamed of building an airship? She likes it now she has got it for the gender sex are proverbial for rushing in where angels fear to tread, and who among your acquaintances would hesitate to cross the ocean in four days if any means could be invented to condense the voyage to these brief dimensions?"

The fact is, this person is thoroughly American. We do like to be scared. As to the second characteristic, the indifference to home, we shall never be anything but roamers. Perhaps as Americans become more and more imbued with foreign customs they will cultivate the "ancestral hall" feeling and throw out those roots which must cling to the hearthstone where their fathers have sat before them. The American constitution, the laws of this happy country, are not exactly in accord with family roof trees, however much they may be with the genealogical specimens, but why as soon as a child makes his bed in a palace and filled it with treasures he wants to get out and build another is unaccountable, save that, being American, he cannot help himself.

It is not merely the unrest of possession that seizes him. He is impelled by a love of change, that natural fickleness which makes him dissatisfied with that particular side of the street or the architectural plan of certain rooms, and so in a brace of years the palace is to let for a modest cottage, and the market and furl, with his family, wandering in the four quarters of the globe.—Boston Herald.

A MATHEMATICAL GIFT.

REGULAR ARITHMETICAL POWERS OF AN ILLITERATE MAN.

Rube Field, of Hazel Hill, Mo., Who Can Neither Read Nor Write, Does Some Wonderful Sums—His Calculations Are Simply Marvellous.

Although the public has heard something of Rube Field, the mathematical prodigy of Hazel Hill, what has been said of him has generally been untrue. He is not a mathematical wonder of the world, as regards calculations. Rube is an illiterate as a savage and can instantly solve any mathematical problem. He would not recognize his name if it were placed before him in type three feet high, nor can he tell a figure seven from a eight, yet he can tell how many grains of wheat piled upon each other would reach the sun if you gave him the distance from the earth to the sun. Such a problem he considers quite simple and will announce the answers by the time you have concluded the question.

Rube is not easily engaged in conversation, and there is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or, as he puts it, his "mystery." He regards every man in the world as a spy, and he is not a person in the