

A trade note says "heavy shoes move slowly." It sounds almost like a truism.

A Boston hen was sold last week for \$75. She must have come over in the Mayflower.

Admiral Togo is coming over here in April with two armored cruisers. All up your barrels!

Of the 6,817 new books published in England last year, probably seventeen were well worth reading.

The new king of Denmark is in his third year, and may be considered thoroughly safe and sane.

The shah of Persia has "granted a parliament," and will no doubt run it entirely to his own satisfaction.

It wouldn't be so embarrassing to tell folks what you think of them if they wouldn't let you compliment.

It is not true that the motto of M. Anatole Le Braz, this year's French lecturer at Harvard, is "Eria go bragh."

A Cincinnati woman has 1,000 cauries. When we move to Cincinnati we shall be careful not to rent the next flat.

When a woman says she likes to have her husband out of her sight he is either a very good husband or a very bad one.

The United States has 579 mountain peaks over 15,000 feet high, and yet the country doesn't look so very peaked at that.

They are going to build a twenty-four story skyscraper in Pittsburgh. The top of it ought almost to rise above the soot.

A Richmond, Va., man died, leaving two widows and a fiancée. Well, that's an improvement on the Hoch method, anyway.

The Russian revolutionists are not satisfied to take counsel; they want to take conciliators every time they get a shot at them.

The big revival now in progress in Philadelphia is expected to cost \$50,000, but it isn't expected that there will be 50,000 converts.

One of the best experiences in this life is living within one's income. It may require a little sacrifice sometimes, but sacrifice is good.

Richard Mansfield advises university boys to select some great man as a model, and it should not be inferred that he meant Beau Brummel.

A biologist prescribes a pound of candy or a dose of cooking soda for "that tired feeling." The young American will know which prescription to take.

Now that a man in West Coventry, Conn., has caught a neighbor in a trap set for chicken thieves, will the offender be punished by being sent to Coventry?

It seems that after paying \$1,500 a volume for "Pads and Pancies," New York's smart set still has money enough left to pay \$1,500 a pair for "medicated boots."

Mark Twain made a speech in which he spoke with much humor of the millionaire tax-dodgers of Gotham. There was even more truth in the speech than humor.

The New York physician who starved himself to death in an attempt to show the power of mind over matter would seem to have given mind rather a rough jolt.

Uncle Russell Sage will have to pay taxes this year on a personal property assessment of \$2,000,000. Are the New York authorities trying to drive the poor old man out of the city?

A "life" sentence in New York is said to average about ten years. This is unfair to New York, even considering all that tends to shorten life there and make it disagreeable while it lasts.

Rob Fitzsimmons has purchased a "bab boom," but we have reasonable doubts whether his Julia will be content to shoe chickens off the porch and perform the other duties of a re-rattist's wife.

By the verdict of a Brooklyn jury, a dash left out of a telegraphic message will cost the telegraph company \$2,500. Under the circumstances, the manager might be excused a dash with a big D before it.

A Connecticut minister is authority for the statement that a half dozen good apples eaten each day will greatly assist in facilitating to conquer his appetite for liquor. Of course, they must not be taken in the form of applejack.

A British judge has decided that a waitress does her full duty if she passively resists attempts to kiss her, and that she cannot be discharged for not resisting actively. An extension of the passive resistance movement may confidently be predicted.

People have been dying in Mexico of the cold, while up in Maine the oldest inhabitant confesses that he never knew of such a balmy winter. It is a strange year, but wonder over nature's ways does not interfere with a satisfied contemplation of the coal pile.

If Congress authorizes the issuance of gold certificates in denominations of not less than \$5, according to the Fowler bill, ordinary folks may see one now and then. The smallest gold certificate now is the \$20 beauty.

In discussing "The Garden of Eden" saying that life is a matter of chemistry, the Boston Herald says up the all-staggering question of atoms by asking the question, "Who will bridge that infinite leap between chemistry and consciousness?" The Globe has condensed volumes in those ten words.

The new national language has been set to music. A great deal of musical singing has always been done in Spanish, no matter what the national language was.

# THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LESTER FORD, Author of "The Bandits of the West"

Copyright, 1912, by Paul Lester Ford. Published by The Atlantic Monthly Press, New York

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

We rode into the camp at the Grand Junction a little after eight, and the deserted look of the town gave me a moment's fright, for I feared that the party had gone. Tolfove explained, however, that some had ridden onto Moran Point, and the rest had gone down Hance's trail. So I breakfasted and then took a look at Albert Cullen's Winchester. That it had been recently fired was as plain as the Grand Canon itself; throwing back the bar, I found an empty cartridge shell, still oily from the discharge. That completed the tale of seven shots. I didn't feel absolutely safe till I had asked Tolfove if there had been any shooting of whomsoever by the party, but his denial rounded out my chain of evidence.

Telling the sheriff to guard the boxes of the party carefully, I took two of the posse and rode over to Moran's Point. Sure enough, there was Mr. Cullen, Albert, and Captain Ackland. They gave a shout at seeing me, and even before I had reached them they called to know how I could come so soon, and if I had caught the robbers. Mr. Cullen started to tell his pleasure at my rejoicing the party, but my expression made him pause, and it seemed to dawn on all three that the Winchester across my saddle, and the cowboys' hands resting nonchalantly on the revolvers in their belts, had a meaning.

"Mr. Cullen," I explained, "I've got a very unpleasant job on hand, which I don't want to make any worse than this robbery. Every fact points to your party as guilty of holding up the train last night and stealing those letters. Probably you weren't all concerned, but I've got to go on the assumption that you are all guilty, till you prove otherwise."

"Aw, you're joking," drawled Albert.

"I hope so," I said, "but for the present, I've got to search you, and English and the other fellows."

"What do you want to do?" asked Mr. Cullen.

"I don't wish to arrest you gentlemen unless you force me to," I said, "for I don't see that it will do any good. But I want you to return to camp with me."

They assented to that, and, single file, we rode back. When I told each of them in turn that I was going to search them, they submitted at once. After that we went through their baggage. I wasn't going to have the sheriff or cowboys tumbled over Miss Cullen's clothes, so I looked over her bag myself. The prettiness and daintiness of the various contents were a revelation to me, and I tried to put them back as neatly as I had found them, but I didn't know much about the articles, and it was a terrible job trying to fold up some of the things. Why, there was a big pink affair, lined with silk, with bits of ribbon and lace all over it, which nearly drove me out of my head, for I would have defied mortal man to pack it so that it shouldn't muss. I had a funny little feeling of tenderness for everything, which made fusing over it all a pleasure, even while I felt all the time I was going to sneak out and had really no right to touch her belongings. I didn't find anything incriminating, and the posse reported the same result with the other baggage. If the letters were still an existence, they were either concealed somewhere or were in the possession of the party.

Telling the sheriff to keep those in camp under absolute surveillance, I took a single man, and saddling a couple of mules, started down the trail.

We found Frederic and "Captain" Hance just dismounting at the Rock Cabin, and I told the former he was in custody for the present, and asked him where Miss Cullen and Lord Raltes were. He told me they were just behind; but I wasn't going to take any risks, and, ordering the deputy to look after Cullen, I went on down the trail. I couldn't resist calling back:

"How's your respiration, Mr. Cullen?"

He laughed, and called, "Digitalis put me on my feet like a flash."

"He's got the main brains of any man in this party," I remarked to myself.

The trail at this point is very winding, so that one can rarely see fifty feet in advance, and sometimes not ten. Owing to this, the first thing I knew I plumped round a curve on to a mule, which was patiently standing there. Just back of him was another, on which sat Miss Cullen, and standing close beside her was Lord Raltes. One of his hands held the mule's bridle; the other held Madge's arm, and he was saying, "You owe it to me, and I will have one. Or if—"

I swore to myself, and coughed loud, which made Miss Cullen look up. The moment she saw me she cried, "Mr. Gordon! How delightful!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Happenings Down Hance's Trail. Miss Cullen was sitting on a red saddle over her brother and Hance, as I had asked her to do when I helped her dismount. I went over to where she sat, and said, boldly: "Miss Cullen, I want those letters."

"What letters?" she asked, looking me in the eyes with the most innocent of expressions. She made a mistake to do that, for I knew her mistake must be talked, and so I didn't give much faith in her face for the rest of the interview.

"And what is more," I continued, "with a firmness of manner about as genuine as her innocence, 'unless you will produce them at once, I shall have to search you.'"

"Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed, but she put such surprise and grief and disbelief into the soft syllables that I wanted the earth to swallow me then and there.

"Why, Miss Cullen," I cried, "look at my position. I'm being paid to do certain things, and—"

"But that needn't prevent your being a gentleman," she interrupted. "That made me almost desperate. 'Miss Cullen,' I groaned, hurriedly, 'I'd rather be burned alive than do what I've got to, but if you won't give me those letters, search you I must.'"

"But how can I give you what I haven't?" she cried, indignantly, assuming again her innocent expression. "Will you give me your word of honor that those letters are not concealed in your clothes?"

"I will," she answered.

"I was very much taken aback, for it would have been so easy for Miss Cullen to have said so before that I had become convinced she must have them."

"And do you give me your word?" "I do," she affirmed, but she didn't look me in the face as she said it. I ought to have been satisfied, but I wasn't, for, in spite of her denial, something forced me still to believe she had them, and looking back over my shoulder for a minute, and she requested, "Please stay where you are for a moment." Leaving her I went over to Fred.

"Mr. Cullen," I said, "Miss Cullen, rather than be searched, has acknow-

ledged that she has the letters, and says that if we won't give into the Ho-rum at once, 'I told my father not to drag her in,' he muttered, sadly. 'I don't care about myself, Mr. Gordon, but can't you keep her out of it? She's as innocent as any real wrong as the day she was born.' 'I'll do everything in my power,' I promised. Then he and Hance went into the cabin, and I walked back to the culprit. (To be continued.)

## IS NO TYPICAL AMERICAN MAN.

Characteristics Not Sufficiently Pronounced to Be Type.

"Where is the typical American man found?" cries an Alabama lady. "East, north, west or south?" Where, indeed? There is no typical American man. There is the American woman, and the man is her masculine accompaniment, but not equivalent. The American man has certain characteristics, no doubt, but so do all other nations, and the type of him is supposed to inhabit most frequently the Middle West, although no other region would acknowledge this, especially New England and the South. Since the United States became cosmopolitan in ingredients there has never been an agreement on what style of male formed the type, but nobody has ever doubted the American woman's distinctiveness or pre-eminence. She has rubbed off corners about Delany Hilley died of them, but she has not changed anything essential. Heaven be praised for that. We have differences enough. Opinions vary on the tariff, the proper diet for babies, imperialism, railway rates, and literature; about our women no yawning chasm of opinion could possibly exist, and as to the whereabouts and make-up of her average consort, what does it matter where or what he is?—Collier's Weekly.

## ECSTASIES OF VIOLINS.

Some obscure but definite change takes place in the material of the body of a violin through the vibrations of the music produced, and it is very possible that some stages of this change are detrimental to the tone. The style of playing is said to influence the change, and rest checks it.

The maturing of a violin has been compared with the growth of a child, who progressively increases in wisdom and stature, but has stages of weakness due to the irregular development of parts.

The tone of an instrument is also gravely influenced by the setting up of the movable parts, the sound posts, the strings, the bridge, and even the pegs.

Many instruments lose much of their power or sweetness if the sound post is altered a fractional amount from its best position and angle, if the bridge is inclined a little more or less, or if the strings are not exactly suited to the violin. Some instruments prefer one pitch, and others another, and all vary with the weather.

In addition to this, the best players have moods when they cannot play, and the instrument is often blamed for these.

Something Lacking.

"What I find fault with in the school system," said the fat man, as he waved his arm about, "is its incompleteness. There is always something lacking."

"In what way?" asked the other.

"Well, for instance, the school books tell about Capt. Cook, don't they?"

"Cook, the explorer? Surely they do. Every child should be interested in the matter."

"He made many discoveries, the school reader says."

"He really got around to land on one of the Fiji islands."

"He did."

"And was there killed and devoured by cannibals."

"Perfectly correct. I don't see where there is anything lacking about that."

"Oh, you don't? Well, I do. He left a widow, didn't he? And you find out about the school books if you can whether she ever married again or not."—Chicago News.

## LONG WAIT OF PATIENT LOVERS.

A romantic wedding, which for many years had been delayed, owing to a woman's promise, took place at Soverby near Thirsk in the North Riding of Yorkshire yesterday.

For nearly a quarter of a century the bride had acted as a companion and housekeeper to a maiden lady who possessed considerable means. Many years ago the housekeeper met a gardener, and was wooed by him with success.

But the housekeeper had promised her mistress to stay with her until she died, and so the love story became one of patient waiting.

Three or four weeks ago the mistress died in her ninetieth year, leaving to her faithful housekeeper her home, plate and furniture, as well as \$5,000 in money.

Many messages of congratulation reached the bride and bridegroom yesterday from friends who knew the story of their courtship.—London Daily Express.

## PLACE FOR VALUABLES.

They were on their honeymoon. The big bridegroom was so proud of his little wife that he could not resist the temptation to take the hotel clerk into his confidence.

"Say," he whispered, leaning over the desk, "my wife is a jewel."

"In that case, sir," chuckled the hotel clerk, "I really cannot allow her to go up to the bridal suite."

## WHITE HOUSE WEDDING.

Ceremony Most Brilliant in White House History.

Washington: With a plain circle of virgin gold in the historic east room of the White House, at 12:15 p. m. Saturday, Alice L. Roosevelt, daughter of the President and Nicholas Longworth, representative in Congress from the First District of Ohio, were united in marriage. The ceremony, one of the most impressive ever performed at the executive mansion, was presided over by the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which the bride is a member. It was solemnized by the Right Rev. Henry V. Satterlee, bishop of Washington, and was attended by the solemn assemblage of grand officials and functionaries by the devotional beauty of a cathedral service.

No ceremony of a similar kind ever witnessed by a more distinguished assemblage. There were present as guests not only the eminent representatives of the American government, but the personal ministers of the kings and potentates of the powers of the civilized world, constituting an assemblage not only one of the largest, but the most distinguished that ever was gathered at one time in the White House.

Miss Roosevelt never appeared to better advantage. Perfectly self-possessed and thoroughly appreciative of the situation, she graciously received and bowed to personal friends who lined the way to the altar. Her wedding gown was an exquisite creation. It was of heavy white brocade satin, point lace, chiffon, filmy tulle and silver brocade. The material from which the gown was created was manufactured expressly for Miss Roosevelt. The design, intricate and delicate in its details, was destroyed as soon as the necessary amount of material for the dress had been placed. The gown had a particularly long court train of elegant silver brocade. The bodice was made high, without a collar, and was trimmed with beautiful old-fashioned lace, the sleeves being finished in the same style.

Long white gloves barely met the sleeves. A voluminous tulle veil practically completely enveloped the graceful figure of the charming bride. In her hair it was caught and held in place by clusters of orange and red flowers.

Her dainty slippers, in perfect harmony with her gown, were fastened with silver brocade, and tulle bows caught with orange flowers instead of buckles. The bride wore no jewelry except the magnificent tiara, which she wore in the gift of the groom. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of the rarest and daintiest white orchids which the groom was able to procure.

The fragile blossoms were arranged in a cascade effect, the bride and the bridegroom were both in the foot of her gown. The bouquet was tied with chiffon satin ribbon in long bows.

As the ushers reached the platform they separated and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt stepped forward from the arm of the President, and together the bride and the bridegroom ascended two steps of the platform. Miss Ethel Bowen, the President's daughter, held the bride and the bridegroom in a bouquet and held it throughout the ceremony.

As Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth faced Bishop Satterlee, a hush fell over the assemblage. Every one of the thousand present wished to catch every syllable of the ceremony which was to follow. In distinct, resonant voice the bishop began the beautiful marriage service of the Episcopal church. The responses of both the bride and the bridegroom were distinctly throughout the great apartment. Particularly clear were those of the bride, whose voice was as natural and distinct as in ordinary conversation. While her face was a shade paler than usual, her self-possession was perfect, and she went through the ceremony without a symptom of nervousness. When the venerable Bishop Satterlee asked the question prescribed in the ritual: "Who gives this woman to be married to this man?" President Roosevelt ascended the platform and bowed to the distinguished prelate. Taking then, his daughter's hand, he placed it in that of the bridegroom. Having performed this function, the President returned to his place at the right of Mrs. Roosevelt. The best man, Mr. Perkins, then produced from a pocket of his waistcoat the gold circlet with which the couple was wedded and handed it to Mr. Longworth.

When he had placed it on the fourth finger of his bride's left hand, the president pronounced that they were "man and wife."

At the conclusion of the service, which occupied less than ten minutes, Mr. and Mrs. Longworth held an informal reception of the guests attendant upon the ceremony. President Roosevelt was the first to greet and to offer his best wishes to the bride and groom. He was followed by Mrs. Bowen, the President's daughter, and her brothers and sisters in the order of their ages. Mrs. Longworth and the sisters of the bridegroom then extended their congratulations. They were followed by the distinguished personages of the cabinet, and by the diplomatic contingent as the setting dean of the corps.

Immediately after extending their greetings to the bride and the bridegroom, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt passed through the main corridor into the blue room. There they received the guests at the wedding after he had offered their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth.

## NEW YORK CELEBRATES THE EVENT.

New York: Immediately upon receipt of the news that Bishop Satterlee had pronounced Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth man and wife, an evening newspaper caused "Old Glory" to be raised above the dome of its building. The explosion of bombs carried the news to those who could not see the flag signal. Simultaneously with the raising of the flag and the explosion of the bombs, national flags were thrown to the breeze from the city hall and other public buildings.

## CONGRATULATIONS FROM ROME.

Rome: Many prominent people have cabled their congratulations to Miss Alice Roosevelt on her marriage, including Baron Mayer des Planches, the Italian ambassador at Washington, who is now in this country, and the Baroness Mayor des Planches.

## MAJORITY VOTED TO ACQUIRE Mrs. HILL.

London: The Evening News says it is officially informed that King Edward sent a present to Miss Alice Roosevelt, but the nature of it has not been disclosed yet.

## BOSTON HONORS THE BRIDE.

Boston, Mass.: The bells of Boston pealed at noon Saturday in observance of the wedding of Miss Alice Roosevelt. This was by direction of Mayor Fitzgerald, who arranged that for five minutes the bells should be sounded on the public buildings and the churches.

## FRANCIS JOSEPH CABLES CONGRATULATIONS.

Venice: The Emperor Francis Joseph telegraphing Satterlee, cordially congratulating President Roosevelt upon his daughter's marriage.

## FAST MAIL DITCHED.

Burning Wreck Sets Famous Gasconade Bridge Aflame.

Following a wreck in which Missouri Pacific fast mail train No. 7, leaving St. Louis for Kansas City at 4:05 a. m., jumped the track 30 miles west of St. Louis at 4:50 a. m. Wednesday, the famous Gasconade River bridge, some of the most side-swinging of 50 years ago, was swept by flames and badly damaged. The train carried no passengers, but besides the crew there were twenty St. Louis railway mail clerks on board. Five men, three of whom live in St. Louis, were injured. They were:

John C. Clifford, traveling engineer, 2353 South Compton avenue, St. Louis; arm broken, head cut.

James T. Church, railway mail clerk, 2736 Dayton street; head cut and body bruised.

John O. Burch, conductor, 3256A Magnolia avenue, St. Louis; right shoulder broken, head cut.

Samuel T. Montague, brakeman, 235 South Beaumont street, St. Louis; both feet and head bruised.

R. W. White, brakeman, Kansas City; head bruised and cut.

Of the six cars which composed the train the two rear ones rolled down a 30-foot embankment, and were demolished, and the two forward cars fell from the trestle approach and lodged against the first pier of the bridge, where they were ignited by the explosion of an illuminating gas tank in the forward car.

Despite the efforts of a bucket brigade of farmers and residents of the neighboring towns—Gasconade, Hermann and Morrison—these cars were destroyed by fire, and the flames spread to the woodwork of the bridge.

The end spans of the bridge burned until noon, when the flames died out because there was nothing left to consume. The timbers and ties are charred and greatly weakened.

## PLANS MINERS' DEMANDS.

Before Document is Ready for Operators.

New York: The anthracite miners' committee of seven, appointed at Thursday's conference between the coal operators' Special Scale Committee, have begun the work of formulating in detail the propositions which have already been presented in general form to the employers.

The task is an arduous one, and it probably will be at least a week before the committee will have its report in shape for submission to the Subcommittee of Seven appointed by the operators.

In the meantime there is likely to be no development in the situation, as the operators will not be able to make a move until they learn specifically what the mine workers will demand. The subcommittee of the miners is made up of President Mitchell and three district presidents and secretaries.

## MILLIONAIRE ENDS HIS LIFE.

Hastings Second to Kill Self After Allegheny Crash.

Pittsburg, Pa.: There are now two suicides to the score of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, Pa., which was wrecked by the political maneuvering of T. Lee Clark, its cashier, in association with State officials. Clark committed suicide at the time of the bank's collapse last autumn.

Joseph Hastings of Allegheny, who was Clark's business partner and a big borrower from the bank, was run over by his fall. He shot himself on Sunday in a sanitarium at Summit, N. J. The case was first reported as a death from natural causes, and it was so described to his friends in Pittsburg and Allegheny in an attempt to hide the tragedy.

## THREE DEAD IN FAMILY.

Mother Dies Trying to Save Daughter Whose Dress Caught Fire.

Boonville, Ind.: Three deaths in one family in one week have occurred near Tension, this county, the last two from burning, under tragic circumstances.

Willis Easthen, a prominent farmer near Tension, died last Friday of paralysis. While his daughter, Lizzie, aged 30, was standing near the grate in the home yesterday her dress caught fire. Her mother tried to extinguish the flames by wrapping the young woman in a blanket. In doing so she received severe burns. When help came the daughter was dead. The mother died soon after.

## NEGRO WITH PISTOL RALES.

Faduan, Ky.: Will Dixon, colored, of Mound City, Ill., took possession of the steamer Dick Fowler this morning at the wharf, and had the cabin boys and crew dancing to a 44-caliber pistol, when a detective, who had been called, arrested him. Dixon claimed to be a detective, and had papers from a bogus agency for which he had paid \$2. Three pistols and a razor were found on him, and he was fined \$125 and sent to jail for forty days.

## CARDINAL SATELLI CONGRATULATES.

Rome: Cardinal Sattoli, formerly papal delegate to the United States, today sent a message of congratulation to President Roosevelt on the marriage of Miss Roosevelt to Congressman Longworth.

## TRANSMITTAL MINERS' IMMENSE OUTPUT.

Johannesburg: The mineral output of the Transvaal for 1905 is valued at \$211,500,000, of which amount diamonds account for \$4,514,000. The total increase in value as compared with 1904 amounts to \$25,000,000.

## MARSHAL DANIELS ACQUITTED.

Nogales, Ariz.: United States Marshal E. P. Daniels, who was arrested Friday on the charge of selling a mine for which he had no title, had a preliminary examination yesterday and was acquitted.

## ENGLISH HEALTH REPORT.

Dover has become one of the first English health resorts.

# Free Trip to St. Louis, Mo.

Save This and Wait Until Wednesday, Feb. 21st

## A MIGHTY PURCHASE SALE

27 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR 27

This stock will be distributed into the homes of the people at the present season. It is a most valuable stock, and one that every man, woman and child should have. It is a stock that will pay you back every cent you invest in it. It is a stock that will give you a return of 27 cents on every dollar you invest in it. It is a stock that will give you a return of 27 cents on every dollar you invest in it. It is a stock that will give you a return of 27 cents on every dollar you invest in it.

## 27 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR 27

Read These Mute But Crushing Prices Prices Wrecked in Every Line

Table listing various goods and their prices, such as '200 Men's Fine Spring Suits', '100 High Quality Tailored Suits', '150 Men's Fine Spring Suits', etc.

## New York & St. Louis Consolidated Salvage Company

218 NORTH BROADWAY, THREE DOORS SOUTH OF FRANKLIN AVENUE

## Prove Ability to Support Wife.

The bill Drake of Borneo show their ability to support a wife thus: When a young man likes a girl he goes out of his way to perform services for her. He often carries her when she is at work in the field, carries loads of wood and vegetables to the house, and is anxious to prove his ability to support her.

## Live Well to Die Happy.

As Sir Walter Scott lay dying, he summoned his great friend to his side by a motion of his hand, and whispered: "Lockhart, I may have but a few minutes to speak to you. My dear friend, be a good man, be a virtuous man, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

## Apple an Ancient Fruit.