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There is a love both true and strong, A love that falters never. But lives and loves forever.

such love is found but once on earth-The heart can not repel it. From whence it comes or why its birth, The tongue can never tell it.

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At d passes through the portal. This is the love that comes to stay-All other loves are fleeting; And when they come just turn away—

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Pranklin of "Pennsylvania of "Farmers of York, Pa. Hanover of New York, Manhathan of New York, Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg .Fa Oct. 24, 78-19

Poetical.

There is love and yet you may

Have lingering doubts about it : I'll tell the truth and simply say

This love is mine, in spite of all,

It is a love that cannot die. But like the soul, immortal, And with it cleaves the starry sky

It is but Cupid cheating. -Alice Carey, kitherto unpublished. _----THE PASSING OF THE CLOUD. There came a cloud over yonder hill,

When the wind was muttering low, Round and white as the sails that fill

When the winds o'er the ocean go, And the skirts of the cloud were snowy white. But the heart of the cloud was black; And the sunshine fled, and the trees in fright Murmured and bowed them back. And the cruel north wind whistled shrill, And the south wind sobbe 1 in turn,

And the east wind shricked, "Come down and And the west wind sighed, "Return !" But the cleud gave, heed to sob nor cry, But swept over hill and plain: The cloud went by in the broad, blue sky,

And the sunshine came again, Select Story.

THE WOLF'S DEN.

They called us the Wolves, we three prothers, we and our old father, Baron Wolfang von Wolf. They say that we look like the animal which desolates the fold of the shepherd and carries a terror to the heart of the wandering boy or girl. Certainly we all had rather sharp teeth, except my brother Ludwig, who had inherited the beauty of my mother, and her melancholy blue eyes, fine, highsculptured nose, and small, even white

teeth, not at all like a wolf's. We lived in a great castle, near to Szegszard on the river Sarvis, south of Pesth, and not far from the Danube, with view from our windows which had not its equal in the world for picturesque beauty. No, there are no such hills, such skies as those. My mother was a She had died when I was born. I have nothing of her but her picture, a tress of her long, golden hair,

and her book of prayers. Some great tragedy had happened some terrible misfortune, to my father, we never knew what. Gloom and severity were his two inseparable companions He used the whip freely upon us, as boys and upon all his servants and laborers. He was feared and hated as few have been, and the women ran when they saw him, for they said that he had killed his own wife and would blight their children. He had, however, an old monk to teach us to read and write, a most excel lent man called Frere Franz, who taught us Greek and Latin and mathematics, and how to paint and to draw, for he could illuminate his Breviary like Fra Angelico. Frere Franz took us to church and taught us to pray before the image of the Blessed Virgin. We owed to this man everything, and particularly that he used n summer to take us to his convent, which was near that lovely neighborhood where the spurs of the mountain chain, descending from Transylvania, unite with the great Alfold plain. There with the holy monks we stayed in comfort, being There with the allowed to ride at will over the a green basin of prairie, once an inland sea, where there were no roads, having for the time the inestimable boon of liberty and the privilege of getting lost, so dear to boynood, yet always bringing up at night at some village or market town, sometimes going even to Erdioszegh (where Ernst found his romance), and where we all had some wild adventures. Yet we always found ourselves, and got back to the holy calm of the convent and the serene companionship of those monks, who had been noblemen and soldiers in their day, and seemed to love us well. Frere Franz was the great blessing of ourselves, mitigating the troubles and the peculiarity of a destiny which we could not understand: for we were noble but poor, our only wealth the uncertain yield of vineyards, which gave usually a roughish red, spirituous, fruity-tasted wine. There was a better hillside vineyard (seldom satisfactory), which we had heard belonged to Ludwig. This yielded a white wine, with a fresh, cool taste, and pleasant faint bouquet, but we made very little of that, except in good years. One old woman, called Felchaza, who had a black mustache and severe features, was our cook and nurse, the only woman whom we ever saw in our house. Our table was served with heavy soups, big joints, and fish from the Sarvis, and vegetables in great bowls.

My father ate like a wolf; we were not far behind, and we all drank of the heavy red wine-my brother Erust too much, so that he was first silly, then quarrelsome, and then sleepy-every day at dinner. Ludwig was not so easily excited, but when he was made angry he and Ernst fought horribly, and my father would get the whip to separate them, like two an gry dogs. I was not as strong as my brothers, nor could I cat and drink as they did. Some tenderness always seemed to follow me, as a child whose mother had died, and old Felchaza had ever a bit of kid boiled for me, or Frere Franz gave me some of his lentil soup on fast days, or my father told Ludwig to pour water in my wine, when I could not attack the heavy dinners which the other Wolves ate. I liked to study and read, and par-ticularly to paint with Ludwig, who had a great room in the north turret of the eastle, where he had a roll of canvas,

some oil paints, and who had covered the walls with fresco. Often I wondered where he got hi saintly women's faces and his beautiful The peasant girls with whom we flirted at the village fairs, the high born ladies whom we sometimes saw at church, none of them looked like the women in Ludwig's pictures, and he, great handsome fellow that he was, never seem Erdioszegh; she told him how to write ed to care for women, either. Ernst and I were the Lotharios of the family, but Ludwig was sombre and gloomy, and ed our French, which was somewhat

ter like my father, with whom he had a on's beard! A young girl from the village and when we brought him to life he was strange relationship. They rarely spoke was introduced as parlor maid, or waiter, in a raging fever. together, and yet we heard at times long. or what not and Lucille soon had her in cap to be 16, and so on all these years we lived, as wild a set of barbarians as could be found in the neighborhood of the Danube. We were all fearless, expert horsemen, could shoot and fish, and, the season of the vintage, help to gather the grape, flirt with the pretty girls who and unnoticed. She brought in taste, that came to work in the fields, followed up best of visitors, and love and beauty and the somewhat pastoral business of shearing and killing the sheep, and not entire- her presence forgot all their grossness. ly neglecting Frere Franz and his books The young girl carried with her an atand paints. That we had any future mosphere which repelled while it allured, never seemed to occur to us; although and although alone in our Wolves' den, the boys with whom we had played went off to be soldiers. We had once moon. heard Ludwig ask my father to let him go to Vienna and become a soldier also. My father had answered angrily, and told us we were not to leave Szegszard unless we wished to be insulted, to get

woman.

cemed always to be discovering a bit of

carving, a majolica jug, an old mirror, or

curious chair, which was before un-known

refinement to our den. The Wolves in

Rosalinds, the Violas of great Shaks-

But Pandora's box had been opened.

Ernst could only speak.

"So the sunshine goes

slowly along. I stepped behind a mighty

pine tree and hid myself. It was Lud-

wig and with him Lucille: he had his

hand on her bridle rein; she was weep-

ing bitterly He was telling her that he

handsome he looked as he bent his pale.

grave face over her.

be-it cannot be.'

шападет.

urse you!

Ludwig one night.

wed her; and oh! how manly and

"Oh! Ludwig! Ludwig!" said the girl

ooking up through tears like Anslaga,

"I have loved you every hour since I came to Castle Wolfgang—but it cannot

The wind and rain beat heavily about

Castle Wolfgang. The autumn came

with sighs and tears to the Valley of the

Sarvis. Our grapes were all gathered,

however, and the vintage had been bet-

ter than usual, but the Baron, my fath-

er, seemed wrapped in a greater gloom

than ever before, for the bailiff had

seized some of his wine in payment of

I heard high words between him and

"The hillside vineyard and the white

ine are mine," said Ludwig, "and you

have never allowed me the yield. My

grandfather left it to me in his will and

on have kept it from me. Now I want

tudy painting, and I claim what is

an who broke his parole, the Austrian

Ernst had gone off, we knew not

I am going to Paris: I am going to

Columbian.

that we were astracized, and bore a tainted name, a dreadful thing for boys to pretty boots and gloves charmed my suspect. I was 18, Ernst was 20, and senses like a new perfume, I still felt Ludwig was 22 when the great event of capable of gayly criticising her gowns our life happened. A little carriage and ribbons, if they did not altogether drawn by three fleet Hungarian horses, suit her surroundings. Ludwig told her hung with bells,came trotting into Szegs that her favorite pink dress was horrible, zard one fine morning, and in it was the zard one fine morning, and in it was the she was equally frank in despising his President of the Komifat, and by his one broadcloth, church-going, badlyside a young lady. made suit. We were comrades as well I was on my shaggy pony, stopping

as cousins, and joked each other freely. for a moment at our wine merchant's, when I heard the President speak out in grand, pompous voice, and say: "Can you tell me where lives the Baron Wolfgang von Wolf?"

I took off my cap and bowed to the lady and himself, and answered: "I am the young Count Erlody von Wolf, at your service," said I. "Can I summer for the Wolves. conduct you to my father the Baren von Wolf?

"Politely spoken, my golden-haired youth," said the President: "politely spoken: yes, I bring you a cousin from Paris, Mademoiselle Marie de Lucille Wolves' castle, does it?" said he. I felt all the blood in my body go to my face. "Zichy!" that name had be-

longed to my mother. A cousin from Paris, and coming to our Wolfs den! "Cousin Erlody does not seem glad to see me!" said the young lady in the most sweet, frank, pleasant voice, "but I She loved luxury. I could not give it to have come-I have come to make you a her. We are poor." visit. You must make-really you must

make the best of me." I suddenly felt I was dressed in sheep-Roumanian, and differed from my father were ragged, that my hands were brown, bered that last sentence—"We are poor." wine merchant at Pesth. coarse and dirty, that I was a savage. I The Baron permitted no questions. thought of Castle Wolf; what a place for a lady! and such a lady! For as I stole a look at her I saw a slender, delieate, tall girl, with smooth, black bair folded back from her white brow : dark blue eyes with long lashes : a red mouth full of mischief and smiles. She was dressed in dark blue cloth, with bright buttons down the front, and a little hat, with a long blue feather floating back from her lovely face. I noticed her hands, they were so small, long and lithe, and her gloves fitted her like her skin. She looked like no woman I had ever seen in my life, but she did look like-

> like, what ! Yes. Like Ludwig's pictures! When I had shown the President's As I came home at nightfall I heard It was possible that the cashiered officer driver the road up to the eastle, I told in the wood near me two horses come might be restored to his place in society: his Excellency, with a bow, that I would

spur on my pony, and go to prepare my father for the visitors. I saw Frere Franz in the court-yard and told him the astounding news, leaving him to break it to the Baron, while I lashed up to my room and washed my face and hands and combed my long hair. Then I called to Ludwig, who was painting in the turret. He, too, made himself decent, and we both reached the door as my father was helping the young lady to alight. She did not notice us much, being taken up with our dogs, Czilagy and Mords, two splendid wolf hounds, who had barked at every visitor we had ever had before, savage beasts, but who now were absolutely kissing her gloved hands, so sweet and gentle was

"Oh! what lovely dogs, what dear logs," said cousin Lucille, who evidently knew how to win man and beast. Baron Wolfang von Wolf was a gentleman, a man of sixteen quarterings, and although | an old debt. The Baron, alas! was no he had just been killing a sheep, he did receive the lady with a stately civility. We were more like sheep than wolves before her! She, however, soon gave me her hand, and looked up in Ludwig's handsome, melancholy face, with a serene composure which was reassuring, and "Forgive me for shaking with the dogs first;" then, as Ludwig smiled and approved of her, she blushed most becomingly and accepted his prof fered arm with a little tremble, which put them at once in the proper position of man and woman, of protector and protected.

was our distant cousin, that we were to make the castle as comfortable as possiible for her, and that we were to ask n questions. I saw the Baron later taking the whip to Fetchaza, who, with th privilege of an old servant, was growling over the newcomer, so I asked none. My mother's room, long closed, was in

locked for the guest, and she came down in a few moments, lovely, fresh, smiling, composed, praising the prospect, praising everything. It was not long before Lucille had won Felehaza's confidence, and the dinner table boasted again a table-cloth. trunks and table linen were unlocked and the Baron's silver chest yielded its treasures, the sound of hammer and chisel was heard in the rooms, and I be came an upholsterer in her service, nailing up old tapestries and curtains. Lucille insisted that Ludwig should fresco her

room, and she bought muslin at the village which soon fluttered in the morning breeze, from her casement, giving a re hair, Ludwig would say to me: "Poor fined air to our donjon keep. Oh, how she liked the dogs, the puppies, the ponies! and what a horse-woman she was! a lit-tle timid at first, but soon a seat across country that was marvelous. She would not hear of our making a change in our toilets. "No," she said: "those sheep skins were so picturesque and suited th

ter than all I loved Ludwig. landscape." She soon got out of Erest the fact that he loved a young girl at But in our silent misery we would go ogether to the chapel and kneel there for hours before the image of the Blessed do when we were little boys. One day Ludwig fell into a dead faint every part of the body.

seemed to have something in his charac archaic; she absolutely trimmed the Bar- on the stone floor of our turnet room,

Old Felebaza and I bathed his head serious and angry discussions between and apron waiting upon the Wolves at and gave him the simple beverage made them, when they would shut themselves up in a room and lock the door. Lud- animals to men. A woman's hand, what she saw how be looked like his mother, wig was the only creature on the face of was it not to the sad, half-civilized and but the old Baron glared at him with his the earth that my father feared. I be neglected boys, who had grown up in the red eyes, and said that "he was shamgan to notice all these things, as I grew old stone castle, without the sight of a ming—the fever, he had it not—no," and yet he paced the room like an angry wolf Lucille found joy in our landscape, all night. The next week Ernst came home and

happiness in our out-of-door-life; she we had a long consultation.

I had more learning and more knowldge of business than my brothers, and in the sales of our wines I had become acquainted with a wine merchant of Pesth, who had once offered to send me to Paris on his business. Leaving Lud- Try it! wig in the care of Ernst and Felchaza. I rode off to see him one day, and after an hour's talk I was driving over the hills to a railway station, on my way to Paris. The world opened its great walls for the Something of the boy mingles in the boy of nineteen to look at, and the past and present mingled in a curious dream. Sometimes my mother came and enpeare give us the key-note. Her jolly circled me in her arms; sometimes the companionship with us for a season shut into an Austrian fortress, perhaps. Then the dangerous door of sentiment. That and put a crucifix at my lips; someold father Ambrose, at the convent.came we began to suspect that he had no mysterious fear of her, as I heard that times I saw Ludwig dying and again I men had of the women whom they loved: saw Lucille, the woman I loved—the and although her Parisian fineries and woman he loved—and a great darkness

came over me. It was in a beautiful salon in Paris that Lucille received me. She did not know me in my French clothes, my hair cut close to my head, nor should I have known her but for her voice, so pale and sad and shadowy she looked.

"Oh! Erlody! Erlody!" said she, sadly -and she threw herself into my arms and kissed me. The first and the last and the troubles were sure to come out. time!

"Lucille goes away to-morrow; she Her mother came down, a fine French goes back to Paris to be married," said lady, all crape, and very grand Madame

the Baron one day, as she had departed | Zichy. to the kitchen to instruct Felebaza in "It was I who was so romantic," said the manufacture of a new salad. She she; "I was the French companion who had been with us all summer—a golden induced your mother, my lovely Roumanian schoolmate, to run off with the I felt as if an icy heart had taken the gallant Austrian officer, your father! Ah! dance of that warm viscera which before dear, dear! It led to sad trouble. I am and beaten in my bosom, and I looked wiser now, and I have made a better, up at Ludwig. He was as pale as death. much better arrangement for my Lucille. Yet she droops, she droops. It was so kind of you to take her as a visitor when we were so disturbed here last summer. "Yes!" said the Baron, gloomily, "Lu-Her father (you know Erlody, I mean ille has been very charming. She will Count Zicy) was a cousin, twice removed make a noble wife-an ornament to the of your dear, dead mother-yes, you ich and famous family which she enters. have her golden hair, your mother's Women love luxury. They must nave though you are a Wolf-yes, a Wolf- horn is a refuge for the weary.

it. She belongs to your mother's blood! as to your face." "He is not one at heart," said Lu-

Why had she come here-this daugh-There was in my luggage a roll of ter of the gods! Why had she entered canvas, and in my care a consignment our mountain fastness? That we dared of wine from the hillside vineyard, a let skins, that my boots of untanned leather not ask. We only heard and rememter from Frere Franz and one from the It was not long before the widow

> speak to her of her marriage. It was a never marry the gentleman she had family arrangement she said, and that picked out for her, and that her daugh was entirely cured by Thomas' Eclecshe supposed it was all right. She seemed | ter's health required a change of air. trie Oil. to be, as we were, ignorant of all that It was not long before Ludwig's pic most immediately concerned herself.
> The Zichys were a queer family as we could not but reflect. And then I wandered off up the high hill that looks

over to the valley of the Danube, and With my pockets full of gold I turned communed with my own heart and was still. I for the first time knew that I my face toward Vienna. One more act be done, and then-and then. was a man and not a boy: that I loved The story which my father had never her, and must win her else my heart told me was fully told me by the mother would break-and yet what had I to of Lucille. He had been imprudent but not guilty. He had been deeply wronged.

It was possible that the cashiered officer

that was my errand to Vienna.

ly relieved. Price \$1, trial size 10 cents. PART III. It was spring when the Wolves met again, and Ludwig was sitting by the him to die the same way and do it window looking at a larch tree full of blue birds, which made him think of the blue cloth dress which Lucille had worn when she first came to the castle. He A Flatbush girl cleared the space was pale and weak from long suffering around thirteen ears of corn at one meal and even Ernst was less ruddy than of the other day, and picking her teeth yore. The Baron, with one hand paraly with a hair pin, observed: "If ever I zed, sat by the fire, which still glowed in the broad, old fashioned chimney place. Heaven had struck down the hitherto untamable, bitter, aggrieved and violent

man. It was a sail spectacle. I had been too late with my message I had been too late with my message the better of good judgment. It has from Vienna. He could never again go been amply shown and conclusively proo salute his sovereign to claim again ven that constipation, bad breath, dyshose trappings which he had forfeited. His sixteen quarterings could now do him no good in the world.

long, winding road to the castle, with three Hungarian horses hung with bells, in a light carriage! A lady in a blue cloth dress and a hat with a long feath-"Yes, going like a fool to follow Lucille!" said my father. "Love has always been the ruin of us. If I had not loved your mother I should not now be the great mirror in the hall, I see myself, a officer who surrendered his trust; the young Parisian in modern clothes, I re lisgraced and proscriebd nobleman. All

member the savage in sheepskin with for that face (which you have got Lud-wig,) I gave up that which a man should a sharp sword cuts to my heart, as I hold sacred above all things—his honor wish I were again there!—that young and now you turn upon me, ruined barbarian. The knowledge of the world that I am, and ask me to give you money had not brought to me happiness. Alas! o go to Paris that you may commit the when did it ever! folly of trying to win Lucille from her promised husband. No! stay here, and I go up with dear Lucille, and see

Ludwig extend his arms to her, I see when I die it shall be yours. Go, and I her fall upon his breast, as he bends over

where: perhaps to see again that fair face at Erdieszegb, which he had once allen in with, on one of our visits to Frere Franz at the convent. Lucille had I have two dear sisters and many cen away three months and Ludwig nephews and nieces, for my Ludwig Enst are both married. The old Baron had grown every day more pale, more baggard, more sombre. We had not died long ago. I come to them from my told each other our secret, but in our convent in the neighborhood of the Erong mountain rambles, in our silent meitck. For when you look for the hours over the canvas, in the turret, it Frere Franz of to-day, as you visit my told itself. Sometimes he would put his band on my head, and smoothing my and to which I came after the world man and a grab bag, and inquired: "Is hair, Ludwig would say to me: "Poor ceased to be my home—this soot where boy! poor boy!" as he walked up and down the room, and I would take his where I have soothed with prayer the both halves of this seat occupied?" "Of course this seat is occupied?" "Are both halves of this seat occupied?" was hand and kiss it, for I loved this heartbreak of manhood—you will see the next query. "Of course both halves grave, silent, noble brother, better that when the old one died the Bishop are occupied." "Well, my friend," said

> Exhaustive diseases that lead to insanity, consumption and a premature

Odd Items.

Among the old heroes of Yorktown history tells us, was Lieutenant Erkuries Beatty. May have been a splendid soldier, but you beatty had ekurius name

A paper published in Southern Illinois says: "We haven't had any rain for for ty days and forty nights. The Ohio is so low that boats have to carry sprink lers to lay the dust."

A business college advertises guaran teeing to make its pupils "better writers than Shakespeare in his palmiest days."

Buckingham's dye for whiskers is an elegant, safe and reliable article, cheap, and convenient for use; will not rub off

There is a State law to forbid gam bling, and yet we allow the organ grinder to play for money. A highwayman in Texas has got a

sentence of ninety nine years. This sentence matches any one of Mr. Evarts.

LUARS THIS BY HEART. My nerves will regain their vigor. My brain will become more clear and

owerful. My muscles will be made strong, My dyspepsia and indigestion no long

My heart's regular action restored, My blood be made more pure. My weak lungs be made more healthy and all the functions of my body restored to their normal condition, and every symptom of weakness, nervousness and debility be removed, if I use Brown's

Iron Bitters .- News. If Ananias had lived in these days, he would have passed for a simple, guile less old man.

Some people talk about the window of the soul, but it ain't half as real as a pane in the stomach.

POPULAR EVERYWHERE.

"Burdane," the French name for Burdock, is as poular in France as in America. As an anti scorbutic, aperient and dinretic it cannot be too highly extolled. Burdock Blood Bitters combine, "in a condensed form" all its good properties For gout, entaneous disorders and kid ney troubles they are unequaled. Price \$1, trial size 10 cents.

Somebody observes that when six

young ladies sit down to talk about a

known to remove the furniture, stains

and all, with the stove and a red-headed

new dress pattern, a small boy with a tin It is said that kerosene will remove stains from furniture. It has also been

servant girl thrown in. YEARS OF SUFFERING. Mrs. Barnhart, corner Pratt and Broadway, Buffalo, was for twelve years It was Ernst who had the courage to Zichy was convinced that Lucille would a sufferer from rheumatism, and after trying every known remedy without avail

> "What is the worst thing about rich es?" asked the Sunday school superin-tendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any.

bad enough formen to get married with out fools of women imitating them.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Albany, N. Y. writes: "For several years I have suf fered from oft-recurring bilious head aches, constipation, dyspepsia and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your Burdock Blood Bitters I am entire-

We know an old maid who says it's

Old Sitting Bull says he wants to die in battle, and as everybody else wants A Flatbush girl cleared the space

get well enough to eat much, I think could live on corn.

To allow prejudice or ignorance to get pepsia, kidney affections, and all diseas es of the liver, stomach and bowels, have been cured and can be cured by simply Would they in the next! Frere Franz taking Simmons Liver Regulator. It is sat by his chair and talked and read to harmless; not unpleasant and easily prohim, and led him to pray to be forgiven | cured-so there is no reason to be igno for his injustice to his sons: to pray that rant of a true remedy. If you suffer the cruel recklessness of youth and the you have no excuse, for this medicine places certain relief and cure within your

> There is a man in California who has snake in his stomach and is obliged to Irink large quantities of whiskey to keep the reptile stupefied, as it causes him great pain when it is lively. He is the envy of all his neighbors.

> They asked him if he was the best man at the wedding. "No," he said, "I don't know as I was the best, but be labbers I was as good as any of 'em!'

One Sunday in the summer some of the men of a vessel at anchor off Columbo, Ceylon, went ashere in charge of a mate, and, while rambling in a wood, one picked up a little monkey that was playing at the foot of a tree. Its yell seemed to summon all monkeydom. Such a chorus of angry chatter arose that the mate cried, "Make for the boat," and the abductor, to make peace, dropped his prize. I hear faintly their thanks, their bless ings, as 1 have heard all things, in a gather up its darling in a hasty embrace, but the rest rushed forward, hurling sticks and stones at the men as they pushed off. Many of the men were hurt by the missiles.

of the East bound trains coming into Detroit the other day was heavily loaded, and a passenger who got on at Ypsilanti walked through two cars, and fithan all in the world or in heaven, gave that title to the young neophyte the new arrival, as he let go of his save the image of our dead mother; bet- who had been Count Erlody Wolfgang satchel, "I want to bother you with one more query. Had you rather I would toss that grab-bag out of the window and sit down with you, or chuck you out and ride into Detroit with the grab Virgin, as Frere Franz had taught us to do when we were little boys.

grave, are quickly cured by using bag? Then the grab bag man got mad be when we were little boys.

Brown's Iron Bitters. It strengthens and wouldn't ride anywhere else except on the wood box .- Drtroit Free Press.