Under the mistletoe peace and good will Mingle the spirits that long have been

Leaves of the olive branch twined with it While breathings of hope fill the loud card strain,

Yet why should this hely and festival mirth In the reign of old Christmastide only, be

Hang up towe's mistleton over the earth And let us kies under it all the year round.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY. As an old detective who has landed his full share of criminals on the gallows and behind the bars, I have had some rousing adventures and queer experiences. One of the latter has been called to mind within a day or two by reading of the death of a man in a neighboring city. For convenience sake I will call him

Charles Lennox. I was attached to the force of a western city, and we had been running along for many weeks without any break on the part of evil doers, when a murder occurred. The janitor of a bank was found dead in the business office of the bank, with the outside doors open. The man had been struck on the side of the head with some heavy weight and his skull in contact with the brick." crashed. Nothing had been taken from the bank, and so we reasoned in this way; The robbers had called the junitor to the door on some pretext or other, and as soon as he had opened it they rushed in and dealt bin the blow. It was the night before a local election, and the approuch of people who were carousing or election-ering had rattled the robbers and they had fled. In these days a bank robber would have coolly shut the door and gone to work on the safe, but they were a different class of men then. If they had not been, we should have probably argued differently. An inquest was held, a werdict rendered that John Shields came to his death at the hands o parties unknown and he was buried The robbers had not left the slightest clue behind them, but us I was ambitious to make a name I was allowed to begin work on the case. In a town 12 unles away I found, after a long bund, a livery stable man who had let a horse and buggy that night to two strangers and whom be believed to be two brothers. They had told him they were going to Amesbury, but I traced them straight to Blankville, which was the place where the murder occurred. The lown where they hired the horse was Rossburg and they had come there by train in the afternoon.

a bank, but had been frightened away after committing a murder. I know just to work on, as the men had come 200 miles and might not be within 1,000, or if they were they had changed their cle him. identity; but even the smallest points will encourage a detective who has his heart in his work. In describing the ly observing and had a good memory, rethe street. He simply "looked enough

was found about 10. The borse had been

returned just before midnight. About 10

there was an alarm of fire in Blankville,

and the fire department was called out

to queuch a fire which had been set in

one corner of the large tannery. The

were speedily drowned out, and the cause

I spent two weeks in Chicago looking months. As he tulked about the Blank-

The town he named was 75 miles from and dotted the sites of shock and over-kicked it loose from the limb: Blankville, on a cross-line railroad, and throw? " I had not been in it two hours when I lothat they were away from ho ne at the to exhaust it, having followed his official but a few seconds were occupied in doing time. In each case, when making the tasks as closely as they hared his social this, all five of his dogs were stretched ture they refused to talk of the case. I lity and history. Etc. took them to Rossburg, put them in jail, and in two or three days they were arraigned. They had sent to Chicago for counsel, but he had not arrived. Tem- In one of the cities that lie overagainst been employed, and as I entered the command: enshier was saying to him:

"John, get a paper and wrap around bank!" that brick which holds the door back. One day lately a trampish looking old 'casion, an' I am got a great tex.' If a SURE.

elot of dried alood on the brick, and in inimitable; the clot were sticking several bairs which "Conductor, let me off at my old wo- great am de myst ry of godliness; and if I knew had some from the dead janitor's man's peanut stand! head. I had made an important discov- A roar went through the ear, and "my great myst'ry without contivarsy, what a year or more. The blood and the hairs Record. were evidence that it was the weapon used to sirke the junitor with. Then Mr. Jacob Frochlich, a well-known widout you come like a politile habyfollowed the queries: "Would men come tailor of Cincinnati, O., after suffering fo. got to be born agin, Nick." Den Demus to rob the bank without weapons? Was years with rheumatism, was cured in a he say, 'Mars, how can dat ar he? Dat's it likely that the brick was used?" I resishort time by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. a great myst'ry.' Den Jesus he say, 'Nick

plied to these in the negative, and I walked sraight over to the jail and into the presence of the prisoners, and said: "Neither of you is guilty of the murder of the ignitor?

We are not," they answered. "You were not near the bank that "We were not."

"But yet you had a secret purpose in coming here that night?" "We had."

"What was it "" "We will not tell." That ended the interview. Mind you every man in the community believed

a post mortem examination." I had hard work to get it, but the custody I said to them:

night." "And you will keep it a secret"

" Year worth of property."

The First Announcement of

The following is a portion of a letter his belt, dropped to a lower limb. The from George Alfred Townsend ("Gath") panther noticed the movement and of the White House just after President | trenting further. They could have come down to Blankville by the same train, and that they did not I argued was a sharp trick on their part. They had driven away at 7:30 o'clock. The body of the junior reparation by its authors.

o'clock, as I had forgotien to tell you. He was here very lately, but he will not would dash him headlong to death, rehilly work at the table where I am writ- a great effort his body covered by the

flames had not got much of a start and This is little Tad, the pet of the White which he could easily reach the ground. House. That great death, with which The creeper was strongly fastened on the the light impression which all things the other tree. Weston got as far as the make on childhood. He will live to be a greeper without the pouther showing any tableau of the murder will seem to encir- carefully on it, keeping his eyes on the

thickly hung with maps that the color fury, for she sprang to a branch above, dioins a window at the forthest corner, tree, evidently intending to head the and to the left of my chair, as I recline in hunter off, and spring down upon him. t, there is a longer table before an empty Weston saw what she was intending to brilliance of the dyes is lost. The furni- branches of the neighboring tree by

maps, they are from the coase survey and ling down from the top of the tree to the wille murder I gave him a description of the engineer departments, and exhibit protection of young. Weston knew there Mrs. C. Kellogg, Edgwood, Cal., says "I know them both, or at least where some one has traced the route of armies, succeed in giving a new turn to the peril-dren. they can be found. I saw them in R- and planned the strategic circumferences ous situation. Drawing his knife from yesterday, and they are often on the of campaigns. Was it the dead President his belt, he plunged it into the whining who so followed the march of empire, entend his feet, and at the same time

There is but one picture on the marble just as its mother sprang on the branch cated my men. They were brothers, and mantel over the cold grate-John Bright above the hunter's head. The sight of one kept a bakery and the other a saloon. -a photograph. - - But as to his her cub being torn by the dogs, and the Both had the reputation of being peace- mography, it is to be written by Colonel eries it gave, turned her attention entireful, law abiding men, and they had fami- Nico ay and Major Hay. They are to go by from Weston, and, with a blood-curdilies. It therefore behooved me to go to Paristogether, one as attack of legation. Hing cry, size leaped from the high perch slow, and the arrests were not made un- the other as consul; and while there in the iron and alighted on the dogs. sil they were positively identified by the | will undertake the labor. They are the | Weston lost no time in getting to the livery man and I had positive evidence only men who know his life well enough ground and seizing his rifle. Although

of the offense or crime, and I replied Major Hay is a gentleman of literary the inturied punther in defense of that it was for the nurder of Rossburg. force. Colonel Nicolay has a fine judg- her young, before Weston could fire a The prisoners were strangely silent, and, ment of character and public measures, shot. The old punther was licking the key, Mass., suffered with rheumatism. though seemingly analous obout the fu- Together they should satisfy both curios- wounds of her dead cub and mouning. He found no relief till be took Hood's

The Haughty Wife.

porary counsel appeared for them, they Boston there lives a family whose maspleaded not guilty, and in an hour or two culine head is a man who has won conwere returned to jail. You may now ask siderable wealth, from humble beginyourself what cale I had against the mings not unlike those of Commodore brothers. As I looked it over I came to Vanderbilt, with the difference that The Yey, Robert W. Todd, of the M. the conclusion that my work had just be- while he, like Vanderbilt, began as a E, church, in a recently published work owe-zone. gun. They had left home without noise, boatman, he was expanded into the presenting recollections of thirty-three if not secretly; had hired a horse and banking instead of the railroad business. years of labor on the Deloware and Marybuggy under false pretenses; had driven Ever since he became a banker his ex- land p-nihests, relates some amusing secretly across the country under the cov-cellent wife has been smitten with the ancedors. er of darkness. They were objects of great importance of her husband's new | One of the famous colored preachers suspicion, but I had no proofs. It was occupation and has advertised it on every of the Beleware Conference at one time my duty to hunt for proofs. I went to possible occasion. The horse-car con- Presiding Ehler-was Frost Pollett, comthe bank to have some questions answer- ductors on the line which runs into the monly called, by himself as well as others, ed. It was in summer, and the front city all know her, and smile when she Old Frost. Here is a specimen of his door stood open. A new janitor had enters the gar and grandly utters her sermons his text was. "And without

"Conductor, let me off at my husband's liness."

fellow with a red nose got on the car just po' preacher takes a little tex' on a big Naturally enough I glasced down at as the banker's wife delivered her usual casion, an dea done gone preach a pothe brick. As the janitor lifted it up I order to the conductor. The old man sermon, de sembly don't git nothin'; but took it from his hand, and the next in- watched her performance curiously, and dis arternoon ver shore o' de tex' anystant I made a discovery. There was a called out with a magnificent air that was way

ery, but had at the same time ruined my husband's bank" has been alluded to mighty big myst'ry it must be wid conticase. The brick had been in the office a more than once since that time. - Boston varsy. When als Nick Demus went to de-

Panther Hunting.

bunter followed his dogs once on a pan- an' de Mars war 'widout contivarsy,' and ther's trail, and came up with them where godliness war a great myst'ry. they had treed the game in a big oak "Frends-I've heard some cullud pustree. The foliage was so thick and the suns round dese parts dat go to meetin' shadows so deep in the timber that it was an' shout all ober de house; an' den a some time before Weston discovered the goin' home at night, dev takes a hen off'n panther. It lay between two branches some body's apple tree. Dat am a great forty feet from the ground, and clung so myst'ry. But s'pose dat cullud man gits closely to the boughs that none but the 'ligion right end fo'most; den he leaves practiced eye of a hunter would have de- all de hens-an' de debil too-behind tected its presence. Weston at once rec- him. Dat am de myst'ry ob godliness. ognized in the crouching figure a pan- "Den dar am de myst'ry ob de Lord's ther's cab, and was on the point of send- keer fo' us. De Books says he count de them guilty of murder, and I was the rethem guilty or inturder, and I was the re-cipient of praise on every hand for what remembered an offer of twenty dollars the little baby ravens. It say also two was termed a clever capture. You may that some one in the settlement had sparrer's only fetch a fardin' in demarket. think it strange that I went away from made for a live panther, and he resolved (I reckon out am bout a cent.) If dat's the jail as fully determined to clear them to capture this one and secure the twen- so, one sparrer's only wo'th a half cent. as I had been to convict them. The ty dollars. Taking his lasso from his Now den, of de good Lord take keer of as I had been to contract them. The pony's saddle, and, with his long knife in de little sparrer what's only wo'th one hesitancy to drop a false scent, or to ad- his belt for use in an emergency, he half cent, does you think he won't take mit that a pet theory is wrong I returned climbed the tree. He reached the lower keer o'you fifteen hundred dollah niggers? to the bank and asked for the average branches of the tree, and, swinging him- No wondah de Possel say 'great am de bealth of the dead janitor. He had been self from bough to bough stood just be myst'ry ob godliness." heard to complain of pains around his low the cub, which had raised to its feet heart, but otherwise nothing could be and stood with arched back looking down Uncle Jake was a preacher of overat the hunter. Weston removed his lasso powering dignity and very particular "Gentlemen," I said to the bank offi- from his shoulder, and was about to toss about forms. He could not read, but he cials, your jamitor had gone to his cot for it easily over the young panther's head, always used a Bible, hymn book and a the night. A sudden illness seized him, when, as he raised his eyes, he saw, pair of immense brass bowed spectacle and in his starm he made his way to the crouching in the dead branches of a tree in giving out the texts and hymns, c. redoor to call for help. He had got the which grew near the oak so near that fully turning the pages and scrutinizing door open when he fell to the floor, probably dead, and in his fall his head came panther, the mother of the cub, ready for to de 'sembly." Before going into the a spring. She was hardly three paces pulpit he used to prepare for this perforaway. Without a second's delay Weston mance by availing himself of the learn-"But I will furnish the proofs. I want stepped from the branch he was standing ling of a better educated brother named on to one which brought him with the Anron. trank of the tree between him and the One day after considerable manipul. suit was that three reputable doctors old panther. He was just in time, for at tion of the pulpit Bible, he settled down found that the man came to his death that instant the mother of the cub leap somewhere about the middle of the volfrom heart trouble. They mixed in some ed on the spot he had left, and stood gaz-

professional terms and some latin, but ing with fiery eyes on the hunter, who, erremony, thus announced his text; that was the substance of it. The day with one arm clasped around a branch, "Preach de Gospel." Bess instantly the two prisoners were discharged from held in his right band his bare knife, as work in de season an' outen de season ; with every breath he drew he expected that is of dey kin "prove, bake, 'sort; all "I mused your arrest, but I have also to see the enraged unimal spring down along a sufferia." Desc words, bretherbrought about your liberation. Now tell upon him. Standing thus, only feet ing, you'll scover in de secon varse of de me what brought you to Blankville that above the ground, with only the treach fourth chapter ob de second 'pistle of cross footing of a limb a few inches thick | Saul o' Turshisto Clover." This was more Weston knew that he was lost unless by than "Brudder Aaron" could stand who tact and skill be was able to gradually at once interposed with: Uncle Jake, dat "To burn that tannery. It belongs to make his way back to the foot of the tree are a mistake. Dere am no such a 'pistic an estate in which we should have share without irritating the fierce beast into in de book. It am "Paul de Postic's ed, but we were defrauded of our rights. precipitating an attack upon him. For pistle to Timothy," Instantly Unic Jake In revenge we sought to burn up \$15,000 tunately, the cub left its place higher up nothing dannied, responsed: Dat's a and leaped down to the branchen which | far, orunder Auron; it's kinder dars in I kept the secret until both were dead. Its mother stood giaring at Weston, who heath. I seed it was some sorter grass; I was almost near enough to her to feel her | 'scovers now, it am Timothy an' not de bot breath. This movement of the cub's Clover." 'The Century's" Life of Lincoln distracted the attention of the old panther, and Weston, sheathing his knife in:

to the N. Y. World, printed May 20, 1865. sprang to the limb below where she self, so to speak, from the soles of her feet It is interesting as a graphic pen picture stood, and prevented Weston from re- to the roots of her hair, with chemically ancoln's death, and as containing the The dogs all this time were crazy with first public announcement of the Life of excitement at the foot of the tree, and was horrified to find herself as black as Lincoln, by Messrs, Nicolay and Hay, the gnawed at the trunk and tore up the an Ethiopian. The transformation was publication of which has just been begun ground in their frantic anxiety to get at complete; not a vestige of the "supreme in The Custury, after twenty-one years of the game s far above their reach. Wes- Caucasion race" was left. Her physician ton seeing that his retreat was cut off, and was sent for in alarm and haste. On his Washington, May 14, 1865. not during to risk a struggle with the arrival he laughed immoderately, and don't one sestima but Room I am sitting in the President's office. panther where the slightest misstep said: ceturn to dispossess me of this high-back turned to his old position in the tree, and chemical product. You are no longer a ed chair he filled so long, nor resume his the panther followed him. Keeping, by woman, but a sulphide. It is not now a

There are here only Major Hay and bigher, hoping to reach a strong creeper the friend who accompanies me. A that extended from the upper part of the attired, so that his fob-chain of gold is that he might let himself by his hands the only relief to his mourning garb, along the vine to the other tree, by he world rings, has made upon him only onk, and he supposed it was as secure as man pointed out everywhere, for his latti- disposition to follow him, but he had er's sake; and as folks look at him the just school it and was trying his weight unional below, when the mother of the The room is long and high and so cub seemed to be moved with renewed

dead on the ground, torn to pieces by

bull into her heart. That was Weston's

last attempt to capture a panther alive,

and it was days before his nervous sys-

tem recovered from the effects of that

Tales Of A Pulpit.

of the wall cannot be discerned. The and so made her way to the outer edge tell; a story of the battle of Winchester. Presidents table, at which I am seated of the branches, toward the top of the In the thickest of the fight, when the grate, around which there are many do and he knew the strangle, which hind a great tree. He rode up to the deble. The carpet is trodden thin, and the exhable unless he could reach the thick for his cowardice. But the man with ture is of the formal cabinet class, stately means of the connecting vine by the time | ed. " Now Colonel dear, be casy with a and semi-comfortable; there are book- the santher reached her vantage ground poor felly like me! Faith I think I am: cases, sprinkled with the sparse library above him. He grasped the creeper and but I'd rather be called that every day of a country lawyer, but lately plethoric, swung himself off of the branch. The in the week than be like that poor crayrer like the thin body which has departed vine gave away at its fastenings on the vonder." The "poor emyter yonder." for my men, and, although I was well as in its collin. They are taking away Mr. other tree, and Weston keeping his hold to whom the Colone's attention was di- goods on hand, send your orders wisted by the detectives, my search was Lincoln's private effects to deposit them was swung back into the oak and brought rected, was the mangled corpse of a solvain. No one could remember a crook wheresoever his family may reside, and shown to the very branch on which the dier whose head had been entirely dethe countiness of the place, on this sunny panther's cub was crouching. Instantly, molished by a shot. The old surgestness Sunday, revives that feeling of desclution with a yell that resounded through the of the fellow's excuse made the Culonel when I ran across a C. R. & Q. R. R. des from which the land has scarce recover- woods far above the turmoil of the dogs laugh heartily, and the man was left to tective whom I had not seen for several | ed. I rise from my seat and examine the | below, the mother panther came bound- | the enjoyment of his tree.

my men, and I had hardly done so when all the contested ground of the war; was no escape now unless a desperate Red Star Cough Cure is the best medicine there are pencil lines upon them, where plan that rashed through his mind should she has ever us of for solds for the chil-

asked a stranger, as he found the payement blocksded in front of a Broadway. "Why," replied a by-stander, "the pro-

prictor offers a price for the closest, guess as to the number of beans in that bot-

" From 500 up to 15000." east 100,000 beans in that bottle,"

"Where might you be from, stranger ?"

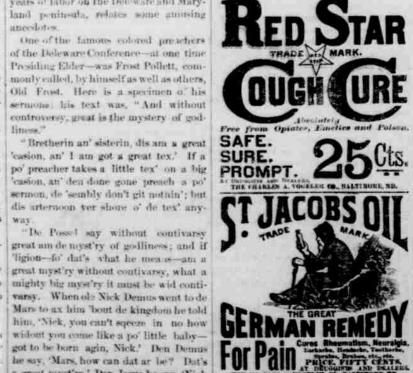
"Where might you be from, stranger ?"

17 O. Fry from the W 17'O, I'm from the West. I've been cities from the number of names in the

over the body as the hunter sent a rifle. Sarsaparilla.

because they think it is an ice thing to

Hotel keepers in the mountains, who are growling over unpaid board bills, should remember that they live in the



don't you heah dat wind? Don't you know it's blowin'? Kin vou 'splain it?' Bruce Weston, an old-time Arkansas Den Nick Demus he see the pint; an' he

KNEW IT WAS SOME KIND OF GRASS.

Female Vanity Confounded.

A celebrated Parisian belle, who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herprepared cosmetics, one day took a medicated bath and on emerging from it, she

" Madame, you are not ill; you are a a great effort his body covered by the trunk of the tree. Westen climbed still simple chemical reaction. I shall subject you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The seid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur, the metal will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipifate a very preffy woman.

The good natured physician went through with his reaction, and the bellewas restored to her membership with the white race. Young ladies who are ders and cosmetics they use-if they use any at all .- Journal of Chemistry,

The Colonel of New York regiment slaughter in the Union line had become perfectly frightful, he detected a stout Irishman of his regiment curled up be-

"What's all this cowd doing here?"

"How me the go-see running?

"O, pshaw! Why, there must be at

at there estimating the population of For 20 years Henry F. Balcom, of Shir-

"Why do the newspapers always speak of a cool million?" We presume it is



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WEEKLY CONTENTS.

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CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

(Above Heffley's Store.) Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Somerset, Pa. I ter costumes of cloth.

A Bishop's Heroism.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Tuttle, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Diocese of Missouri, is not unknown to those who had the good fortune to enjoy the Bishop's minis rations in the golden days of Montana. About a score of years ago, before the railroads had crossed the Rocky Mountains Bishop Tuttle was sent as a missionary to the North vestern Territories. He might have been appropriately styled Episcobus in partibus infedelium, for the rough miners and mountaineers who inhabited the country cared little for the men or affairs of the church. The conventionalities of life, the mere husks of social forms had been pretty well discarded, and the people in the mining camps had come down to plain business. The average preacher in the eyes of the averare miner was a man whose business was to piss around the hat or the contribuion box, if there had been one in the country, and who made his sermons the

The good Bishop might well have been appalled at the first view of his diocese. But never was a man better fitted by nature and by grace for his high mission. Of heroic stature, in every physical sense man among men, he had a heart for every fate and a courage and resolution equal to any demand.

The city of Helena was the metropolis of the northern mountains. One winter morning, soon after midnight, fire broke out among some shanties in the upper end of the gulch. The mountains were white with snow; a small rivulet which meandered among the rocks was locked in ce, while a bitime blast blew, down from the mountains and, sweeping through the gorge, soon fauned the fire into a conflagration; men rushed to the scene with suckets and blankets. There was no fire rigade and no other apparatus for fightng the flames. Everything was confuon, and the raving of the gal t, the roar of the fire and the shoutings of men su;plemented the frantic exertions of the people to save their property, and in many cases to escape with their lives will st from the fiery furnace, into which the narrow canyon that held the fated town. ad been converted. In a social convulsion people gravitate

o their proper places. The real beaders unexpectedly fimithemselves at the head of affairs, while others are content to sbey; when it had been realized that to ave the town was impossible, every energy was bent to the work of saving the magazines of provisions, and a few leading spirits had organized a defense and had gathered the populace for the last struggie. The plan of operations was imple enough. It was to cover the preious houses with blankets and keep them wet. A few daring men were to maintain themselves on the house-tops while the others were to pass up unceasingly water in buckets, masses of ice cut from the streams, and huge balls of snow. The nen on the mof must brave fire, smoke, and freezing wind. To falter was defeat; o retreat was rain. There was no faltering in that desperate struggle, and finally the battle was won. Morning had come, and with it the

un, which, as it rose over a shoulder of he mountain gilded the forms of three men who stood high on the parapet of the building where the fire bad been stopped. They were the chiefs, selfthosen to lead in the conflict but we ey. These three men, with their visaggrimmed and black with smoke, their pair and beards singed, their hands torn

and bloody, their hats blown away by the wind, and their clothing ragged and cwry, and with the fire of battles in their eyes, and grim and stern lines of resoluion on their faces were terrible, almost

Who were these men? They were well known in the mountains, if not immedistely recognized in the disfigurement of attle. The one on the right was " Bi ter Root Bill," otherwise Mr. William Bunterly, a noted desperado, who got his he Indians in the Bitter Root Monnains. The man on the left was "Gentleman Joe," a leading gambler. His real Wagons ume was Joseph Floweree, said to be was a handsome ferlow or thirty, well edcated and so well known for his courteus deportment that the public appreciation had crystalized into a title. The figare in the centre, taller, more erect and peroic-looking than the others who had

other and had risen to leadership. The good Bishop was soon at the height of his popularity. The mountaineers had ested his manhood, and they were ready to love and trust him for the friend and sunsellor he proved to be, and the popdar verdiet was seleminly announced y Mr. William Bunkerly, when he de-

"He's full-jeweled and eighteen karats" ine; he's a better gentleman than Joe Flowers: he's the biggest and best Bishop that ever wore a black gown, and be's the whitest man in these mountains. He's a fire-tighter from way back, and whenever he chooses to good a brimstone raid among the sinners in this guleb he can do it, and I'll back him with my iear ac howl,"

The statement appeared to be universally satisfactory, for among the rough men of the mines and mountains no man was ever found to gainsay it -St. Lonio Democrat,

The Time Fiend.

On one of the recent cold nights a man cas bastening across the common with is overcost buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too inzy to unbutton his stones, we are emabled to mount Dismonds to suit any particular fancy at short notice, out in order to get at his watch. Just in abort, our stock in all departments has been increased and remoded out to meet the large Holliday Finde which by right of almost forty years, successful business experience, w hen he saw a man of well dressed ape have every reason to expect searance coming in the distance, and re-

marked to himself:

"Go to! I will e'en ask you genteel R. SEIDLE, stranger what time it is and he will un button his coat, pull out his watch, and inform me of the hour of the night." He perceived that the stranger was butoned up just as he was. When he came up, the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely and in-

"Sir, do you know what time it is?" The stranger paused, removed his right love, unbuttoned his overcoat from top to bottom unbuttoned his undercost, and finally pulied out his watch, while the cold wind beat against his anprotected Holding up the watch so that the light

stan!, and said: And then he passed on without another word."

would shine on it, he scrutinized it an in

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