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# VOL. X. NO. 40.

## TIONESTA, PA., JAN. 9, 1878.

#### The Entry of the Snow.

But soon all soft airs died, and from between The east and north a strong wind blow full keen

For many a day, and from the steely sky The sun deceptive let his arrows fly

On bank and brake, and without heat to fall E'on 'gainst the garden's gleaming southern

wall : And colder still it blew, till one bright morn It lulled awhi e upon the spreading th ru ; The field-fares blokered at the ruddy haw, And loud the finches chirruped in the trees ; While high o'er all, in blue, thin columns broke From the tall chimney-tops the palace smoke All things shone crisp and cold, till from the BOR.

Between the cost and north rose gradually A great gray woolly cloud, that grew and grew Voluminiaous, fill from the other bless It blotted out the san ore evening's hour, And wrapt the ghostly garden, tree and bower, In its thick folds obscure. Then from on high To earth stow spiraling adows the sky, The first graat feathery snow flakes mids their

WEY. Till a I the garde i changed from black to gray. From gray to white. Then ross the wind again From the fell north and growled against the pane

And round the house, and each successive blast As the night fell grow stronger than the last, Till, as the great whales gathered in a shoal, In some far bay anear the shining pole, Gambol in thunder, while the wate s boil

Around them like the Maelstrom's whirling

And high to heaven the sheeted foam-wreaths

And with his lovel, beams seconely shone On the soft snowlrope that hy white and pure O'er glale and an endid hill and dazzling moor.

## A Life for a Life.

Bertrode Dodge was blue. It was August weather-there was no air stirring from one arid noon until the next, and the inse ts hissed malicionaly all day long in the parched grasses. Perhaps that was the reason that Bertrode was

blue. Perhaps it was that as she walked Grover's Tract, day by day, and saw the summer's hinted completion in the red spples burning among the gray-green boughs, the hay-fields at aftermarth, the purple tasselled corn, and yellow wheat, that she felt her life to be aimless. She had let the summer come and wane

11

from her passivity, she seized a stone at ple to her cheek, she laughed merrily her feet and hurled it full at the cresture. He had just paused and raised his creat to view his position, when the stone struck him upon the back of the head, and with a vengeful hiss he leaped into the sir, then fell at full length upon

into the sir, then fell at full length upon the ground and slowly expired. Bertrode stood looking at the dusty length and bloody head of the dead snake, her mind in a sort of wonder that anything could be so loathsome, when she heard her name spoken. She raised her eyes and saw Fennel Gould standing before her. The young man looked at the snake with a sort of "shudder, and said. said :

"Bertrode, you must have saved my life,"

"I suppose I did," she answered. "The creature was coming directly to-ward yor. Did yon over see anything so horrible, Fennel?"

He took her hands; she hardly glanced at him.

"Darling," he said. She snatched her hands away in a sud-

She snatched her handa away in a sud-den impatience. "Don't !" ahe said, "I wish you wouldn't, Fennel." "But I love you." "I cannot help it." He regarded her sorrowfully. She took her shawl from the grass and put it on

"It is chilly here, and late. I am

And high to heaven the disected form-wreather fort, So that strong wind among the feathery flow Of falling snow walled the livelong night, Tumulthous, till at length the more ling light Rose calm and clear, and upward sprang the

re cursed their fate.
Through a succession of hot u.
month went out. Before it had passed,
month went out. Before it had passed,
month went out. Before it had passed,
d fever. She suffered wearisomely, but
d fever. She suffered wearisomely, but
d fever. She suffered wearisomely, but
and suddenly in the midst of her suffer
max,
month cool water grew diff, and all other
mext,
a If I only had some ice, mother 1" she
int there is no ice in
the

atraining its way over the heavy sandy roads to Northboro', the only place where there was an ice-house—there to procure for her a great green block of "It will be so nice !" she murmured little chamber. It was twilight, and the in her sleep. " My throat is parched, scent of the ripe apples in the orchard and it will coal my drink so deliciously!"

sometimes, and forgot to look wishfully towards the mountains, as he had no-ticed her doing so often two months before.

One day she was pale and troubled when Fennel came with his buggy. She was silent for a few moments after they began their drive. "Fennel ?"

ve Well ?"

" Are you going away ?"

"Yes." "Why, tell me, please?" "I think I had better."

That was all. She did not dare pretend not to understand him. Both faces were pale. He turned towards her at last,

pale. He turned towards her at last, smiling fainily. "Yes, Bertie, you don't need me any longer, and I am going away to try as hard as I can to forget you. It is strange that such a sweet-eyed girl should cause so much pain, isn't it?" Bertrode didn't speak. They rode in silence along the river road. Bertrode was listening, as if charmed, to the chirping of a little bird among the serub oaks by the river. It was a hearty. oaks by the river. It was a hearty, cheery little bird that seemed to have no se about it.

The road grew narrower. The tree branches met above their heads and gradually grew lower. Fennel put ont his whip to hold them out of their faces. The motion startled the horse—or he going home," she said. He walked silently at her side out of the woods and across the wide fields of Grover's Tract. Never was there a more

> Stunned by the shock, she floated like Stunned by the shock, she floated like a corpse. If she had seen Fennel Gould's face, then, she would have won-dered, even though she believed that she knew his love. He draw in the prancing horse, and flung himself from the carriage. Dashing down the steep declivity, he threw himself into the vice

carried home the life he had saved.

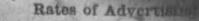
Evening came, Fennel was at home scent of the ripe apples in the orchard filled the dim room, He did not notice either, but he was roused suddenly by a kuock at his door. It was little Willy-Dodge with a note, He opened it. It bore these words :

### It Ended All Right.

## A pretty and accomplished widow, living in Jackson, Miss., met at Sara-toga last summer a handsome and in-telligent widower from Norfolk, Va.; a brisk flirtation led to an engagement, and the lovers separated with the understanding that she was to return to her home and break the news to another lover, who had won het hand before she went to Saratoga. But it was not so easy to be off with the old love as it had been on with the new. The Jackson gentleman was wild, and despairing, con-demning her as an arrant jilt, and vowing that she should marry him or ele nearly so as to meet. The ground being mostly shaded by the trees, no crop is to Norfolk; the same from Norfolk to Jackson ; more of them by every passing mail, and warmer day by day, until the postal sacks were menseed with spontaneous combustion ; final resultflight of the widow from her home and proposed secret marriage at Baltimore. The arrangements were perfect, with one exception. No allowance was made for the weather. The storm came on, the rains poured down and the floods clapped their hands in the valleys of Virginia. The lady reached the trysting-point forty-eight hours behind time, and in a state of mental and nervous collapse. He was not there to meet her; she He was not there to meet her; she trembled, sighed, telegraphed, cried, waited two days, and finally resolved to return to Mississippi. She took the hotel proprietor into her confidence, and after settling her account, started for the Camden station; but, as she was stepping from the platform, lo! a maple forme. It was the centierman manly figure. It was the gentleman from Norfolk, who had been tearing his hair and looking for her in every train from the South, except the one by which she had come. They were married that afternoon at St. Barnaba's Church, and went down the bay that night. One of the first purchases which they will make on going to housekeeping will be an Imanac

#### Birds and Human Nature.

What is that legend of Mrs. Piatt's poem about the bird in the brain? Birds are perhaps the most human of creatures, and I should not be surprised if told we all carry more or less of them in our hearts and brains. I have seen the hawk looking out of the human face many a time, and I think I have seen -usually till about the middle of Au-gust. The droppings of the sheep assist in enriching the ground. The orchard contains about 120 tree, and sixty or seventy sheep are pastured in it. The best sorts are the Baldwin and Bhode Island Greening, The Northern Spy succeeds well. Fall Pippins were observed with heavy crops. The Rox-bury Russet is unprofitable. The Fall many a time, and I think I have seen the eagle; I credit those who say they have seen the owl. Are not the buzzards Orange bears fine crops, which sell as well as any, and would be selected as a profitable sort, were it not the crop and unclean birds terribly suggestive ? The song-birds were surely all brooded and hatched in the human heart. They needs picking when other early autumn are typical of its highest aspirations, and work is pressing. To show the effect of good treatment Mr. Landon showed us. and nearly the whole gamnt of human passion and emotion is expressed more or less in their varied sougs. Among an old tree of the Fall Orange, which our own birds, there is the song of the hermit-thrush for devontness and religions serenity, that of the wood-thrush for the musing, melodious thoughts of twilight, the cong-sparrow's for simple faith and trust, the bobolink's for inlarity and glee, the mourning-dove's for hopeless sorrow, the vireo's for allday and every-day contentment, and the nocturn of the mocking-bird for love. Then there are the plaintive singers, the soaring, ecstatic singers, the confident singers, the gushing and voluble singers, and the half-voiced, inarticulate singers. The note of the pewce is a human sigh, the piping of the chickadee unspeakable tenderness and fidelity. There is pride in the song of the tanager, and vanity in that of the cat-bird. There is something distinctly human about the robin ; his is the note of boyhood. I have thoughts that follow the migrating fowls northward and southward, and that go with the sea-birds into the desert of the ocean, lonely and tireless as they. I sympathize with the watchful crow perched yonder on that tree, or walking about the fields. ... I hurry out-doors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander ; his comrade in my heart sends back the call .- John Burroughs, in Soribner's Magazine.



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#### Items of Interest.

A rat is a Chinaman's turkey. Horseshoes are made in California of moressed raw hide.

Fine rubies have been discovered southwest of Gunnison, Utah.

About forly different trades are to presented in the building of a ship.

Using the national flag for advertis-ing purposes is fined in England,

The population of France on the last day of last year was 36,905,788; Paris 2,410,349.

The best brushes in the world are made in America, but the bristles are imported chiefly from Germany and

gmas which has spring up is kept grazed with sheep. When the trees were younger, the ground was kept enlivated, and they grew vigorously but bore little. A little fear-year-old boy inquired concerning the stars: "Pa, what are those things up there—are they little drops of sun?"

One Kentucky farmer appropriate the yearly product of one acre of his form to the purchase of reading matter for himself and family. the dense heads by pruning. They were trimmed early in the spring, or thinned out from above, and not trimmed

A boy up in Connecticut who ran away from home because the old man switched him, remarked that "his en-durance could no father go."

"The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic beply.

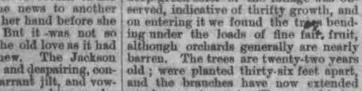
years, and the pruning is performed an-nually, by the removal of the young sprouts which may have sprung up where the pruning was performed, and which, if allowed to remain, would give thick tops again. The orchard soon began to bear heavily of fine large ap-ples. On visiting it this year early in-September, we found the branches bending under their loads of fruit, al-though orchards generally through the Our modest young men will breathe easier when some ingenious chap invents a turkey-carving contrivance that works with a crank like an apple parer,

"My dream of life is o'er," murmured Mr, Man, as he stretched himself out on though orchards generally through the the sofa for an after-dinner nap. "False songster," exclaimed his wife, about country are bearing but little, and some are entirely barren. Sheep, which are turned in early in Spring, and continued till the growing fruit bends the branches down within their reach, keep the orchard nearly free from the coddling moth. We found very few specimens infested. As the trees shade most of the five minutes later, "your dream of life-is'n' ore," and she fastened a clothes-pin on his nose to stop the dreadful noise.

Why is a lamp chimney like a Chicago savings bank? No one appears 'able to answer this, -Danbury News, That's a mere snare. It's too easy. 1. Because they're sure to break. 2. Because a soot they re sure to break. 2. Because a store is apt to grow out of them. 3. Because they can't stand a strong draft. 5. Be-cause there is something wick-ed at the bottom of them. 6. Because they're bottom of them. 6. Because they're hollow, 7. Because they've benzine to bust. 8. But there! there! we're weary, we're a-weary, we tre sad and sore perplexed; let our answer to your query be continued in our fiext. — Phila. Bulletin.

#### The Bird of Paradise.

The Jardin d'Acelimatation, Paris, has just received some living specimens of the bird of paradise, which it has hither-



\$2 PER ANNUM.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Produble Apple Orchard.

We recently visited in Cayuga county, N. Y., the fine apple orchard of G. Lan-

don, in the southern part of the county,

On approaching it from a distance, the

deep green color of the foliage was ob-

A neighbor advised a new course of

management, including a thinning of

The surface of the ground about them

was top-dressed with yard manure. The

top-dressing is repeated every two years, and the pruning is performed au-

ground, grass is allowed to grow, and is kept grazed short till after midsummer

up from below, as is too often done.

vious winter she had said, "I feel icebound now. When summer comes, I will shake off this inartion and redeem to-lay."

Yet the summer was rapidly passing and she was still a dream. The hour never seemed to come which called her to exertion. Well, ""Love's young dream" comes but once; it was all well, perhaps.

Grover's Tract and her farmhouse life was not dull as she had expected it would be when she returned from her mountain tour a year before ; only at times the out-door sounds and the leisurely growing works of nature op-pressed her. In the winter she had been gay, looking at the sunset across the snow, watching the chick-a-dees, and searching the woods for purple mererion. In the spring the long walks to the post office had been full of joyful fancies and golden realities; she loved the sweet country sights and scents more than ever before in her life.

But in August something seemed to oppress her. The sky burned too blue, the woods were to calmiy content in their greenness, the days closed too beautifully in their ripe splendor, as she walked the Tract at sunset, coming from the post-office-coming always empty-handed. Yes, something was wrong, and when she realized it fully, she said >

"I am idle-I am steeped in idleness, I have been doing nothing for a year. Now I will have some work, and Dick may go to the post-office. I care too much for those letters."

Whatever those letters might be, there came no more of them. A certain gay tourist drifting about the world, forgot to write them at last; perhaps Bertrode was pretty, but one traveling everywhere meets many pretty faces. Bertrode's cheek grew thin and white.

Her mother saw that she struggled to repress a growing irritableness. But she worked on unceasingly at her new employment of teaching the district school of Grover's Tract. She devoted herself to the children. Their parents said they had never before learned so fast. Bertrode smiled only faintly at their praise. One day, coming home from school through the woods, she flung herself down among the ferns and dry grasses.

"It is dust and ashes !" she cried. The sky gleamed blue through greeu boughs overhead, and a bird sang cheerily in a neighboring bush. She lay there until she felt the dew falling. As she rose up, something rustled at her side. She looked down ; a great rattlesnake was slipping through the grass, going from her, apparently unaware of her presence. Fascinated, immovable, yet full of horror, she stood and watched the creature. For a moment it glided steadily on, its course so direct, its appearance so subtle and deadly, that she felt spallbound as she regarded it. Suddenly, with a thrill of horror, she saw the reptile's aim ; it was making directly for a shady spot, where a man

A cricket long in the heated wall and woke her. She heard the stage trandling over the hill.

" Has it come, mother ?" she asked. "What, dear? you are dreaming. Wake up, and drink some of this nice eed lemonade.

"Ice, mother! Where did you get it ?" "Fennel has been to Northboro' for it. He,s very kind to you, Bertie, dear." "It's refreshing. How long have I been asleep, mother ?" "All the afternoon, and I really think

yon look better, Bertie." Bertrode turned on her pillow and fell

asleep again. In the morning she was better, but not well. The pale lips were still parched-the month so long fevered, tasteless. She relished only the drinks, tasteless. She relished only the drinks, iced and cool, which her mother pre-

pared. One day she said : "How is it that that ice lasts so?"

"Why Fennel goes to Northboro' for a fresh piece every other day. The weather is so warm that it melts very fost.M

"But it's having time. How can he be spared ?"

"He goes at night after eight o'clock. I don't see how he can do it when he works in the field until he is ready to drop.

"Then why do you ask him, mother ?" "Goodness, child | I never asked him; I guess I didn't ! It's his own service. I nover dreamed of asking him,"

Bertrode, bolstered up in bed, sat ilent awhile,

" Fennel's very kind," she and at last ; I ride out ?"

"Perhaps so."

To-morrow Bertrode was feverish again. Nothing passed her parched lips but a yellow peach, a rareripe, that was a wonder to the neighborhood.

" here did it come from, mother ?"

"Fennel brought it." The next morning when she awoke, gust of spicy coolness whiffed into her

"What is that ?" she cried, starting

Just a pitcher of sprays from the scrub-oaks of the lowlands, their tender pendant acorns swinging among the glossy leaves-branches of bayberry, sweet tern, and a handful of checkerberry mixed with sweet swamp heliotrope, and wild asters, all dripping with morning dew.

"O, mother, bring it closer! Where did you get it?" placing her thin, white hands among the cool, sweet foliage. " Fennel left it at the door this morn-

ing. He thought it would please you," "It does please me."

No one but Fennel knew how the iked fragrant green leaves and swamp heltotro

She was grateful, and she told Fermel so when she saw him. To prove it she tay asleep heneath the trees. One let him drive him her out and find her moment more would be too late to pre-reset the threatened attack. Starting light came back to her eye and the dim-his mistake by a little fourth angle.

"Fennel come home with Willy. 1 want to see you."

That was all, but he knew who sent it. He went out of doors with the child. Holding the boy's hand, he walked the fields he had walked a month before, with his heart bitter as rue. The crickets were singing among the grasses. A strange lightness possessed him, and yet he kept putting down his heart-not daring to hope. The farmhouse door was open and Bertrode was sitting in the porch. Little Willy went into the house. Fennel sat down on the step.

"What do you want, Bertrode ?"

"I will tell you by and by." The twilight grew more dim as they talked of unimportant things, until they could not see each other's faces. The crickets were singing hundreds of songs in the grasses by the roadside. The dew fell and woke the sweetness of the road-

side ferns. A long time passed, and at last Fennel aros

" Is it time to go, Bertrode. Will you tell me now?"

The moon came up, and showed her face pale and her lips tremulous, but she stood up by his side and spoke firmly.

"I want to ask you not to go away, Fennel, Don't go.

There seemed more to be said, but

"I cannot stay, Bertrode; don't be troubled to pity me. Good-by, and God for an hour, and when his father came

keep you, dear, forever !" He stooped to kiss her head. Her arms were around his neck.

leave me. I want you; you make me happy; and I have never, never loved any but you, true heart ! Take my life -you have saved it-and spare me the one you risked in my salvation. I will arose and cooked supper, which they try to make it happy, but indeed, intry to make it happy, but indeed, inleed, Fennel, I am not worthy of you !" Heart to heart, at last; Heaven's father, who was still alive, but paid no angels bless them !

#### Singular Case of Heredity.

Dr. Rizzoli knew a young girl who had a long, thick lock of perfectly white hair on the forehead, the rest of the hair being a very pronounced black. This anomaly had been congenital and hereditary in the girl's family for two shot himself. Subsequently the corocenturies. Whenever it existed in a parent, several of the children were cortain to present it. The genealogical tree of the family could be traced back for six generations, including about forty-five persons, more than half of whom presented the white tuft -- Medioal Record.

An Awful Crime.

of his mother. The husband and wife had lived unhappily for some time, and on the night in question the father had back. This done, he went into the the comb thin and smooth.

ms were around his neck. "My love, my love," she cried," don't from him and Inid it by the side of her and went to bed with her boy, but neither being able to sleep, subsequently heed to them. In the morning a neighbor came to the house to employ Kunzler, and found him lying on the ground

in a pool of blood, although still alive, while the woman was some distance away unconcernedly engaged in her domestic work. When asked concerning sher husband she replied that he had ner was summoned from Lawrenceburg, and the investigation showed that the man could not have killed himself. Suspicion was directed to the woman subtriand her boy. The latter when separated from his mother, confessed that he had done the deed at her command, saying that she had been urging him to do it hat she had been urging had been urgi

for a year pass. He also told how they spent the night in the hearing of the cries of his father, yet neither came to lils insistence.

we estimated sixty years old, from its appearance and size of the trunk, A few years ago it began to die, and was about to be ent down. A successful attempt was made to renovate it. The dead limbs, including about half the top, were cut out, and the ground was well top-dressed with manure. In two years, sixteen and a half dollars' worth of fruit was taken from it. It is now bearing a large crop of fruit.

In the apple orchards through the country there is usually a year of abundance and a year of scarcity in al-ternate seasons. Mr. Landon's orchard bears most profusely in the years of scarcity—probably because the treat-ment which first gave heavy crops happened to be in one of those years. A few years ago his crop sold for five hundred dollars; the year previous to the last he received six hundred dollars. He expects his sales this year to be about four hundred dollars. The orchard stands on a ridge, where it appears to have good natural drainage ; the soil is not deep, and the roots thus coming near the surface are more benefited by the top-dressing than they would if on deeper soils and extending to a greater depth. Some excellent orchards in the same county grow on deep soils, and are less affected by either cultivation or topdressing .- Country Gentleman.

To Tell the Age of Fowis. If a hen's spur is hard and the scales on the legs are rough she is old, whether you see her head or not, but her head will corrobora'e your observation. If the under bill is so stiff that you cannot bend it down and the comb thick and gone to the village, and while absent rough leave her, no matter how fat and she could not say it. Her voice died on Mrs. Kunzier, prevailed on the boy to plump, for some one less particular. A "but I don't like to tax people so, her lips, and the eager light in Fennel load the gun and lay in wait for his young hen has only the radiments of father. The hoy obeyed, and conceal, source the sector works." father. The boy obeyed, and, conceal-ing himself behind a woodpile, waited glossy and fresh colored, whatever the color may be, the claws tender and short; into the yard shot him through the the nails sharp, the under bill soft and

> An old turkey has rough scales on the legs, callosities on the soles of the feet husband, who, still alive, was crying for help. She then returned to the house reverse of all these marks. When the reverse of all these marks. When the feathers are on the old turkey cock has a long tuft or beard, a young one, but a sprouting one, and when they are off, the smooth scales on the legs decide the moans and appeals for help from the point, beside the difference in size of the wattles of the neck and in the elastic shoot upon the nose.

An old goose when alive is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings particularly at the pinions, the thickness and strength of the bill and fineness of the feathers, and when plucked by the legs the tenderness of the skin under the wings, by the pinions and the bill and the coarseness of the skin,

Ducks are distinguished by the same duckling's bill is much longer in propor-tion to the breadth of the head than the comment pf another; and so they spece tion to the breadth of the head than the

interspersed among its feathers. A probably just exchanged for a pe pigeon that can fly has always red-col. which the owner, had worn ored legs and no sown and in then too the old ones fue.s old for use as a squab.

to been found rarely possible to living alive to Europe. This bird is a native alive to Europe. of New Gainea, the inhabitants of which country endeavor to keep up the fable relative to these specimens of the feathered tribe, by persuading the Indian merchants to whom they well them that they have no feet, and that, as they live on air and light, they have neither stomach nor intestines. That belief was encouraged by the form given by the Papuan naturalists or dealers prepare them for sale, by drying the bird with its plumes after taking out the inside and tearing off the legs. It is rarely found excepting in the countries. which produce spices, and, particulari-in Australasia. New Guinea, which comprised in that part of the world, and the Aroo Islands near, contain many specimens. The pineapple and nutmeg-tree grow there in the midst of immense forests, and supply their principal food. The Papuans, barbarians as they are, derive considerable profit from the sale of the bird, and take it with nets on sticks smeared with birdlime. - Tu the latter case they take it allow, but us it is very difficult to preserve, they prefer to use the bow and arrow. The manner in which this chase is carried on is very carious. The men climb silently in the dark like cats into the trees in which the bird sleeps, pass the night in the forks of the branches, and at daybreak shoot at the birds while they are still asleep. with very light arrows made from the ribs of leaves of the palm-tree. They address is so marvelons that the bind generally falls to the ground intact, stunned rather than wounded. The men continue as long as they can, and the descend to the ground and proceed to the preparation and embalming of their victims. The Malays of Malacca are the chief purchasers of the birds, which they carry to the Molucca Isles, wheneve They are sent to India, China and Europe.

#### What a Bundle Contained.

There were five of them from the Monumental District, and having feasted to their heart's content on the great variety of holiday goods on sale, they came tripping out of the spacious entrance of one of our dry goods stores, when they espied a nicely done up package, apparently dropped by one of a the many seekers after holiday goods. A minute more and one of them had seized it and they were hurrying down the street speculating as to ifs contents. "I hope it is a good-sized dress pat-tern," says the happy owner, as able hugged it close for fear of its being spirited away. "If it was mine I would rather it would be a velvet cloak," cried Ducks are distinguished by the same one of the others, as she enviously even means, but there is the difference that a the packet. "Oh, I wouldn't: I'd lated until they reached home, when the string was loosed, and their astonist