om all parts of the akes of shonymous

Sheldon.

TARY.

The rain

sweeps the

the vast Meg.

eds of a moun-

ck, gen. Such is Luktrop,

sign of thrift.

from here.

"Vort Kartif."

"He is or isn't-all depends."

"And where is he dying?"

"And what's his name?"

"I come for my father, who is dying."

"Vort Kartif-the cracknel maker."

scala of purces; typhoid fever,

n. And Vort Kartif, the crack-

"Dr. Trifulgas isn't at home!"

VOL. XVII. NO. 4).

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1885.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Half Column, one year ...... 80 00 Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be pain in

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one invertion...... 1 00

One Square, one lach, one month, ..... \$ 60 One Square, one Inch, three months ...... 6 00

Job work-cash on delivery.

as soundly as ever. Rap, rap, rap!

their rattle to the noise of the storm. The pushes it open, enters, and the blast doctor, startled from his sleep, got up in closes it behind him with a bang. The a towering passion. On opening his dog outside howls, or is silent, by turns, window the hurricane came in like a howledge that the suppose that Dr. Trifulgas had

"Tis for the cracknel maker-" "What, again that wretch?" "I am his mother."

"May his mother, wife and daughter, all die with him!" "Tis a fit-" "Ay, and a tight one, no doubt," chuckled the doctor.

ow sway the hea its fury nountains of house sold to Dantrup, the drayman of coast is rent Messagliere street. If you don't come, nous billows my grand-daughter will be without a father, my daughter without a husband, and myself without a son!"

a greenish miveins and drenched the very bones under ve steep streets her skin.

eds of a moun-thoroughfares. dred fretzers," rejoined the heartless anglor, an acleech.

belches forth We have but one hundred and twenty. 107. e. The cra

oubled waters fretzers an hour-one fretzer a minute! It was small profit at best, but not quite of the town are to be despised.

b, of Moorish aspect, like ress, with its white walls, i terraces calcined by the thick water-proof boots, muffled himself their large inwrought flowers. Can this c Crimmerian era; age pile of square stones up in a large overcoat, put on his gloves indeed be the bed of a poor cracknel-maker at hap-hazard. The and sou'wester, and, leaving the lamp maker? Trembling, the doctor draws near, pulls the curtains aside, and peers ich have been worn away opened at page 197, pushed open the door of the Six-Four, and appeared on

peculiar structures may the threshold. looking building, called The old erone was there, leaning on from the number of its a stick, her frame emaciated by eighty front and four behind.

front and four behind.
es above the town, the
f Saint Philfilene, with
through the open stone
"Here; and may God return it a hundred fold!"

en these are swung (as "God? the money of God? Has any es) by the violence of the one seen its color?"

counted a bad sign, and beaf the place are filled The doctor whistled Hurzof, put a

The 2d amid the broom and bit Brittany. Luktrop, how-bot in Brittany. Is it in France! bells of Saint Philfilene sway to and frounder the headlong fury of the storm, an ominous portent, as we know. But Dr. Ay, it was for him assistance was be-At any rate it were useless to lock for Trifulgas eschews all superstitious notions. The fact is, he believes in nothing at all, not even his own science-ex- who, in the hardness of his heart, had Tap, tap? A discreet rap is heard at cept for what it brings him in. What refused to attend the poor cracknelhe narrow door of Six-Four on the weather, to be sure, and what a road! maker! It is he now that is dying, left hand corner of Messagliere street. A Nothing but shingle and slag—the shin—

The symptoms increased every min. use this, it such a word is gle slippery like seaweed, and the slag snown as Luktrop, and one of the thrift-est of the place, if to earn on an average see by than a tremulous flicker from tion dead in him, but the beatings of his few thousand fretzers a year be a Hurzof's lantern. At times strange, fan- heart were nearly gone, like the breath A ferocious yelp, something between that swell from the mouth of the Vana bark and a howl, as from a wolf, has gior. There is really no telling what What shall he do? Diminish There is really no telling what world, that volatilize on reaching our at-A young girl, shivering in the rain, mosphere.

a sorry cape thrown over her shoulders, inquires if Dr. Trifulgas is at line of coast that runs in and out of the from apoplexy all those who were not to small bays along the shore. The sea is die from its effects. of a livid whiteness and sparkles as its of surf that seems to pour wave on wave "By the Val-Karnious, four kertses of glow-worms upon the beach.

their blades together like so many bayo "Yes; and if Dr. Trifulgas would

nets. The dog has drawn nearer to his master, and seems to say:

to window is bout the closed in "Well, what think you? A hundred I's face, while the wind and the and twenty fretzers to place under lock side mix their voices in a deafen- and key in the safe! That's the way to his so build up a fortune! 'Tis another piece arms. of ground added to the vine enclosure! 1 man, Dr. Trifulgas, with but Another dish added to the evening meal! ling for a feiler creature, and attends a failent only if well Another bowl of food for faithful Hurzof! Nothing like attending rich paadvance for his services. His tients and loosening their purse-strings!

At this point the old woman stopped. Hurzof a cross between a bull paniel -would have more hea She directed a finger, which shook like age, toward a red light some way off in The door of the Six-Four revariably closed to the poor and the gloom-the house of Vort Kartif, y to the rich. He has more-

the cracknel-maker. "There?" Inconically put in the doctor.

"Yes," responded the crone. brain fever, so much; so much Just then the Vanglor, vibrating to its arditas and for as many more as doctors choose to invent by foundations with a noise like thunder, threw up a mass of fuliginous flame, r, is a poor man, with a penniless that mounted to the zenith and rent the Why, then, should Dr. Triful- clouds Doctor Trifulgas was thrown ment. At any rate, let me ask of you himself, and on such a to the ground by the force of the concussion. Regaining his footing, he looked around. The beldam was gone. "The rousing me from my snuffled he, as he went to his in, "is alone worth ten fretzers!" She must have fallen through some deep | position in latitude-and even longitude. minutes had scarce gone by than crevasse in the ground, or taken flight knocker again woke the echoes on the floating fog-clouds of ocean. The dog, however, was still there, up-Six-Four, Grumbling the doctor t of bed, and from the window right on his haunches, his mouth wide open, and the light of the lantern blown

"Never mind; let's go on," mumbled e cracknel maker from Val Karfretzers, and must needs earn them. u, and if you don't come he'll

distance half a kertseaway. It is, doubtless, the lamp of the dying, or, perchance, no mistake, the old hag pointed it out. And so saying, with the noise of the storm in his cars, Dr. Trifulgas hurried at air Riea. Run the risk of catch- on toward the hou-e, which, standing a cold or a lumbage for such a sum, atoue in the midst of a wide heath, is studio in a gallery behind the cashiers, n one has to attend to morrow morn- more distinctly perceptible as the way-

It is a singular and noteworthy fact to observe how much the house of the knowledge.

With this pleasant prospect, Dr. Triflgas sought his bed and went to sleep
secondly as ever.

With this pleasant prospect, Dr. TrifSix Four, at Luktrop; there is the same soundly as ever.

TRYING TO RIDE A CALF, are not keeping house merely for the accounting of country clod-hoppers.

Good day, madam."—Arkansaw Traveler. algas sought his bed and went to sleep Six-Four, at Luktrop; there is the same the little vaulted door at the side. Doc-Rap, rap, rap! sor Trifulgas strides on as fast as the driving gusts of wind and rain will perwith a firm hand, have this time added mit. He reaches the door, which is ajar,

come back to his own house. But this cannot be. He took no wrong turning on the road, nor did he lose his way. No, he is certainly at Val-Karniou, and not at Luktrop. Yet how comes it his eye dwells on the same low, vaulted corridor, the same winding staircase and the same massive wooden railing, hand-"We have a little money," said the old worn like his own? He ascends woman, "an installment on the old and stops on the landing. A faint light comes from under the door,

as at the Six-Four. Is it a snare or a delusion? By the weak glimmer of the lamp he vaguely recognizes his own room-there the yely nestles the rop. It was heart-rending and horrible to low sofa; there, on the right, the old rop. It boasts hear the old hag's voice, and to think exception oaken chest; and there, on the left; the that the wind froze the blood in her fron-girt safe, in which he had thought of placing his one hundred and twenty fretzers. Yonder is his arm-chair with its leather tassels, his table with its convoluted legs, and upon it, by the flickering lamp, his own Codex, open at page

we have but one hundred and twenty.

"Good-night, then!" And once more the windows were closed.

On second thoughts, however, he came to Lukverliches, or or oubled waters on bour outline to the conclusion that, for an hour's trot and half an hour's attendance, one hunoubled waters on bour one features and twenty.

"Good-night, then!" And once more the windows were closed.

What alls me?" murmurs the doctor.

What alls thee? Why, thou art palsied with fright. Thy eyeballs start from their sockets. Thy body contracts and dwindles in size. An icy sweat chills the start of the conclusion that, for an hour's attendance, one hunoutline with the sum of the conclusion that, for an hour's trot and their sockets. The crathe windows were closed.

On second thoughts, however, he came to their sockets. The production of the conclusion that, for an hour's attendance, one huntheir sockets. The crathe windows were closed.

On second thoughts, however, he came to the conclusion that, for an hour's trot and half an hour's attendance, one huntheir sockets. The crathe windows were closed.

seem to creep. Quick, or the lamp, for want (f oil, will go cut, and the sick man die. Ay,

There, outstretched on his dying bed, lies the sick man, with his head outside the counterpane and motionless, like one about to breathe his last. The doctor bends forwar:d-

Ah! what ghastly scream is that which rends the air, and is taken up by the dog outside with his sinister howling? It is not Vort Kartif, the cracknel-maker, who is the dying man, but he, the doctor, Dr. Trifulgas himself !-partial paralysis of the body on the side opposite that where the lesion exists. sought, that one hundred, that one hun-The fact is, he believes in noth- dred and twenty fretzers were paid ! He

Dr. Trifulgas raved like a maniac. The symptoms increased every minute. tastic figures seem to toss in the flames of his lungs. Yet he had not lost all

Diminish the answered the rap, whereupon a window lies at the bottom of those inscrutable mass of the blood by bleeding? There must be no hesitation, or Dr. Trifulgas is a dead man. botomy was still practiced in Volsinia, The doctor and the old hag follow the and there, as here, the doctors rescued

Dr. Trifulgas seized his case of instrubillows hurtle the phosphorescent fringe ments, took his lancet, and punctured veins on his duplicate self. No blood, however, spurted from the wound. He Thus both rush on till they reach a rubbed with all his might the chest of bend in the road between two swelling the dying one, but he found that the puldowns, where broom and sea rushes clash sations of his own heart diminished; he burnt the other's feet with hot bricks, but felt his own feet growing cold.

Suddenly his duplicate starts up in his bed, struggles wildly in the last throes of suspended breathing, a rattle is heard in his throat, and Dr. Trifulgas, with all his science, falls back dead in his own

The following morning a corpse was found in the house known as the Six-Four-that of Dr. Trifulgas. He was placed in a coffin and conveyed, in great pomp, to the cemetery of Luktrop, after the manner of the many he had already sent there.

As for eld Hurzof, I am told the faithful beast may still be seen, with his lantern relighted, scouring the heath and howling for his lost master. If this be true or not, I cannot say. Yet so many strange things do occur in this Volsinian country, especially round about Luktrop that I see no reason to doubt the stateonce more not to look for this town of Luktrop on the map. graphers are still uncertain as to its exact -Paris Figure, translated for The Argo-

## Fond of Ornaments.

All the people in Ceylon, from the babes "feeling their feet" to old men and women, their steps tottering on the Doctor Trifulgas. The honest man had brink of the grave, wear gold and silver pocketed the one hundred and twenty ornaments. They even invent new places for carrying them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a Cingalese belle with A solitary light is alone visible in the the tops of her cars covered with gold plate or wire, a large pair of rings pendunt from the lobes of the ear, a gold or dead man, and youder must be the silver circlet around her hair, her nose cracknel-maker's house. There can be adorned with rings, bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers and silver plates on her toes.

> The Bank of France has an invisible so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own

MRS. MULKITTLE'S YOUNG BOPE. PUL GRTS & FALL.

And His Nother Has a Palling out with Sister Caroline Patterson— A Visit Spoiled.

Mrs. Mulkittle had promised the boy that if he would be good, he might accompany her on a visit to a friend in the country. The youngster remembered the promise; and sometimes at night when he said his prayers, he would in-terpolate the protocol of "Now I lay me down to sleep," and throw in a few suggestions of reminder concerning the visit. When the day arrived, Mrs. Mulkittle decided that the boy had been good. The excitement of a buggy ride. the objects of interest along the roada rabbit jumping among the briars and a squirrel that crossed the road and ran up a tree, made him shout in merriment. Sister Caroline Patterson, whom they visited, was delighted to see them, and her son Avery, when he saw young Mul-kittle, took a "duck fit," as his mother

expressed it. "Now, Willie," said the anxious mother, you must not go near the horses," Nome."

"And you must not go down to the "Nome."

"Come on, Bill," shouted Avery. "You Avery!" said Mrs. Patterson. "Well, why don't he come on?"

"Because his mother is talking to "Don't go in the mud," continued Mrs. Mulkittle.

"There now, run along and be a good

The two youngsters went out to the "That's a fine calf," said Mulkittle.

"You bet he is," Patterson replied.
"Wish I had thought about it and brought my saddle. We would ride "Who ever heard tell of anybody ridin'

a calf!" a calf like this here is better than a hoss. Don't need a saddle, only its easier. Don't need a saddle, only its easier. gazing around at the supposed calf be-Don't need a bridle, either. Want to side her, the artful milkmaid on the ride him around the lot a time or

two?" "No, not this time. Wait till I come next time."

"Ho, you are afraid, that's what."

anything, I'd hop on him too quick. coward, that's what." "No, I ain't a coward. I rode a hoss

"Well, if I had a bridle an' saddle I'd ride him.

you want to ride like a girl?" "Girls ride sideways, but I don't.

in the fence corner. Come up. You needn't ride him unless you want to. I formed, individuals of which are often ain't beggin' you to do it. The calf, a lazy looking thing, was

easily driven into the fence corner. Patterson went up to him and began to stroke his head. "Git around there, Bill, an' climb on

the fence. Now don't you see how putty you could throw your leg over him. I wish I had a boy here that wasn't a coward. I believe you are a girl any-

"I ain't a girl!" indignantly replied the visitor. "How can I git on him when he won't keep still?"

"Now he's still. There, I knowed you was afraid." Mulkittle, still hesitating, stood with

one foot on the fence and with the other on the calf's back. "Why don't-now you got him! Hold him! Whoop!"

The calf lowered his head and with a "ba-r-r," darted across the lot. Mulkittle yelled, and the next moment his mother emerged from the house. Just before she reached the lot, the calf threw the youngster. With a shrick the frightened mother ran to him. He was not hurt, having falling on a pile of leaves, but his mother seized him in her arms

and carried him in the house. "Why did you get on that calf; say!" "Av-Av-Avery made me."

"Didn't do any such a thing, maw. He said that if he had a saddin he would ride him, an' I said that he couldn't if he had a saddle, an' he said he could ride him anyhow, an' when the calf went in the corner he climbed on the fence an' I tried to pull him off and he jumped on the calf and-"

Young Mulkittle could stand it no longer. Springing from his mother's side, he struck Avery in the face, seized him by the hair, jerked him down between a trunk and the wall and before the excited women could drag him away, he had kicked Avery and blooded his face. When the boys had been separated the women drew themselves up and looked at each other. "Don't you say a word to me!" said

Mrs. Patterson. "Oh, don't be alarmed," Mrs. Mulkittle replied. "I have no desire to talk to a woman who has such a son. Tried to kill my poor child with a calf."

My son is not a murderer, and yours is," snapped Mrs. Patterson. "If you don't like that Mr. Patterson will settle

sons, Good day, madam, bowing with inches hick. "I shall never enter mocking grace. your house again, and when you come to

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

Many pianists now have the extensor muscles of the ring finger cut for superior freedom. The present emperor of Russia is one

of the strongest men in his empire of herculean individuals. The oldest parrot inhabitant is owned by Dr. Bowman, of Mauch Chunk, Pa.

The bird is seventy-five, but as spry as ever and a good talker. The large Roman small is still eaten by Continental epicures, and called a great delicacy. They are raised in small houses and fed on common white

An Englishman declares that soot is useful in absorbing the germs of disease and in preventing the spread of epidemics by its diffusion of carbon and

sulphur. A huge lemon was recently picked at Panasoffee, Fla. It measured twenty-four inches in circumference one way, twenty-two inches the other and weighed

four pounds, thirteen ounces. The juice of the curious ink-plant of New Grenada requires no preparation before being used for writing. The color is reddish when first applied to paper, but soon becomes a deep black, which is very durrble. The ink is now

used for public records and documents. Crocodile farms are becoming common. The largest animals are killed and skinned, their flesh being used to feed their hungry descendants. That these breeding places are of no mean dimensions is shown by the fact that the owners of one of them supplied a tanner at St. Louis during the current year with no less than 5,000 alligator skins.

The "Tulchau" was an artifice employed by the milkmaids of North England and Scotland, some hundreds of years ago, in order to obtain the milk from new milch sows. It was a calf skin, stuffed out to resemble a calf, with head bent forward. This rude similitude "They might not ride town calves, but of a calf was brought out at milking calf like this here is better than a hoss. time, and while the cow stood quietly other side was securing the milk which the unsuspecting cow was reserving for her calf. The "Tulchan" is long since

A fish found nowhere else in the "No, I ain't."
"Yes, you are afraid. Bet your life if I waster to come to town an' you waster tell me that I was afraid to ride waster tell me that I was afraid to ride waster tell me that I was afraid to ride waster tell me that I was afraid to ride waster tell me that I was afraid to ride world is the golden trout of Kern River, California. Its flesh is hard and sweet, but it is noted particularly for the beautiful color which flakes its sides, looking as though they had been submitted to a You wouldn't do to live in the country. coating of gold foil. The Inyo Independ-You haven't got the sand. You are a ent says: "This peculiarity of color and their distinct species is preserved by a natural barrier existing between them and the other varieties which are found "Anybody can do that. Ho, a baby in this creek. A series of high and rocky falls prevent other fish from ascending and mingling with them, and ier-Joule him."
so, from generation to generation, they
"What do you want with a bridle an' have, by a natural barrier, been able to saddle? That's the way girls ride. Do preserve their distinct character. At times some of them have descended into the lower course of the stream, "Come on here 'an let's drive him up and a mixed tribe, combining the speekled and golden trout, has been caught.'

## Russians and Serfs. Dr. A. Wright, in his "Adventures in

Servia," tells this story: Savrimovitchf Mouravioff, and I were silently smoking under the shelter of our hut, when a bullet whistled between us and passed out through the leafy wall behind. started to our feet and rushed outside. A number of soldiers were standing or sitting about engaged in cleaning their rifles, cooking, etc. Mouraviolf de-manded furiously who had fired the shot. A heavy; stupid-looking fellow was pointed out as the culprit, whereupon our friend strode up to him, and seizing him by the collar, asked him sternly what he meant by discharging a loaded rifle in camp. The soldier sulkily answered that he had only fired his piece in the air, and did not know there was any harm in that, whereupon the roughand-ready Mouraviolf replied: "Idiot! Don't you know that when you send a bullet into the air it is likely to come down again, like this?" and striking him on the head with his clenched fist knocked him over. This severe treatment caused some murmuring among the soldiers, who were already beginning to tire of Russian discipline, sinster rumor that many Russian officers had been treacherously slain in battle by some of their own men whose ill-will they had incurred was current in camp, and it was undoubtedly true that Rus sian officers frequently treated the Servians with great harshness, but consider-ing the rawness and inaptitude of the material they had to deal with and the absolute necessity of enforcing discipline, I do not think that the kicks and cuffs that I often saw them bestow upon their men were unmerited. Again, although the unwarlike Scrbs murmured at being dragooned into discipline they seemed very soon to regain their equanimity. They are naturally too good natured and easy-going a race to be vindictive, and therefore I believe that the heavy losses among the Russians were due to their reckless valor and not to Servian treachery. Nevertheless, many Russians I met firmly believed this rumor in spite of the indignant denial given of it by the Servians,

The largest mut in the world covers "Oh, my husband, like my son, is the circus ring in the Covent Garden quite enough to settle any of the Patter-commit fiber, and has a soft piles four

A copy at Moline, Ill., got drunk on town to spend a few days, as you often distillery grains and made an interest do, I hope you will remember that we ing display of corned beef. - Chicago Sun. of Colloden.

THE SONG OF THE GOSSIP.

One old maid, And another old maid, And another old maid-that's three-And they were gossiping, I'm afraid, As they sat sipping their tea.

They talked of this, And they talked of that; In the usual gomining way, Untilevery one was as black as your hat, And the only white ones were they.

One old maid, And another old maid, For the third had gone into the street-Who talked in a way of that third old maid Which would never do to repeat.

And now but one Dame sat alone. For the others were both away, "I have never yet met," she said with a

"Such scandalous talkers as they."

Alas! and alack! We're all of a pack! For no matter how we walk, Or what folks say to our face or back It's sure to breed gossip and talk. -Harper's Young People.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A great wag-a dog's tail. A rolling mill-a rough and tumb prize fight .- Boston Star.

A musical journal tells how violin practicing may be enjoyed. By becoming deaf, we presume.

"There is no place like your home," says the poet. Itight! unless it's the home of the young woman you're after. Marriage promotes longevity among men notwithstanding its tendency to produce premature baldness .- Boston

The camel is the only bird we yearn to hear warble, after listening to a man learning to play the violin.—Fall River

A Cincinnati editor claims to have seen a petrified girl. She probably discovered that some rival belie had a bonnet exactly like hers.

Pearl necklaces are down so cheap this year that a fine one can be bought for \$12,000. Everything seems to favor the poor man .- Free Press.

"The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness," remarks a philosopher. This is particularly the case if your enemy happens to be larger than you

The dress-coat is generally worn by the groom at the city wedding; "but for the elopement," says the Boston Transcript, "there's nothing like the cut-

President Arthur goes out of the White House with a deep, dark secret in his bosom. No man knows who sews on ier-Jour

When will your mistress retn asked the caller-informed that madam was out. "Can't say, sir," said James. "When she sends me down to say she's out, I can never be sure."

Everything in its place-A patch on the face is thought to enhance one's beauty, but a patch on the panta-loons of the small boy is an ever-present mortification .- Boston Transcript,

An article in a New England paper is headed, "How to Reach Young Men." The father of several marriageable daughters in this city have adopted the plan of reaching them with their boots. - Puck. -Tis sweet to sit by the banyan tree,

And play on the scented lutes;
And feel the wasps, so joyous and free;
As they play hide and seek in your boots.

— Gorham Mountaineer. London proposes to hold a world's fair a couple of years hence. It is safe to predict that the managers will not

clamor for Philadelphia's old liberty bell to place on exhibition .- Norristown Her-He had hired a new servant when he went down to the office in the morning, and on his return home at night asked

"Well, dear, is the new girl going all right?" "Going? She went two hours

was the prompt auswer .- Boston What is life but wishing? What is life but sorrow! What is life but waiting For to-morrow/

right?"

Thus waileth he, grief-burdened, Heart-broken, lone and sad; Thus walleth he who's lost his

-Merchant-Traveler.

The First Newspaper Hiustration.

According to a book on the subject just published in London, it appears that the effort to illustrate important or special current events was much earlier made than many are aware. The first attempt to illustrate the news of the day seems to have been made in 1607, when a tract on "Woeful News from Wales" curiously illustrated a flood that occurred in Monmouthshire.

Another tract, in the same year, pictures floods in Somersetshire and Yorkshire. There were others, in 1612 and 1613, illustrating among other things the burning of Tiverton and "The Wonders of the Windie Winter." Favorite subjects with those early woodcutters were murders, battles and floods, with now and then a supernatural flight, whether of ghost or meteor. There were some very good cuts in 1641 and 1648, one or two being accounted worthy the pages of a modern illustrated paper. The first paper that attempted segularly to illustrate features of its news was the Mercurtus Civious, published in London during the civil war. War maps were published as early as 1701, when the London Post gave an outline drawing of the seat of war in Italy; in 1746 the Dublin Journal gave a plan of the battle

med. Twenty fretzers," muttered he; the gouty-but wealthy-Edzingov, farer approache Kiltrens, whose allment is worth fifty

Tell, then, you'll be a widow!"

Vhat! Twenty fretzers to go to

ith an oath the window was again

ho is there?"

un Vort Kartif's wife."

ere are twenty fretzers-

'or God's sake, come!"

etzers a visit."

Karniou, four kertses hence'?'