

THE ANSWER.

Tell me no more that once you loved me well. For love is still immortal, and its day dies not in night, but at the evening bell. It flames anew, and drives the dusk away.

THE SIXTH SHOT.

"No," said the Major, "I don't shoot—that is, in the sense in which you employ the word in England. I have never been able to regard the shooting of grouse, pheasants and game of that sort as a sport at all. The mere exercise of skill is not enough for me. I must have danger. In the absence of that, I fall to see anything interesting in any of the so-called field sports.

"The pursuit of danger of all kinds has been a passion with me. Call it a weakness if you will—I admit that on occasion it has led to awkward situations; on active service, for instance, when I have been entrusted with the carrying out of plans which were based on a presumption of normal caution in the officer chiefly responsible. It was this that led to my retirement; for I concluded at last that chessboard war was not the business for me."

"What was the narrowest shave you ever had, Major?" inquired somebody.

"It is hard," replied the Major, with an air of considering the question carefully, "to say. But," he added after a slight pause, "I can easily name the occasion on which I remained in a position of extreme peril for the longest time. If you like I will tell you about it."

There were murmurs of appreciation, and Mr. Hawkins cordially urged the Major to whirl in and tout his horn.

"It was," said the old gentleman, after a preparatory clearing of his throat "during what I may call a semi-official tour of the Malay states that I took about fourteen years ago. In the intervals of my business at the various courts I had, a good deal of shooting of the kind that I consider worth while; for several times I stayed in towns where it was quite a common thing for tigers to break into the houses at night, and I remember once, at Johore, waking up to find a black panther licking away at my shaving cream on the dressing table. I killed him with my revolver without getting out of bed, but it was a good quarter of an hour before I could get to sleep again. These things upset one."

"But I was going to tell you—the adventure I speak of occurred in a part of the country about four days' ride inland from Malacca. I have seen a good deal of jungle, and a good many hunting grounds; but I never met with any forest growth so dense and impenetrable as that was, nor found any place stocked with such an extraordinary profusion of game, big and little."

"What I was going to tell you happened one evening when I had—most foolishly—strayed off alone from my camp along the side of the stream on the banks of which it was pitched. The only weapon I had was the revolver in my belt. I went a considerable distance, and in about half an hour I came to a spot where the jungle ran down to within fifty yards of the water. It was while my back was turned to the dense mass of trees and vegetation that stretched interminably away eastward that I heard the rustled grunt sound in the jungle. As I turned round there was a crash of trampled vegetation, and in the moonlight I saw the head of the most monstrous elephant I ever met with peering out with wicked eyes from a thicket of canes."

"I am obliged to admit that I gave a start. The beast looked dangerous. It was regarding me fixedly and fiercely, and snorting in a subdued, but decidedly unpleasant, way. I started, I say; but I assure you I absolutely leaped backward when with a sudden lurch, the elephant stepped out of the covert and advanced toward me, trumpeting with fury."

"Why did I jump back? I will tell you. The elephant had two heads."

"What?" exclaimed several voices.

"Two heads," said the Major, slowly and emphatically. "Two pairs of shoulders and two sets of forefeet. Just behind the shoulders the body became normal and the hindquarters were simply those of a huge elephant some fifteen feet high. You hear of such things every day among smaller animals, and even in our own species it occurs from time to time. But I've never known another case of this freak of nature being accompanied by complete, and even normal, development of all parts of the composite animal."

"However, I hadn't time to think of that even. Lifting its trunk with two deafening bellows, the awful creature charged me. I had scarcely time to draw my revolver before it was upon me. I fired rather wildly, I'm afraid, and evidently did no damage. The next instant I was seized by one of the trunks and whirled high in the air. "I expected to be dashed in pieces that instant. But no; I had not allowed for the development of self-restraint and curiosity in two brains, both naturally of the first order of animal intelligence, and both sharpened by constant association with one another. I was hurled to the ground. I was held aloft by one trunk, while the other took the revolver from my hand and brought it up to the corresponding pair of eyes for examination. Then I was set quietly down, and a huge foot was placed upon me, quite gently, while the revolver was passed from trunk to trunk and closely scrutinized, both the heads keeping up meanwhile a series of significant grunts which I have no doubt at all personally were of the nature of language. The one trunk—the left one, I remember—took the weapon, adjusted it clumsily between the thumb and hand, as I may call them, and discharged it. The great beast started convulsively, but did not drop the revolver; and then the other trunk eagerly stretched out to take it, and managed to fire it off in its turn. "This took some time to happen. I dare say each trunk was fiddling with the revolver for ten minutes before it managed to fire it. All that time I lay on my back, with a huge foot planted on my abdomen, watching what occurred. I did not feel frightened; but I was very uncomfortable. My captor continued to play with the revolver. It was like a child with a new toy. Two more shots were discharged; and then began a strange scene. "A furious altercation broke out between the two heads, evidently with regard to the last shot left in the six-shooter—you remember I fired one myself. The right trunk had the weapon; and the left strove to tear it away. Deafening blasts of trumpeting filled the air. Tusks clashed violently as the maddened creature struggled with itself. I was forgotten. The imprisoning foot was lifted, and as I rolled behind a rock the earth shook to the trampling of the six great feet. "The end was not long in coming. After a few minutes of struggling, in the course of which some fearful wounds were inflicted by each pair of tusks, I saw the writhing trunks twined together fly upward and backward. At the same instant a shot rang out, and next moment, with two tremendous bellows, the frightful creature toppled forward to its four knees, and immediately rolled over on its left side. "It was perfectly dead. My revolver, still smoking, was clutched convulsively in the right trunk. It had gone off in the struggle, so close to the beast's back as to singe the skin, and had shattered the spinal cord just behind the junction of the twin vertebral processes. "There is no more to tell. I returned to camp, and the next day resumed my march. I presented the corpse to the Rajah and I daresay he has the hide and skeleton now."

The Major ceased speaking. There was a respectful pause. They Mr. Hawkins said: "Major, what regiment did you belong to?"

"The Forty-third Light Infantry," said the Major.

"In our own Civil War," said Mr. Hawkins, "I served in the Twenty-seventh New York Regiment. We were known as the Truthful Twenty-seventh, or General Washington's Own. If ever you're in the States, Major, at the time of one of our regimental reunions you must let me introduce you to some of the boys. They'd be sure glad to know you."—E. Clerihew, in London Daily News.

Brought Back the Bell. Congressman Smith of Michigan was counsel for the defendant in a criminal trial in which the main witness for the prosecution was known to be a man of ill-repute.

Naturally Smith's idea was to make as much of this fact as possible. So he had called to the stand a stalwart blacksmith known to have had dealings with the witness referred to.

"Tell us," said Mr. Smith, "what you know of the reputation of the complaining witness."

"He has a bad reputation in this locality," responded the blacksmith. The prosecuting attorney then took the blacksmith in hand to cross-examine him.

"Is it true that you have had some trouble with the father of my client?" asked he in an impressive manner.

"No," answered the big blacksmith decidedly.

"Are you sure that you never had any trouble with him?" persisted the prosecuting attorney.

"Nothing of any importance," responded the blacksmith.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney exultantly. "Then there was some trouble, after all?"

"Oh, well," said the blacksmith carelessly. "I simply accused him of stealing a bell off my cow."

"But he denied it, did he not?" "Yes," replied the blacksmith, "but he brought back the bell the next day."—Sunday Magazine.

A Job in the Yukon. When the Yukon was in the throes of a territorial election a couple of years ago, one of the closest observers of the rather turbulent politics which characterizes the Far North was Chief Isaac, ruler of the Mooschide Indians, a tribe living near Dawson.

The Chief, who is exceedingly shrewd, heard the words "job" and "jobbery" often used in the campaign speeches, and endeavored to ascertain their meaning, but without much success. He noticed, however, that money was always mentioned in connection with the two terms, and after considerable reflection called on one of the head officials of the territory.

"Me wantum job," he announced.

"You want work?" asked the official in amazement.

"No wantum work," declared the Chief, haughtily. "Me wantum get rich quick. Me wantum goven't jobbery."—Sunday Magazine.



Binding One's Own Books.

Girls with some leisure are finding the binding of books a charming occupation. It is an 18th century fashion revived this winter. Cloth is used, and tapestry and satin. One often sees small bits left over from furniture upholstery, with cloth covers are hung like a pillow case, and the back put on separately. Sometimes ribbons are used across the back, laced through tiny silk rings.

Coats and Hats. Hats to match the sweaters are as important an adjunct to the costumes though it were an afternoon reception gown. Several different styles are being shown, and all are extremely becoming. One which comes in gray and white is a three-cornered affair, after the Napoleon style, though without any trimming other than a neat silk band about the crown.

Huge fleecy "Tams" in red, white, gray, and black, to match the coats, are also becoming to nearly every type of face. They are worn either far back on the head, in a jaunty fashion, or well forward, after the English style. More particularly for wearing in an automobile is a large crowned white serge cap, with a forepiece which can be firmly pinned down, so that there is little likelihood of its being whipped off by the wind. The straight trimmed sailor, so popular this summer in straw, is going to be worn in felt this fall and this style of hat is particularly well adapted for the new sweaters.—Washington Times.

The Rights of Children. "We must interpret the laws for the protection of the young against cruelty, oppression and injustice, as evidence of the world's growing sense of justice. Beginning with the factory act of 1833 and the mines and collieries act of 1842 in England, there has been a steadily increasing effort to diminish and prevent the degradation of the race by the enslavement of childhood to labor. Even the parent's right of control, says the modern world, must be held in harmony with the child's right to life and growth, mental, moral and physical. The law itself must recognize the injustice of dealing with young delinquents as if they were old and hardened criminals. No more herding children 10 and 12 years old in the common jail! Juvenile courts and probation officers, asylums and reformatories, an intelligent and systematic effort to reclaim the young life before it has fallen into hopeless bondage to crime; this is the spirit of civilized legislation today. In 1903 no less than 10 of the American states enacted special statutes with this end in view."—Harry Van Dyke in Everybody's Magazine.

Pretty Little Nook. A most inviting little nook for a writing table may be made in a living or drawing room by setting the piano at right angles to a window and placing a dainty French table prettily equipped with writing accessories— which by the way, if smart will be of tortoise shell, back to back with the piano so that the light falls conveniently on the blotting pad. The back of the instrument itself may be covered smoothly with velvet harmonizing with the color tone of the room and finished around the edge with a dull gold galloon when the shade used in the other draperies will admit of this effect. To apply this velvet backing with photographer's glue is the most approved method, as it does away with the danger of injuring the piano by hammering in even the tiniest of nails or brads. In a home where the piano back was so treated the owner was fortunate enough to possess a number of miniatures which she hung in groups on this velvet background. The happy idea occurred to her of passing a little piece of ring at the top of each frame, thereby heightening the dainty effect wonderfully. By this means a charming angle was made in the room, and the miniatures were given the best possible position as regards light and elevation.—Bridgeport Telegram.

Smocking and Fagoting. These pretty little dresses for children, made with no trimming except smocking, are among the simplest and most attractive fashions for wee folk. But it is not, by any means, confined to children's clothes, but finds its way on some of the prettiest of the new dresses for "grown-ups."

Mark dots at regular intervals—with a pencil—fairly so, that they will soon rub off. Then fold the material in plaits, with dots on top of the plaits, and take a stitch over two dots, holding them together. Then, push your needle diagonally through the cloth to a dot on the row below, and repeat the stitch. Then back to the first row and down again to the second, and so on, always working the two rows at once.

In children's dresses it is used for deep yokes—the little "ted tucks" giving plenty of fullness—and sometimes at the top of the sleeve, and on the cuff, sometimes even on the yoke of the skirt. And on girls' and women's dresses it is used almost every way, from being the only trimming to just appearing, perhaps, on a bit of chiffon.

Fagoting has developed a new form. Instead of the sort of catsitching that it really was—the thread carried from side to side—it is taken straight up and down, the needle-twisted two or three times around the thread on the return trip, the number of twists depending upon the distance apart of the bands to be joined by it. The farther apart they are, the lacer will be the effect, but the thread should be heavier than for close work.

But everything made of fagoting—collars, yokes, everything—should be made on a foundation cut out of paper.—Indianapolis News.

Mothers Frighten Men Away. "Are women matchmakers?" I believe that there are very few women who are not interested in helping along a love affair, but the majority of them are not clever enough to do much good, says a writer in the New York Daily Tribune. In point of fact no one can really be a matchmaker, in the strict sense of the word, except the two persons immediately concerned. It's the old proverb with a few words changed—one woman can bring a couple together, but ten interested females cannot make them fall in love. It would take a man charged to the full with purpose to win the girl who would not flee precipitately when the 10 love in sight.

Every woman should not think that because she has a daughter she also has the necessary cleverness and tact to compass successfully a marriage for her. Most mothers ought to stop after they have introduced daughters to eligible, except for inviting them to formal affairs. If a man is continually invited to dinner or theatre party or dance by the same woman, his suspicions are aroused. A man once said to me—and he was not abnormally conceited: "She's a mighty nice sort of girl, but her mother appeared so interested in me that I got scared and thought I had better stop before I was gathered into the bosom of the family." The worst of it is, Nan and I were really good friends, and I'm sure her intention wasn't any more serious than my own, but her mother spoiled it all." In the case of a less attractive girl than Nan, the man would have seen the trap more easily, and would have warned off the other man.

Returning again to the subject which is the immediate subject of this discussion, I will close my remarks by saying that in my opinion women are not matchmakers, because they don't know how to be.

White Shirtwaist Habit. Almost all housewives are complaining of the white shirtwaist habit, which results in a young woman wearing as many as six shirtwaists a week. They look very neat and clean, but only for a very short time. An hour or so after the shirtwaist is donned by the working woman it looks dingy, and at home coming it looks dowdy. "Six shirtwaists a week per girl," said a woman recently. "An hour to wash, starch and dry; another hour to iron, and she wears one a day of eight hours and looks nice in it maybe two hours. And for what? Just because it is the style. I know a family with four girls, all workers, and they have from 20 to 24 shirtwaists a week, besides the stocks and laces. This white shirtwaist business has become a menace to the home. Unless the mother of these girls do them at home the laundry bill would be enormous and would hardly do for a young woman."

There are young women who always look nice and trim in the cloth shirtwaist suits. Of course, it would be much nicer for the saleswomen if they would wear little aprons when engaged in their daily tasks. It would prove such a saving in keeping the front of the dress clean. Aprons are so easily and cheaply made, and there is no doubt but that their absence is due to thoughtlessness.

Girls should be well-groomed and brushed, and if the white shirtwaists, which look so clean and neat are too much of a nuisance, then let them wear serviceable dark gowns. A cake of soap and water, together with a bit of energy and pride, will do wonders toward keeping spots off clothes. A brushbroom is also a useful thing to keep near.

Women should be as careful about their dress when going to work as if they were going out calling. Dressing properly for business is as much a duty of the woman who works as she who arrays herself in the attire. Of course, the woman who is employed should never overdress, for when she makes the mistake she is decidedly out of place. If one starts out for a day's business all bedecked in frills and furbelows, it is quite likely that the mind will be upon them rather than upon the task ahead.

The woman in the store should wear a black apron in order to save the dress, so that when she goes home she may look neat and clean.

A morality play, founded on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," has been successfully produced at Birmingham.

"BLUES"—TIRED NERVES THE PEOPLE MOST SUBJECT TO THIS DREAD COMPLAINT.

The Blues Are Always from Within and May Be Thrown Off or Persevered in as the Sufferer Will.—Change of Scene a Good Prescription.

There are persons who deny ever having the blues, but as a rule they confuse the term with hysteria and womanish fits of sulks. They do not call their own fits of depression the blues, but fit them with some more high sounding name. But the blues, nevertheless, are a distinct mental affliction to which humanity generally is subject.

The blues have no special reason for being unless the old-time idea is right that they come from a disordered state of the liver. That the liver is closely connected with the mental attitude resulting from an attack of the blues is indicated by the fact that dyspeptics are as a general thing morose and given to brooding. But this does not hold good in all cases, for there are some notably cheerful dyspeptics, who joke over their enforced dieting and their lack of flesh.

The active grief that follows a bereavement or fit of illness or business trouble is in no way the same thing as the depression that comes up when there is a clear sky and envelopes everything in its fog. The one has a reason for being, the other is not so much a rebellion against conditions as a general tiredness of life, its duties, joys and sorrows. It is the condition which in many cases produces suicides otherwise unexplainable.

So says a clever woman doctor, who points out that, oddly enough, in hospitals the blues are not common among the patients and convalescents. There is too much of real suffering to admit of the brooding, self-analyzing condition that attacks people without reason in the world outside.

The weather, she says, is one of the principal inviters of blues. A week of bad weather increases suicides and fills people with despondency. In many cases it is inseparable from a despondent state of mind. The east wind has always been accused of producing low spirits.

But on the other hand people can inherit the brooding and gloomy temperament just as they inherit sharp wits or dull ones, kindly dispositions or the reverse. There are some who begin as children to complain and whine over their small troubles, and if the habit is allowed to grow they find that life is a bore to them before they reach maturity.

But to doctors, the blues are simply one of the symptoms of the general nerve tiredness from which Americans suffer so much. They come from overwork and very often follow periods of dissipation.

The entirely healthy person will suffer griefs, disappointments and discouragements without ever experiencing the hopeless, nerveless condition that people call the blues. People who act improperly and live on a schedule which turns night into day are the ones that are most subject to this dread complaint.

People may worry over the troubles of others and suffer considerably on their account, but this is not the blues. The blues are always from within and they can be thrown off or persevered in as the sufferer will. As a rule the people most subject to them are women whose home duties keep them shut indoors.

Over sewing or household affairs they will allow their minds to follow up the same old rut of thought, and by evening they are in a mental state which approaches a mild form of insanity.

Doctors recognize the state of despondency as a symptom of various diseases. It is one of the invariable consequences of nerve ailments; but it is also a condition, which, like hysteria, can be greatly aggravated by the patient's giving in to it.

When people learn that it is quite possible to throw off an unwelcome mood there will not be so many people complaining of the blues—which usually consists of a fear of something about to happen, rather than what has happened.

There is an idea that only women have the blues, but men are quite often the sufferers, and when they suffer the attacks are very much more intense than the feminine sort and harder to get rid of. Gamblers regard the blues as a sure indication that their luck is going against them, and as a rule they cease to bet or make very small bets until the sun begins to shine for them again.

When the blues are of short duration, easily dispersed, they do not count for much, but when they seem to have come to stay and everything tends to make life seem less worth living, it is a pretty sure indication that something is wrong with the physical condition.

So it is a wise idea to find out if anything is wrong with the body which produces the mental disquiet. The end of some fits of this sort is an attack of typhoid fever or malarial fever leading to typhoid. Despondency is one of the surest symptoms of malaria in the system.

Grip is also suggested by an intense depression of spirits in many cases, even with children who lose interest in their games and their companions after they have had an attack of this disease.

Change of scene is always a good prescription for low spirits, but when a trip to Bermuda or Europe is not possible, it is a good idea to change, as far as possible, the routine of the day. Eat different foods, travel by other routes, seek change in the man-

ner of living just as far as circumstances allow. The theatre is also considered a rather good remedy when the play is a musical comedy of the light and frivolous order. There is no doubt that such plays are aids in bringing people back to a normal mental state, although they may not relish this form of amusement ordinarily.—New York Sun.

CLIMATE IN MANCHURIA. Frost at the End of October—Ten Months of Dry Season.

The climate of Manchuria plays an important role in the war between Russia and Japan. Up to the present we have had but little precise information upon this point. Mr. J. Ross has lately given some indications as to the climate of that region and the character of the different seasons. He states that, in the months of March and April there are strong southwest winds which bring with them heat and moisture. At the end of March the winter season ends. The under-soil can be worked for agriculture. April appears to be the only month of spring. At the end of this month the sowing of wheat commences. Summer begins in May, and at the end of June or the beginning of July the wheat is cut. Up to the end of June rain is rare and the sky is generally clear, while cloudy weather is an exception. The heat reaches a maximum at the end of July and first part of August. Afterwards come heavy rains or storms. It often rains for several days and nights without stopping. The soil is completely saturated, and inundations are frequent. September is the harvest month, while October gives some of the finest weather of the year. At this time the heat is agreeable during the day and the sky is clear, with bracing air, while vegetation is at its height. At the end of the month the first night frosts begin to appear, and in November the cold weather commences and keeps up until March.

At Mukden, the temperature sometimes goes down as low as -33 degrees C. During the day, however, the cold is not excessive, and sometimes in the middle of winter the sun's rays become very warm, on account of the southerly position of that locality. The maximum temperature of summer is 98.6 or 100.4 degrees F. About ten months of the year are dry for the most part, and the excessive wet season only occurs during a month or so. At Nientschwang, on the north shore of the Gulf of Liaotung, the mean winter temperature is 16 degrees F., and the mean for the summer 74.8 degrees. The mean annual temperature is 47.1 degrees F. The Russian maritime provinces have a very low mean annual temperature. Thus at Vladivostok the average for the winter is 10.2 degrees F., and for the summer it is only 39.9 degrees F.—Scientific American.

An Old Man's Love. An old Italian strolled into a Second Avenue flower store yesterday afternoon and in an inoffensive way asked the price of a large La France rose which was proudly rearing its head above a vase. He was roughly clad and did not look as if he were in the habit of buying La France roses, so the florist curtly answered, "Dollar each."

"Too much," said the old man in a wavering voice, as he stepped back to make way for a fashionably dressed woman who purchased a bunch at 25 cents apiece. After the woman had passed out of the store the old man again approached the florist, asking him why he charged the woman 25 cents for a rose and had asked him \$1.

"What do you want with a rose?" asked the dealer sharply.

"I tell you," responded the voice, shaken with emotion. "My wife she die two, tree year ago and leava me one little girl, nama Rosa. I love ma leetle Rosa because she all I got left. When I go home from work, leetle Rosa she run 'an' meeta me, I love Rosa. When she meeta me, I place her head against my breast, so and cry, I am so lonesome for my wife."

"One day, when I come home, there is no Rosa to meet me. She is vera sick. I no get moocha mon, but I getta da doctor, but it ees too late. My leetle Rosa die, and I bury her next by her mother; and tomorrow I lika to place a red rose on her grave."

By the time the old man had reached this part of his story tears were coursing down his cheeks, and with a gulp the florist took several large, fine roses from the vase and told him to take them to his Rosa's grave. The old fellow grabbed the flowers and with a "Mucha oblige" left the store.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

It Was Too Late to Change. A member of the faculty of the Columbian Medical college at Washington is particularly fond of taking his students unawares in his "quizzes." To one student, whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dullard, the professor said one day:

"What quantity constitutes a dose of croton oil?" giving the technical name of croton oil.

"A teaspoonful," was the answer. The instructor made no comment, and the student soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he said:

"Professor, I should like to change my reply to that question."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mr. Blank," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."—Collier's Weekly.

A SE... AN ELO... The Rev... Beau... Ye... Broo... Benedi... Church... tieth ay... day mon... The text... walked... took him... translation... pleased... This is... prehes... passages... tell us a... man Ed... life in... with Ge... transla... life. It... Biograph... first tw... to have... gistic p... men. I... Him! D... sirable?... It is s... of his ca... index to... an estim... type of... the pedest... step, he... feel inst... resolute... ceed... grad... them, an... 'A third... his way... you kno... scheming... unsteady... pavement... his feet... watch h... poor fell... trays hi... of his h... One is... he keeps... and com... persons... you cont... troubles... every joy... estimati... ty of ch... and igno... would s... impure... cates a... flunced... actions... leon, ve... ings and... panions... The h... tions cra... gaining i... good for... a comp... constitut... with w... some go... our exp... ciation, a... and rejoy... The s... God's w... He who... God Om... cience, w... name is... to becom... man, His... strangest... There is... "Is thi... friendship... of Jehov... Of all... the frien... not? The... closest a... communi... for life's... dant am... yet be re... The tr... ment, th... darkness... their de... chapters... has been... been out... tor... It is ro... inspired... ancient r... dren, and... holy lie... who clea... sketch o... the lines... face of t... graphy o... truths... To wa... reconcilia... not on g... was whe... harmonio... them... garden i... fore Him... slave, bu... and I h... something... a falling... "sin cam... separation... has been... The Fa... onchatio... be made... estrange... tweek h... sinned a... feited the... The l... And t... Therefo... for His g... even wh... mined to... breach a... ated by... as Media... "Haith... down the... in hay... ty, and... death on... Accept... of resco... terms c... The trou... turning... difficult... adjusted... into God... the poin... Christ, a... of life... covery... passed a... new."... Patrick... idea of t... by profes... He atten... for the f... pel. He... Christ, a... age of d... approach... lem wh... Said he... a good t... found a...