waters now.

metimes, in our childish view,
hat green road was river, too:
In down a stony hill
down a stony hill
at the curves that salided round
ome great tree trunk on the ground
Were to as the pools and eddies where
the stream lay deep and still.

There were beeches gray and old.

Carved with sprawling letters boid—
There the dogwood bush in blossom seemed a maid in bridgl plumes.

And the gossip winds that sighed And the gossip winds that signed
Through the tangled thickets wide
Breathed of Papaws up the hollows, or
the wild grape's scented blooms.

On that road no trumpets blared
While a prime to crowning fared
With the plumed and spangled pageantry
of kingdoms in his train,
But the rain-crow's troubled note
There in August noons would float,
As we watched the trampling legions of
the silver-footed rain.

Woodfolk too, in gray and brown;

That dim way went up and down;
The character out the fact of the fac

Some good day I'm going back
Up that unforgotten track:
I shall come, or they will bring me,
round the bend at set of sun—
There's a gate will let me through,
As of old it used to do.
And the river road will bring me home
when all my tracel's done,
— Nouth's Companion.

inating evidences; then, as he felt in his other pocket, his face grew hard

" she cried. "Go, before I for get you are my own flesh and blood! To think that you, with your fine airs, should turn poacher and disgrace our I knew you'd come to a bad end. Go, and never let me see your face again. Oh, Griff!" she said, turnnever pain your mother like th Won't you just say 'good-by,' moth

one to the other.

one to the other.
"Poaching, miss," said one of the gamekeepers, touching his hat.
"Poaching? Stephen poaching? Oh, no; surely there's a mistake somewhere. Speak, Stephen, and say it's all a mistake," she cried, beseechingly,

fend her favorite

Elsie waited for Griff to speak the

got the right bird.

you that I was in bed," blust-

e words. "Stephen, you shall not!" Elsie cried,

ing with anger and contempt, she said:
"You coward! You mean, contemptible creature! Speak the truth if you've
a spark of manhood left. You'd sacrifice your brother to save your own cowardly skin. Deny that you came slinking home ten minutes before Ste-phen, and that you had your gun! You cannot, you coward, for I saw you

To Insure Delivery. The gray-coated official of Uncle Sam who delivers letters in the "black belt" of the South Side stopped in the drug store to dodge the sudden deluge. While sorting over a hand-

The letter bore a Kentucky pos inty jale."—Chicago Record-Her

Judge Sherman's Home Renamed. When Judge Sherman was reing his beautiful summer home, ester, he thought he would like t give it a name appropriate to the location. So he wrote a letter to friend and put "Founded-on-a-Rock cross the top to see how it would

ed his gun and wounded a lieutenant of marines. The marines replied with a volley, killing five seamen, two of whom were delegates. Then the mutiny broke out under Colpoy's nose.

The latest style of submarine boat with which experiments are being made is a little English midget, thir-

mutiny, for on May 14 work came from London that the sailors' demands had PARALLELS FOR THE OUTBREAK

IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

Mutinies in a nation's navy as se

ious as that the Kniaz Potemkine Ta-

pillage, rapine, murder and other dime

growth, however, spreading over several years. The Culloden, Capt. Thos. Trowbridge, in December, 1794, furnished the first real outbreak against authority.

uthority. English sailors were dissatisfied with

their pay, which had not been raised since the days of Charles II., with the unequal distribution of prize money, and with what they characterized as

undue severity in the maintenance of

When ordered to weigh anchor the

admiral, the captain, the first lieutenant or the boatswain and refused to

obey their orders. Vice-Admiral Hoth-am, in charge of the fleet, for reasons

which never appeared in history, changed the Windsor Castle's officers

ord Bridport. The crews of the Royal

George, the Queen Charlotte, the Roy-al Sovereign, the London, the Glory, the Duke, the Mars, the Marlborough, the Ramillies, the Robust, the Impetu-

ous, the Terrible, the Defense, the Pompee, the Minotaur and the Defian

serve order among themselves

ference of delegates was called

Bridport's flag was struck.

and punished none of her crew

discipline.

loden's vardarm

to set sail.

Year Almost as Bad.

Serious as the outbreak in the Channel fleet had been the mutiny which followed a few weeks later in the fleet at the Nore was worse. Vice-Admiral Charles Buckner was in command and to him a delegation of twenty sallors went with a broadside of arrogant demands for more pay, larger prize money, extensive shore leave and lax discipline. The admiral, of course, refused and communicated with the Board of Admiralty.

Richard Parker, a seamon, had been chosen by the sallors as their leader. Greatest Revolt of Men-of-War's Men Took Place in 1797, When Many British Crews Rebelled, Blockaded the Mouth of the Thames and Had London in a Panic-Mutiny of the Channel Fleet Earlier in the Same

ritchesky are rare, and one must go case so serious.

The Odessa affair has few parallels in maritime history. In the days when the Spanish Main was thoughtlessly placing itself in the hands of future orthodox dime novelists and the less conservative sort who use boards for their bindings, a fleet of pirate craft ing ships of the fleet, but failed of reould sail into the harbor of a city, ombard its fortifications, likely as it reduce them, and then land for cruits in this venture. On May 23 Parker hauled down Vice-Admiral Buckner's flag on the Sandwich, hoisted the red flag of mutiny in its novelistic things.

Of these pirate fleets the buccaner
Morgan had the largest and the most
feared. Mutiny was no uncommon place and took up his own headquar-ters in the Admiral's cabin. Most of the officers were sent ashore, but sev-eral were confined on shipboard.

> of public opinion, which augured the refusal of his demands, offered to ca-pitulate on the condition that every one should be pardoned. This offer was refused. The sailors were in the habit of landing at Sheerness and par-ading through the town with bands and with red flags flying. Admiral Lord Keith and Gen. Sir Charles Grev arriv

> ed in Sheerness on the 27th and put an end to this form of diversion. Parker saw that his last chance lay in showing his teeth, so he stationed the Standard, sixty-four guns, the Brilliant, twenty-eight guns, the Inspector, sixteen guns, and a number of small boats at the mouth of the Thomas, locking shipping and actually threat ening London with bombardment. He had at his heels, as a reserve, twelve ships of the line, two boats armed with fifty guns each, six frigates and six smaller men-of-war.

> The Admiralty meantime had dispatched the Neptune, ninety-eight guns, the Lancaster, sixty-four guns the Agincourt, sixty-four guns, and several gunboats to attack the Parker forces. Fortifications were also hrown up on either side of the mouth of the river, furnaces were erected for the heating of shot, and London began to emerge from the period of terror under which it had struggled for a

> Parker's position was clearly unten able. Apparently all that remained for him and his men was flight, with or without the ships. He seemed un-certain what course to follow and disorganization ran rampant throughout his fleet. A large party of the sailors advocated unconditional surrender and recruits strengthened it day by day. recriuits strengthened it day by day. Finally Parker's own men on the Sandwich muthied again, this time against their leader, and set sail and dropped anchor under the guns of the

Parker and several of the ringlead-

TOO MUCH SYSTEM.

tion just now is to trust too much to system. Ossian H. Lang, in the latest issue of the Forum, declares, "The only system worth having is one that will concentrate the directing forces upon the fixing of minimum standards firmness. This would assure to the individual teacher a large measure of instruction can only be an iridescent dream. As long as there is no indi-vidualization there will be misfits. The greater the number of misfits, the more self-condemned is "e 'system.'" Many of our American students at means over. Most of the fleet had dropped down to Spithead, where, or May 7, Lord Bridport hoisted the sig tend German universities for the exnal to set sail. The men refused to he case with some of our American universities when some of the famous obey, claiming that they had no in-timation from King or Parliament that their demands had been met. A conthe London, but as the boats rowed under the London Vice-Amiral Colpoys chools where they taught. Few of

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

KILLED BY BOILER EXPLOSION Train is Wrecked and Engine of Sec-ond Freight Damaged. Man Hurt.

The engine of a freight train exploded in the Pennsylvania yards at Altoona, causing the wrecking of the train, the death of two men, the injury of a third and the damaging of the engine of a second train. The tracks were blocked for hours. The train was composed of coal and merchandise cars and was going east. Engineer Murphy was said to have been trying the injector, which indicated that the water was too low, when the boiler suddenly exploded, hurling the engineer to the side of the track and throwing Fireman Lucas 50 yards into a field. The latter died before he could be moved, while Murphy expired shortly after reaching the hospital. could be moved, while Murphy expir-ed shortly after reaching the hospital. The train came to a sudden stop and 14 cars were piled up and wrecked. A westbound freight train ran into the debris and the engine was damaged. Conductor Halihan's feet were sprained by the sudden stopping of the train.

Engineers of the Pittsburg & West-moreland Railway Company have fin-ished the survey for the branch from Irwin to Herminie and work will be started without delay. The route will be by the way of Rillton and Madison. Grading on the main line is nearly all finished to this town, and ties and rails are being delivered on the Mc-Keesport end of the road. The company has a number of franchises east of here, and the projectors state the line will continue to Manor and from there to Claridge, Murrysville and Export.

Five well-known Butler county farmers have found themselves swindled by a stranger. A week or two ago the stranger drove through the township in a buggy, stopping at the farm houses to make sales. He succeeded in taking orders from his five victims. The price of each buggy was to be \$25, paid in advance. The man collected the money and gave receipts purporting to be on the buggy company's paper. The men went to Butler to get their buggies. None knew what the others came for, but during the day all of them found out.

While saying his prayers at his

the day all of them found out.

While saying his prayers at his home at Continental No. I, near Uniontown, Stephen Globner was shot in the shoulder. The bullet was fired by Constable S. H. Crawford at John Sholtz, who was arrested later and brought to the Fayette county jail at Uniontown. Sholtz had been arrested Sunday night, but after the bandcuffs were placed on him he espandcuffs were placed on him he escaped. When captured yesterday the pandcuffs were still on his wrists.

A number of the citizens in the northern part of Westmoreland and Allegheny counties have organized an independent telephone company under the name of the Murrysville Telephone Company, and an application will be made for a charter. The projectors are W. M. and J. C. Greer and Charles Stunkard.

Clair Bain Hamilton aged 18 son.

Charles Stunkard.

Clair Bain Hamilton, aged 18, son of Robert D. Hamilton, a farmer of Chartiers township, Washington County, was found dead at Meadowlands with a builet hole in his breast. There is no clue to the murderer. Detectives have been employed and the Hamilton family will offer a reward for the murderer's apprehension.

While City Treasurer E. M. Kauffman's back was turned a thief slipped into his office in city hall at Lancaster and stole a box containing

sater and stole a box containing \$476.76 from the safe which was unlocked. William Kirchoff and John Parker, employes of the garbage department, have been arrested on suspicion

Lightning striking the wires and communicating to the car barn of the Beaver Valley Traction Company, caused a small fire in the stockroom. Street car service was tied up while the fire trucks from the three towns were pulled at breathers. were pulled at breakneck speed to the barn by street cars.

barn by street cars.

Three school teachers of Armstrong county have had their certificates annulled by County Supt.

Milliron for changing the marks on the same. When asked why they had made the changes the reply was made that it had been a custom to do.

Merchants of Manor, Jeannette, Ir-win, Penn and Larimer held their annual picnic at Oakford Park. Store as well as industrial establishment were closed and 5,000 people enjoy the outing.

Philip Docashert was arrested at Monongahela charged with breaking jail at Washington, Pa., last November, when he was charged with surety of the peace and assault and bat-

Mrs. Louis Heller, of Butler, was awakened by a man trying to choke her. She managed to scream and her father, Jacob Barnhart, ran to her assistance, but her assailant fled.

Harry L. Mumma, brakeman, and Donatto Antomaccio, trackman, were killed on the Pennsylvania railroad killed on the P near Harrisburg

near Harrisourg.

Mrs. Jacob King was killed by a
Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad shifting engine at Monessen.

Harry J. Meade, 15 years old, was
drowned in the Allegheny river at
Arnold, while bathing.

Arnold, while bathing.

The Connellsville school poard has decided to ask for bids for the construction of two new schools in Connellsville. One is to be a 12-room building, to cost approximately \$25,000. The other is to be an eightroom building to cost about \$25,000.

The home of an Italian named Fran-cisco at Titusville, was robbed of about \$600. Francisco was about to leave for his native land, but will have to delay the trip.

James Orr, one of the oldest news-paper men of Washington, Pa., was struck by a street car and seriously

and the second s A USELESS LIE.

By Ernest Madison.

Meadow Farm had changed. There was no doubt about it—at least, in Stephen Birley's opinion. Six months since he had seen no beauty about the pleturesque old homestead nestling amid the orchard. Now, as he stood on the low hill opposite, looking at it in its wealth of coloring, a feeling of great tenderness swept over him. great tenderness swept over him. So absorbed was he with his reflec-

tions that he did not notice the approach of a young girl, and was quite startled when the silence was broken broth by her merry voice.

"I will tell you. Miss Harwood, for are the subject.

Me?" she asked, in mock surprise.

"Me? Do you really mean it?" "Me? Do you really mean it?"
"Certainly I do. Listen, dear," he said, taking both her hands in his and gazing down into her sweet, blushing face—"listen! I want to tell you some-

"Once upon a time there lived in this English hamlet a poor farmer.
He tilled his land, sowed his corn, and gathered his harvest in unceasing rehad not thought him capable of such tation. Day by day and year by year he plodded on, with no hope of a better future. No pleasure had he; his toil commenced with the rising of the sun and continued far into the night. Selfcentred as he was, with his work ever upon him, is it any wonder he became morose? The wonders of nature—the shooting corn, the ripening ear, the glistening grain-had no lesson him. He accepted them all as a matter

"Suddenly all was changed; a visitor was to come to the farm. A young lady, ill and over-wrought, was to ady, ill and over-wrought, was to come to regain her health amid the sweet country air. Ah, how well he remembers her coming! At the first sight of her pale face, with its look of patient suffering, his heart went out to her. How happy he was when the her. How happy he was when the color began to return to her cheeks. Even the birds noticed the change and twittered more poyously, while every-thing looked brighter, he thought. A last she was strong enough to walk about. Then his happiness knew no bounds, for to have her by his side was his greatest joy. So the days

was his greatest joy. So the days slipped into weeks, and the weeks sped by all too quickly, until he realized that soon she would leave them. "The thought filled him with dismay, and a sickening pain gripped his rt as he pictured the return of se long dreary days when he had her presence to cheer him. He felt he could not-would not-let her

would have seized her in his arms.
but she checked him with a gesture—
stood upon the threshold. caused you such pain. I had no thought that you cared for me like this. I thought you simply felt a strong man's pity for a poor, weak girl. Believe me," she continued, "I am so sorry! I will not tell you to try and forget, for I feel you cannot; but try and bear it, like the good and but try and bear it, like the good and true man you are."

"Is there no hope?" he asked, hoarse

"is there no nope? he assen, hoarsely, "Tell me to wait six months—ay, gix years, if you wish!"

She shook her head sadly.
"If I could I would, gladly," she said;
"but it would be cruel to delude you with false hopes. "If you could? Then is there some

He could read his answer in her face as she said: That is not fair. Come, let us go

"But tell me," he persisted, "it is—is

mantling her cheeks.

night.

"I saw him going towards Padley about an hour ago," Griff answered.
"I don't know why he cam't come to his supper like anyone else, instead of wandering about by himself," grumbled the old lady. "Ah, well," she continued, shaking her head, "I've always tried to do my duty to the lad; but I'm afraid he'll come to no good end with his queer ways. Now, if he would have a few companions like Griff," glancing with pride at her younger son, "I could understand it; hut it isn't natural for a young man to be always alone."

towards Brixloe, but I thought I knew him, so me and my mate came here and watched the house and so we come and collared him."

"It's a lie!" said Stephen. "I have not be men. "Look at the mud on your trousers. How do you account for that?"

"I wasn't looking where I was going and fell into the ditch."

"A likely tale that is," sneered the gamekeeper. "Did you find these in

be always alone."

Well, Mrs. Birley, you do know he gamekeeper. "Did you find these in made is a little the ditch as well?" he asked, suddenly ty-four feet long.

to see to yet.

"No, my lad, I'll not set up, for I'm d tired. But it is a shame you uld have to work so late, and your brother roaming the roads.

It had been on Elsie's tongue to say "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Birley," she said.

He turned with pleasure, to meet the quizzical, roguish look of a pair of the distribution of the control of the contro

But not to sleep. She could not dismiss Stephen from her mind. Had she read her own heart aright? She had to admit that Griff did not possess the moral stability of his elder brother; he was happy, careless—nothing troubled him for any length of time. Would anything please him long? On the other hand, Stephen rarely showed his true feelings. The inten-

Instinctively she felt that Stephen's affection was the more steadfast, more lasting of the two; that, although not showing on the surface, it lay deep

and strong within his heart. Engrossed with her own thoughts, Elsie did not notice how the hours slipped away. With a start, she reali-zed that soon it would be dawn.

"Where can Stephen be?" she wondered, as she turned to the window.
"Ah! there he is," she murmured
as she saw him coming through the farm yard. But why did he come creeping home in that fashion, and what had he in his hand? She could not see him clearly as he walked in the shadows, but as he opened the gate

the moonlight shone full upon him "Why, it's Griff!" she exclaimed, ftly—Griff, whom she believed to be softly

in bed hours ago.

Then where was Stephen? Could it be that he and Grin—no! she would fight against such thoughts. But her woman's heart refused to be quieted. The more she strove to allay her fears the greater they grew

The click of the gate dispelled them "At last!" she murmured, as Ste-hen's upright figure entered the house. With a little sob of relief she turned from the window, and was preparing for rest, when footsteps attracted her attention

ttention. Almost immediately came loud knocking at the door.
"Who is there?" she weard Stephen demand. "Now, then, what do you want?" he continued, as he flung open "Now, then, what do you

"You, my lad," said one, laying his hand on Stephen's shoulder

men, grimly "Old Brown? What has he to do

Come on, now. Put on your boots, and let us be off," said the man who had first spoken, and whom Stephen recognized as the village. "We are not going to

Wait a bit," exclaimed a voice from the interior of the room. "What's all this about?"

They turned, to see Mrs. Birley and Griff in the doorway.

'Why, ma'am," said one of the keep-He could not bring himself to ask he question.
"It is Griff," she said, a rosy blush nantling her cheeks.

www, marm, said one of the keep-service with a like this. You know poachers have been at work lately; so last night we got some help and watched all the round is manufactured. When the said one of the keep-service with a like this. You know poachers have been at work lately; so last night we got some help and watched all the round is manufactured. "Has anyone seen Stephen?" asked
Mrs. Birley, as they sat at supper that
night.

plunging his hand into stephen's pocket and withdrawing a handful of MUTINIFS OF THE PAST.

his other pocket, his face grew hard, for his suspicions were correct. His one aim now was to get out of the house as quickly as possible.

Turning to his mother, he said. Think as kindly of me as you cap. The sound of his voice aroused her. She turned to him, anger blazing from her eves.

r?" Stephen pleaded.
"I'd rather see you dead at my feet!"
he exclaimed, vehemently.
Stephen turned to the constable.

"Come, I am ready," he said.
"Stop! Stephen, what is the mat-ter?" cried Elsie, darting into the room, and gazing in bewilderment from

laying her hand on his arm

For a moment Stephen faltered in its determination.

Should he speak the truth and say should be speak the truth and say that in his hurry he had slipped on his brother's coat? No! If he denounced Griff as the poacher it would break his mother's heart, and cause Elsie pain and misery. He had been misunderstood all his life. What did

misunderstood all his life. What did it matter now? "Hello!" said one of the keepers, who had been eying the trembling Griff suspiciously, "how did you scratch your hand like that?"

"Climbing the hedge," faltered Griff, shrinking under the man's searching

gaze.
"Sure? It couldn't possibly have been in Padley Wood, eh?"
"Of course not." Stephen said, determined to save his brother, at all cost. "He was in bed when I came in." when ordered to weign anenor the Culloden's crew flatly refused to put to sea. Trowbridge sent to shore for help, and the ringleaders were thrown into prison and five of them shortly afterward were hanged from the Cul-"And had been in bed all night," added Mrs. Birley, ever ready to de-

The mutiny on the Windsor Castle, of the Mediterranean fleet, stationed at San Fiorenzo, in the same year, was ruth and own he had but just come in.
A grance showed her how futile such a serious affair. Her captain was William Shields, but Vice Admiral Robert Linzee had raised his flag aboard her. The crew did not like the rear-

a grance showed her now little such a hope was.

"Come, let us go," urged Stephen.
"It's no use stopping here."
"Not so fast, my lad," replied the keeper. "I am not so sure that we've

With downcast head Stephen uttered

s she sprang to his side.

Then turning to Griff, her eyes blaz-

"Mercy, mercy!" whined the cower-ing Griff, as the constable advanced ing Griff, as the constable advanced with his handcuffs ready. "I didn't mean to hurt him; really I didn't!"

Brown speedily recovered, and for the sake of Griff's dead father Lord Allerby smoothed the matter over. Six months later a pretty little wedding was solemnized in the old village church, and a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot ound. Happy, though the sake of the couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot ound. Happy, though the sake of the couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot ound. Happy though the couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot ound. Happy though the couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot ound. Happy though the couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot ound. Happy though the couple than Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot out the couple than Mrs. Stephen Birley can church, and a happier couple than Mr. ed that the ringleaders and every little and Mrs. Stephen Birley cannot be found. Happy, though the memory of his erring brother and still doting the others. Gardner was roughly mother in their new home across the sea is ever present.—New York Weekly.

ful of letters he turned to the druggist and, throwing a yellow envelope on the counter, asked:

"What do you think of that?"
The letter hore a Wentucky port

mark and was addressed to a resident of Dearborn street whose name was neither Washington nor Johnston. The interesting part of the superscription was a scrawled note in the low-er left-hand corner: "If not thare tri

is built directly on the rocks of Gloud

look on his stationery.

The friend he wrote to happened to be a great joker, and the judge was astonished to receive a letter addressed to "The Hon. Judge Sherman, Found-dead-on-a-Rock, Gloucester, Mass."—Boston Herald.

oeen fully met.

Serious as the outbreak in the Chan

Richard Parker, a seamon, had been chosen by the sailors as their leader. Parker was an organizer and a first-class sailor. He appointed committees of twelve to take charge of each vessel and to maintain a certain sort of discipline. He sailed into Sheerness Harbor, fired a gun at the fort by way of warning and cut out several small gunboats stationed there. He sent vessels up the coast to corrupt the outlying ships of the fleet, but failed of re-

thing among these ships, and most of the pirate leaders died at the hands of their own men or else were mar-ooned to die by lonely reflection. On June 24 Parker, seeing the trend Stern navy discipline has made mutiny hard to hatch and difficult of main the nace. France during the Napol-eonic wars suffered from several abor-tive attempts. It was during the same period that English history was re-cording the precedents for this mar-velous outbreak in the Baltic fleet.

ers were tried. Parker was hanged from the yard arm of the Sandwich, acknowledging the justice of his death. Eight other men were put to death shortly afterward. New York

The men were in earnest. They put he least liked officers on shore, and Educational Institutions Should Put delegates from the various crews met and drew up a statement of their grievances, which they dispatched to More Stress on Individual Teachers. The prevalent tendency in educa-ion just now is to trust too much to

of results, carefully graded, and upon the selection and development of an efficient teaching force. The initial examinations of teachers should de-termine personal fitness and profesremine personal inness and profes-sional equipment. The standard of results should be based upon broadly comprehensive research of a compara-tive nature. Next, individual respon-sibility should be fixed in a liberally intelligent spirit, but with rational firmness. This would assure to the A red flag was hoisted on the Royal absolutely necessary freedom of ac-tion. Individualization might then become a reality. As long as the teacher's individuality is kept in ab-ject bondage, the individualization of as remained on the fleet were confined and ropes were hung to the yard arms All of the guns were loaded and Parliament now sent word to the mu-tineers that it would meet most of their demands and would pardon the ringleaders but the trouble was by no

schools where they taught. Few of these great men are alive today, or if they are, they are retired, and it is seldom that the name of a university professor gets before the public now. A school is known for the greatness appeared on deck and shouted that the sailors could not come aboard. His marines were drawn up along the rail. The sailors persisted.
"If you try to get aboard," the Admiral shouted, "I will command the marines to blow you out of the walof its pecuniary endowment rather than anything else. The names of its eachers are seldom known outside its immediate circle, no matter how deserving and able.—New Orleans

Immense Game Preserv

whom were delegates. Then the mutiny broke out under Colpoy's nose.
The London's sailors mobbed the marines, who surrendered. A proposal to heang the commander of the marines was defeated. This was the end of the

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