

SWINGING ON THE GATE.

I can see a picture painted. I can smell the drying hay. Where the busy mowers rattle through the lazy summer's day; I can see the hungry plowboy wading through the billowed corn. With expectant ear to windward, listening to the dinner horn; While unconscious of necessity, the future or of fate, I make wondrous childish journeys as I swing upon the gate.

Strange how back among the many recollections of the past Memory will grope and wander till it brings to us at last Some poor, foolish, fond remembrance, seeming hardly worth the while Yet somehow made wondrous potent, like a tender passing smile, Fleeting, gone, and soon forgotten—yet remembered by and by With a swelling in the bosom and a dimming of the eye.

Now my temples fast are graying and my eyes have sober grown With the years of varied happiness and sorrow I have known; Still I sometimes hear the echo, when the evening lights are low And without my darkened casement ghostly breezes come to blow, Of the friendly, rusty rattle of the latchet as when late In the hazy, lazy summertime we swung upon the gate.

—Lowell Otus Reese, in Leslie's Weekly.

The Captain of the Fire-Brigade.

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

IT is hard to tell why we disliked the self-government idea so much at first. I suppose it was because we thought it was Esther Horneck's idea. And we disliked Esther Horneck. It is a little hard after you have been three years in a school, and you and your "crowd" have had things pretty much your own way, to have a new girl come in and turn everything topsyturvy.

Esther started a dramatic society and a debating society and a literary society the first month. Imagine the work! And also she talked self-government. She had two sisters in college, and did not see why boarding-schools should not have self-government like colleges. Now self-government is not any fun, at least, that is what we thought then. So long as you have a teacher to watch and see that you do not break the rules all you have to do is just to see that you do not get caught. But if you are on your honor, then you have to keep every rule all the time.

Now Esther is attractive and enthusiastic, and she was very popular with all the new girls, and with the faculty, too. And she talked and talked, until at last Mrs. Sinclair herself said we might try self-government, that is, try it in some particular first.

Our crowd did not want it, but Esther's crowd got the majority. All of us old girls were angry enough to find that the school was going to be run by a majority. We did not think it was fair. At the school meeting, when it was all decided, Esther's crowd was beaming. They had heard that Mrs. Sinclair was going to let us have self-government, and the question was, "What should be the thing in which we were to make the experiment first?"

Should it be promptness at meals, or going to bed at ten, or order at opening exercises, or what? Some people said that Esther had a grand, new idea about this, too. In a racket of clapping, Esther got up to speak.

She does speak well. Her eyes get shiny and her cheeks get red, and she certainly can talk. Sometimes you almost forget that it is Esther. She said a lot about what a grand thing self-government is, how much more womanly it is to watch ourselves than to allow ourselves just to be watched. She said that the colleges had shown how well girls could govern themselves, and why could not boarding-schools follow their example?

Of course, she said, we were not to have the entire discipline of the school at first. But if we showed that we could manage some one department of school government, then we could go and take up others.

Pretty soon she came to her proposal as to what this department should be, and what do you think she proposed? A fire-drill, of all nuisances!

She said we ought to have a systematic fire-drill. It was dangerous not to have an organized fire-brigade in such a large school. Of course, as this was Esther's idea, it was cheered by Esther's crowd, made into a motion, voted on and carried before we had a chance to turn round.

Then Esther rose and talked some more. There was a good deal of talk in the school, she said, about the different cliques, and how unfortunate it was that they should pull apart as they did. She said that in history they called cliques parties and factions, and we all knew how injurious these were to good government. It was just the same with a school. She wished that when it came to school questions we could put aside our personal opinions, and care more for the school than for ourselves.

Esther sat down in a perfect storm of cheers, but everybody was not cheering and clapping, although it sounded like it. I saw Natalie Jewett getting ready to clap, but I frowned at her, and she did not dare.

So we were in for fire-drills. And Esther herself was in for chief firecaptain.

Perhaps you think you would have liked it. To be sitting peacefully studying in study hour, with three "quizzes" ahead for the next day, and one of Carol Turner's 2 a. m. spreads behind you, and then to hear whiz, bang, clang! All the corridor bells breaking loose together! You dropped your books, rushed to your room, clapped down the windows, banged the transom, snatched up a towel, slammed the door and flew into the hall. There, every twenty feet, a girl would be standing, repeating like a cuckoo-clock: "Rally on the dining-room" or "Rally in main hall, first floor!"

And you must instantly fall into orderly line, and march to the foremen-

tioned destination, wherever it might happen to be, and you must be perfectly quiet in the line, and obey your corridor captain just as if she had been a teacher, or Esther would be after her—and after you!

And Esther allowed just one hundred and twenty-five seconds between the first changing of the corridor bell and the assembling of the entire school at the rally, and if you were late! We did not much enjoy being scolded and ordered about by Esther and Esther's corridor captains, just girls like ourselves!

Sometimes the drill would come at night, perhaps just after we were all in bed, and out we would all have to scramble, and rush to the rally, kimonos and towels and hair all flying.

As likely as not, this evening parade would end on the fire-wall staircase. There was one at each end of the building, where the wings join the main corridor. The staircase is a little narrow, winding affair of iron, and it is shut in by iron walls, and has sliding doors of sheet iron on every floor. The fire-wall stairs are chilly and narrow—there's just room to go down in single file. Sometimes, no matter how sleepy and cross we were, Esther would keep us marching up and down those stairs, and actually out-of-doors when we got to the bottom, until I really believe we could have done it in our sleep.

It grew to be awful tiresome. I believe even some of the teachers thought Esther was too energetic, and went to Mrs. Sinclair about it; but she would not interfere, and she would not let any of the teachers be present at a fire-drill. We were to have it all our own way, or rather Esther was to have it all her own way.

You may imagine our crowd was not very nice to Esther at this time. But no matter what you did or said to Esther, she never seemed to notice; she was so full of her old notions about self-government and school spirit and the fire-brigade that she did not seem to feel anything for herself at all.

One night a lot of our girls were in my room, and we just decided then and there that we would not put up with it any longer. The next time those old bells rang for fire-drill, we would not go. Who in the world could make us?

We did not have long to wait. That very night, just as I had fallen to sleep, all those bells suddenly went off like mad. Sheer force of habit pulled me out of bed and into my kimono, still too sleepy to know what I was doing.

I was taking up my towel when I remembered our resolution, and sat down on the edge of the bed wide awake and determined not to budge. I found afterward that exactly twenty girls were acting in just the same way, all our three centre corridors, in fact.

I could hear the girls scurrying out over our heads. Out in our corridor I could hear the hall guards repeating, "Rally on the third north, fire-wall stairs!" Fire-wall stairs, and it was as cold as Christmas!

Pretty soon came a pounding at the doors. Nancy Voorhees, our corridor captain shouted:

"Girls, girls, wake up! Didn't you hear the bells? Where are you?"

Then the doors began to open. "Oh, you are awake!" cried Nancy. "Do hurry!"

Nobody stirred. Nancy's face looked queer. "What is the matter, girls?"

We began to come out of our rooms and gathered together. "We aren't coming!" I said.

Nancy looked at us, then turned and flew. An instant afterward we saw Esther's red bath-robe come scudding down the corridor toward us. She stopped a second because Miss Edgerton had appeared, and had said in her usual fussy way:

"Can I help you, Esther?"

Esther laughed back at her.

"No, indeed, Miss Edgerton. We are not used to having you at fire-drills. The poor little dears might think it was a real fire if you came."

Then Esther stood before us, her red bath-robe tied in tight about her waist, her long braids falling over her shoulders. I shall never forget her face. It was all ablaze with color, and her eyes were like steel, and her lips had a regular Napoleonic set. At first she was going to make us go!

If she had ordered us to go then, I do not know what would have happened—for we would not have moved. Then her face changed. I never saw any face look quite so sweet; it was as if all the self in it just went out.

"Girls," she said, "won't you please come? I'm not ordering, I'm just asking, just as a favor, this once, please."

And we went, but we were pretty sulky.

We marched to the third-floor fire-wall staircase. The fire-wall doors on the third had been drawn; one of them was left open just enough for us to squeeze through to the little dark, cold staircase. The door down on the first floor, leading right out-of-doors, was open, and the wind whistled up.

Half the girls were already down and out when we started from the top. Esther was at the very end, as usual. As we went down, she called in that ringing voice of hers:

"When you get down, shut the fire-wall doors into the first-floor corridor!"

She was ordering us again! "Let's not!" I said to the girls behind me, and we did not. Esther was still on the third floor. We were all shivering in the night air outside at the bottom.

Esther opened the window, just as she was about to start down, and called, "Is everybody down safe?"

"Yes," somebody answered.

We could see Esther just as she put her hand on the door to squeeze through to the stairway. Then there was a sudden report and roar, and a great sheet of flame went sucking up the fire-wall stairs as if through a great funnel!

It was a real fire! It had spread from the cellar to the first floor, and there, fanned by the wind from the open door, it had licked its way through the corridor doors we had left open!

And where was Esther? We looked. We did not make a sound. Only Natalie turned, covered her eyes, and laid her hand on my shoulder. I could feel her shiver all over. It seemed as if in an instant all the wing was ablaze.

Then we saw Esther! We saw her running, running, past window after window. But flames ran, too, over her and under her. It all depended on whether she could reach the main staircase before they did! The main staircase is only of wood. She reached it. She got down. She was not hurt a bit. Only when she saw her, Natalie and I both sank down on the ground. I felt as if I was going to faint.

Esther came right over to us. "Why didn't you shut those doors?" she asked.

We did not answer, but Esther knew why. Suddenly her face began to work so queerly, there in the red light of the fire.

"If the fire had come a minute sooner when you were all on the stairs!" she said, and she put out her hands as if she could not see, and was feeling for something. Then Mrs. Sinclair stepped out from somewhere, and put her arms round her.

The fire was not so bad as it looked at first, and the slow old Mayside Hose Company did arrive, and put it out after a while. About thirty of us had to board in the village for the rest of the year, but now we are all under one roof again.

We have self-government this year, and Esther is president. The vote for self-government was unanimous, and so was the vote for president. It was the first time anything unanimous ever happened in this school.—Youth's Companion.

Expensive Practical Jokes.

"A practical joke," said Barney Oldfield, the automobilist, "was played on me last season. I had my revenge, though. The practical joke took the form of a telegram. It was a telegram from a friend of mine traveling in Italy. It came 'collect'; it cost me \$7, and when I opened it all I read was: 'I am well!'"

"To get back on my friend for playing such an expensive trick on me I went out into the road and found a cobblestone. I wrapped this stone in excelsior and pink paper, sealed it up in a handsome box, and sent it by express, 'collect,' to my friend abroad. It cost my friend \$8 for the box, and on opening it he found, along with the stone, a note from me that said: 'On receipt of the news that you were in good health the accompanying lead rolled off my heart.'—New York Tribune.

Early Risers.

A student of bird life, who has been investigating the question as to the hour in summer when the commonest small birds wake up and begin to sing, says that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it sings about 1:30 o'clock in the morning. The blackcap begins at 2:30, and the quail half an hour later.

It is nearly 4 o'clock, and the sun is well up, before the first real songster appears—the merry blackbird. Then comes the thrush, followed by the robin and the wren, and last, the house sparrow and the tom-tit.

Thus it will be seen that the lark's reputation as an early riser is not deserved.

Danger in Mirrors.

The building inspector's office is opposed to the mirror-lined elevators of the city, but no action has been taken for the removal of the mirrors, although the new code forbids the use of looking glasses in elevator cage construction.

"They are usually placed at such an angle that a woman stepping up to one blocks the passageway," said he. "Often she will forget that a portion of her skirt protrudes beyond the grating, and accidents occur in this way. Not only women but men are attracted by mirrors and are inclined to grow forgetful of personal safety."—Cleveland Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

Feminine Veracity.

"Women are as a whole less truthful than men." So says a woman, and since she is a woman, of course, her statement may not be true. But she does not mean to be unkind. If women are "less truthful" it is, as you have no doubt already divined, men's fault. "An ordinary woman," she explains, "trained to keep some one or other in authority in a good temper, cannot be expected to be as frank or as reliable as a man."—London Telegraph.

NOT FOR SALE.

An Old Man's Wealth of Affection For His Son.

The man who had taken a fancy to the old Maine farmhouse, surrounded by its acres of rolling green, sat on the back porch with the aged owner and his housekeeper. As delicately as possible he broached the subject of sale. He knew that the farmer had a son in New York who was prospering, and he mentioned this, the New York Sun says, as an inducement for the old gentleman to make the trade.

The old farmer shook his head determinedly.

"That's the very reason," he said, "that I don't want to sell. If it wasn't for that boy I might be tempted to let the old place go."

"It's this way," he continued, in a subdued tone. "He was born here. He went to school not more than three miles from here. He knows every path in the woods. He has played all over this ground as far as your eyes can see."

"Just across the field over there is the family burying ground. His mother and brother and sister are all there, side by side."

"I guess you're right when you say he won't want to come back. He's got to be quite a city man, and I never expect to see him come back here to live. Perhaps 'tisn't natural that he should."

"I haven't never asked him to come back, and I don't think I ever shall." The old voice shook a little, then went steadily on: "But some of these days, when he gets along where I am now, maybe he'll get tired."

"Of course he'll have his own home in the city by that time, where he can sit down and take it easy. I hope so. But after that it may be some consolation to him to know that he'll be sent back here—to lie beside mother and me and the others. That's why the farm isn't for sale."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.—Shakespeare.

Well-gathering wits never get together enough to make them any cloth.

A man can trust God with his affairs when he remembers that he is God's trustee.

The will of God is soon forgotten when you get anxious about keeping the good will of men.

Some men are willing to pass the bag on Sunday so as to keep their hands in for the week.

Every man may be born with his feet in the dust, but he is born with a heart that longs for the Divine.

If you would be happy with your work you must make it a comrade and not a taskmaster.—Nonpareil.

Faith is a noble thing; it soars high; it can read love in God's heart when His face frowns.—James Renwick.

Cultivating the fruits of the spirit—love, joy, peace, temperance—which are the different departments of the kingdom, is the most needed work in the world.—Mary McA. Tuttle.

The face is made every day by its morning prayer and by its morning look out of the windows which open upon heaven. All grace and nobleness grow as they are used for God in heaven and truth on earth.—Joseph Parker.

A Book's Importance in Russia.

People here are so accustomed to regard Russia as an illiterate land that they will probably be surprised to learn that a popular book at a low price has been known to reach a sale of 2,000,000 copies within a few months of its appearance. Such is the avidity with which the Slav reader seizes upon what appeals to him.

In no other country, moreover, have writers been called upon to suffer for their literary opinions as in Russia. The story of many of them is a veritable martyrdom. Novikoff, the first modern writer, whom the Metropolitan of Moscow termed "the best Christian he ever knew," was imprisoned for fifteen years in the Schlusselburg, and came out a broken man. Labzin was imprisoned and exiled. Radtschiff in exile ended his own life by suicide. Ryleef was hanged, with five other lesser writers, by Nicholas I. Pushkin would have died in exile but for being killed in a duel, and Lermontoff was also killed when in exile, at the age of seven-and-twenty. Odoevsky was condemned to 1000 strokes with the bastinado and twenty-five years' service in a penal regiment, and a similar fate was reserved for Shevchenko. The list could be extended to cover a page or two.—London Telegraph.

A Plague of Alien Flies.

During the last few days millions of flies have made their appearance around Cardiff docks. James street, an important thoroughfare, is so beset that pedestrian traffic has been diverted to other streets. Policemen and dock employees were attacked so vigorously by the flies that they were forced to take shelter in the watch-houses, and shopkeepers are complaining bitterly of the harm done to their stock and trade. The authorities state that the flies, which are of a foreign species, with long bodies, crawling slowly and biting madly, first made their appearance during a southerly wind on Sunday.—London Mail.

Where Living Comes High.

The Bullfrog Miner gives its readers the following list of prices prevailing in that Nevada camp: Lumber, \$130 per 1000; wood, \$30 per cord; coal, \$80 per ton; hay, \$90 per ton; flour, \$7.50 per cwt.; eggs, 60c per dozen; bacon, 25c; ham, 25c; good steak, 30c per pound; potatoes, 8c per pound; butter, 40c per pound; sugar, 8 pounds for \$1; tea, per pound, 60c; coffee, per pound, 40c; meals, 75c; beds, \$1 per night; saddle horse, per day, \$4; shave, 25c; haircut, 50c; freight from railroad, 3c to 4c per pound.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The oldest belfry in America is the seven century old fir tree, eight feet thick, that forms the spire of St. Peter's Church, Tacoma, which is used for the bell of the church.

After promising to get some fish for dinner, Max Hartmann, having gone mad, went to the Hamburg Zoo, removed a young alligator from a pond and took it home for his wife to cook.

A large lump of butter has been found buried in an Irish bog. No one knows how old it is. It is thought that it is at least one hundred years old, possibly ten centuries. The butter is said to be in excellent condition.

Statistics show that more people live to be one hundred years old in warm climates than in northern countries. In Mexico there are many centenarians, for in towns not forty miles from the capital are not a few men and women beyond the one hundred year line.

A square foot of uncovered pipe, filled with steam at one hundred pound pressure, will radiate and dissipate in a year the heat obtained by the economic combustion of 338 pounds of coal. Thus ten square feet of bare pipe corresponds approximately to the waste of two tons of coal per annum.

A hotel which cost the builder \$13,000 six years ago at Kettle Falls, Wash., has been sold for \$200, and a number of town lots were sold at from five cents to \$25 each. The sale was made by the County Commissioners on foreclosure for delinquent taxes, and marked the end of a boom town.

The snake's tongue proves to be a most remarkable organ. A Maryland woman student finds that its chief function is connected with a sense of feeling without touch, and may be a finer development of the sense that enables some people to avoid striking obstacles in the dark. The forked tip and the numerous folds behind it greatly increase the surface exposure. The cells of the epidermis are interlaced by a net work of extremely fine nerve fibres, which centre in a deep nerve plexus beneath the epidermis and extending out into the folds.

DUCK HUNTING IN JAPAN.

Artificially Combined With Nature in Capturing the Birds.

Marquis Kuroda's pond is some ten acres in extent. Around its entire circumference a great moundlike wall some fifteen feet in height has been thrown up, and upon its summit slopes a dense canebrake has been planted, which rises some thirty feet more in the air, and absolutely cuts off all vision of the interior expanse of water. At intervals of some thirty yards, for half the circumference of the circle and on the landward side, ditches about six feet deep and five feet wide have been dug. These ditches with the waters of the lake some eighteen inches deep in them, are about a hundred feet long, banked with earth and sodded on each side, some three feet above the surface of the surrounding land. Where they enter the lake two right-angled turns are made, which assure a complete screening of the lake from any outside view, or vice versa.

A thousand tame ducks are kept in this lake to decoy the wild ones into the byway feeding ditches.

When the ducks once enter the ditch and begin feeding, the warden pulls the bell-wire and warns the host and his guests at the house several hundred yards away, and as the birds approach, he pulls a second string, which connects with and closes a light wire gate where the ditch debouches into the lake. The duck are thus trapped in a deep, narrow ditch, from which they have no escape except in upward flight.

The netsmen hurry to either side of the bank-protected ditch, and line up along its entire length, with their long-poled nets held rigidly and their eyes fixed on the end in the earth. A warden creeps to the rear end of the ditch and cautiously peeps over. With a series of frightened squawks and splashing and flapping of many wings, the terrified birds rise like bullets from the water; the nets sweep through the air and are brought bottom side up on the rearward side, when a few of the most lucky are found to have a thrashing, loudly quacking duck enmeshed therein.—William Bidwiddle, in Harper's Weekly.

The Ailments of Railis.

A curious phenomenon observed on railways in India is reported by Mr. Wilkinson, an English engineer, and noted in La Nature. Says that journal: "At the end of a certain time, the rail presents a series of protuberances on the rolling surface, spaced about 5 millimetres (1-5 inch) apart and 1-10 millimetre (.04 inch) high. This arises from an excessive elasticity of the metal; under the influence of the vibration, 'nodes and loops' are produced and the 'loops' wear away more quickly than the nodes by contact with the rails.—Literary Digest.

China's Wealth of Coal.

According to an estimate issued by the British Royal Commission China has 282,000 square miles of coal producing lands, the United States 200,000, Canada 65,000, Great Britain 12,000, France 3000 and Germany 1700. With all its claims of ancient civilization, China has never yet wakened up to the productive uses of coal, though it seems to have more of it than exists in any other country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Marketing Potato Crops.
In line with the classic case of the oyster shippers, cited by President Hadley of Yale University in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers brought by President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine Railroad before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. Nothing could better show how a railroad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

A main dependence of the farmers of the Aroostook region is the potato crop, aggregating annually eight to ten million bushels which find a market largely in Boston and the adjacent thickly settled regions of New England. The competition of cheap water transportation from Maine to all points along the New England coast keeps railroad freight rates on these potatoes always at a very low level.

Potatoes are also a considerable output of the truck farms of Michigan, their normal market being obtained in and through Detroit and Chicago and other communities of that region.

Not many years ago favoring sun and rains brought a tremendous yield of potatoes from the Michigan fields. At normal rates and prices there would have been a glut of the customary markets and the potatoes would have rotted on the farms. To help the potato growers the railroads from Michigan made unprecedentedly low rates on potatoes to every reachable market, even carrying them in large quantities to a place so remote as Boston. The Aroostook growers had to reduce the price on their potatoes and even then could not dispose of them unless the Boston & Maine Railroad reduced its already low rate, which it did. By means of these low rates, making possible low prices, the potato crops of both Michigan and Maine were finally marketed. Everybody eats potatoes, and that year everybody had all the potatoes he wanted.

While the Michigan railroads made rates that would have been ruinous to the railroads, had they been applied to the movement of all potatoes at all times, to all places, they helped their patrons to find markets for them. The Boston & Maine Railroad suffered a decrease in its revenue from potatoes, but it enabled the Aroostook farmers to market their crop and thereby to obtain money which they spent for the varied supplies which the railroads brought to them. If the making of rates were subject to Governmental adjustment such radical and prompt action could never have been taken, because it is well established that if a rate be once reduced by a railroad company it cannot be restored through the red tape of Governmental procedure. If the Michigan railroads and the Boston & Maine Railroad had been subjected to Governmental limitation they would have felt obliged to keep up their rates as do the railroads of France and England and Germany under Governmental limitation and let the potatoes rot.—Exchange.

Gloves and Microbes.

It was noticed in Paris when King Edward was there that he always appeared in public with the right hand gloved, but not his left. As it is a common practice to carry the right glove loose and not the left, much speculation has been excited by the king's reversal of this custom. One learned writer suggests that it is due to a sound perception of hygienic propriety. The object of a glove, he says, is not to adorn but to protect the hand. Which hand has the more constant employment and is therefore brought into closer contact with microbes? Why, the right hand. It follows that in keeping that hand gloved the King shows his unflinching sense. Vive le Roi!—London Chronicle.

UNSIGHTLY BALD SPOT

Caused by Sores on Neck—Merciless Itching For Two Years Made Him Wild—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an unsightly bald spot, and the soreness, inflammation and merciless itching made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after a few applications the sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend Cuticura. (Signed) H. J. Spalding, 104 W. 104th St., N. Y. City."

Associated Press Censorship.

Seven hundred newspapers, representing every conceivable view of every public question, sit in judgment upon the Associated Press dispatches. A representative of each of these papers has a vote in the election of the management. Every editor is jealously watching every line of the report. It must be obvious that any serious departure from an honest and impartial service would arouse a storm of indignation which would overwhelm any administration.—Century.

LASTING RELIEF.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets, of Lebanon, Ky., says:

"My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I took Doan's Kidney Pills and experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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