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Rostand is writing another play Now is the time for Chicago authors to file their copyrights and prepare to convict him of more plagiarism.

The fact that the Paris exposition management will distribute 67,000 medals goes to show what a number of meritorious articles there are in

Oregon has a fish commission, a dairy commission and a fruit commission, but it has no state mining bureau, and is beginning to realize that it is a lamentable lack for the state not to have anybody to inquire into and make known its mineral re-

Consul Hayes at Rouen in a report to the state department, says that there is an open field throughout most France for everything connected with the preparation of cold drinks. Ice-cream freezers, milk shakers, sodawater fountains, and refrigerators would find a ready sale if the people knew of the comfort to be derived from their use. Rouen, a city of over 150,000 people, has no ice factory, though a few people keep ice in their

England has hundreds of curates who are said to be nearly starving on their scant incomes. The average salary of a minister in our own land of prosperity is only \$800-not more than the earnings of the better class of day laborers-and the limit of real usefulness, if not of earning capacity, is hardly 20 years. Preaching and teaching used to be the honorable ambition American youth, but there is little incentive now, for the prizes at the

Nearly two years ago the city of Duluth, Minn., municipalized its water and gas works at a cost of \$1,250,-Since then it has added enough to make the plant cost \$2,150,000. It has reduced gas rates 40 percent, reduced water rates 50 percent, and has for the first time furnished pure wa-The balance sheet just issued shows that the plants have earned all charges and established a surplus. The city now proposes to municipalize electric light and telephone ser-

the city now proposes to municipalize its electric light and telephone service.

A letter which was addressed to a lady at Hungerford, England, and posted at Swindon in 1871, became lodged in some woodwork and escaped notice for 29 years. The other day it was posted. Life's belated messages are all too many. Many a discouraged soul is waiting yet, perhaps after more than 29 years, for the writing or uttering of words of confession, apology, counsel, sympathy or simple friendship which if they only reached it would put a new song of hope into its life, reflects the New York Observer.

The latest figures of the state superintendent of public instruction on New York's public schools are interesting. There are 11,931 schoolhouses in the entire state, valued at nearly \$82,000, 000. The teachers employed in the state number 34,848, and the average annual salary of a teacher is \$870 in the cities and \$3122 in the small country towns. The state's payments in salaries to teachers foot up over \$19,000,000 a year, and its total expenditures for all education—

The proposes to the feather service.

Haskell's rit, broad, open and comparatively shallow, had cost Cunning, amine have disappeared. Haskell's rit, broad, open and comparatively shallow, had cost Cunning, amine have disappeared. Haskell's rit, broad, open and comparatively shallow, had cost Cunning, amine have the had of the fall whe had on the men hesitated and shook their hem he his life. Here was water tenfold worse. At sight of the jam above it hands he men hesitated and shook their hem he held in the men hesitated and shock their heads. They ate their lunch of cheese, tread, and site, and shook their hem he held in the men hesitated and shook their heads. They ate their lunch of the sam over the boulder; they pointed were. At time hem he sale with the men hesitated and shock their heads. They ate their lunch of the sam over the boulder; they be added the men hesitated and shook their heads. They ate their lunch of the sam over the boulder; they believe, and th ers foot up over \$19,000,000 a year, and its total expenditures for all educational purposes amount to \$23,421,491.

Half a dozen leading artists in New York have planned a 12-story studio building, which is intended to be the center of bohemian art circles. There are to be a dozen studios with living apartments and two dozen with bach-elor quarters attached. The project grows out of the difficulty in securing kitchen accommodations in connection with studios.

BREAKING THE JAM AT MAD TOM'S GORGE

The spring drive of logs down the West Canada creek. an Adirondack stream, five years ago, was remarkable for a number of unusual events. To begin with, it was larger by millions of feet than any ever before floated down this stream. It was floated in record time, too, for the snow went off with a rush after the lee had gone out. Consequently the creek was brimming, and on this flood tide came the logs by the tens of thousands.

To roll stranded logs from the banks and to break the jams, there was a while, unobserved by any one, he agang of more than 60 strong, daring men. They rode the torrent and fell the dynamite and fuse used by the donaters to blast jams and dangerous rocks. He put four sticks of the stuff in a dozen times a week, but at last

in a dozen times a week, but at last

they learned caution.

Bill Kennedy rode a log into Has-A mile of white water full of rocks was before him. Kennedy lost his courage, the more completely because his courage had never before failed him. He uttered a wild cry. him. He uttered a wild cry. Dan Cunningham saw his peril, and jumping to a passing log, pushed out to the rescue. It was a wild race, but the approach of help steadied Kennedy and enabled him to keep his balance. Cunningham, guiding his log into the swiftest current, overtook the helpless raftsman, and with his pike pole steered both logs for shore.

There was an eddy just a little way below, and Cunningham, with all his might, shoved Kennedy into it. But that thrust pushed his own far out, rolling and rocking. Kennedy was ashore in a moment, but before Cunningham could recover his balance the log he rode hit a rock; one and flew up, and the rescuer was thrown 20 feet into the air. He came down head first on a froth covered rock and disappeared. It was dark before the body swas recovered. After that the men took the long way round, even at dinner time. There was an eddy just a little way

men took the long way round, even at dinner time.

No man is a raftsman unless he can ride a log. So in a lumbering country every riverside boy of ambition learns the knack on creek still waters. It is a good thing to know how to do. It means a good job when one grows up, and may be the saving of a life besides.

and may be the saving of a life besides.

Among the rest of the boys at Wilmurt, Will Conway, 16 years old that spring, was renowned. He knew the creek, the places where the deer crossed it, the brooks that the mink followed and the pools the trout lurked in. But he wasn't satisfied with the money he earned selling trout and trapping mink. He wanted to make daily wages like a man. So he went to George Koch, the boss driver, and asked to go with his gang; but Koch told the lad he wasn't big enough yet to handle a cant-hook.

It was a heavy disappointment to Will. It hurt his pride; besides, the family needed the money. But as argument was of no avail, Will was a mere spectator on the bank just above Mad Tom's gorge when the driving crew arrived there on a Saturday morning.

That was the best place on the creek

The mere fact that it was a big The racer fact that it was a big jam was something, but that was not all. Wheever broke this jam must surely go through the gorge—a third of a mile of the wildest plunging water, where the flood piles up first against one rock ledge, then against the other, and finally glides into the foaming tumble at the head of Mad Tom's pool, in which men have disappeared.

no matter how high or rough the water, but in this case the men wanted time to think. An that was a boy's

opportunity.

Will Conway's father had been a noted jam breaker, and men of the crew who knew the boy relieved their uneasy feelings by joking with him a

"Why, Billy," they said, "your dad would have been out there hours ago if he were here. He wa'n't afraid of the gorge. Huh, I should say not! I reen him the time he went through tt-the only one as ever did it alive, I

into his hip pockets, and a length of fuse into his blouse.

Then he went up the creek round the bend to his house and took a small corked bottle full of dry matches. The old pike-pole his father had used was under the eaves of the woodshed. under the eaves of the woodshed. He threw it over his shoulder and started

that was easy to guide, and he worked his way to the middle of the stream, that was easy to guide, and he worked his way to the middle of the stream, dodging or fending off other logs. He watched the current ahead to see that an unexpected drift did not carry him out of his course; he stood with his knees slightly bent and his head forward, and the quarter-inch spikes in the sole of his shoes gripped the log till it splintered.

Ahead of him was the jam with logs hitting it every minute. Some of them dived out of sight instantly. Others slued round sidewise and climbed the back of the jam. The whole head of the jam was rolling, twisting and heaving; there could hardly be a more dangerous place for a man's legs.

To miss these rolling logs and yet find a landing was Will's hope. To go too far down would be to risk the pitch into the gorge and the probability of being carried past the jam. But as he plunged into a drift of logs and was unable to steer out of it in time, he had to take his chances as they came.

There wasn't really any great choice in the matter. It would be a leap for life, anyhow, wherever the log struck, and it might as well be a big leap as a little one.

Will was within 100 feet of the jam

Will was within 100 feet of the jam ore any one saw him. Then a small shouted, "There's Will Conway on

a log!"

A hundred men, and as many women and children, looked in time to see Will poise himself for the leap as his log approached the jam. Instead of holding the pole for a mere balance as he had been doing, he turned it parallel to his log and stooped for a vaulting jump.

Log after log struck, each with a Log after log struck, each with a heavy, musical thump—a half dozen of them. Suddenly Will crouched, dropped his left shoulder, struck the iron pole point home in a log, and then sprang forward and up—up, while the log he had just left plunged down into the vortex.

He struck fairly on his feet and ran

lightly over the uneasy logs to the motionless ones. Then the crowd on shore tossed its arms and cheered. The first and least of the dangers was over-

Will walked down the jam, stepping Will walked down the jam; stepping from log to log, taking his time all the way. The crush at the boulder was very great. He looked the tangle over; some of the logs fairly stood on end, others were piled crosswise and length-wise. A big one, its back splintered—almost broken—was evidently the key. As it lay broadside to the current, the water poured over it six inches deep return of the production of the production of the current of the production of the pr

other logs were thrust over and The other logs were thrust over and under it, and were lodged against the boulder. Just below the key log, in the water beside the boulder, was the place for the dynamite, so Will decided after the examination. Then he went to work

went to work.

While the crowd on shore looked on, wondering what he would do next, not knowing that he had dynamite. Will moved his pike along the jam, and found a straight spruce sapling, eight feet long and bare of bark, which some

leet long and one of bark, which some lumberman up at the log dump had used as a handspike. He carried this to the key log, and kneeling down, tied the dynamite sticks, one by one to his sapling, lash-ing them fast with a stout string, as he had seen the men do. Then he fastened had seen the men do. Then he fastened the fuse and ran it along the stick steadying it by twine. This took only a few minutes—breathless ones to the onlookers. Then Will examined the logs again, to be sure that he would put the charge in the right place. When Boss Koch saw him doing that, he said, "The coolest chicken I ever see!" At last the sapiling was shoved home, the dynamite was three feet under water and the end of the fuse was nearly a foot above the surface. Then Will stood up and looked into the gorge believ.

He knew how the water ran there, for he had lived within a mile of it all his life. The story of his father's ride was not a new one; indeed, his father had pointed out to him the black streak of navigable water he had fol-lowed on that memorable drive of

Will could see the streak for a short listance along the right bank of the gorge. To the left the logs that missed the jam were lifting their noses against the ledge and tumbling over backward.

he took a match from the bottle and struck it on a bit of dry log. The flame sputtered into the fuse, and Will, grasping his pike, ran for the head of the jam, where the logs were thumping and rolling.

In the days when jams were broken with cant-hooks and axes, the floaters always tried to keep ahead of the rush of logs lest they be crushed among them; but in these days of high explosives one must take one's chances at the other end; and this is not the safest place, when all the logs are moving and grinding together.

The fuse was long and burned slow-ly. Will was at the head of the jam long before the explosion came. He waited with the pike-pole balancing.

The onlookers stood on tiptoe. The roar in the gorge was not quieting to any one's nerves, but at last a dozen logs were lifted into the air, splintered and broken, and the boulder disappeared in smoke and spray.

There was not so much noise as one night think; just a sound that traveled low down, but a long distance.

A 50-foot dome of gray spray, speckled with large black sticks and yellow splinters I feet long, flashed up, and then Will Conway poised for a life and death struggle.

The jam quivered from end to end. It broke to pieces in great masses. Some logs came jutting up out of the black water; hundreds plunged in with mighty splashing. All were tossed and jutched.

In a moment Will was stepping and jumping from log to los, running to-

pitched.

In a moment Will was stepping and jumping from log to log, running toward the gorge. Once he fell, and the crowd gasped; but agile of body and cool of mind, he sprang to his feet feet again with only a shoe wet.

As he whisked into the gorge, one voice alone was raised. Boss Koch shouted, "Good boy! Keep your nerve!"

snouted, "Good boy: Reep your nerve!"
Will litted a hand in reply, and was then whirled out of sight.
Till this time hardly any one had stirred, but now everybody turned and ran for the road. Koch and his drivers leading. They raced over little patches of snow, through a brook waist deep with black water and broke down a dozen lengths of fence getting over it into the highway. The river men were dressed in flannels of bright colors, blue, red, checkered and plaid blouse waists, and mackinaw trousers of all shade and hues. On them the sun shone with extraordinary effect as they strung out along the road, the runners leading and the bringing up the rear, all headed for

Mad Tom's pool, where the gorge ended. Down the gorge, below the first turn, Down the gorge, below the IFE turn, the right bank is worn out and hangs far over the quick water. The turn is a gradual one, and the logs, once clear of the lifting wave above, swing round to the left again, end on, and along the side of a huge molasses like wall.

in which logs dance on end and are split in two by the crush. The rocks on either side are hung with moss wet by a cold, thick spray, dashed up by the wind. Here Will found himself drawing toward the grinding mass in the edd;

and on to a third, clear of the eddy by a yard.

No time to think of it, though, for ahead was business quite as dangerous —perhaps the worst of all.

The gorge narrows below the second turn, and the water, crowded into it, foams so high on both sides as almost to curl over. Down the centre runs the black streak. Will got into that, and the white water was higher than his head on each side. He saw one log three feet in diameter strike a ledge, to be hurled end over end through the air.

air.

As the spray lifted, he saw ahead the black level of Mad Tom's pool, where there was safety.

But before that the water gushed out suddenly fan-like, until rollers 10 feet high took up the speed, and only a greasy little trough lay down the centre.

Once more Will saw that he was off his course, headed too much for the waves. Among them he could do nothing; he would be tossed as from a catapult.

apult.

He jumped again. The log dived, and he had to go to one beyond. For a moment he hung, almost toppling, but he got his balance again, none too

Ten seconds of awful roar followed. Ten seconds of awith roar followed. His pike-pole, which he held as a rope walker holds his balancing pole, was in the foam at both ends. Up and down on short, solld three-foot waves went his log, and through some soft,

went his log, and through some soft, foamy ones.

A water-soaked log came lurching at him, but fell short. Another plunged across, just ahead of him. It seemed as if the whole jam was there, waiting

The next instant the tumble of ter was left behind. The current became broad and level; its dancing was came froad and level; its attaching was over for a while. The logs, after a bit of teetering, ceased their plunging, and floated on with rigid dignity. Will quickly pushed himself to shore and started up the road with his pike over has shoulder, beating the spray drops

his shoulder, beating the spray drops off his woolen cap.

He was met by a whooping crowd of raftsmen, crying women and screaming boys, who all talked at once.

A few minutes later the drivers hurried away down stream, and Will accompanied them. He was to have a man's wages for handling the dynamite at jams too big for cant-hook work.

Of course, somebody went back to of course, someony were come of thim; in fact, they've been telling her ever since, greatly to her satisfaction. —Youth's Companion.

NINETY SIZES REQUIRED BY ONE

Millions Turned Out Weekly by American Factories—Uses to Which They Are Put—Materials Used in Their Manufac-ture—All Sorts of Things About Them.

Millions of paper boxes are turned out every week in New Haven from the common cigarette holder to the one that holds a \$20 creation of a millinery shop. There are half a dozen box shops in town, and the greater number of operatives are women. Until the paper box syndicate got control of the New Haven box factories the conthe paper box syndicate got control of the New Haven box factories the cor cerns were run by different people, but the largest here are now owned by the National Folding Box and Pacompany.

If you buy a hat it is sent to your home in a paper box; if you order a dress suit it comes to your home in a paper box; you get your cuffs, your collars, your shirts and ties in paper coniars, your shorts and ties in paper boxes; your shoes, your cuff buttons, your jewelry in paper boxes; dresses, shirtwaists, bonnets, hose, underwear, luncheons, cereals, oysters, milk, codfish, fruit, candies, perfumeries, soaps and sausage; almost everything but bollers and engines are packed in paper boxes nowadays.

bollers and engines are packed in paper boxes nowadays.

The variety and size of paper boxes is almost without limit, and modern machinery to make them is capable of anything in that way that it may be called on to do. About the only hand work now in making paper boxes is putting on the labels, and this could, if necessary, be done by machinery in the factories. An ordinary well-equipped factory makes hundreds of sizes and shapes and usually carries about 200 samples in stock. The foundation and body of a paper box is strawboard.

Strawboard is a bord thick vellow-Strawboard is a hard, thick, yellow

strawboard is a hard, thick, yellow-ish-brown paper, commonly called cardboard by the consumer. It is made of straw—usually wheat straw. The straw used in this state, which has some of the largest and best known factories in the country, is usually hauled to the factories by nearby farmers, or the factories buy the straw on the farms and do their own hauling. If at too great a hauling distance the straw is shipped in by bales. It is tumbled into huge pots of lime water and boiled to a pulpy mass, frained, fed between web cloths which flatten it and carry it to machines with many hot rollers, which gradually compress and make it smooth, until, when it emerges at the other side, it is strawboard in a continuous sheet of a certain width. It passes through a cutter, which makes it into sheets 26x38 inches. This is the regulation size aggreed upon by the strawboard manufacturer of the United States, apparently because it is the most handy size and the one that can be made into most of the other sizes ordinarily used. Unless otherwise specified, it is always shipped in this size to paper box makers and other people who use strawboard. It cuts to great advantage for many sizes of boxes and with the least waste. If lined strawboard is wanted, that is, board with, say, white paper cover on one side of it, the paper from a large roll is made to meet the straw-board as it passes through the rollers, and is pressed on the board before the latter is completely dried by the last rollers. and is pressed on the board before the latter is completely dried by the last rollers. Strawboard comes altogether in 50-pound bundles, no matter what the size of the sheets. Some of it is so thick that there are only eight sheets of the regulation size in a 50-pound bundle; others thin enough to give 130 sheets to the bundle of that weight.

give 130 sheets to the bundle of that weight.

The boxmaker first cuts the larger sheets into the sizes he needs to make the kind of boxes wanted. Then these sheets of proper size are fed into a machine that scores them, that is, cuts half way through them in the right places so that the sheet may be folded and be in shape of a box with bottom, two sides and two ends. Before being folded, however, they are slipped into a machine which nips the corners off. The stay machine next gets the folded shape and puts gummed paper over the corners to hold together the sides and ends. The next machine lines and covers the boxes with paper in whatever color is wanted. The paper has blue on one side, like postage stamps, and is in rolls on an axle. The naked strawboard box is hung on another machine which turns the box up and down and over while the operator guides the paper over the box, outside and in. The lid is lined and completed in the same manner, being, of course, slightly larger than the box, so so to fit over it. There is a little machine to make the thumb hole, the little semi-circular opening at the middle of the bottom of each side of the lid, chine to make the thumb hole, the lit-tle semi-circular opening at the middle of the bottom of each side of the lid, which makes a place to get hold of the box while the lid is being pulled off. Then girls, by hand, deftly and quick-ly put on the labels. The box has made the round of the factory, going from the receiving room, where the strawboard is stored, to the shipping room awarding the warons which take room, awaiting the wagons which take them to merchant or railroad. The largest boxes made in Indianap

olis factories are those for shirtwaists, 26x16x10 inches; the smallest, 1x1x3-8 inches. The latter are used by dental supply companies to send samples of false teeth to their dentist customers. The little round pill boxes are not made in this city, and are said to be the product of only two factories in this country. The Indianapolis factories make pill boxes, but they are square. The small boxes in which quinine capsules and seidlitz powders are delivered to suffering humanity are a large product of nearly all factories of this kind.

As an example of the extensive use inches. The latter are used by dental

BOXES OF EVERY KIND. | month, in 90 sizes, from one of the lo-

month, in 90 sizes, from one of the local paper box factories. A wedding box is another product. It contains presents for the ushers—usually a collar, tie and a pair of gloves. The box is 14 inches long, 2 inches wide and 1 inch deep. It is lined and covered with fine glazed paper. Little dainty boxes for wedding cake are in different shapes, heart-shaped, triangular, square and oblong. Boxes are also made for funeral shrouds.

The glazed paper for covering the boxes comes in every color, shade and quality. Some of it costs nearly \$1\$ as sheet. The expensive kinds of boxes have pretty and delicate designs in several colors. Jewelry boxes are lined with velvet and satin. Leatherette is an expensive covering for paper boxes. Book cloth is used for sample cases, telescopes and desk files. Silver and gold paper is used for borders and trimmings, and candy. The prices of paper boxes vary from 50 cents a hundred to \$100 a hundred.

The old-fashioned bandboxes, the standby of our forefathers, with their black and sometimes white paper coverings, are seldom seen now, and are not made in any of the local factories. Hat boxes that are made here are square, following the modern fashion.

Boxes are not all made of strawboard. Woodboard is also used—a strong paper that is made of wood pulp. This board is white in color.—New Haven Register.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Vegetables are usually sold in piles in Buenos Ayres so that you have to measure quantity as well as quality by the eye, and butchers sell their meat by the chunk rather than by weight.

A wire fence weaving machine has been devised which enables a strong, serviceable fence to be constructed in position with rapidity and economy. The machine carries a number of spools of wire and the weaving of the fence progresses rapidly.

One indivdual, who narrowly escaped prosecution for counterfeiting rare eggs and selling the bogus specimens to museums has recently turned up with exculsitely lifelike photographs of birds, which, in reality, are produced by the help of stuffed specimens, artistically attitudinized.

While Mrs. P. T. Bulger of Portland, Or., was traveling on a train toward Spokane, Wash, the other day, she gave birth to twins. The elder, a boy, was born in Oregon, and the other a girl, in the state of Washington, an hour later. This s the first case on record where twins were born in different states.

The Gaekwar of Baroda has a bat-The Gaekwar of Baroda has a battery of artillery consisting of gold and silver guns. There are four guns, two of gold and two of silver. The gold guns were made in 1874 by an artisan of Lakha, who worked on them for five years. They weigh 400 pounds each, and, except for the steel lining, are of solid gold.

There yet remain in London of the old taverns seven Adam and Eves, five Noah's Arks and naturally connected with that, as many Olive Branches. There are two Jacob's Well's, one Job's Castle and one Samson's Castle. Oldest of all, but not the least appropriate, is or all, but not the least appropriate, is a Simon the Tanner, in Long lane, Bermondsey, the seat of the tanning industry in South London. Among those marked for destruction, too, one notes the sign of the Two Spies, a reference, of course, to those advance Israelites who returned from the Promised Land with their burden of grapes.

One part of Egypt shows where the outward and visible evidences of the aboriginal have been softened down with a veneer which the softeners fondly imagine is indicative of inward and priviled exceeding. and spiritual grace. This is along a 550-mile stretch of the White Nile, where the Shilluks live and move and have their being. Now, the Shilluks are a picturesque and a promising people. They have their Fashoda for a control at their properties. capital and their memories of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, which no man may take from them. Wherefore, what may take from them. Wherefore, what matters it that they have lost their original lawlessness, their former tur-bulence and their cheerful specialty of roasting the enemy on the point of the sult?

the spit?

Now the Shilluks are so civilized they carry short wooden clubs, after the fashion of the Broadway policeman and occasionally brandish a long spear and occasionally brandish a long spear in true light opera style. They lead an enviable life, these Shilluks; nothing to do all the livelong day but lie on the mossy bank and spear the horny-hided hippopotamus as he glides within range, or make a dead crocodile of a live one by the simple expedient of harpooning him through his vitals. As for work, that is for woman, and work, that is for woman my lord of the Shilluks never puts his

Agriculture is yet an undeveloped industry, and what little developing has already taken place has been at the instance and hands of the wives. The Shilluk country is not the birthplace of the seven Sutherland sisters of glori-ous hirsute memory. All the women of the tribe shave their heads.

A citizen walking past a butcher shop in a Kansas town saw the butcher and a customer rolling over the saw-dust floor in a lively rough and tumble fashion. He pried them apart and then learned that the customer had come to As an example of the extensive use of paper boxes, a saw manufacturer of this city gets thousands of them every it here or shall I wrap it up?" The butcher n buy some dog meat. The butcher is chalantly asked: "Do you wish to