FOR YOUNG READERS

The Wandering Grouch.

A little grouch got loose one day
To lunch and bumps around,
And ever as it rolled away
Some one had rueful things to say,
Or, saying nothing, frowned.

A man whose heart was full of song
Ceased suddenly to sing,
And, grumbling sadly, went along
Convinced that displacement and wrong
Were over everything.

A maid with glory on her face
And laughter in her eyes
Sat down to ponder on her case
Alas, the world's a cheerless place,"
She murmured through her sighs.

A mother who had sweetly smiled
And crooned a lullaby
Turned sadly from her fretful child
And, with a hunted look and wild,
Expressed a wish to die.

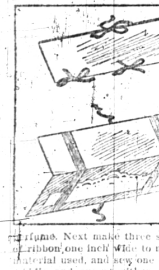
A roey boy who lightly played
About upon the floor,
Without preliminaries made
Remarks that loss of glee betrayed
And rose and kicked the door.

Let not the grouch you have got loose
Pounce on it at its birth,
Put round its neck a double noose
And guard it well, lest it produce
New troubles for the earth.

—S. E. Kiser.

Case for Turnover Collars.

Cut two pieces of cardboard, each 4 by 14 inches. Then baste on each side of these strips white sheer muslin, and trim the edges off even with the cardboard. Cover each strip on both sides with ribbon 4½ inches wide, or silk of some shade, turning the edges of the material and covering them together with some piece of the same shade. A little sachet powder sprinkled between the layers of cotton wadding will give a delicate



fragrance. Next make three small bows of ribbon one inch wide to match with material used, and sew one bow in the middle and one at either end of the strips, joining the strips together like hinges. On the opposite side from the hinges sew a piece of ribbon eight inches long to the middle of each strip; this is to do the case together with. Then sew a piece of ribbon across each end of the strips on the inside. These are to hold the collars in place.

A very pretty case can be made of dresden taffeta ribbon wrinkle and plain white taffeta ribbon on the inside, with either pale pink or pale blue bows. If a plain color is used on the outside a monogram inside of a heart can be put on with water color paints.

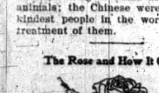
Chinese Bread Fruit.

The pomelo, sometimes called the Chinese breadfruit, a citrus fruit which may be described as a cross between the orange and the grapefruit, combining the good points of both, is the subject of an interesting report by Mr. Anderson, the United States consul at Hangchow, says the Youth's Companion. Mr. Anderson regards it as the finest fruit grown in the Far East. He believes that it might be introduced with profit into the southern United States. Already, it is understood, a few persons in this country are cultivating the pomelo, but not upon a commercial scale. In China, it is believed, this fruit has been cultivated for at least 2,000 years. The best pomelos in the world are said to come from a little valley near a large Chinese city named Chang Chew, lying inland from Amoy, and not yet opened to foreign trade. The summers in this valley are hot and rather damp, and the winters are without severe frosts.

Chinese Treatment of Animals.

They never punish; hence a child that in the hands of a foreigner would be useless or dangerous, to those about it becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as a lamb, writes George T. Angell in Our Dumb Animals. We never beheld a runaway, a jibbing or a vicious mule in a Chinaman's employment, but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a turn or cluck-k, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping with but a slat from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into the service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little lead ones of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed. Cattle, pigs and birds are equally well cared for. We met in Paris in 1869 Mr. Burlingame, who was then our minister to China. We asked him whether a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought not to be formed in China. His reply was that there was no such thing in China as cruelty to animals; the Chinese were about the kindest people in the world in their treatment of them.

The Rose and How It Grows



Plants are like animals in many ways. The animal breathes, so does the plant. The animal has veins through which the blood flows, carrying life and vigor to every part. The plant, too, has veins through which the plant's blood flows to every part. Through the center of the leaf runs a rough, heavy vein, from which are sent out many branches. These in turn send out smaller branches, and these last still smaller ones until the whole leaf is covered with a network of veins. The moisture is drawn from the earth through the roots and carried by these veins to every part of the leaf.

Look again at the surface of the leaf and you will see little pores. Through these the leaf breathes, taking in the air as we take it into our lungs. But the leaf takes that part of the air which the animal cannot use, and the animal takes the part the plant cannot use. In this we see the wisdom of God who made all things.

Legend of Monkeys.

Prince Carl of Sweden and Norway, when starting out from Hyderabad, India, on a tiger hunt, in 1883, was struck by the scenery around the city, where the unfinished ground is strewn with large blocks of stone, "as if they had been tossed hither and thither by Nature in some capricious mood."

Some of the blocks are piled upon each other in such a manner as to cause a lively imagination to fancy them giants barring the way.

According to Indian folklore, these blocks were brought hither some four thousand years ago, in this manner:

The monkeys, which, in the earliest times, in great numbers, inhabited the lands beyond the Himalayas, seized on the remarkable idea of building a bridge between the mainland and Ceylon and, headed by their leaders, they left their settlements for the sole carrying with them, from their mountains, materials for their gigantic bridge. But the road became too long for them, and they were obliged to abandon the spot where Hadies and his followers had left their boxes, and here they lie to-day.

Noah's Ark Party.

From water-color paper cut and decorate Noah's arks three or four inches long, and on the back of these paste an envelope to contain the invitations; produce the whole in a large envelope for mailing, says the Woman's Home Companion. The invitation may designate the kind of animal each guest should represent, or to represent, or they may be left to the individual choice, merely asking them to come in the parts in costume. These costumes can be as simple as potato-sack aprons, or as elaborate as the ingenuity of the guests and their mothers may devise. For the lion a tawny-colored shirt, with a fluffy ruche for the mane, and another made of tissue paper fringe.

In Other Words.

1—If the many persons are engaged in a culinary operation it is probable that the savory mixture may be said to be in the stew-pan.

2—It is not forbidden to the lowly to aspire, nor to lift the eyes of respectful admiration to the august countenance of the highest person in the realm.

3—It is not unusual to greatly and elegant article to appear to the wearer of graceful and beauty, and always accorded by nature.

Solutions: 1. "Too many cooks spoil the broth." 2. "A cheerful look at a king." 3. "The feathers make the bird."

The Emperor's Chain.

Did you ever hear of the game of "the Emperor's Chair"? It is very well known, but the writer saw children play it in a foreign settlement in Pennsylvania, and it struck him as a good one, relates the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The children took sides, an even number to each side. Then they lined his side up so that it stood facing the other, with about twenty-five feet of space between them. Then each emperor placed himself in the center of his own row, and the children of each side formed a chain by taking hold of hands.

When all were ready one emperor suddenly said "Attack!" and one of the children, whom he called by name, let go of his companion's hands and rushed at the opposite side, to break through the chain.

If he succeeded, the emperor of the broken chain had to give up one of his party, who then joined the other chain. If he failed, he became a prisoner of war, and had to remain.

The game goes on until one of the emperors is left all alone. Then he must try to rescue his "soldiers." When he fails and is caught himself the game is ended.

Girls and small children played this game with just as much fun as did the stronger ones. It was not a bit rough, because the players are not allowed to rush at each other, but must only run at the "links" of the chain that are formed by the clasped hands.

Home-Made Gifts.

For the pen wiper get three round pieces of heavy cloth about the size of a tumbler (or it may be any shape). Then take a piece of white heavy paper or water-color paper the same size and shape, and paint a bor-

der of about half an inch of blue around it and draw bells leaves and berries on it like the picture. Tie the cloth and cover together with a half yard of red ribbon.

For the blotter get a good-sized plain white blotter, or one that you can from a lawyer's office with advertisements on one side. Then get a piece of cardboard or water-color paper the same size as the blotter and paste it upon the first sheet, "work" side down. Then draw a margin about an inch wide, put bell leaves on it, leaves and bells and berries in the corners, and a wreath of bell leaves and berries on it like the picture. Tie the cloth and cover together with a half yard of red ribbon.

A Gallant President.

A pretty incident took place while he was on visit to France a few years ago. While driving in a suburb of Paris one day he saw a little girl who was in a strange predicament. In order to reach some blossoms growing on a horse chestnut tree she had climbed up on a post, but her foot had become tightly wedged in between two pieces of lumber and she was tugging away at it painfully when the president happened to pass. Quickly stopping his carriage he went to the little girl's assistance and after he had unfastened the shoe she slipped her foot out and then the shoe itself was removed. The little girl thanked him prettily and he drove on after asking her name and address. Imagine how delighted she was the next day when she received a gift box in the form of a shoe filled with delicious bon bons and found that the gentleman who had so gallantly assisted her was the president of the French republic.

The Rainbow.

The Indians have a lovely thought about the rainbow. They love flowers even as we do. The roses, lilies, pansies and goldenrod they hate to see leave. When they see a rainbow they fancy that in the lovely colors spanning the sky all the wild flowers, lilies, violets, etc., and the moss of the woods are still living and blossoming anew in the heavens.

Doll Furniture to make

How would you like to make some doll's furniture? It's a fine occupation for snowy days, and even if boys disdain dolls they will enjoy preparing the framework of the furniture, I am sure; then the girls can put on the finishing touches.

The materials necessary are thin box wood and strips, a bottle of glue, some thin steel wire nails, a box of small upholsterers' tacks and any pretty dimity, swiss or silkoline for the drapery.

The canopy bedstead is 24 inches long, 12 inches wide and 15 inches high. The uprights are three-quarters of an inch square and the rails at the top three-eighths of an inch thick and three-quarters of an inch wide. The slat rails are one and a quarter inches wide and the slats one inch.

The frame is put together with glue and nails.

A rail three-quarters of an inch wide is fastened to the middle of the top, over which stiff cardboard is bent to form a roof.

Plain silkoline is drawn over the cardboard and glued to the rail. Then a flounce gathered in a heading is tacked all around.

The posts and slat rails are either stained and varnished or painted in blue or white enamel paint.

A wider flounce is tacked around the lower edge of the slat rail, and two curtains at the sides of the bead and a backing behind the pillow finish a very attractive canopy bed.

The dressing table is made twelve inches high, ten inches wide and five inches deep, with the top six inches above the floor.

Two uprights support a top crosspiece, and to these the sides and top are made fast. Two shelves are arranged under the ledge.

A piece of mirror is glued to the back of the frame, and two curtains are tacked to the top crosspiece. The flounce on the lower part is divided in the middle to get at the shelves.

If you wish to be very neat, you can cut out the back of the frame about an eighth of an inch, put in the mirror, and hold it with a piece of stiff cardboard tacked as a picture is framed.

Lives Devoted to Prayer for World

(Special Correspondence.)

Protestant England contains the largest monastic institution in the world. Stranger still is the fact that nearly every member of this singular religious community is an ex-millionaire. Many of them hail from the noblest and wealthiest houses of Europe; among them are relatives of many princely families; but, on joining the community, they have sunk their identity under the name of patron saints, and given up their riches, whether in landed estates or money, to be used by the order to which they have sacrificed all that the world holds dear.

This is a Carthusian community—and here ex-millionaires, brought up to every luxury, may be seen doing the most menial of tasks, side by

Monastic Buildings.

side with humbler members of the community drafted from the peasantry of France and Italy. Every one in the monastery, prince or peasant, participates in the same household drudgery, the best of it being the share of each.

It is impossible not to be impressed by the transition from a luxurious age to the simple life lived by these men, who, for the love of God, and consoling humanity, have sought a life of more sacrifices than any other religious community in the world, has been closed, the bolt of a door, two and one-half miles from any railway station, and is near Partridge Green, four miles from Brighton and about two hours' ride from London.

There lives have in a practical sense no prayer for a sinful world, silent contemplation, and living in a place of retirement, while the world, kings and governments may pass away, thrones may be disrupted, London could be in flames, the class religion thrown aside, Parliament Green and Hyde Park nothing more to do, or the rich would take no heed.

Believe Prayers Save the World.

It is one of the absurdest ideas of every nonbeliever that prayer, and according to him, the monastic life, is a waste of time, that the power of prayer and self-abnegation is a myth, written in some of their books, but the distinter could be made to if they would turn their powers for good instead of evil, and, in a word, come. To quote this writer, "Good Lord, if to-morrow the Carthusians vanished, if our dioceses had bailiffs waiting on the ground, it would take up a painted bauble of pleasure, the world would be carried away, like a blade of grass by the storms of divine vengeance."

In the first place, one has to forget that there is anything human about him, if he wishes to consider with Carthusian requirements. Now and then these men speak to each other on rare festivals and saint days, but the rest of their time is supposed to be spent in the study of theological problems. Every object of interest, nature must be given up, every tie of affection that binds one to friends and relatives must be broken. Even in death one must be willing to be buried like a common pauper.

Surrounded by Forests.

From the little village of Partridge Green one drives to this Carthusian monastery through a rather hard looking country, and finally reaches the

Distant View of Monastery.

forest in which is concealed the green cluster of monastic buildings. These number sixty, form a hollow square and are so well hidden by surrounding woods that you do not realize their vast extent until you have walked around them.

Wealth running into thousands of dollars seems to have been lavished everywhere—magnificent stained glass windows, exquisite altar tapestries and truly fine mural decorations give an remarkable contrast to the severity of the rest of the buildings. Inside this church you see one or two monks prostrated in silent prayer, their cowls drawn over their heads. Everything silent, and the effect is one of awe and grandeur.

It is in this church that, at 12 each night, is held one of the weirdest and most impressive of religious ceremonies. Just at midnight the great bell of the monastery begins tolling, and white-robed figures sweep silently down the long corridor. Each carries a tiny lamp, taken from its stand in front of his crucifix, and wends his way along the cloisters, past the graveyard, to the church beyond.

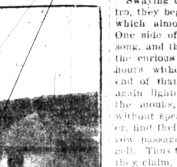
When every member of the community is in his allotted place the tiny lamps are extinguished. The only light remaining is that of the sacristy lamp hanging in front of the altar. This lamp sheds a red glow over the bending figures of the monks; their white garments seeming tinged with fire here and there.

Peculiar Services.

Swaying their bodies slightly to and fro, they begin a strange, weird chant which almost approaches to a wail. One side of the church takes up the song, and the other answers, and thus the curious chanting goes on for two hours without interruption. At the end of that time the tiny lamps are again lighted by a lay brother, and the monks, in perfect silence, and without speaking a word to each other, find their way back along the narrow passages, each going to his own cell. Thus the Carthusians explate, as they claim, the sins of the world.

At 2 o'clock they again arise to prayer, but at this time each monk says his prayers in his cell. The morning of life great bell in the clock tower sets the time for the beginning of each occupation and prayer. All the monks in the monastery are engaged in the same prayers at the same time throughout the numerous buildings, and thus again a peculiar form of religious worship—all praying to serve no man—is performed. This form of self-devotion is peculiar to the Carthusian order, which has practiced it from the earliest times.

The Carthusian monks do not even sit down to meals, but each regulation, to take food and psalmed throughout the refectory. This exercise is enforced by silence, unless one is bringing the meal per the refectory, saying a word. The meal consists of the remnants cake, bread and olive oil. The bottom has cabbage soup, the second dish that has ever been a vegetables and



Church of Monastery.

some fruit. A bottle of wine is alcoved with the dinner.

No meat is eaten; the Carthusians being strict vegetarians. Concerning this vegetarian diet the strictest rules prevail. Even if a monk is dying, and meat should be ordered by a doctor, it is not given. All the monks are hearty and robust looking, and their health certainly speaks well for their form of diet.

PREACHED PLANE OF EQUALITY.

Unique Tribute From a Fallen Lawyer to a Judge.

Hershel M. Hogg, representative from Colorado, presides at gatherings in the cloakrooms, in which good stories are told, being recognized as having more good yarns at his command than any of his colleagues.

"One of the best I ever heard," he said, "was told me by the other day related to a brilliant lawyer of Reno, Nev., who became a sot. When he was on his last loss a man whom he did not like was elected to the bench. A dinner was given in honor of the new judge, who, instead sending an invitation to the lawyer, now so besotted. He was persuaded finally to have the lawyer invited. The last person to be called upon for a speech was the wreck, who said:

"Twenty years ago I had a wife, children, the finest house in town, a carriage and the best practice in the state. At that time the gentleman whom we gather to-night to honor was driving an ox cart across the plains.

"Today, at that time I have been going down, down, and now I am in the gutter. He has been going up, up, until now he sits on the bench. And to-night I think we are pretty near on a level."—Kansas City Journal.

Women at the Opera.

There is a classic story that has been handed down from the days when grand opera held forth in the Academy of Music about a woman in one of the boxes who was heard to be confiding to her companion, in one of the dynamic changes of a forte passage to pianissimo, that "her cook never could fry oysters." This fable had its counterpart at one of the last Sunday night concerts in the Metropolitan, when, in a sudden hushing of the orchestra, a woman in the orchestra circle was heard to remark, "I wouldn't trust a dog to him."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Guest of Mexican President.

Prof. Baldwin of Johns Hopkins University, has just returned from Mexico, where, at the request of the Mexican government, he has spent six years inspecting the educational system of that country as a guest of President Diaz.

Tales of Siege.

Tales of the siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war have been many. One of these yarns was as follows: A much-loved collie dog had been preserved by its owner from the death that befell all pets during that time of starvation. There came at last a day, however, when it, too, had to go, and the sorrowing but famished family met their pet for the last time in the soup tureen. They ate in silence until nothing remained but a trap of bones. Then the master of the house, an absent-minded person, looked round in search of something, and said with a sigh: "How poor old Rover would have enjoyed those bones!"

The Nappes.

In the Canton dialect "Pekoe" means "white hair," and for this kind of tea the very youngest leaves of all are gathered, so young that the white down of babyhood is still upon them—whence their name. "Congou" means "labor," considerable trouble and labor being taken in its preparation at Amboy, these are perpetuated in its name. "Bohea" is called after a range of hills in Fo-Kien. "Souchong" expresses no sentiment, but a bald fact, being Cantonese for "the small kind." "Hyson" signifies "flourishing spring."

Relics of Bygone Heroes.

At Rug, near Bala, are preserved a knife, fork and dagger, once the property of Owen Glendower, the famous Welsh chieftain; Lord De L'Isle and Dudley has a magnificent two-handed sword which was once worn by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the Earl of Pembroke is very proud of the suit of russet and gilt armor which his remote predecessor William, Earl of Pembroke wore when commanding the English army at the battle of St. Quentin.

Iron-Ox Tablets Cure Constipation

There are many people suffering from weak nerves, weak backs, weak stomachs, and sluggish livers, who do not realize that constipated bowels are the cause of their trouble. Iron-Ox Tablets cure constipation to stay cured, and tone up every organ of the body to healthy action.

25 Iron-Ox Tablets in a handy aluminum pocket case, 25 cents at your druggist, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich.

Recommended and for sale by M. R. BLAIR.

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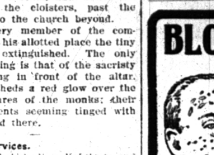

Before Treatment. After Treatment.

He was surprised at how the sores healed—"I took your New Method Treatment for a serious blood disease with which I had been afflicted for twelve years. I had consulted a score of physicians, taken all kinds of blood medicine, visited Hot Springs and other mineral water resorts, but only got temporary relief. They would help me for a time, but after discontinuing the medicines the symptoms would break out again—running of the glands, pains, crutches, rheumatic pains, looseness of the hair, swellings of the glands, pains of the bones, scaling, itchiness of the skin, dyspeptic stomach, etc. I had given up in despair when a friend advised me to consult you, as you had cured him of a similar disease 8 years ago. I had no hope, but took his advice. In three weeks' time the sores commenced to heal up and I became encouraged. I continued the New Method Treatment for four months and at the end of that time every symptom had disappeared. I was cured 7 years ago and no signs of any disease since. My boy three years old, is sound and healthy. I certainly can recommend your treatment with all my heart. You can refer my person to me privately, but you can use this testimonial as you wish. W. H. S.

We treat Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Stricture, Vital Weakness, Blood and Skin Diseases, Urinary, Bladder and Kidney Complaints of men and women.

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS, FREE—"The Golden Monitor" illustrated, on Diseases of Men. Sealed Book on "Diseases of Women" Free.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment FREE.

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CURES RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" takes internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct cause of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND

Of Brewton, Ga., writes:

"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave me relief like your "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kidney diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble, or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, morphine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

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Florida New Orleans and Cuba

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Through Pullman service from Chicago, Cleveland, Indianapolis and Columbus, via Big Four Route; Detroit and Toledo via Pere Marquette and C H & D Ry.; and Louisville via Southern Railway; connecting with solid Pullman train leaving Cincinnati 9.25 P. M. for Jacksonville and St. Augustine.

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Through Pullman service from Chicago and Indianapolis via Monon and C H & D Ry.; connecting with solid train leaving Cincinnati 9.30 A. M. for Jacksonville and St. Augustine, also through Pullman Service to New Orleans.

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Solid train Cincinnati to New Orleans via Chattanooga and Birmingham, also through Pullman service to Jacksonville via Asheville and Savannah.

Winter Tourist tickets now on sale at reduced rates. Write for illustrated folder.

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W. A. GARDNER, W. C. RINEARSON,
General Manager. Gen. Pass'r Agent,
CINCINNATI, O.

HOW SHE WOULD SAVE JULIET.

Simple Soul Saw Salvation for Heroine of Tragedy.

Mrs. Drinkwater, wife of the genial colonel, spent some weeks last summer in northern Maine, at the comfortable farmhouse of an honest widow, Mrs. Brand, who adds to her income by keeping summer boarders, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

Recently Mrs. Brand made her first visit to Boston, and while there met Mrs. Drinkwater, who took her to see Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Brand had never before been to a theater. "Camp meetin'" had been her wildest dissipation.

Mrs. Drinkwater's interest was equally divided between her companion and the stage. When they left the theater Mrs. Brand was silent. Her usual volubility had quite deserted her. Mrs. Drinkwater respected her silence, and said nothing until they were well on their homeward way. At last she ventured to ask: "How did you like it, Mrs. Brand?"

Mrs. Brand turned toward her, and the tears started to her eyes as she said: "Oh, Mrs. Drinkwater, I couldn't help thinkin' how different that play might have ended if the man had been a different kind of a woman, and pointed Juliet to Jesus."

Irishman's Joke.

Over in Clay county, Mo., there was a funny Irishman, says the Wellington News. It was years ago when Philander Lucas was judge of the county court. The Irishman had a suit before Lucas, and when it was tried his attorney asked that it be passed as his client wanted to employ additional counsel. When the judge was going to dinner, the Irishman accosted him: "Your honor," he began O'm thinkin' iv imployin' another lawyer fr me case. An' Ol think O wud rather pay yees f' rpraysint me than anny man else. Because, Judge Ol think yees have a very good knowledge iv th' law an' th' facts, an' th' hotch, yees, wud have a very good notion iv how th' thing is goin'."

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