Beneath, round and o'er us Comes muffled, uncertain, Through the day's drawn curtain, And the waking world lifts a workaday cry To mate with the martialing music on high.

Right good for the soul it is, drifting through

The office is better Than the lotus fetter,

And sweeter than the bottle Is the wide engine throttle; So, clerk, to your work, and, maiden, to your Tradesman, to your trade, and, agent, to your

schemes! There's time for you to loaf when the sun's gone out; it's work hours while he beams.

-Rupert Hughes in Criterion.

To What Base Uses. By Walter E. Crogan.

Beyond Dieppe is a fair country skirting a blue sea, and the poppies grow red and tall in the rustling wheat. The hedges are starred with blossoms and powdered with dust, for the highways are the roads of many.

Half way down the steep hill is a little hostel, a roadside inn. It has a face of flowers and is pleasant; it smiles with the welcome of a courteous native to the casual stranger; it invites inspection, it suggests refreshment and it disguises the materialistic form of its refreshment with the glamour of roses and a rustic porch.

The day was hot, and I hesitated at the porch. The room inside looked cool; it had a stone floor and a latticed window, which was thrust open. Then I saw the flutter of a pink gown and a silvery laugh came to me. I had a married sister waiting for me at Pourville, and I was already late, but then, I argued, I always had a married sister, and she was generally waiting for me somewhere, for I am invariably late, and a pink gown, in conjunction with so silvery a laugh, was alluring. I went in. The sunlight outside was very bright, the half light in the room was dim, and I stepped upon a dog-a pug dog, I afterward discovered-which resented my familiarity with his teeth. That destroyed the effect of my entrance. It produced a hurried exclamation and a half laugh, translated into a cough. The exclamation came from me. I apologized profusely to the lady who had been indeterminate as to laugh or cough. She was, I saw, divinely small, a cool, sweet, innocent face, with mischief, however, lurking in the eyes; a figure slight, willowly; an air of command and a dress inconceivable to an insular understanding-a mere

dream of light frills, soft silks and color. She drew herself up with some hauteur to the full extent of her 5 feet 4 inches, from which I deducted two inches in consequence of a glance at her shoes. In the lator of buttoning a long glove, she spoke.

"Monsieur, I, too, must apologize. It was ill of Fido. It is pardonable that, in the heat of such a surprise, a man should say-should say what you said."

"Yet to me it is a grief," I protested. "I," she went on, buttoning her glove, with her eyes fixed on me under the curtain of their long lashes, "I thought you were some one else."

I hate to be taken for anybody else but myself. I like to keep the flattering hope that I am unique. I was

piqued. "Madame," I answered, "I am sorry

that I was not the other person." She looked at me for quite awhile, which made me feel uncomfortable. At such moments I have always a misgiving that my tie has wriggled. Then she smiled. The smile began in her eyes, spread to her lips and finally took refuge in her teeth. I smiled, too-from sympathy partly, and partly to show her that I bore her no ill will for her

mistake. "Does monsieur generally enter an inn to tread upon little dogs?" I became aware that I had not summoned the landlord. I was also aware that I did not wish to summon the landlord.

"I heard you laugh," I said The fact seemed all eloquent to me; it appeared so to her. "I was expecting some one. We had

quarreled," she made reply.

"He was to blame?" "I have not said that it was a man." "It was unnecessary. You were good

enough not to think me devoid of common sense.

"He departed in anger." "A most ill tempered man."

"If I were in the wrong"-"Which is a supposition very much

strained." "I should be miserable, but as it is I laugh.'

"And when you laugh the world stops at your window."

"Monsieur is pleased to regard himself in a very flattering light!" "And I, as the only tangible object of the world, entered."

"Ah!" She played a short solo upon the stone floor with the tap of her shoe-it was crescendo. Her brow-it was as marble for whiteness and as soft as rose leaves -wrinkled in thought, her lips-I hardly knew whether to bless the gods

for permitting me a sight, or curse them for the hot temptation—puckered. She was evidently pondering.

"It is," she said at length, "an unceremonious entrance."

"It is an unceremonious introduction," I corrected. "The entrance was not unceremonious"-

"Unless to Fido." She laughed a rather irritating-at times. "But the boss of this town?" worst of it is there has been no intro-

duction."

trivialities.

"I do not know your name." "Nor I yours, so that is a bond of sympathy. Let us," I went on in a glow of trapiration, "imagine that we have been introduced at a dance. One

never knows the names in such cases." "He was certainly to blame." "Certainly. If a man willingly walks out of Paradise, he must be either a fool or"-

"He will come back."

"In that case" - I began, rising and taking up my bat from the chair. "Really," she answered, "a man

who willingly walks out of"-"But I don't," I objected. "I go

with the greatest reluctance." "It is very hot in the sun, mon-

sieur." "Madame, I greatly fear sunstroke. It is a disease which has had remarkable fatality for my family."

I replaced my hat upon the chair on which I had previously seated myself, and seated myself upon the chair on which I had previously placed my hat. That chair was nearer to madame by over a foot.

"Monsieur is prudent," she said and smiled. I should have been perfectly happy if her gaze did not so often wander through the window frame and seek

the sunshine outside. "Nay, I fear," I murmured, looking

at her ardently, "impudent." "That is hardly in the nature of

compliment." "Because," I went on boldly, "in the joy of a moment, a minute, an hour, I peril my future peace."

She beat another solo upon the floor and again looked into the sunshine. My eyes followed the direction of hers, and I thought I saw a bat. The bat was severe-nay, rigid: it was a masculine

"Is the peril so great?" she asked. She spoke so softly that I pushed my chair a little nearer to her and leaned

"The answer is entirely in your bands, madame," I said. "There may be no peril," she pout

ed, "for who knows what tree of love may spring from this mere grain of barely ten minutes?"

She glanced at me sideways. "Have you noticed the roses at the window?"

"No," I answered. "They are there, no doubt-roses are often at windows -but I have eyes for you only."

"There is one-almost a bud. I covet it. I must have it."

She rose and passed swiftly to the window. Again I thought I saw the hat. I rose. I followed her. I stood behind her as she raised her ungloved hand-a dainty, slender, white hand; a hand that any man might not tire of kissing easily. She caught the bud, broke its stem and gave a faint cry.

"You have hurt yourself," I said. "A thorn," she answered hurriedly; "it has pricked me-it is still in, I

I took her hand in mine. I have had some experience of thorns in connection with little hands, and I did not look for any deep wound, yet I must confess to some considerable surprise when I found none at all, and even after minute search no visible impression upon the satin of her skin.

"Madame," I said falteringly, "I

can see nothing." "Stupid," she cried pettishly, yet not loudly. "Look again-I tell you I have hurt my hand badly. You cannot see well. Hold it to the light."

I held it to the light. I looked at it very carefully-the hand was really worth looking at-I bent lower over it, lower still. Then suddenly I glanced upward. She was smiling. I saw a challenge in her eyes. I kissed her hand.

"Clotilde," said a voice over my head. It was a strange voice, and it seemed out in the garden, a little above me. I looked up and recognized the rigid, severe hat. Under the hat was a man. He looked bad tempered when he regarded me; he looked penitent when

he gazed upon madame. "Henri," she cried, "I have a thorn in my finger. This gentleman is clumsy

-he cannot discover it." She glanced at me scornfully and stretched out her perfectly healthy hand to the owner of the rigid hat, who took it. Then, in that hand, innocent of a scratch or mark, he found a thorn, plucked it out and kissed the place where it had been. I think, though, the wound was, after all, not in her hand, and if I did not find it I was not

useless in the healing. Then suddenly I remembered that I had not summoned the landlord and rectified my forgetfulness in a violent manner. When mine host entered, he was in time to see the rigid hat bending under a parasol somewhere down

the road. "Ah, they have made it up again!" he cried, with evident satisfaction. "I am glad of that, for the wedding is to be in the early part of next week, and I am to supply the wine for the cere-

mony.' Every one seemed satisfied but myself. I continued my walk to Pourville,

having remembered my sister who was waiting. - Black and White.

Variety In Kingly Nicknames. History gives 68 sentimental surnames to emperors and kings whom it chronicles. For instance, Charles VIII | trat. of France had the alias appellation of "the affable;" Alphonse XI of Leon and Castile, "the avenger;" Victor

Emmanuel, "regalantuomo." Many potentates are ranked by history under the same alias. Eight are 'good," 41 the "great," 7 are "conquerors," 2 "cruel," 2 "fair" and 4

What Hurt.

"What's the matter?" asked the friend. "You're not angry because that little, and I began to find her laugh | man accused you of being the political

"That isn't what he said," replied the "Does that matter?" I asked. For I wasn't the boss."-Washington Star. | Globe.

THAT WAS FATAL.

Why the Doctor Had a Premonition That Misfortune Had Overtaken a Wealthy Planter-How the Story of the Crime Leaked Out.

The story was told by a police commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He

as Dr. Smith. hold by remarking that he 'had a feeling' that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they visiting once a week.

"On the day of Smith's singular preof inspection, but failed to come back, terms with her husband. and the following morning his corpse some sort of fit or convulsion.

cil by four inches long, and had orig- out that her dream had come true. inally contained a couple of dozen the bottom.

There was no autopsy.

Smith's curious prophecy, and it set an's dream. me to thinking. Eventually I evolved | Women as dreamers seem more sucin my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise. Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, grad-I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach.

"That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label.

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first

excited my suspicion. "When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has re-

mained ever since." "Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?" "Well," said the police commissioner,

smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals-he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."-New Orleans Times-Demo-

Ate Course Dinners. A woman just arrived from Aus-

tralia was recently negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington. She asked if it was a nice neighbor-"It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent. fish families."

TURE OF CRIMINALS.

Marvelous Manifestations That Baffle the Ingenuity of Man to Explain and Which Prove Anew That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

A very remarkable instance of the tracing of a criminal by means of a dream occurred in St. Louis. A woman named Mary Thornton was detained in custody for a month, charged with the murder of her husband. A week was a rising practitioner at a place or so after her arrest she requested to where I formerly lived, and, with your see one of the prison officials and told permission, I will speak of him simply him she had dreamed that an individual named George Ray had murdered "About a dozen years ago, as nearly her spouse, giving the official at the as I remember, this young man went same time full details of the tragedy on a visit to a relative in a neighbor- as witnessed in her vision. The man ing city, and one afternoon, on the Ray was not suspected at the time, third or fourth day of his stay, he but the prison authorities were so startled a lady member of the house- much impressed by the woman's obvious earnestness that a search was at once made for him.

After some delay he was traced and both knew very well, and whom I will charged with the crime, the details of call Colonel Jones. The colonel was a the same as seen in the dream being prominent resident of the doctor's rehearsed to him. Overcome with ashome town and had a large outlying tonishment, he then and there conestate, which he was in the habit of fessed that he had committed the crime. Curiously enough, the woman had only met the murderer once and monition he was on one of those tours | believed him to be on the very best of

Almost as remarkable was the case was found lying in a cornfield. He of a woman named Drew, who dreamhad evidenty been dead about 24 ed one night that her husband, a rehours, and from the appearance of the tired sailor, had been murdered by a body seemed to have been seized with peddler at a Gravesend tavern, where the said husband was in the habit of "Of course the affair created a great | putting up when visiting the town in stir, and the police made a pretty question. The first news that awaited thorough investigation, but the only her on rising in the morning was that thing they found that merited any her spouse had been assassinated at special attention was a small, round | the very tavern she had seen in her exvial in the dead man's vest pocket. It traordinary vision, whereupon she was about the diameter of a lead pen- burst into hysterical tears and cried

She calmed down somewhat after a medicinal tablets, which, lying one on few hours and then handed the police top of the other, filled the little bottle officials an exact description of the to the cork. A few still remained in peddler of the vision, giving a minute account of his dress, which included a "Upon inquiry it was learned with- blue coat of a very peculiar pattern. out trouble that the tablets were a Marvelous as the fact may appear, a harmless preparation of soda, and that man wearing such a coat and follow-Jones himself had bought them at a ing the occupation of a peddler was local drug store. That ended suspicion discovered two days later at an inn in that quarter, and, for lack of any- some six miles from Gravesend, and, thing better, the coroner returned a on being taxed with the crime, he at verdict of death from sunstroke. once admitted that he was guilty and that robbery had been the motive of "Some time after Jones had been the outrage. He was hanged soon aftburied," continued the police commis- erward, his doom having been brought sioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. about by the flimsy evidence of a wom-

Saturday evening, proceeded home to shake hands again." ually lost his practice, and finally dinner and after enjoying a substanskipped out to avoid prosecution for tial meal lay down on the couch and "Look here, major, bills against you to by, Thompson, goodby." cashing a fake draft. After his flight | fell into a light doze. A very vivid | the amount of \$200 have been put i dream then came to him wherein he our hands for collection. You promi saw two men of the burglar type en- to pay that old board bill two mon gaged in rifling the safe in his office, ago. I want to know what you are and so much impressed was he by the | ing to do?" vision that he resolved, upon awakening, to at once go to the office and see that everything was underlock and key.

His amazement may be imagined when, on arriving there, he discovered the door forced and a burglary in progress. To summon a couple of gendarmes was the work of an instant, and five minutes later the thieves, who proved to be notorious housebreakers, were on their way to the police depot, where the prosecutor told his extraordinary story. In view of the fact that the safe contained valuables to the extent of some thousands of pounds, the tablet of strychnine, and, encountering dream in question proved a very fortunate one for the dreamer.

How to explain these marvelous manifestations, which prove once more that truth is stranger than fiction, is a task beyond the ingenuity of man to compass. Perchance the theory of telepathy may have something to do with the mysterious business, but even that theory would appear rather inadequate

in such cases as the aforementioned. A skillful forger who moved in the highest circles of society was once detected by the agency of a dream. The affair occurred in Boston and caused

the greatest excitement of the time. The forger, a young man of eight or nine and twenty, had become acquainted with a rich publisher, at whose house he became a constant guest. One day the publisher's bankers discovered that some one was forging their client's signature to various large checks, and two detectives were at once instructed to look out for the culprit.

Their efforts proved useless, but one evening the publisher's youngest daughter, a little girl of 11, dreamed that she saw a man whom she described as "like Mr. Blank," the visitor to whom reference has been made, sitting in a room in Maine street copying her father's signature. The child's dream though inclined to ridicule the same at of \$20,000,000. The idea is strictly origthe outset, eventually promised to have the gentleman in question watched, with the result that his lodgings were raided and a complete plant for the making of bank notes found there. It was wanted for manifold forgeries schools. Twenty-four tunes in the box, ed to inquire into the insanguinity of throughout the Union, and he was sent to prison for a very long term.

The child's dream was all the more she was too young to understand the leading incidents of the business and slip, and you have 'Home, Sweet "They are without exception soup and attributed the copying of her father's Home,' with variations. Thompson, signature in the dream to the "gentleman wanting to write nicely, like papa." It is not correct to say that a girl Strange, very strange, but none the less you that these bills must be paid at If the average man could read the "renders" a song. If she lives long true, and proving once more that, as once or you will be haled into court." enough to become of some use in the Hamlet remarked, "There are more world, she may some day render lard, things in heaven and earth. Horatio Indignant citizen. "He intimated that but she can't render a song.—Atchison than are dreamed of in your philosophy."-Philadelphia Times.

THE FIFTH TABLET CARRIED A DOSE VISIONS THAT RESULTED IN THE CAP- HE PLANS A DEVICE THAT WILL TAKE THE PUBLIC BY STORM.

> Major Crofoot Originates the M. W. B. Company, Filling a Long Felt Want, and Incidentally Takes In a Lawyer Friend.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] that change over and over and figuring how many times the \$28 he owed his landlady, the \$12 he owed his tailor. the \$4 he owed his hatter and the \$75 he owed various other people would go into that 40 cents. He was still about it when he heard a step on the stairs. It was the step of an aggressive man. As it came nearer it betokened the step of a determined man. As the door was burst open without preliminary warning the major recognized the fact that he was face to face with a circumstance. For one brief second his knees weakened, and he caught his breath with a gasp. Then he was on his feet with hand outstretched and a smile on his face and saving:

"Bless my soul, but if you had been two minutes later I should have been on my way to your office! Come in:

"I didn't know as you would rememlooked around the office.

"What! Not remember Thompson of Thompson & Thompson, attorneys at law! You must be joking. My dear



"I WANT TO TAKE YOU IN." a theory, but it was impossible at the cessful than men, but a rather peculiar man, Major Crofoot never forgets the time to sustain it with proof, and for instance of a crime being traced by a face or name of a friend. You more five or six years I kept it pigeonholed vision and in which the dreamer was a than any other man in the world have window, dissolve the partnership, and member of the male sex comes from been in my thoughts for the last three then take your position as secretary. Rennes, in France. 'A worthy mer- days, and, as I remarked, I was about No hurry for a day or two, but don't chant, having quitted his office one to start for your office. Thompson, wait too long. I want to get the arti-

"I haven't time," replied Thompson. as possible and patent the idea. Good-

"Do, my dear Thompson? Why, going to give you a check in about seconds for the whole indebtedne You could have had your money I ago if you had given me the slight hint. Major Crofoot has a good m ory, but how can you expect him to to keep mum our patent is seem

keep track of shillings when he is ed." dealing in thousands of dollars." "I heard you were promoting a litle," said the lawyer as he waited for utes. Then the major heard threats

"Ten companies formed in the last one went slowly down stairs. three months, my boy, and the eleventh just ready to be incorporated. Grand aggregation of over \$300,000,000 capital thus far, and every company bound to pay at least 30 per cent dividend. What do you suppose I've get

on hand now?" "I can't say, and as I'm in a hurry you may fill out that check."

"But I'm here about those bills." my integrity. The man or woman who Liege district, and in some cases heavy trusts Major Crofoot never regrets it. bets have been made on the result, might not have picked up this eleventh scheme but for you. I wanted to let you in. I wanted to reward you

it away-get rid of it before night."

said the lawyer as he came to a halt. his arm again, "is the Musical Wash- Formerly their sharp, biting taste made was communicated to the police, who, board company, organized on a capital them palatable. inal with me. Washboard runs a music box while you rub. Music box can be placed in the laundry, parlor, kitchen or even the next house. May arrange then transpired that he was a man who drug stores, kindergartens and public the jury, impaneled, sworn and chargevenly divided between sad and lively. Hezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirm-As the washerwoman rubs away at ative." one of your colored shirts the music extraordinary in view of the fact that box strikes up 'Comin Thro' the Rye.' She changes off to a sheet or pillow-

> shake hands!" "I won't do it. I came here to notify

"It's a hummer, my boy-it's a suc- it.-Chicago News. cess from the start. Costs nothing extra for the music, you know. While you are hiring a woman in the laundry | himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

my part I was willing to forego such DEATH IN THE VIAL. SOME QUEER DREAMS. THE GRAND SCHEMER for a dollar and a quarter a day she's furnishing music for the parlor free gratis. Put a bedquilt on the washboard and you can hear the strains of 'The Old Oaken Bucket' from garret to cellar. Let the woman tackle a tablecloth, and everybody goes dancing to the tune of 'Maggie Murphy's Home.' Drug stores can have it at a slight cost for their patrons, and public schools needn't pay a cent. Rub-a-dubdub! Music by the box! Thompson, The grand promoter sat at his desk don't miss it. Don't throw a good in his office with a wandering look on thing over your shoulder. I want to his face and 40 cents in change spread take you in. I have taken you in. You out before him. He had been counting are to be secretary of the M. W. C. at \$20,000 a year."

"That's all wind," bluntly exclaimed the lawyer, "and it won't work. Will you draw me a check for \$200?"

"Isn't it a wonder that somebody else didn't strike on the idea?" whispered the major as he patted Thompson on the shoulder. "The washboard has been known for 200 years. What was easier than to make friction run a music box to soothe the sorrowful, lull the ailing or enthuse the discouraged? It would have saved thousands of lives annually, prevented thousands of suicides, and yet no one thought of it. Thompson, shake hands! It's the secretaryship at \$20,000 a year for you, and I'll get you \$50,000 worth of stock at ground floor figures. Months ago, when I was hard up and couldn't pay a bill of \$7, you put your hand on my shoulder in a brotherly way and said you had every confidence in my finanber me," dryly replied the visitor as he | cial integrity. Do you imagine I've forgotten that, Thompson? Not by the grave of my grandfather! I never think of it without the tears coming to my

> "Do you want to be sued for these accounts?" demanded the lawyer when he could get in a word.

"And your reward for trusting me is this," continued the major-"the salary of \$20,000 is only a starter. I'll double it after the washboards get into the market. The \$50,000 in stock will pay you \$25,000 a year in dividends at the very least, and perhaps double that, and there you are. You can safely put your first year's income down at \$65,-000. Is that enough, Thompson? If not, just say the word, and I'll add \$20,000 to it. Meanwhile"-

"Meanwhile I want no more of your

wind!" "Meanwhile, my dear secretary of the M. W. C., I owe \$200. You have the accounts to collect. Just mark 'em 'collected,' and I'll pay in the \$200 to hold your stock. Always have to have a deposit as evidence of good faith, you know. If it was anybody else, I'd demand a certified check for \$10,000. Thompson, go home and throw your

lawbooks out of the window." "I'll be hanged if I do! I want to

know"-Throw your lawbooks out of the cles of incorporation through as soon

The door was shut and locked, and there was grim silence for five min-

and vows and mutterings, and some

M. QUAD.

Crowing Matches, The Belgian artisan spends his leisure in a very curious manner. He keeps a special cock for crowing, and the bird which can outcrow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The mode of operation is "The biggest scheme of all—the ne to place the cages containing the roostplus ultra!" whispered the major with ers in long rows, for it appears that a flourish of his right arm. "I expect- one bird sets the other off crowing. A ed to stop at ten, but this scheme marker appointed by the organizers of came pushing along and I had to take the show is told off for each bird, his it up. It's the richest of them all. duty being to note carefully the num-It'll pay 100 per cent profit from the ber of crows for which it is responsible very start. In a week from now the in the same fashion as the laps are re-Standard Oil company won't be on corded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour. the winner being the bird which scores "My dear Thompson, walk with me. | the highest number of crows in the al-When I was hard up, you were one of lotted time. A great number of these the few who did not lose confidence in competitions have taken place in the

Radishes, Radishes originated in China, where for your faith in me. Thompson, my they have been cultivated for many boy, sell out your law business-give centuries and sometimes grow as big as a man's head. In Germany the old "I want to know about those bills," fashioned country mothers cure hourseness and cough with radish juice mix-"The last and best scheme of all," ed with sugar candy. The radishes of continued the major as he got hold of today have no flavor, no character.

A Jury Room Gem. A gem from the records of a Missouri court, given in an address by Hon. William H. Wallace, is the following later on to have 'em connected with lucid verdict in a lunacy case: "We,

Two Bad Bites.

Diogenes, being asked, "What is that beast which is the most dangerous?" replied, "Of wild beasts the bite of a slanderer and of tame beasts that of the flatterer."

story of his life he wouldn't believe

A man who finds no satisfaction in