

## A DEADLY OCTAVE.

I.

"I see by your face, doctor, that you think it a very serious case. Is not that so?"

"Well, Mrs. Delmege," I replied, in as cheering a tone as possible, "there is really no immediate cause for anxiety. Your daughter is undoubtedly not in a good state of health; her nerves are upset and she wants rest and total freedom from worry."

"But," said Mr. Delmege, "what can she have had to worry her? She was always, as you know, in the best of health and good spirits until the past few months, when she has gradually fallen into this condition."

"I should like to see Dr. O'Connell," I replied, rather evasively. "He has, you say, been attending Miss Delmege for some time past?"

Dr. O'Connell, the local practitioner, lived but short distance from Deanpark, Mr. Delmege's residence.

"We will send the trap over there at once with you if you wish," said Mr. Delmege.

"Do so!" I answered. "I am anxious to see him as soon as possible."

I had a lengthy conversation with the doctor. He was a smart, intelligent-looking man, and had the reputation of possessing a larger share of ability than is usual in a country practitioner.

The result of our conversation was that I decided to remain for some time at Deanpark, and wired to my house in London for my things to be sent on.

The case was a more serious one than I cared to admit to Miss Delmege's parents. The danger was not immediate; but if my diagnosis of the case, with which Dr. O'Connell quite agreed, was a correct one—the girl's life was undoubtedly in danger.

Miss Delmege was a young girl of about 18, and extremely pretty, she was an only child, and the idol of her parents. She had suddenly some months ago, fallen into rather bad health, becoming subject to violent headaches, attended by continued sore throats and pains in the eyes.

At length Dr. O'Connell, the local man advised calling in further advice, and I, being an old friend of Mr. Delmege's was sent for.

Ten days or so passed by after my arrival at Deanpark, during which time I carefully studied and watched the progress—for progress, alas! it was—of the malady from which Miss Delmege was suffering, and at the end of that time I was fairly puzzled to arrive at the cause, though I was quite satisfied as to what the nature of the illness was.

"Can we do nothing for my poor child?" exclaimed Mr. Delmege, during one of my visits. "Is she to die under our very hands?"

I determined then to tell Mr. Delmege my opinion of the case, as there was nothing to be gained by concealing it any longer from him.

"I have made," I said, "a most careful diagnosis of the complaint from which your daughter is suffering, and there is in my mind not the slightest doubt but that it is the effects of arsenic poisoning."

Mr. Delmege stared at me in horror. "Poisoning!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I continued, "All her symptoms are those exhibited in arsenic poisoning. The mystery is how she is getting it. She eats exactly the same food as you eat; it cannot, therefore, be in that way. I have examined critically the paper on the walls of her bedroom; I have subjected even the soap, her tooth powder—every little thing I can think of, in fact—to a most minute inspection, and in no way can I ascertain any traces of the poisoning."

"I confess I feel helpless to strike on any likely theory at present, but at all events I would advise your taking your daughter for change of air somewhere. If she makes a decided improvement while away, I candidly tell you I would not take her back here until I have ascertained the source of this poison, which is undoubtedly being administered to your daughter in such a way that it apparently affects no others in your household."

Mr. Delmege stood aghast at what I told him.

"Poison?" he said. "Oh, who would want to injure my poor Agnes, who never did harm to anyone in her life?"

"Tell me," I asked, "is there anyone who would gain directly by her death?"

"No—oh, no!" Mr. Delmege replied, horror-struck by my question. "Ah, but let me see!" he went on, as if considering. "There is Mr. Hunt. He is a trustee for £10,000, which was left to Agnes by her aunt. If she should die before she becomes of age the money goes to Mr. Hunt or his children. In the event of her surviving that age, the money becomes absolutely my daughter's. But I cannot believe that Mr. Hunt would on that account try to injure my child. He has always been very obliging in many ways—indeed, it was Mr. Hunt who chose that new piano for Agnes, as we were unable to go to London ourselves at the time."

"Is he well off?" I inquired.

"I really cannot say," answered Mr. Delmege; "not very, I fancy. He is connected with some chemical business, I believe, or was at one time. But, doctor, if he had wished to injure my child he had no opportunity of doing so, for he never comes here, though we have often asked him; in fact, we really hear very little about him, and see him less."

## II.

It certainly did not appear likely that Mr. Hunt could be the author of Miss Delmege's sickness; but at the same time I could not shake off the feeling that in some way or other he was connected with it.

"Well," I replied, after a little consideration, "I will tell you what to do."

Take your daughter at once away to some place for a change of air. Seacombe by the way, is a charming place near the sea, and the air is most bracing. I must return to London for a short time, and when you are settled at Seacombe, I will run down to have a look at my patient."

After a short time I ran down to Seacombe, and was as delighted as her parents to see the almost complete recovery that the change of air had wrought in my patient.

"I'll tell you what, doctor," said Mr. Delmege, "I will just take your advice about remaining here for a bit. I have decided on taking a house here for the winter; the climate is mild, and I dare say we all need a little change after our recent anxiety. I will send to Deanpark for some things, though the house we have taken is small and we won't require very much, but Agnes must have her piano—she is never really happy without it."

"Very good," I said; "I think it is the best thing you can do. Your daughter seems to have quite recovered."

I did not like to damp his good spirits, but in his joy at his child's recovery Mr. Delmege appeared to forget the deadly nature of her complaint, and as I returned to London I could not help thinking that the stealthy hand that was at work at Deanpark would sooner or later find a way to carry on its murderous work, no matter where its victim might be.

In this surmise I was only too correct. About a month afterward I received a wire from Mr. Delmege to come to Seacombe at once.

Putting off all my other engagements I journeyed down by the next train and got to Seacombe by the afternoon.

The house Mr. Delmege had taken was small, but very prettily situated in about an acre of ground commanding a lovely view of the bay and hills beyond.

I met him in the hall. He was in a terrible state.

"My poor child—she is as bad as ever!" he exclaimed.

Miss Delmege was lying on a sofa in a darkened room. She was suffering from great headaches and pains in the eyes; her throat, too, was very constricted. It was pitiful to see the poor thing so, and her patience under all her sufferings.

I gave something to ease the pain in her head and send her to sleep. Sitting by her I noticed—indeed, I had

A SHOT RANG OUT.

noticed it before—that her nails were rather bitten. It was a habit she was inclined to, and when I spoke about it once, she declared was induced by playing the piano so much. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time, but now the words came back to me with a peculiar significance.

I remembered that Mr. Delmege told me that Mr. Hunt had chosen the piano.

Now, Miss Delmege was the only one in the house that played, as neither her father nor mother ever touched the instrument.

This last attack had come on just a week after the piano had come from Deanpark. I sat thinking over the matter for some time, and before saying anything to Mr. Delmege decided to make careful examination of the instrument, which I felt sure now was a some mysterious way the cause of his daughter's sickness.

That night after dinner, when Mrs. Delmege had gone up to sit with her daughter and Mr. Delmege had walked out for a stroll I went over to the piano, and, lighting the candles, sat down and carefully scrutinized the keyboard. I then took a microscope from my pocket, and critically examined the ivory keys, and became aware of the presence of a fine white powder on some of the notes in the center octave.

A shudder of horror went over me. Further close examination rendered me certain that it was powdered arsenic.

The next step was to remove the front board of the piano, and to take out some of the center notes to examine them more closely, when, as I did so, I saw what made me start back with an involuntary exclamation of amazement.

I had unearthed the most diabolical intention for the destruction of human life I had ever seen or heard of.

Underneath the keys of the center octave ran a small gutter like construction of stiff brown paper, filled with powdered arsenic. It was so ingeniously made that, while it in no way interfered with the tone or sound of the instrument, it from time to time, from the percussion of the notes, threw up on the keys a scattering of the deadly powder.

Miss Delmege's habit of biting her nails—a habit, no doubt, known to her trustee—had thus been utilized in the most hellish fashion to bring about her death, and undoubtedly it would have done so but for my timely discovery.

I replaced the notes carefully without disturbing the deadly gutter of arsenic, for it would be required in the future when Mr. Hunt—as I determined he should be—was brought to justice for attempted murder.

As I was leaving the piano I suddenly

ly became aware of a face peering in at me from the window.

It was the face of an elderly man, with a white beard and wild, staring eyes. It disappeared at once. I made a dash for the window, when suddenly a shot rang out in the night air, and a bullet, grazing my temple, smashed into fragments a vase on the mantelpiece.

I sprang out of the window, and saw the figure of a man rushing toward the copse at the back of the house, where it disappeared.

Another shot rang out.

I hastened toward the wood, and, before I had gone many yards, found the body of Mr. Hunt—as it afterward proved to be—stretched out dead on the sward.

He had come down to Seacombe to see how this murderous plan was progressing, and, hearing I was there, feared something evidently. Prowling round the house, he had seen my examination of the piano, and the discovery of his diabolical design. I think, upset his mind, and in desperation he attempted my life and took his own.

It was some time before Miss Delmege or her parents recovered from the shock of the awful occurrence of that night; but time is a great medicine, and they are all happy and well now.

The piano with its fatal octave is kept locked in a dark storeroom at Deanpark, where visitors are sometimes permitted to see and hear its tragic history.

## PREMATURE BURIAL.

Many Distinguished People Have Been Afraid of It.

Wilkie Collins left a missive among his papers, says a writer in Chambers' Journal, directing that when he died a thorough examination of his body was to be made by a skilled surgeon. Lady Burton, wife of Capt. Sir Richard Burton, ordered that her body should be pierced with a needle in the region of the heart. Mr. Edmund Yates, of the World; Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, and Hans Andersen, the writer of so many fairy tales, may be mentioned as men and women who have left instructions that they should not be interred until everything possible had been done to make sure that they were lifeless.

In some cases it was the severance of a vein, in others even decapitation that was resolved upon. Others, with a similar end in view, have adopted different means. The signalling invention of Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote this subject up in his characteristically weird fashion, is familiar to all readers. Then, there is the apparatus of a Russian inventor, which consists of a mechanism placed in the throat of the corpse. If consciousness returned and an effort were made to breathe, the effort set in motion certain wires, which resulted in a bell ringing in the cemetery keeper's lodge. In "Jezebel's Daughter" the idea is very similar, save that, instead of a throat apparatus, wires were fastened to the hands of the corpse. Last year Sir Henry Littlejohn told his students at Edinburgh of a fancy coffin, fitted with patent springs so constructed that on the slightest indication of returning life, they would immediately open the coffin and thus save the victim. This may have a reference to the Russian invention, seeing that the idea is the same, though there is a slight difference in detail.

## A Honeymoon on a Tree Top.

A honeymoon on a tree-top! This is the strange freak of a bridal couple in California. In that state the famous redwood tree grows to a height of 200 feet. It is bare of branches for more than half its height. The top, however, is crowned by beautiful foliage, and on the highest branch of one of these forest monarchs a romantic couple are spending their honeymoon. The only means of reaching "The Cuckoo's Nest," as they call their retreat is by a rope ladder, which is drawn up when they are at home, so that no prying visitor can disturb their sweet solitude. "Our home is a dream," says the romantic bride. "What could be more peaceful and romantic than to recline high above earth on a thin couch, piled high with innumerable cushions filled with all sorts of fragrant herbs, pine needles, balsam and new-mown hay? We have plenty of reading matter, and hour after hour is spent in that most delightful spot. Our moonlight nights are grand, and campers come from all parts of the valley to catch a glimpse of the picturesque canon from our home. Our housekeeping is done on a very small scale, and doubtless a good old housekeeper would look with horror upon our primitive stove, table and dishes, and wonder how we could possibly keep them clean; while the schoolgirls greet all this with, 'Isn't this an ideal life?'"

## Reading in Three Countries.

Cases have been known of a man's house being in two parishes, and even in two counties, but a Belgian paragon gives an instance of a miller, whose premises are in Bavaria, Prussia and Lorraine, though, of course, he claims to be a frontier inhabitant. He is the miller of Uhrigmuhe-loz-Bliesmengen, and the three territories on which he dwells touch each other, the line of demarcation being in the kitchen. The miller cannot really say that he is a Bavarian, a Prussian, or an inhabitant of Lorraine, for, after investigation, it has been discovered that he sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia and works in Lorraine.

Prof. Von Zenker, who in 1860 first discovered the trichina disease, died recently in Mecklenburg at the age of 73 years.

## FIELDS FOR TRADE.

THE WAR HAS PROVED A REVELATION IN EUROPE.

For the First Time the Nations of the Old World Have Begun to Realize the Power and Resources of This Country.

After a seven weeks' tour of Europe, Theodore C. Search, president of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, has returned to Philadelphia. One of Mr. Search's chief objects in going abroad was to study the commercial conditions existing in each country of the old world, with the view of shaping the plans of the association on any lines of improvement which such conditions suggested. Mr. Search spent some time in London, and then visited the manufacturing and industrial centers of England, including Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds and Sheffield. He later on visited Hamburg, Berlin, Copenhagen and some of the leading cities of the north of Europe. In each of these he acquired a good deal of valuable information, and is on the whole decidedly pleased with his trip abroad. Speaking of the trip abroad and of its relation to the organization of which he is president, Mr. Search said: "After having given particular consideration to the possibilities for an American warehouse in the three most important points I visited, namely, London, Hamburg and Berlin. I have come to the conclusion that Hamburg would probably offer the best opportunities and most satisfactory conditions for the location of such an establishment as we have had in contemplation for a long time. London, of course, is the great trading center of the world and has much to commend it to us in our consideration of warehouse enterprises. There are some reasons, however, which might deter us from applying in that city the plans which thus far have been considered, one of which is the fact that many of the largest export manufacturing interests in the United States are already represented in London upon such a basis that it might be difficult to secure their co-operation in such a project as we would undertake, although in the course of time their assistance would probably be secured. If we were aiming for the trade of Germany, Berlin, the capital of the empire and a great business center, would naturally be the base of our operations. There is already a great volume of American business in Berlin, and many important American houses are well represented there. For the character of business which the members of the National Association of Manufacturers would prefer to do in Europe, it seems to me that Hamburg offers the best opportunities and the greatest attractions at the present time. In the first place, Hamburg is an admirable depot from which to distribute our goods throughout Europe. It is, too, an active city. While there I visited the Hamburg Exchange, and found it a decidedly wide-awake institution. Hamburg, moreover, possesses many advantages, and there are some lines of trade which might be developed satisfactorily, but it could not be considered with Hamburg in the location of a warehouse for American goods. The cities which I visited in Norway and Sweden were also active trade centers, but none of them offered advantages equal to those of Hamburg." Touching the general feeling with which Americans are regarded in Europe, Mr. Search said: "Anyone who goes abroad at the present time cannot fail to be impressed with the profound respect for all things American which the present war has created in the minds of all Europeans. The successes of the American army and navy have been a revelation to the European nations, and they have gained an entirely new idea of the power and resources of the United States. Everywhere in Germany I saw signs of great activity and great prosperity. Every mill and factory seemed to be full of work, and the whole country appeared to be at the height of commercial prosperity." Mr. Search said that the National Association of Manufacturers was widely known in Europe, and wherever he went business men manifested interest in the work which is being done by the association.

## Philadelphia's Dog Ambulance.

The ambulance built especially for dogs and small animals, and the only one of its kind in the world, has been put in use in the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania. The exterior of the palace car dog wagon is decorated on each side with a vignette of a grand-looking St. Bernard, and the inside is covered with removable antiseptic pads to guard against contagious diseases. In order to avoid belligerent encounters between the injured four-footed patients of this traveling hospital, it has been provided with movable slides, so that the interior can be divided into various sized compartments. It contains also cages attached to the top and sides for pet birds and poultry.

## The Risk of Being Murdered.

About 1,000 murders occurred in England and Wales during the last period of five years for which facts are available. There were, during the same time, nearly 160,000,000 persons of all ages exposed to the risk of being murdered, that is 30,000,000 in any one year. The yearly risk of being murdered is, therefore, only the very small degree of probability expressed by the odds of one to 150,000, and if a lifetime be counted as 100 years, the chance of being murdered some time is only one in 1,500.

## BUTTERFLY EGGS.

Their Marvelous Beauty as Shown by the Microscope.

The traveler in the far East, passing through stone doorways, scrolled and carved with Arabesque fretwork, enters the eastern quarter of old Cairo. The streets are dingy and narrow, but here rise the wonderful domes of the famous mosques—"Tombs of the Mamelukes"—exquisite in all grace and fantasy of shape and color. The fretted sides, a fine and delicate lacework of stone, the marvelous and shining play of light on beautiful tints, seem like a very dream of art. But enter the woods that stretch all about us, and use the microscope that enlarges our vision, and lo, a most wonderful thing has come to pass! Winged beings, far more beautiful than the gentils of the "Arabian Nights," have been here, and on the under side of a common leaf, in size no larger than a pin's head, are structures that fairly rival the mosques of Cairo in wealth of decoration and loveliness of color—the butterfly eggs. They are, many of them, dome-shaped like the mosques, and covered with a rich network, so filmy that it glitters in the sun like a diamond dew, but each of the lines in a rib, buttressing the whole structure. Other eggs are shaped like tiaras or turbans, and others still are like sea-urchins. Some are shaped like pyramids, and all lead up in their decorations to a minute rosette at the top, sometimes deeply indented, through whose openings life is received in the egg. The patterns are often as regular as any "circular rose-window of a Gothic cathedral," and the colors of the egg, beginning with a pale green—the safest of all colors in the green wood—or white, like many tree-blossoms, change afterwards, as the dweller inside develops, into all kinds of brilliant and shining hues, from salmon to orange. These eggs are sometimes found single, sometimes in regular rows, one on top of the other, or strung together like a necklace of beads, or "girdling a twig like a fairy ring." There are insects—not butterflies—that lay eggs in almost incredible numbers, say a trillion in a season! These are soft and perishable, and of short life. Where an insect's eggs have to stand the winter's cold they are usually covered or packed in a kind of cement. If you look at these mere specks through a microscope you will see exquisite shells, clustered like gems or rolled in tubes, or convoluted in spirals and circles. Many eggs are doubly protected because they are so fragile, and are placed in still another shell, as the eggs of the birds, pale blue, or speckled, or pearly white, in close woven nests, or the eggs of certain spiders in silky bells of golden yellow or purest white, hung among the blossoms. Yet it is more common to find insect eggs bare and exposed to view. One day I saw what had seemed dust grow under a microscope into crystal eggs, on which insect forms appeared to be sharply edged as seen through the transparent case. Then out skipped some lively, black-eyed wood-folk, independent and alert, ready for a meal. They seemed fully grown at birth.—E. F. M.

## NEW JEWELRY.

The Parisian jewel dealers are always inventing pretty and novel ornaments to attract their fair customers and one of their latest is a wide scroll arrangement through which is drawn the velvet ribbon band, now worn about the neck. The scroll does not lie on the folds, but around them, and is sometimes made of two twisted serpents or again of flower stems, the flowers forming the central ornament of the necklace.

The collar necklace is the only one worn nowadays. One beautiful one was made of seven large table emeralds, each set in diamonds arranged alternately with lovers' knots. A circular band of four-leaved clovers arranged alternately with the stems up and down, each leaflet coming from a trio of sapphires, is another lovely collar.

Buckles and belts still attract the most attention. Twisted serpents are favorites, the head having a polished ruby or sapphire set in. Enamel buckles are favorites, those in blue being perhaps the prettiest. Small pearl and diamond buckles are made oblong oval, circular and heartshape.

The belt is quite allowable and is seen in plain gold and again set with some jewel. Watches just sent over are beauties. Many have the backs enamelled in Dubarry pink or Sevre blue, framed in diamonds or pearls, little touches of the same color reappearing in the true lovers' knot fastening the gem to the bodice. Crimson and dark blue enamel shading to look like fluted satin are also popular. The very latest thing is the globular watch, with a slice off where the face is set in.

## Greek War Statistics.

According to official statistics, 55,115 of the 113,112 Greeks called upon to serve in the recent war managed to get themselves excused for some reason or other; 63,107 really were under arms in the regular army. Besides these, a volunteer force of 8,221 was enlisted, 7,832 of whom were foreigners and but 289 Greeks. The Greeks lost in killed on the battlefield altogether 698 men, including 35 officers.

## ARTISTIC WOMEN.

They Are Fond of Cheerful Surroundings—How to Improve Your Home.

Probably at no time in the world's history has so much attention been paid to the interior decoration of homes as at present. No home, no matter how humble, is without its handiwork that helps to beautify the apartments and make the surroundings more cheerful. The taste of the American people has kept pace with the age, and almost every day brings forth something new in the way of a picture, a draping, a piece of furniture or some form of mural decoration. One of the latest of these has been given to the world by the celebrated artist, Muiville, in a series of four handsome porcelain game plaques. Not for years has anything as handsome in this line been seen. The subjects represented by these plaques are American Wild Ducks, American Pheasant, American Quail and English Snipe. They are handsome paintings and are especially designed for hanging on dining-room walls, though their richness and beauty entitles them to a place in the parlor of any home. These original plaques have been purchased at a cost of \$50,000 by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., manufacturers of the celebrated Elastic Starch, and in order to enable their numerous customers to become possessors of these handsome works of art they have had them reproduced by a special process in all the rich colors and beauty of the original. They are finished on heavy cardboard, pressed and embossed in the shape of a plaque and trimmed with a heavy band of gold. They measure forty inches in circumference and contain no reading matter or advertisement whatever.

Until October 1 Messrs. J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co. propose to distribute these plaques free to their customers. Every purchaser of three ten-cent packages of Elastic Starch, flat-iron brand, manufactured by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., is entitled to receive one of these handsome plaques free from their grocer. Old and new customers alike are entitled to the benefits of this offer. These plaques will not be sent through the mail, the only way to obtain them being from your grocer. Every grocery store in the country has Elastic Starch for sale. It is the oldest and best laundry starch on the market, and is the most perfect cold process starch ever invented. It is the only starch made by men who thoroughly understand the laundry business, and the only starch that will not injure the finest fabric. It has been the standard for a quarter of a century, and as an evidence of how good it is twenty-two million packages were sold last year. Ask your dealer to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute. Bear in mind that this offer holds good a short time only, and should be taken advantage of without delay.

Some men's idea of making a night of it is their inability to remember anything the next morning.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Many visitors to Europe consider it a high honor to be invited to visit the Rookers' club at Bruges. At the smoking contests of this organization a stated quantity of tobacco is given to each member, and the one who takes the most time in smoking his portion wins the prize. When the pipe goes out the competitor is counted out, for no relighting is allowed. The present record for a quarter ounce of tobacco is ninety-one minutes.

A child who wandered away from Burns Valley, Pa., was lost in the mountains. When found she was in the midst of wild animals and among rattlesnakes, but she declared they had made no attack upon her, and that she had subsisted among them by eating wild berries. The hunting party that found her killed twelve rattlers near the rocks where she was discovered.

The 1898-9 tailor-made girl will, if she goes the limit, be more masculine than ever. Only the skirt in the way of raiment will remain to remind the observer that he is looking at the woman of the period. Every garment is stamped with the seal of the up-to-date maker of men's clothes, and the shoe-maker, the haberdasher and the hatter will do the rest.

Margaret Fallon, who, at the age of 117, just died at King's Ferry, N. Y., was believed to be the oldest person in America. Records show that she was born in Kings county in 1771. She had been fifty years a widow, and is survived by four sons and five daughters.

The fifth letter of the alphabet resembles death inasmuch as it is the end of life.

## Do You Like Boils

If you do not, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will purify your blood, cure your boils and keep your system free from the poisons which cause them. The great blood purifying power of Hood's Sarsaparilla is constantly being demonstrated by its many marvelous cures.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

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