

CHAPTER I. In Sydney the dramatic season was just frawing to a close and amusements were seginning to pall, when something so startling occurred that the whole city

was galvanized into new life. The chief attraction at the theater most patronized that year by the fashionworld had been the debot of two pretty sisters, daughters of a clergyman, whose sudden death had left them nearly destitute. Decided talent and good looks and cleverness procured them quite an syation, and they played through the whole season to crowded houses.

The sisters had always acted together n the same play. Elaine Warrington. elder, was tall and slim, and perfectly adapted to any part that required sympathetic rendering; the younger, Ada, was petite, with the brightest possible

It was only natural that they should have may admirers; and, owing to the fact that some former acquaintances scople holding influential positions still nvited them to their bouses, the attentions they received were more serious and less dangerous than those ustally ffered to pretty actresses. Gerald Weare, the son of the wealthiest shipowner in Sydney, plainly and politely vinced his admiration for one of them. The question for a long time was which he had fallen in love with? One day, nowever, enriosity was satisfied by his assertion that he had been accepted by Ada Warrington.

The excitement caused by this annonnoement had scarcely died away. when there came so tragle an end to the comance that every trivial feeling was nerged in a general thrill of horror.

Adu-pretty, light-hearted Ada-whose framatic triumplis had been crowned by per social success, was found lying on he ground into one night in the public tardens, her soft white garments wet with a crauson stream that trickled slowly from her breast, while a pale halfmoon shone upon her upturned face and gleaming golden hair. She was deadshot through the heart; and the pistol which had done the crack deed lay only

a few rards away. The inquest, held on the following norning, attracted an excited crowd. Mr Geraid Weare was the first whose taken. He was about wenty-three years of are, decidedly goodlooking, with dark, expressive eyes that just then spoke only of sorrow. On the night before he had arranged to drive his fiances home, but, though he had arrived before the time appointed, she had already left the theater.

"Do you know whose this is?" asked the coroner, holding out a small pistol for inspection so suddenly and so close him that the young man shrunk back with almost a womanly ery of pain, for was it not the weapon that had robbed him of his promised wife?

A delicate young girl who had been on the verge of tears since the proceedings began went into hysteries, and had to carried out of court. When the excitement had subsided the manager of he theater said that the two Misses Warrington had been engaged by him four or five months before. They were very quiet and reserved.

"About a month ago," testified the manager, "Miss Elaine nearly threw up her engagement. Some one, she said, had followed them home, had spoken to them in spite of their persistent coldness. She was furious when I told her that things of that sort must be expected in the profession, and wanted to cancel their engagements, till I suggested a remedy." What was that?" asked the coroner.

"I recommended her to buy a pistol, and use it if necessary."

There was a breathless silence in the

room, during which the coroner once more lifted the pistol from the table in front of him.

Yes, it was a Derringer; but there are hundreds of them, and-let me have it in my hand. Merciful heaven, it is the I know it by the dent upon the ilver stock. The first time she fired it off she was frightened by the explosion and let the pistol drop; but before a weel had passed she was as good a shot as who taught her," explained the manager.

A shiver of repulsion seemed to pass simultaneously through the occupants of the room, as though they were of on ody as well as of one mind-that the sater had fired the fatal shot.

where the two girls had lodged, was then The sisters had been most de sirable lodgers. They had lots of lovers no doubt; but none ever came to the house. Miss Elaine was especially par ticular in that respect, though she had aften heard Miss Ada laugh at her about it and call her a prude. Mr. Weare had seen admitted only during the last week from which she had surmised that he and of the young ladies were going to make a match of it.

the young ladies were on go terms always, never hat a serious dis

agreement?" was asked. They never had a quarrel-until has Pride; evening, and that must have been something more than ordinary. Miss Elaine went about looking so sad I expect he tears were pretty near her eyes at imes; and Miss Ada felt it, too, I'm sure. said she heard one of them crying, and then Miss Ads, in a regular dons that's what it is jenious be-

came home last night looking dreadfully white and tired, but when she heard that Miss Ada had not come in she said she'd walk a litle way to see if she could see her coming. I went with her through the gardens, and we had not got far before we saw the crowd. When the poor young lady saw her sister lying dead, she faint-

ed in my arms." The testimony of the doctor followed. Then the faces of the spectators were an expression of awed expectancy as coroner called out the name of "Miss

CHAPTER II.

A low murmur of sympathetic emotion ran through the room as the door opened and Elaine Warrington entered. youth and loveliness impressed all.

An elderly gentleman who had taken deep interest in the proceedings started forward eagerly and offered her his chair. and the coroner put his first question.

'Miss Warrington, can you tell me the date of your sister's engagement to Mr. Wenrey

She looked at him for the first time and then slowly surveyed the jury, almost as though challenging the man's right to speak to her. Last Friday, I believe. It was then

my sister told me And it came upon you as a surprise?"

"His attentions were. I believe, se equally divided that no one seems to have known for whom they were especially intended. Perhaps you yourself were also in the dark?"

The blood rushed to the girl's face then she said, with simple dignity ignor ing the wound to her modesty and pride I never thought about it, nor did Ada,

till-till be spoke." "You disapproved of the match?" "That would have been rather a sense

less thing on my part, don't you think she returned, evasively, "seeing that I had no power to prevent it?" "Then what was the cause of your quarrel on Friday night?"

The girl started nervously and but her

Was it about Mr. Weare?" "I destine to tell you anything of a conversation that was strictly private," she said at last, with an effort, "Anything I an tell you connected with my sister's death I will certainly not withhold, but the conversation referred to occurred a

week ago, and has nothing to do with it." "This pistol is said to be yours," the coroner observed, touching the weapon

as he spoke. "Yes, it is mine," she assented, after s very slight inspection. "Where did you

"Near the place where your sister was found dead last night."

The girl stared at him helplessly, the pallor of her face rendered yet more noticeable by the crimson of her parted lips and her dark be-ringed eyes. There is no doubt." he declared, grave

"that it was the instrument which nused your sister's death "Oh, no-no-no!"

She had fallen upon her knees, sobbed rather than spoke the words in a paroxysm of horror-or was it fear? elderly gentleman who had offered her a chair came nearer to her. "You lost it-mislaid it," he

low voice. "I must have left it at the theater last night!" she gasped, in a whisper, answering him, perhaps—or was it merely a prompt adoption of his suggestion?

You started from -the theater resumed the coroner. and why did you part?"

"My sister wished to walk through the "And you refused to accompany her?" "She did not ask me to do so.

'And you were the last to see her alive?" observed the coroner. "Not-not the last!"

Her slight figure swayed reed-like to and fro, and her lovely eyes were raised imploringly to the man who stood before her as her judge.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Warrington." he corrected, "I should have said the last person we know of as yet. That will do. have no further inquiries to make. She turned to leave the room. At the door her slow gaze rested last upon the

gentleman who had twice come to her ssistance. Then, with a deep sigh of relief, she withdrew. The verdict was the simple one, "Willful murder against some person or per sons unknown." The crowd disperses

with wonderful quietude; only two or three, with bated breath, whispered the different conclusion to which they had heen forced to come

As the chief of police, who had been watching the case, turned away after a hort, low-toned discussion with the coroner, the elderly gentleman who was apparently interested in the case of the

pected girl came up and addressed him. What is to be the next move?" he asked enrelessly. "A bad one for the poor girl, I am afraid. The evidence against her is too strong to be ignored. I have no doubt strong to be ignored. in m, own mind but that under strong provocation Elaine Warrington was the

The elderly gentleman hurired away.
Once in the hall, he looked round cautiously, and, finding himself unobserved. took the turning not toward the street-door, but toward the stairs which led to the upper landing where the two staters

had dwelt, and where now the living kept her sad watch by the dead.

* * * * * * The next morning conjecture became certainty, for Elaine Warrington had disappeared as completely as though she had never been in Sydney, an escape view-ed only as a confession of guilt. She had not dured to stay and stand her trial.

CHAPTER III.

A wintry sun was sinking one after-noon in February when the newly installed master of Gorst Abbey left his stately home and sunntered slowly in the direction of the Dower House.

Until three months before George Severn had been second in command of a Bengul cavalry regiment. As a subultern he had married, and, though his wife had not lived to see the anniversary of their wedding day, she left him an infant son, who merged into a tall boy before Captain Severn began to realize that it was necessary that the child should escape from the burning heat of the plains.

He sent him to England. After a few years at a preparatory school, the lad had gone to Harrow. Then a consin died-a man whom he had never met-but who had nevertheless left him the property of Gorst Abbey. It was a splendid estate, heavily mortgaged. George Severn's first thought was to clear off all the debts. To this end he had devoted all his savings; had resolved to let the Dower

His son was now abroad with a tutor. They had met once since their first part-ing now twelve years back. They were utter strangers to each other. The young fellow was disappointed at meeting one so much older and graver than the father he remembered; while the elder man looked in vain for those traits of expression

he had been so proud of before.

He was proud of his son still, for few people met Charlie Severn without be ing impressed by his pleasant manner and handsome face; but the love no longer filled his life, was no longer all anthrient On this particular day his new tenant was expected-Mr. Bowyer by name-an Australian lawyer, who wished to spend the last years of his life in the mother-

country. Colonel Severn walked over so that he might accord him at least a stranger's welcome. He had had the house put thoroughly in order; and the firelight shining through the window gave the

place a home-like and bright look. A vehicle drove along the road, stopped at the gate, and an old man stepped out. and turned to offer his assistance to some one inside. An elderly woman, apparent ly a superior sort of housekeeper, got out and afterward came a tall slim girl in

"Mr. Bowyer, I presume?" said Colonel Severa, pleasantly. "I am Colonel Severa, and I thought I would come over to "I am Colonel Sev-

see if I could be of any use. The Australian was pleased at the attention, acknowledging his appreciation in his reply, and they turned toward the house. The young girl still stood alone, until the housekeeper broke into her-reverie with a load laugh.

Decaming again, Miss Etlen? I don't believe you ever noticed Mr. Bowyer had gone in. He'll be calling for you directly. "I'll go to him now," she auswered, hur-

riedly, and moved away. The housekeeper watched her as she

"Yes, I am certainly right," she mutterral to herself. "She has got a secreta sever that weighs on her night and day and would rain her if found out. and in this quiet place she will be off her guard. She shall never stand in my shoes if I can get a chance to oust her!

She screwed her thin lips together and mistress of connection of his. She had been a bar maid in Montreal, where Mr. Bowyer's younger brother first met her, and marmed her. He had lived only a few years, and had left her well provided for. the crowd of needy adventurers who soon surrounded her she chose an Italian named Priolo. They were married, and a month later be absconded, taking with him her whole fortune. She wrote to the brother of her first husband. He an swered by offering her the situation of housekeeper, which she gladly accepted and she had been with him nearly ninyears, when, after a severe illness, through which she had nursed him, Mr. Bowser determined to make his will, an summoned a lawyer. During the interwine the housekeeper crept noiselessly up stairs. What she heard amply repaid

her for her patience.
"To Harriet Priolo. She is my sister in-law as well as my housekeeper the only connection I have in the world, the old man said; and the woman went back to her room trembling with excite-

After that illness Mr. Bowyer realized his fortune with the intention of returning to his native land. Mrs. Priolo accompanied him to Sydney. On the day before they were to sail the old man went out on business. Mrs. Priolo received a letter from him the next day, saying that he had been unexpectedly called away. and inclosing money for her expenses un til he should write to her. This he did three months later; but great was the housekeeper's disgust to find that she ne longer ruled alone—that a young lady in deep mourning, introduced to her as "Miss Ellen Warde-my niece," had been with him during her absence. Since then they had traveled about together, shunning society in a way that was strange in so young a girl as Miss Warde.

Growing more nneasy day by day over the change of affairs, it became a lively source of dread to her whether this girl might not supplant her. Would she suc eed to the old man's money at his death Not if she Harriet Priolo could prevent

"It shall never be so-pever!" she said to herself with ever-increasing vehemence, as in the gathering darkness she looked toward the house which in the future was to be their home.

CHAPTER IV. As Miss Ward entered the sitting room both gentlemen stood up to greet her, and Bowyer introduced her to his land-

"My niece, Miss Warde." With a fleeting smite she acknowledged Colonel Severn's deep bow and pleasantly spoken words, then busied herself about the old man's comfort, taking a enshion from the sofa and placing it his chair, and then stooping to stir the

fire. "How lovely she would be if she were happier!" thought George Severn, wonder if you will like Littlehaven?"

began, addressing her abruptly.
"Oh, I thing so! Why should I not?"
"It is doll perhaps very little so

"It niece does not care for going out,"

drives; and the garden will give you a little occupation. But you must not pluck the few flowers you have here. I

She thanked him with a glance, and the visitor rose to take his leave, feeling that he had no longer any excuse for remain-

'I wonder what Charlie will think of her?" he thought; and then another ques-tion presented itself which made him draw his breath hard. "What would she think of Charlie?"

In the meantime, at the Dower House, Mrs. Priolo was superintending cooking arrangements below, and Mr. Bewyer tience is required in the schoolroom, it and his niece were seated together before is during these first two or three weeks the fire, the former looking idly over a of the term. There is so much to be newspaper, the latter, seated on a low stool staring at the glowing embers. Sud-denly dropping his paper, he startled her size, so many things to explain and by taking up the poker and thrusting it sire, so many things to explain and into the fire, so that the fairy-like car teach. ern into which she had been gazing was The beginning of the term was a

when you call me by my formal name." more for me than you.

Nonsense, child! Why do you go back satisfactory,

me! And how can I be happy, remorse terly to reach your standard. ful as 1 um? Remorseful My own sister!" she cried, passionate-

I stayed and met the worst."

ome then!

in your escape?"

showly. "I had seen you once before at the theater, you were acting Galatea, and your acting touched me as I had never been touched before. There was gether.

relief I felt as land gradually faded out ple of order.

"And now it scarcely appears stratege to me at all," put in the old man, softly.
"The resemblance I speake of seems to these external matters. Thorough ting about the house, and to know that collecting books, etc. This done, their you are looking after me as a daughter My one wish now is to see you I suppose dinner is nearly "I will see," said Ellen, going to the "Softly!"

As her fingers closed round the handle the door was opened hastily from the out-side, and Mrs. Priodo faced her, with a A word or two rea half-definit expression, as though asserting her right to be there in such close eximits to the key-hole.

you wish for it," she said. Ellen Warde's intelligence was quickened by fear. She realized at once that Mrs. Priodo had been listening. How much had she heard? After all, their conversation for the past ten minutes had

en harmless enough. Ellen tried to reassure herself, but with little success. No argument could comthe past eleven months so hard to bear. The conviction was rooted firmly in her mind that some day, by some means, she would be discovered and compelled to stand her trial for the murder of her

(To be continued.)

Due to Big Sleeves.

For things inanimate big sleeves have swaved men and women in an aston shing degree. They have turned more manufacturers' plans upside down, made garments decidedly costlier, and as if not content with that, their demands for departure from the old order of things have entered the photogtaphers' studio until he has been oblig ed to forswear all styles before fol lowed. No longer is there sufficient room across the card to photograph the sitter, but it must be turned lengthwise to provide room to "take" the sleeves without reducing the size of the face. The original photograph of a score of so years ago, mounted on a card about the size of an ordinary playing eard, certainly belongs to the shades of the

past. "Many people think it a fad of the protographer," said a well-known uptown artist, "to furnish pictures in this shape, but it is more than that; the big satisfied." St. Louis Republic.

Carrington's Blunder. Lord Carrington, when lord chamber

lain, sometimes made mistakes, says Vanity. At one of the drawing rooms anddenly seeing his error, called out Don't kiss her, ma'am; don't kiss her She's not a lady after all." It is only peeresses who, upon cheir presentation,

"There are some lovely walks and NOTES ON EDUCATION.

will send you a basket every day from the MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PU-PIL AND TEACHER.

> Scoldier, Nagging and Punishing Are the Poorest Tools a Teacher Can Unc - How to Treat Dull Pupils Object of Discipline.

Routine of First Weeks.

If at one time more than another pa-

great trial to me when I commenced The girl called Ellen Warde looked up teaching, but after a few sessions I "No. no!"—testily. "Why don't you if me unche?" It makes the whole machinery to be in call me 'uncle?' It makes people talk working order in two or three days. I learned not to despair even when, at "I forgot, sir. It is not because I do the end of two or three weeks, the No parent could have done general orderliness of the room was not

Be patient. Remember that the chil-Here you may be peaceful and dren are unaccustomed to your ways. "Peaceful," she repeated, with almost perhaps are strangers to the school and an accent of scorn—"peaceful, with the district. They may be trying, to their constant fear of detection hanging over ability, to please you, and yet fail ut-

Be cheerful. Scolding, nagging and punishing are the poorest tools you Oh. it would have been better had can use. Inspire the children with a desire to be orderly in every detail. Do you blame me for the part I took quiet, courteous, helpful, thoughtful for the comfort of others, trustworthy "Can I ever forget," she said, "that -in short, to do their best in all things. drendful day when, still nonerved and In addition to the inspiration of a love terrified because of my sister's crued death. I came down to the inquiry? I had friends before, but none came to me in my sorrow. It was you, an utter stranger. who stood by me, and offered me the of attention, position when asking or means of escape. I bless you for it every answering questions; in regular quesday, every hour; it is only at times in tions, when the pupil should always very bitterness, that I wish the end had stand, and that without folling on desk He was watching her intently, trying ining, marching, etc. All these moveeyes. Every day during the past eleven months the question had presented itself mand should be divided into two parts. to him and had been dismissed without a the first consisting of a cautionary decisive reply-Was she guilty of the word; the second, the action word, For crime of which she had been suspected? instance. "Quick-march!" "Stand-1. too, remember that day," he said, up!" "Right about-turn?" No motion

more than that to draw me to you -a re Like many other good things, this semblance faint, it is true, but recurring schoolroom drill has been carried to again and again to some one I had known great and foolish extremes, which have and and laved years ago! To her I had been injurious to the children and of brought only serrow. A few days after I had seen your performance I heard no possible benefit to the work; but a what had happened. I made friends with the chief of the police; and managed to be present at the coroner's inquiry, with much confusion and disorder. Without some vague idea of explating my fault doubt, quiet, stendy, orderly habits reto her by being of use to you. Of course flect positively on character. I believe it was a mere chimera, an illusion, but disorder would be impossible in a class the whole thing was romantic. You disorder would be impossible in a class trusted me and accepted my help, and in which pupils had been trained to the next morning found us steaming away stand, march, pass and take books, from Sydney, unsuspected and unfol slates, etc., with uniformity and precision. The habit of prompt and exact "I remember," she whispered. "Oh, the obedience is the cornerstone of the tem-

grow daily. Your presence is a pleasure drill should be given in standing, to me always. I like to watch you flit marching, dismissing, distributing and will not be the same necessity for fre quent reminders, such as: "Stand straight up?" "Quietly!"

During the term, if the children be come careless, have a ten-minute prac-

A word or two regarding the general work of the term. Try the experiment of making a specialty of one subject I came to say dinner is ready when this session. It may be Composition, Vertical Writing, Geography, or any other subject. Make special effort in it; all branches of the school work will profit by the "hobby," if it be a good

Do not think that you have no time for anything beside teaching. You will do much better work if you are improving your mind in some other direction. Make time for reading, and give edueational works their just share. Don't lose interest in your work. You may be sure that the children will meet you half way in any whole-hearted plans for improvement or reform.-The Educational Journal

Object of Discipline.

School discipline is not for punish ment, but for moral effect. The teach er's authority is not the thing to be vindicated, but the pupil's character is to be formed. The moral effect upon the pupil, upon the school as a whole upon the community, and upon the future through the pupils are the ends to be sought. The school has a work to do that cannot be done by the teach ing be it never so efficient. There is an influence to be exerted upon the character that can only come through habitual discipline of the school in the true sense. Not through a system of punishments, not through a system of rewards or checks, but through the direction of the conduct, the choices, and activities of the pupils are teachers to accomplish this character work -Journal of Education.

The Dull Papil,

Do we not make serious mistakes in sleeves have made it a necessity. But that we are always ready to censure people like oddity, and even if they the slow pupil? Here is little Olga, do think it a fad on our part they give naturally timid, and seemingly dull. us credit for being clever, so I am She is constantly failing. The teacher takes great pains to notice it, and when she calls her arithmetic class she keeps before her mind the too off-repeated failures of the child. On calling for 4x5, all bands are raised save one; the child notices her teacher looking last year he announced Mrs. Whetter at her, and immediately becomes conname as Lady Whatsername, and then, fused. Sarcasm and disgust are plainly written on the teacher's face. With Of course, Olga, you don't know; you pever do!" she passed on. Is not his a cruel thrust? Do we consider are honored by their sovereign's em what we are doing? Do not let us thing more than a wretched cater make the dullard believe he "never pillar?"

knows," but help and encourage him with kind words and gentle ways. Let us cheer him on to quicker ways; encourage him with gentleness and sympathy. How much better for Olga if her teacher had said, "What, Olga! Don't you know? I'm sure you can answer as well as the rest. Now think a little while, and let me see your hand, too." Thus, by encouraging, we give them faith in themselves, and strength to do what before was seemingly hard. Dear comrades, if we have an Olga, do not let us chill all that is best in her, but help along a thousand times rather than hinder once.

"It is not so much what we say, As the manner in which we say it" -Primary Education.

The World's Rivers. Not all these facts may be found in

your geography. The Tigris is 1.150 miles long. The Tiber is only 230 miles long. The world-famed Orontes is only 240

miles long. The Zambesi, in South Africa, is 1,800 miles in length.

Slow rivers run at the rate of three to seven miles an hour.

Twelve creeks in the United States bear the name of the Rhine.

Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river. The Ganges is 1,570 miles long and drains an area of 750,000 square miles.

The Hudson River, from its mouth to the lakes, is 400 miles in length. The Mississippi and its tributaries drain an area of 2,000,000 square miles. The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles.

For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream. The River Jordan had its origin in one of the largest springs in the world. In islands of too small size to have rivers, creeks are dignified by that

The Connecticut, the principal stream of New England, is 450 miles in length. During a single flood of the Yang-tse-Klang, in China, 600,000 persons were

drowned. The most extensive protective river works in Europe are at the mouth of the Danube.

The Rhine is only 900 miles long, but drains a territory nearly double the area of Texas. The Irtish, in Siberia, is 2,200 miles in

length and drains 600,000 miles of territory. The Nile, from its delta to the great lakes of Central Africa, is over 4,000

miles in length. The Thames of England is 220 miles long. The river of the same name in Canada is 160. There are twenty creeks in this coun-

ry which have been dignified with the name of the Tiber. The Columbia River of Canada Is 1,400 miles in length; the stream of the

same name in Oregon is 600. The Arkansas River is 2,170 miles long, but at various points in its course it is very thin for its length.

The Potomac River is only 500 miles long and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.

The British islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the globe.

The Mississippi, at the point where it flows out of Lake Itaska, is ten feet wide and eighteen inches deep. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Teaching to Think.

Good teachings secures good think ing. One with limited capacity can feed facts to children as he would swill to swine, and then ask questions to see what they retain, as he would weigh swine to see what they have gained. It requires both fact and talent to lead a child to think keenly upon a single fact, as it does to get reliable speed even from a blooded colt. It is not enough that the mind be active when the facts are received which is the standard with too many would-be education leaders. This merely secures good movement, but neither speed nor endurance. A child must keep up his thinking when he is out of the teacher's hands. Who ever has driven what is known as a "door-yard" horse, that prances furiously while you are trying to get into the carriage, and is equally feroclous when you would get out, but cares naught for the urging of voice or whip when on the road, has a good conception of the mental activity of children who are taught to dance attendance upon a teacher when she is having them "observe" under her eye, but gives them no training in strong or sustained thinking. Thinking is work ing one's knowledge into something no one else would produce with the same facts and conditions. The teacher who plans to have twenty children see the same thing in an object or event, and think the same things about it has not the raintest conception of what

thinking really is .- lowa Schools. One of John Randolph's Similes. Much new material is embodied in the article "John Randolph of Roanoke," by Powhatan Bouldin, in the Century. The following simile by Randolph is found in a note to a speech which he delivered in Congress:

A caterolliar comes to a fence; he crawls to the bottom of the ditch and over the fence, some of his hundred feet always in contact with the subject upon which he moves. A gallant horseman at a flying leap clears both ditch and fence. "Stop!" says the caterpillar; "you are too flighty, you want connection and continuity; it took me an hour to get over; you can't be as sure as I am, who have never quitted the subject, that you have overcome the difficulty and are fairly over the fence." "Thou miserable reptile!" replies our fox-hunter: "if, like you, I crawled over the earth slowly and painfully, should I ever enteh a fox, or be any