

READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever origin, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their results, as bronchitis, throat and lung diseases, except consumption, accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry-bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root, Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Harvey of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Univ., Chicago; and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes, that has such professional endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula on the bottle wrapper is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that no poisonous or harmful agents and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful ingredient in the cure of all ailments. It is well as bronchitis, chronic bowel affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in all such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our Greatest Arsenal.

From the Four-Track News. During the civil war the Rock Island was called into unexpected service. At the very outbreak of hostilities the island suggested itself as a suitable place to care for the prisoners of war, and extensive barracks, were constructed, with a hospital, officers' quarters and other necessary buildings. Over 20,000 confederate prisoners were confined there.

Horace was indeed wise when he commenced to prepare for war in times of peace but that advice was disregarded, and when, in 1858, war was declared with Spain, it found us unprepared, but the Rock Island arsenal promptly responded to the call. The force of workmen was increased from 500 to nearly 8,000, and the necessary articles were produced in like proportion. Even then it was 114 days before the soldiers could be made ready for action.

Had Spain been in a position to take advantage of the delay, our victory might have been less decisive. It is not the breach of the arsenal to encourage war, but to prepare for it when it becomes inevitable; in the words of Washington: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."

WASTED TO A SHADOW.

But Found a Cure After Fifteen Years of Suffering.

A. H. Stotts, messenger at the State Capitol, Columbus, O., says: "For fifteen years I had kidney troubles, and though I doctored faithfully, could not find a cure. I had heavy backaches, dizzy headaches and terrible urinary disorders. One day I collapsed, fell insensible on the sidewalk, and then waked away in bed for ten weeks.

After being given up, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a couple of months I regained my old health, and now weigh 188 pounds. Twelve boxes did it, and I have been well two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

They Practiced What He Preached.

"When Ellison Capers, bishop of South Carolina, was rector of Christ church, in Greenville, he would often go to other cities to preach, for his powerful eloquence made him sought after."

The speaker, a resident of Columbia, smiled and resumed: "Bishop Capers in those days had an irascible way with him. One Sunday he preached in a parish where he chose for his subject, 'Economy.'"

"At the end of the service, a couple of prominent vestrymen congratulated the bishop.

"Your sermon on economy, sir," they said, "was a very sensible discourse."

"Thanks," said the bishop. "It seems to have been appreciated, judging from the appearance of the collection."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and unless you can see a specialist in Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Dealers.

The Women.

From the Minneapolis Journal. Japanese women gild their teeth.

In Greenland women paint their faces blue and yellow.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red.

In India the women of three high castes paint their teeth black.

Borneo women dye the hair in fantastic colors—pink, green, blue and scarlet.

A Hindu bride is anointed from head to foot with grease and saffron.

In New Holland scars, made carefully with shells, form elaborate patterns on the ladies' faces.

In some South American tribes the women draw the front teeth, esteeming as an ornament the black gap thus made.

In New Guinea the ladies wear nose-rings, piercing the nose in the same fiendish way that civilized women pierce their ears.

Stopped Car to Save a Dove.

The passengers in a crowded Twenty-third street car the other day felt the brakes applied with such suddenness that the most of the straphangers withstood the jar. Then they saw the motorman jump from the platform and kneel in front of the car. Those who could make their way out did so, and were surprised to see the motorman stroking the feathers of a mother dove that sat near the trolley slot with a little one under her wing.

"I've never taken a life yet," he explained as he placed them on the curb, out of harm's way, "and I don't propose to start with a tame dove."

Wanted to Save Interest.

Daniel Webster, the famous American statesman, once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine a dusty old bottle was carefully opened by the servant and passed to the host. Taking the bottle, he filled Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another for himself, he held it to the light and said:

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?"

"I think it's a fine specimen of old port."

"Now can you guess what it cost me?" asked the host.

"Surely not," said Webster. "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, now I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I find that it cost me the sum of just 5 shillings per glass."

"Good gracious! You don't say so!" cried Webster. And then, draining his glass, says a biographer, he presented it again, with the remark:

"Fill it up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest!"

Convincing Evidence.

Winthrop, Cal., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—A plain and straightforward story is always the most convincing. And that is what has impressed us most in reading the testimonials in regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills. The experience told by Davis Lewis of this place bears the ring and stamp of truth upon it.

"I was troubled for six months with dull, heavy pains in the small of my back; sometimes I passed into my stomach, at other times into my shoulders. When it was in my stomach I was doubled up, and hardly knew what to do for the pain. I was advised to take all kinds of remedies, and did so, but without getting any relief. Then some one told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got a box and began taking them. The first few doses gave me relief; by the time I had finished them all the pain was gone and I have been well ever since."

A Queen's Cradle.

From the Minneapolis Journal. The recent sale of relics of Mary Queen of Scots reminds one of many other memorials of the beautiful and ill-fated queen which have survived to our time and which are most jealously guarded. It is not long since a harp which had once been her excited keen competition in Edinburgh and was purchased by the Antiquarian museum authorities for \$4,250. Of this harp Miss Strickland tells an interesting story. When on a hunting excursion in the highlands of Perthshire in 1503, Mary, then a radiant girl of 21, offered her harp as a prize to the musician who could play most skillfully and sweetly on it, and when the verdict was given in favor of Miss Beatrice Gardy of Banochy, the young queen presented the prize to her with the pretty compliment: "You alone are worthy to possess the harp you touch so well."

The very cradle in which James V's "lovely and luckless" child was rocked as an infant is still in existence. For nearly a century this cradle of carved oak was completely lost to sight, and it was naturally assumed that it had been destroyed.

About the year 1820, however, a collector of antique furniture chanced to see a woman rocking her child in a very ancient and dilapidated cradle in a cottage near the ancient palace.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed to the woman, "jumbling your bairn's brains in a thing like that?"

"Eh, mon!" the mother answered proudly, "do you ken that was once the queen's own cradle?"

"You'll be asking a lot for it!" continued the collector.

"Indeed, I wouldn't tak' a poum' net' for it," was the decisive answer; and before long the priceless relic had changed hands, at a price, however, considerably in excess of the potum demanded.

PASSING OF PORRIDGE.

Makes Way for the Better Food of a Better Day.

"Porridge is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Briton from Huntsville, Ont. This was an admission of no small significance to one 'brought up' on the time-honored stand-by.

"One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts food for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and a gripe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they passed away."

"I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed month and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result has compensated me for my anxiety."

"In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained 10 pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him, and he feels like a new man. Now we all eat Grape-Nuts food, and are the better for it. Our little 5-year-old boy, who used to suffer pains in the stomach after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him."

"We use Grape-Nuts with only sweet cream, and find it the most tasty dish in our bill of fare."

"Last Monday I ate 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else, then set to work and got my morning's work done by 9 o'clock, and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to. I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.

THE MASTER OF APPELBY

By Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

"The we can't (will be over) the horses' ears. The beasts will drown themselves and us as well."

"How we should have argued it out I do not know, for just then Jennifer's horse, scenting the troop mounts on the farther shore, cocked tail and ears, let out a squealing neigh, and fell to curvetting and plunging in a racket that might have stood for the splashing of an advancing army.

In a twinkling the outpost camp was astray and a bellowing hail came to us across the water. Having no answer, the troopers began to let off their pieces haphazard in the darkness; and with the singing zip of the first musket ball, Richard went battle mad, as he always did in the face of danger.

"At them!" he thundered, clapping spurs to his jaded beast and whipping out the great claymore; and so we charged, the forlornest hope that ever fell upon an enemy.

How we came ashore alive through the gun-fire is one of those mysteries to which every battle adds its quota; and the poor beast who saved us, I am sure, was Jennifer's horse went down while we were yet some yards from the bank; and mine fell a moment later. To face a score of waiting enemies afoot was too much for even Richard's rash courage; so when we were free of the struggling horses we pressed hard to give for shelter under the upstream bank.

Here the darkness stood our friend; and when the redcoat troopers came down to the river's edge with torches to see what had become of us, we took advantage of the noise they made and stole away up-stream, as if a sheet of lead gave us leave to climb to the valley level above.

Richard shook himself like a water-soaked spaniel and laughed grimly.

"Well, here we are, safe across, horseless and well belike to freeze to death," he commented. "What next?"

"I made him a bow," said I, as on my demure he gazed at me. "You are on Jennifer, and it shall go hard with us if we cannot find a fire to warm a guest and a horse to mount him withal. Let us go to the manor house and see what we can discover."

He entered at once into the spirit of the thing, and together we fringed the scant line through the stubble fields to my old roof-tree. As you would guess, we looked to find the manor house turned into an outpost headquarters; but now we were desperate enough to face anything.

Howbeit, not to rush blindly into the jaws of a trap, which both gave us the one black major-domo at the negro quarters; and when we learned from him that the great house was quite deserted, we took possession and had the black make us a rousing fire in the kitchen arch. Nay, more; when we had steamed ourselves a little dry, we had Anthony steward to the grill for us, and fetch us a bottle of that madaera of my father's laying in.

"A toast!" cried Richard, when the bottle came, springing to his feet with the glass held high. "To the dear lady of Appleby Hundred, and may she forgo with the man she loves and be it you, or I, or another, as she likes."

We drank it standing; and after would sit before the fire, havoring like two love-sick school boys over the charms of that dear lady to whom one of us was less than naught, and to whom the other could be but naught whilst that first one lived.

"Come to this when, but a short hour before, one of us had been bent upon slaying the other for Mistress Margery's sake. But the human heart is many-sided; notably that heart the soldier carries. And though I looked not to live beyond the day, I had my finger tips to have this last loving cup with my dear lad. I thought it would nerve me bravely for what must come—and so it did, though 't was I prefigured.

We were still sitting thus before the kitchen arch when the dawn began to live. "What are you doing?" he exclaimed to the woman, "jumbling your bairn's brains in a thing like that?"

"Eh, mon!" the mother answered proudly, "do you ken that was once the queen's own cradle?"

"You'll be asking a lot for it!" continued the collector.

"Indeed, I wouldn't tak' a poum' net' for it," was the decisive answer; and before long the priceless relic had changed hands, at a price, however, considerably in excess of the potum demanded.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen. We shall know how to deal with this traitor," he said. And then to me: "Go on, sir, if you please; there has been a battle, as I take it."

"There has, indeed. The mountain men came up with us in the afternoon of the Saturday. In an hour one-third of the major's force was dead or dying, the major himself was slain, and every living man left on the field was a prisoner."

Again a dozen swords hissed from their scabbards, and again I heard the little cry of misery from the table foot. I bowed my head, looking momentarily to pay the penalty; but once more my lord put the sword aside.

"Let us have a clean breast of it this time, Captain Ireton," he said. "You know well what you have earned, and nothing you can say will make it better or worse for you. Was this your purpose in making your submission to me?"

"It was."

"And you have been a rebel from the first?"

I met the cold anger in the womanish eyes as a condemned man might.

"I have, my lord—since the day nine years ago when I learned that your king's minions had hanged my father in the Regulation."

"Then it was a farrago of lies you told me about your adventures in the western mountains?"

"No, wholly. It was your lordship's good pleasure to send successors of powder and lead to your allies, the western savages. I and three others followed Captain Falconnet and his Indians, and I have the honor to report that we overtook and exploded them with their own powder cargo."

"And Captain Sir Francis Falconnet with them?"

"I do so hope and trust, my lord."

He turned short on his heel, and for a moment a silence as of death fell upon the room. Then he took the Ferar from the table and again to blot out his knee; but the good blade, like the cause it stood for, bent like a wither and would not snap.

"Put this spy in irons and clear the room," he ordered sharply. And this is how the little drama ended: with the major pacing back and forth at the table head; with two sergeants bearing me away to await, where and how I knew not, the word which should efface me.

XLIII.

IN WHICH I DRINK A DISH OF TEA

Being without specific orders what to do with me, my two sergeant balliffs thrust me into that little den of a strong-room below stairs where I had once found the master of the house, and one of them mounted guard whilst the other fetched the camp armorer to iron me.

The shackles securely on, I was left to content me as I could, with the door ajar and my two jailers hobnobbing before me. Having done all I had hoped to do, there was nothing for it now but to wait upon the consequences. So, I drew my chair up to the oaken table, I made a pillow of my fettered wrists and presently fell adoze.

I know not what hour of the night it was when the half-blood Scipio, who was Mr. Gilbert Stair's body-servant, came in and stared me. I started up suddenly at his touch, making no doubt it was my summons. But the mulatto brought me nothing worse than a cold fowl and a loaf, with a candle-end to see to eat them by, and a dish of hot tea to wash them down.

"Thank you, my friend," I said, and to thank for this, and was set wondering that my lady's charity was broad enough to mantle even by this little my latest sins against the king's cause.

None the less, I ate and drank gratefully, drawing the tea-dish to the dregs—which, by the by, were strangely bitter.

I had scarce finished picking the bones of the capon before sleep came again to drag at my eyelids, a drowsiness so masterful that I could make no head against it. And so, with the bitter taste of the tea still on my tongue, I fell away a second time into the pit of forgetfulness.

When I awakened from what seemed in the memory of it the most unresting sleep I ever had, and so, with the bitter taste of the tea still on my tongue, I fell away a second time into the pit of forgetfulness.

"I drew breath of relief, happily the loss of the day had not made me the bearer of stale tidings. So I made answer with proper reticence, saying that I had news, but it was for Lord Cornwallis' ear first of all. None the less, if the commissary general were pleased to come with me—"

He took the seat at once, and he it was who procured me instant admittance to the house, and who took on himself the responsibility of breaking in upon the party in the supper room.

I shall not soon forget the scene that fronted us when we came into my lord's presence. The supper was in some sort a gala feast held in honor of my lord's accession to his earldom. The table, lighted by great silver candelabra which I recognized as Ireton heirlooms, was well filled around by the members of the commander-in-chief's military family, with the earl at the head, and Mistress Margery, bedight as befitting a lady of the quality, behind the tea urn at the foot.

At our incoming all eyes were turned upon us, but it required my lord's sharp question to make me leave off dwelling upon my sweet lady's radiant beauty.

"How now, Captain Ireton? Do you bring us news from the major?"

I broke the fascinating eyehold and turned to face my fate.

"I do, my lord."

"Well, what of him? You left him hastening to rejoin with his new loyalist levies, I hope?"

I drew my sword, reversed it and laid it upon the table, and then, with a flourish, I said, quietly:

"Now, truly, I had hanged my petard well and 'twas plain the shock of it had gone far to shatter the wall of confidence our enemies had builded on the field of Camden and the crossing of the Broad."

grenade with the fuse alight being dropped upon the table, the consternation could scarce have been greater. To a man the tableful was up and thronging round me; but above all the hubbub I heard a little cry of misery from the table foot where my lady sat.

"How is this, sir?—explain yourself!" thundered my lord, forgetting for once his mild suavity.

"'Tis but a brief tale, and I will make 't as crisp as may be in the telling," I replied. "I came upon the major some miles back side of the crossing. Had the major been marching to rejoin you, in accordance with his orders, but when he had your lordship's command to stand and fight, he obeyed."

"My command?—but I gave him no such order."

"Nay, truly, you did not—neither in the original nor in the duplicate, my lord. But when we had waylaid Lieutenant Tybee and quenched the duplicate, and had so amended the original as to make it fit our purpose, the brave major thanked you for what you had not done and made his escape, and I await the upcoming of the over-mountain men."

For a moment I thought they would hew me limb from limb, but my lord quelled the fierce outburst with a word.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen. We shall know how to deal with this traitor," he said. And then to me: "Go on, sir, if you please; there has been a battle, as I take it."

"There has, indeed. The mountain men came up with us in the afternoon of the Saturday. In an hour one-third of the major's force was dead or dying, the major himself was slain, and every living man left on the field was a prisoner."

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western sun which was shining in at the high roof windows, and that my shackles were still on, and that my skull-splitting headache with a most being fair agasp with astonishment at this new spinning of fate's wheel, I sprang up quickly—and was as quickly glad to fall back upon the pallet. For with the upstart a heaving nausea came to disturb the silence of the cobwebbed garret. From nausea and racking pains I had come to the stage of querulous self-pity. 'Twas monstrous, this burying a man alive, ill, fettered, uncared for, to live or die in utter solitude as might happen. I could not remotely guess to whom I owed this dismal fate, and was too petulant to speculate upon it. But the meddler, friend or foe, who had bereft me of my chance in die whilst I was fit and ready, came in for a Turkish cursing