



# The MINISTER of POLICE

By HENRY MONTJOY

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### Synopsis.

"THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Montjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of ferment and unrest; when Voltaire was breaking the shackles of the past; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regence was preaching the right to think; and when a thousand men were in the gutter of some near the throne, were preparing the great explosion of the revolution.

Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French country, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounds her with spies to discover, if possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet. Rare in that age of animal lust, he is, in fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him his method of righting the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and ends by promising to go to Vienna with her to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, and entrusts the secret affairs of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police and in the possession and safe keeping of De Richelieu, De Lussac's cousin. With this contract in their possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, obtain the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.

De Lussac goes home, writes the papers he has just received, buries Madame Linden that he is attempting one last mission for the society, and also writes an associate telling him where the papers may be found in case of his death. Then he enters Richelieu's home and almost succeeds in getting the document, but is surprised and leaves it to the possession and safe keeping of De Richelieu, De Lussac's cousin. With this contract in their possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, obtain the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.

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every one has been bringing me their insults. Read that.

She handed him the paper which was still between her fingers, and De Mausepou, taking it, read:

"Pardieu ce brillant vis-a-vis?"

"Est-ce le char d'une deesse?"

"Ou de quelque jeune Princesse?"

"S'ecrait un badaud surpris."

"Non," de la foule curieuse.

Lui repoud un caustique, "non; C'est le char de la blancheuse De set infame-d'Aiguillon."

De Mausepou read this elegant production without moving a muscle of his face.

He knew the history of the magnificent carriage which the Duc d'Aiguillon had presented to Madame du Barry—a carriage which goes down through history as the most beautiful ever built, costing in its construction at least 60,000 livres.

He had good cause to know the history of this carriage, as when the Duc d'Aiguillon had been accused of oppression by the court, De Mausepou, who was who had moved the Comtesse du Barry to induce the king to pardon d'Aiguillon. The carriage had been an acknowledgment of this act, and the acknowledgment had brought down on the unfortunate comtesse a shower of lampoons and ballades of a nature to drive an ordinary woman to distraction.

De Sartines could have easily seized these ballad mongers, but he held his hand simply because De Mausepou, being at the bottom of the gift of the carriage, De Sartines was determined to make that gift as bitter as possible to Madame du Barry.

It is necessary to the progress of this story, and it is also interesting, to expose a few of those hidden springs and wheels (in the form of motives and acts) which made up the every-day story of Versailles.

"Madame," said De Mausepou, "the writer of this rubbish is to be pitied for his poverty of pocket and mind, and perhaps pardoned for his fault, but the man who allowed this to be written has committed an unpardonable act."

"Ah!" cried she, the vision of the pretty carriage in which she could never now drive, and finding it into visibility, "if but I could show him how far it is safe to insult a woman with spirit. And look, here are more, the same, and worse."

"I say again, Madame, that the man who wrote these things is only the pen; it is the man who allowed them to be circulated who deserves punishment."

"And that man?"

"Oh, Madame, do you need to ask? Who punished Rochas for his pamphlet against the monarchy? Who punished Therrey for his ballad of Versailles? Who?"

"Ah," said Madame, "you mean Monsieur de Sartines?"

"Precisely."

"But, my dear friend, Monsieur de Sartines himself told me that though the things were printed in Paris, the printers had escaped to Holland and were beyond pursuit."

"Oh, did he? Well, Madame, I must ask you a question: when was the first of these ballads sent to you?"

"Ten days ago, and I have received a ballad a day since."

"When did you reply to Monsieur de Sartines?"

"Five days ago."

"So that five ballads have been printed since, and you will receive another tomorrow. No, Madame, the printers have not escaped to Holland; nor do they wish to escape there; they are quite satisfied to remain in Paris under the protection and in the pay of—"

He paused as if he had gone further than he wished.

"You mean to say Monsieur de Sartines is the instigator of these villainies?"

"I mean to say nothing, Madame," replied De Mausepou coldly.

"You hint?"

"You hint, I only give you food for reflection."

"It must be. The things have been published daily since I spoke, and he was to have seen me today about them, and he has not called. Ah, De Sartines, De Sartines, is that how you recompense your friends?"

De Mausepou smiled; but he said nothing for a moment, fixing his eyes on the carved mantel emblazoned with the Du Barry arms and the motto: "Boutez En Avant."

In his carriage, which contained among other things materials for correspondence, he had occupied himself during the journey to Versailles in the preparation of a document which he now drew from his pocket.

"Madame," said he, "for every bane there is an antidote, and as strangely enough, for the drugs of the prisoner who persecutes you I have brought the antidote." He handed the order to her and she read:

"For your vice chancellor, Monsieur de Mausepou, to hold this day in inquiry at the house known as Rue Cocq Heron into the conduct of certain persons under suspicion as enemies to the state. Giving the said Monsieur de Mausepou full power to seize all documents that may cast light on the conduct of the persons indicted, with power to arrest and detain for further examination any person or persons concerning whom, in his judgment, the evidence may direct itself.

(Signed)

"At Our Palace of Versailles."

(Continued next week.)

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"Here are three letters," said Madame as she finished the last, folded and sealed it. "This one is the landlord, Monsieur de Gorges, telling him I give up the house today. Take it to him at once; also this letter to Boehmer, the jeweler, and this to Behrens, the haberdasher; they are to bring my purchases here tonight at 8. Take them. Stay; what is that?"

A carriage had drawn up in the street and some one had rung the door bell. Madame crossed the room and looked out. She saw beyond the rails of the courtyard a carriage, but the visitor had evidently been admitted, for there was no sign of any one in the courtyard.

"Go," said she to Rosine; "see who it is, and should it by any chance be Monsieur de Sartines, say that I am out."

A moment later Rosine came running up.

"Monsieur de Mausepou has called, Madame, and wishes to speak to you."

"Monsieur de Mausepou? Well, show him up."

Rosine left the room and the baroness presently heard the heavy step of the vice chancellor on the stairs. The door opened and Rosine's sprightly voice announced: "Monsieur de Mausepou."

De Mausepou, whom we have scarcely seen up to this, was a personage with a funeral air, a face yellow as the parchments of the law, and a coat of black velvet worn the least bit at the seams; as if to make up for this touch of business on the coat, his ruffles were of the finest lace and his right hand, half buried in its ruffles, showed the sparkle of a diamond.

Despite the gloom and sobriety of his appearance there was a touch of magnificence about this man, and despite the suggestion of parchment, a touch of fire. Now, at this moment, standing before Madame La Baronne, the president of the law courts had assumed his most gracious air. He bowed as though he were standing before the divinity, and as he took the seat which had been indicated he plunged at once into the business on hand.

"Madame," said he, "this morning I received a note indicating that if I called today at Monsieur le Duc de Richelieu's house in the Faubourg St. Honore at 1 o'clock, I should see something of interest to me as vice chancellor of France. Also that I was to make no reference to the note but simply call as a friend of Monsieur de Richelieu."

"Monsieur," replied the baroness, "I wrote that note."

"Ah, you wrote that note. Well, Madame, it is to the honor of my personality that I guessed the fact."

She bowed. "And what you saw—did it interest you, Monsieur?"

"Profoundly."

"That is well. I always like to perform what I promise. Well, Monsieur, if you accept the invitation I gave you to my house this evening, I will promise you a sight even more interesting than that which you beheld at the house of Monsieur de Richelieu."

"Madame," said De Mausepou, "the sight which I beheld this morning interested me mainly by the fact that I did not understand it at all. May I speak plainly?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I saw Monsieur de Sartines in a state of agitation."

"Yes."

"I saw three personages of the court on their knees before a lady whom they hate for their beauty and wit."

"Yes."

"And I heard them asking pardon of her under the pretense of playing a comedy."

"Yes."

"When you invited us all here tonight I was watching Monsieur de Sartines' face. Madame, to be brief, you hold a very high percentage in your hand."

"Again you are right, Monsieur."

"He is your enemy, for 'tis well known, Madame, in the circles of justice that he—"

"Holds me in suspicion. Oh, Monsieur, he has done more than that; he has insulted me three times, and for each of those insults I have sworn revenge."

De Mausepou smiled. "Upon my faith, Madame," said he, "all you tell

me exactly confirms what logical reasoning has made me suspect, and now, to be brief again, I do not know nor do I want to know, what act of Monsieur de Sartines has placed him in your bad graces, but this I must know; and I write to your house tonight in my official capacity or simply as Monsieur de Mausepou?"

"In your official capacity, Monsieur."

"To meet—"

"A criminal who has conspired against the welfare of the state."

"Madame, this is a serious matter, and I warn you if I come to your house tonight, I shall come armed with terrible powers."

"Come armed as you please, Monsieur, only I warn you of this: if you display your power before the right moment arrives you will spoil it."

"Madame," replied he, rising to go, "I leave the matter in your hands, assured as I am that your aim is the same as mine—justice. I shall be with you tonight."

He took his leave, entered his carriage, and gave his coachman the order, "Versailles."

His hatred of De Sartines had been a growth of years, one of those hatreds complex as a mechanism and cold as ice, despite the fire that keeps it alive. He knew much against De Sartines, but he had never been able to make use of his knowledge. Instinct told him now that this woman was probably the instrument he had been long searching for. That she had the Lieutenant general of police in her grip was self-evident.

"A criminal who has conspired against the welfare of the state." He kept mumbling the words over as though they pleased him. The criminal could be none other than De Sartines. What crime had he committed out of the many possible crimes that he might commit? De Mausepou could not tell, nor did he care so long as the crime was big enough.

At noon and a half after leaving Paris, that is to say, at about 20 minutes past 4, De Mausepou's carriage entered the courtyard of Versailles. We have said that at this period the dinner hour of the nobility was 4 o'clock; that of the king 5. From this it followed that from 5 o'clock there was an emptying of the ante-rooms and corridors adjoining the king's apartments. One might have fancied that the dinner hour would have emptied them entirely, but this was not so. A number of courtiers always clung on in the hope of a glance or word from the king as he passed to the dining room or the private apartments of Madame du Barry.

Nothing is more extraordinary than this obsession of the courtiers of the kings of France which caused them to follow the presence of the monarch as he went to the queen. Marked in the time of Louis XIII, it became acute in the reign of the grand monarch, and still more so in the time of Louis XV. From the Duchesse de Gramont to the Marchioness de Mirepoix, from Monsieur de Choiseul to the Prince de Soubise, there was not one of these people who did not feel half stifled when condemned to breathe air other than the air of the court.

So, though it was past the dinner hour, Monsieur de Mausepou as he passed up the stairway of the ambassadors encountered several of his acquaintances, and more in the Hall of Mirrors.

But it was not to the king that Monsieur de Mausepou had come to pay his court, and disregarding the people whom he met and who made attempts to hold him in talk, he turned his steps toward that wing of the chateau once occupied by the Princess Adelaide and now occupied by Madame du Barry when that lady was not in residence at Luciennes.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME DU BARRY.

Madame du Barry on this special day was in a bad temper, a rare condition of mind with her who, capricious, fanciful, volatile, and changeable as any woman could be, rarely displayed ill humor.

She was seated now, buried in cushions, in an embrasure of one of the windows showing the trees of the park, a glimpse of the fountains, and a sky of forget-me-not blue broken by pearl white clouds.

Never does the great park of Versailles look more beautiful than under the afternoon sun of a summer day, but Madame had no eyes for its beauty; just now, nor for the antics of Pistache, her little dog, begging to be taken up from the floor, nor for the beauty of Comberes, the macaw, blazened with tropical color on his perch; her eyes were entirely taken up by a paper which she held in her hands. Other papers lay on the cushions, evidently read and cast there in a fit of impatience.

Madame du Barry was dressed in a gown of blue Italian silk, stiff almost as a brocade, clasped at the waist with diamonds, and showing the pearl white of her throat and arms to perfection. Her hair was dressed after her own fashion, that is to say negligently; the frisure, and the other horrors of the hair dresser's art had been condemned by her, and to the terror of the frumps of the court a fashion had been introduced disastrous to all but the young and beautiful. Her face was lovely, one of those faces that surprise as much as they delight us, because they are new.

With what feelings of disgust one reads the description of her by the infamous Madame Gourdan: "Her waist was well rounded; her face was lovely, one that might have been chiseled by a sculptor; she had large deep-set eyes whose subtle glance was always delightful, and I noticed that her skin was of marble whiteness, her hands and feet of the finest, and her hair in such profusion that I could not hold it in my two hands."

And yet this ogress in her stereotyped way had found something of the countess's nameless charm in those "deep-set eyes whose subtle glance was always delightful."

Madame du Barry raised her head on the introduction of Monsieur de Mausepou, and presented her hand to him while retaining in the other hand the paper which she had been reading.

"Madame—where cousin," murmured the first magistrate of France as he bowed over the hand of the countess, "what a pleasure it is to find you to delight the eye, after the dust of the law courts, the faces one sees. My compliments."

"Oh, monsieur," replied the lovely creature among the cushions, "how strange it is that you should bring me your compliments, when all day long

## Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: **First**—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; **Second**—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; **Third**—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."



**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**The Kind You Have Always Bought**  
In Use For Over 30 Years.  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### MADE RULES FOR COMPOSERS

Frederick the Great, Talented Musician Himself, Laid Down Imperative Orders.

Frederick the Great was the most distinguished musical amateur of his age, and his position gave him the power to regulate the style of composition employed by the musicians of his period. For instance, he made the following rules to be followed by operatic composers: "All the principal singers must have big arias and different in character, as an adagio aria, which must be very cantabile to show off to good advantage the voice and delivery of the singer; in da capo the artist can then display her art in embellishing variations; then there must be an allegro aria with brilliant passages, a gallant aria, a duet for the first male singer and the prima donna. In these pieces the big forms of measure must be used so as to give pathos to the tragedy; the smaller forms of time, such as two-four and three-eight, are for the secondary roles, and for these a tempa minuetto can be written. There must be the necessary changes of time, but minor keys must be avoided in the theater, because they are too mournful."

### Very Warm.

A party of commercial travelers were drawing the long-bow and spinning yarns of wonderful adventures on sea and land. A silent listener sat in the corner. Presently one of the company addressed him.

"Have you traveled much, sir?"

"A little. I've been round the world seven times."

"Then you must have had some striking experiences. Perhaps you would like to tell us one or two?"

"Well," said the stranger, "perhaps the most remarkable was on my last voyage. At one time we found the heat so terrific that we used to take it in turns to go down into the stokehold to get a cooler."

No more yarns were related that evening.

### A Better Bliss.

"Don't you think a man must be happy when he takes his queen by the hand?"

"Not as happy as the man who takes four queens in his."

**Professional Comfort.**

"That photographer ought not to have been dejected when his best girl refused him."

"Why oughtn't he?"

"Because he certainly got a good negative."

### Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, and indigestion, as millions know. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature *Wm. Wood*

### THE BEST TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura Ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-free "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Nothing to Show.

"A doctor says thin men live long."

"How about thin women?"

"Oh, life probably seems long to them in this diaphanous age."

### For Sunburn, Insect Bites.

Ivy Poison or any other skin inflammation us Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and get quick relief. 25c. at druggists. Sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

### The New Woman.

Mrs. Knicker—Are you going to take a course in a business college?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes; I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.—Judge.

### Stoppage at Source.

Friend—What does the doctor say?

Casey—He seems to be elated because he has the fever nearly down to where it was when he started.—Puck.

### Foley Kidney Pills Succeed

because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

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**REPEATING RIFLES FOR HUNTING**

No matter what you hunt for or where you hunt, the answer to the question "What rifle shall I take?" is—a Winchester. Winchester Repeating Rifles are made for all styles of cartridges, from .22 to .50 caliber. Whichever model you select you will find it an accurate shooter, reliable in action and strong in construction.

Winchester Guns and Ammunition—the Red W Brand—made for each other.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

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