

STANDING that Uncle George could not come till later in the kind enough ing; to insist that lunch. And I full" self extreme-

showed me round the picture-gallery younger," I observed, chiefly in order afterwards. Adelaide was really en. to cover Adelaide's frozen silence. chanting; tall, stately yet slender, pale wherefore this third was an oppor-

We were alone in the picture-gallery. I had just thrown the cigarette, which had been graciously allowed to me, out of the window, and (seeing that we were, as I say, alone) I was just about to- But suddenly Adelaide spoke.

"Do you see that picture?" "What, the fat old lady?"

"Yes, the fat old lady," said Adelaide, laughing. "It's mamma's sister, Lady Hamlyn.

"Oh, I beg pardon," I murmured. "I took her for a more remote relative." Adelaide threw her charming head back and surveyed Lady Hamlyn.

"Mamma always says," she observed, "that Aunt Lucia was exactly like what I am now, when she was a girl." I started violently.

"Oh, it's prepost-" I began, but the word fell unfinished. I drew near to Lady Hamlyn's portrait. "The features are just the same."

observed Adelaide. "And that sort of proaching figure. complexion gets-" "Deeper," I put in, pleading for a

merciful word. "Yes, deeper. And I believe Aunt Lucia was a very slim girl; thinner than I am, even.' I was silent now; not in indigna-

tion, but in speechless recognition of irresistible, mouraful truth. "I daresay you don't see the like-

ness," said Adelaide, archly. "But the family does." Alas! I did; even as the family did.

"Do you see the likeness?" asked Adelaide, with the slightest hint of uneasiness in her tone. "There-there's a look," said I, apol-

agetically. Adelaide looked at me, and then at Lady Hamlyn's portrait. But I could not meet Adelaide's eye, nor now, for

"I wish I could deny it altogether." There was a pause. Then Adelaide said, tentatively:

"I don't call her bad looking for an old lady, do you?" "She looks good-natured," I man-

aged to gasp. "Oh! that means you think her very

ugly;" and Adelaide turned a shoulder on me in high dudgeon. "Not ugly!" I cried; "but rather-"

"Well, Mr. Danby?" "Rather-rather stout and-and-"

"Well, Mr. Danby?" "Homely," I murmured, stealing a furtive, fearful glance at Adelaide.

There was a long silence. Then Adelaide said very coldly: "Do you care to see any more pic-

tures, Mr. Danby?" "Not for the world," I cried, impulsively.

We walked out of the gallery in gloomy silence. I was enraged at myself-full of serrow for the wounded



"DO YOU SEE THE LIKENESS?"

pride which was evidently oppressing Adelaide-full of resentment against that unconscionable old lady, who had her portrait painted with the express object (so I accused her) of spoiling laide. my romantic dreams.

"What did she want to be painted for?" I exclaimed petulantly, as we reached the door which led into the Adelaide said nothing at all. She

kept her face turned away from me. The tension of our uncomfortable attitude to one another-so different from what it had been when we entered the gallery-was happily relieved by the approach of Mrs. Elliott. I saw a question in Mrs. Elliott's eye, and I am going to write a book. I'm going avoided her eye, as I had avoided to make a record of my wasted op Adelaide's eye and Lady Hamlyn's portunities; a compilation of th eve. I knew that we had not been sent things I should have done and didn't round the picture gallery together for do." nothing.

"Well, Mr. Danby, I hope you like our pictures?" said my hostess.

"They are delightful," I answered. raphy."-Washington Star. "I'm so grateful to Miss Elliott for showing them to me."

I could hardly have put it more unfortunately. Adelaide shot a glance to the pope in Roman Catholic coungive me two loaves." of angry scorn at me. "I know you're tries, drunk in a full glass just after grateful," the glance said.

"The one of my sister has only just come. We consider it so like Addie." "It's not the-" I began desperately, but Adelaide was too quick.

"Mr. Danby was immensely struck with the likeness," said she, with an icy air. "He saw it, did he?" cried Mrs.

Elliott, apparently much pleased. "But really everybody must, I think." "Then why don't you burn the wretched thing?" was on the tip of day, Mrs. my tongue, when Mrs. Elliott most Elliott was luckily prevented its utterance by cry-

"Why, here comes Sir George. I should go to Earlier than he said! How delight-

enjoyed my- Across the broad lawn, slowly coming towards us, was Uncle George's ly - not only heavy broad figure. He had the gout, at lunch, but | poor old man, and walked leaning on also while a stick.

Adelaide "Poor old chap, he doesn't get any

Mrs. Elliott put up her double with relief of delicate rose. I had glasses and surveyed Uncle George's met Adelaide once or twice before, and approaching figure. She took a long. the second time had been unnecessary; critical, exhaustive view of Uncle George. Then she turned and looked at me with some particularity.

"Well," she observed, drawing a long breath, "talk about likenesses!" I was inclined to implore her to choose any other topic under heaven, but I could not do so while Adelaide stood by.

"Talk about likeness!" said Mrs. Elliott. "Addie is like her aunt, no doubt-"

"All right, mamma. Mr. Danby knows that now," came suddenly (and, if I may be allowed the word, snappishly) from Adelaide.

"But it's nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with your likeness to Sir George, Mr. Danby." For the second time I started

violently. "My likeness to Uncle George!" I cried.

"Why, my dear Mr. Danby, it's almost ludierous." Adelaide gave a short laugh. We stood regarding Uncle George's ap-

"If he were your age, you'd be as like as two peas," said Mrs. Eltiott in



the matter of this, Lady Hamlyn's coming roward us was uncle george.

"Just a look," I repeated, guiltily. a final tone; and with that she walked off to meet Uncle George, leaving Adelaide and me standing together.

long pause. swered incisively: "Have I eyes, Mr. Danby?" And she

has very fine ones. leaning on his stick, talking to Mrs. Elliott.

means unprepossessing in appearance," I observed, as the result of my scrutiny.

"Oh, poor old man! How he suffers!" said Adelaide. "We mustn't think about his appearance, Mr. Danby." That was all very well for Adelaide. I was bound to think about his appear-

ance. "Of course, he's rather fat and-er Herald. -bald, and-well-red in the face." "All that's only because of his sue on any point of my description. "I'm sure he's nice, though."

I looked at Adelaide. I drew a step nearer to Adelaide. "Is Lady Hamlyn nice?" I asked. Adelaide made no reply; but, look-

ing still, I saw her lips curve ever so slightly. "And after all, she can't help her

looks," I said, compassionately. "No more can poor Sir George," conceded Adelaide. "They would make a funny old pair,

wouldn't they?" said I. "Oh, I can't imagine it!" cried Adelaide.

"Can't you?" I asked. "No, I can't," said she, with mighty determination. "But suppose he had met her when

she was young-and like you" "Oh, she wouldn't have looked at him," protested Adelaide. "But suppose," I persisted, "that he

had been young also, and-" "Like you?" asked Adelaide, with a lift of ner lashes. "What would have happened then?"

"I-I don't know," murmured Ade-It was some moments later that I

observed: "You're not a bit like her really, you know.'

"And mamma's very absurd about you and Sir George," said Adelaide. Well, we shall see-some day. And then-we shan't know!-Black and

An Appropriate Title. "Some day," said the morose man, "1

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that I guess I'll call it my ought-to biog-

-The word bumper, signifying & be very fresh, for it takes about ten drink or pledge, was originally a toast dinner au Bon Pere.

AN INDIAN'S GREAT FEAT. A Medicine Man Whose Arrows Never Re-

turned to Earth. Harry Kellar, the magician, tells of a singular feat which he witnessed in the Rosebud agency, in South Dakota, several years ago, which was as wonderful in its way as anything related of the east. Among other things of note among the tribe who were pointed out to the party was a morose, rather flabby-looking Indian, the high priest, or medicine man, of the Ogallallas. The magician endeavored to secure an interview with him, but the old mar was silent and unapproachable. At last, after obtaining the friendly in-tercessions of the chief, Red Cloud, the party made its way to the medicine man's wigwam and drew him forth.

"It was evening," said Kellar. "The sun had set, and the Indian village stood forth in the white light of a full moon. The medicine man heard our petition in silence, and then, without a word, took down a beautifully-fashioned bow which hung from his tent pole. He selected carefully seven finely-finished arrows, the shafts of which were of wood and the points of flint. The old man examined his weapons closely, and then strode out on the prairie a short distance, followed a litbright moonlight, and a practiced eye could readily follow his movements. "Drawing an arrow to the head of

his bowstring and looking up a moment into the sky, as if to locate the brooklets and small rivers. The black exact spot which he wished to pierce, he let go the powerful bow. The arair, so perfectly perpendicular that it increased the humidity of the climate. most fall upon the very head of the soil is often scourged by desuspense and still there was no indication of the return of either.

"The third, fourth, fifth and sixth shafts were drawn from his quiver and dispatched at intervals. When he had We waited five minutes more, and the old man returned to his tepce.

hoping that through the use of money I could obtain his secret. But he did not return any more than did his mys-I could ever give for this really remarkable performance was one suggested to me by a friend. The Indians have long known the existence of magnetic iron ore, and have used their sethemselves in the ground, at the bot- trail. Receiving this answer, I fell again tom of the center pole, swerved, it to studying Uncle George, who stood might be, a few inches by the magnetic attraction.

"Unfortunately this suggestion was "I don't call Uncle George by any made to me after my opportunity for examination had gone by, and the old archer's performance is still to me a the saw palmettos. Thinking it must be profound mystery. There is nothing a racoon, she quickly picked up a chunk very improbable though in the suggestion, provided that no wind was blowing at the time. I have seen Indian stant he emerged. All at once, with a archers at a long distance drive an arrow into a mark and then split this arrow with a second repeatedly."-N. Y.

health," said Adelaide, not joining is- Hollow Logs Used as Bells to Call the Worshipers.

> The chimes of bells used to call the members to service are very unique. As a substitute for bell metal hollow logs are used. Each village has a large one dug out of some great tree, with natural partitions left in each end to form heads. The aperture is long and narrow, and the bell is rung by striking the edges in a peculiar manner with a short, heavy club, producing a dull booming sound that can be heard a long distance. The large bell is sounded for worship Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays and the first day of each month. In addition to the large bell the village has several small ones, dug out of small logs of varying sizes, producing different tones. These are held in one hand and struck with a small hardwood stick; the performers marching about the village and drumming a time as a call to worship. Small children play these, but it requires a certain knack to sound large ones. Churches are built of coral rocks and bowlders laid in plaster made of burned coral; they have low open windows and doors. A good share of the congregation make their entrance and exit through the windows. These little churches have sugar-cane thatched roofs and are located, some of them, on the extreme points of the beach .- N. Y. Advertiser.

Her Second Thought. "Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked

days to come from Vienna. You may The baker gave her the stalest be had .- Vozue.

THE VALUE OF FORESTS.

Not only do trees modify climatic conditions and tend to purify the air, more particularly in the neighborhood of large towns, but experience shows that they have also a very valuable economic influence on the growth of vegetation. Among other things, Mr. Nisbet tells us that the Russian famin of 1892 is attributed largely to the absence of trees. Prof. Geffeckin declares that the principal cause of the dearth was the drought during the spring and summer of 1892, and this absence of rain was greatly due to the absence of trees. The area formerly covered with timber was enormous; but with the abolition of serfdom and the introduction of railways, the woods were abandoned to speculators, and no one thought of replanting. Too late has the government issued a law for the protection of forests. Such a devastation, going on for twenty years, not only exhausts a source of wealth but has also other bad consequences. When the country is deprived of its from heaven can not be kept back, as is the case with the woods, which act tle in the rear by our party. It was as a sponge, but rushes in torrents into the rivers and disappears into the sea; and the consequence is a gradual diminution of the fertility of the soil and the disappearing of numerous soil region of Russia was formerly hedged in by a belt of trees, which row went swift and straight into the sheltered it from the desert winds and seemed as if in its return it would al- The forests no longer exist. the black archer. We tried in vain to follow its vastating blasts from the steppe course, and as we waited for the whis- and not infrequently baked by tle of the returning arrow a percepti- prolonged droughts. Many writ-After waiting several minutes he dis- the main cause of the recent famine in exactly the same manner and toward trees. American investigations prove exactly the same point. We waited in that, though the influence upon the general climate which depends upon cosmic causes can with reason be expected from a forest cover, yet local modifications of climatic conditions may be anticipated. These modificashot them all the medicine man un- tions, if they exist, are of great pracstrung his bow and leaned upon it tical value, for upon them depend sucthoughtfully. A glance at my watch cess or failure in agricultural pursuits

terious arrows. The only explanation A Black Bear Versus an Umbrella Plus a eret among themselves for the per- Latham, wife of mine host at Oak cruel act. He tried to watch the dog, formance of a number of feats. My Lodge, on the Indian river peninsula but he could not see for the quick tears friend suggested that the hollow cen- (Brevard County, Fla.) can tell you ex- that would keep coming, though he ter pole of the medicine man's tepe was actly. There is a cleared trail leading winked fast and wiped his eyes with made of magnetic iron, and that the from this same lodge-in-a-vast-wilder-"Do-do you see it?" I asked, after a old man was an archer of such won- ness to the beach, half a mile away. derful accuracy that he was able to di- It runs through a dense and fearfully-Adelaide is a girl of spirit. She an- rect his shafts one after another, so tangled jungle of cabbage palmetto, that upon their return to earth, unseen live-oak, and saw palmetto which in the pale moonlight, they buried forms a living wall on each side of the About twelve months ago, Mrs. La-

SAMOANS ON SUNDAY.

On Sunday mornings the church members file down the street to the church dressed in their finest apparel. all manner of costumes being visible. The swells wear in addition to their lova-lava a white shirt, collarless and flapping unrestrainedly in the breeze. The women wear their best mother hubbard of brightest color and perch on the top of their heads hats of a fashion obsolete in Noah's time.

Mrs. McBride of the baker, but before he could reply she added: "How stupid of me, to be sure? Of course, it couldn't

Their Destruction Brings Disaster Upon the Country.

trees the earth is dried and crumbles am sorry to say they were not alike. from the hills; the water coming down Tommy was warm-heated and kind, ble smile crept over the old man's face. ers who have visited Russia agree that patched a second shaft after the first, was the denudation of the land of its showed me that fully fifteen minutes and comfort or discomfort of life withhad elapsed since he had shot the first in the given cosmic climate. The same arrow, and not one of them had re- conditions prevail with reference to turned to earth so far as I could tell. forest influences upon overflow, which can exist only as local modifications of water conditions, which are due, in the "I followed, but the old man had dis- first place, to climatic, geologic and appeared. I waited for a long time, topographic conditions.-N. Y. Ledger.

## BRUIN WAS MEEK.

Woman.

How much danger is there to the pound in a wild black bear when you meet him in his haunts, accidentally and at close quarters? Mrs. M. F.

tham was returning from the beach alone, and armed with an umbrella. When just a quarter of a mile from this very porch, she heard the rustling of some animal coming toward her through of palmetto wood, and held it ready to whack Mr. Coon over the head the inmighty rustling, out stepped a big black bear within six feet of her! The surprise was amutual and profound. Naturally Mrs. La:ham was scared, but not out of her wits, and she decided that to run would be to invite pursuit and possibly attack. She stood her ground and said nothing, and the bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws. Feeling that she must do something, Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and closed it two or three times. "Woof!" said the bear. Turning about he plunged into the palmettos and went crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as fast as she could go. So much for the "savage and aggressive" disposition of the black bear.-W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

Flower of the Holy Spirit. A dainty flower is appropriately named the "Flower of Holy Spirit," the "Espirita Santo" of the Spaniards, who discovered it in Panama in 1826. In its native soil it blooms naturally from July to September, but further north only erratically. Out of twenty plants owned by one man in Philadelphia only one has flowered this year; but in many respects this one is still rarer, as the flowers have been pure white, whereas a slight tinge, approaching purple, appears on the inner side of the leaves in the form of minute specks. The flow is one and one-half inches across, almost globose, and the spikes of the plant grow to a height of three feet. It is an orchid, "Peristeria Elata," of the rarest variety, and each year casts out new bulbous roots, from which the following year's plant grows. It is commonly called the Holy Ghost Plant, and produces in the center of the flower, in place of stamens, a clear representation of the head and breast of a dove, with outstretched wings and a tiny yellow beak .- Philadelphia Times.

She Wanted a Cinch. "Are you certain that you love me?" "I am." "But are you sure that you are certain?"-N. Y. Press.

-"What made you borrow that five dollars of Grabbers when you had plenty of money with you?" "I wanted to be sure I'd meet him when we went up to the city."-Inter-Ocean.

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

Wanted-a little housemaid. Just to help mamma to-day; Hair tueked neatly in a braid. Aproned, capped and smiling gay-Here she comes-as prompt and neat As a household fairy sweet!

Chairs in every round and chink Shall be dusted perfectly; Hearth swept clean, before you think Baby's scattered toys will be Quickly put away in place By this fairy household grace.

Then she has her wages paid Promptly every penny, too-Trusty, winsome little maid! She gets paid in coin so true-Praises, kisses, loving words, Till she's happy as the birds! -Lulu Curran, in Good Housekeening.

BILLY'S LESSON.

And His Teacher Is His Neighbor's Water Spaniel.

Tommy Leigh and Billy Connor were neighbors. That is, they lived quite near each other. Tommy was eight and Billy was ten years old. I while Billy was not always so. But this excuse must be made for Billy: he had no mother to teach him right from wrong, so his bad little nature often ran away with him. But I will tell you what set him to thinking he would do

One morning Tommy rescued a little dog, to whose tail Billy tied an old milk-can "to see him go," as he told the boys and girls standing by to enjoy the cruel sport.

He was very angry at Tommy for spoiling the fun, and a little while after, seeing Tommy's kitten sunning itself on the porch, he caught her up and ran with her under his jacket out of the village toward the mill pond

with Rover, Tommy's water spaniel, close at his heels. The cruel boy had a small bag in his pocket and put the kitten into it, Rover all the time looking on and whining, as if to say: "What are you doing with my pet, you bad boy!" for the kitten was Rover's playmate and he loved her dearly. But Billy did not heed the pleading look, and with a toss, threw the bag out into the pond.

But Billy tried to throw so far that he lost his balance and fell off the bank into the pond. It was not very deep near the shore, and Tommy, who happened to walk by just then, helped him up the steep bank.

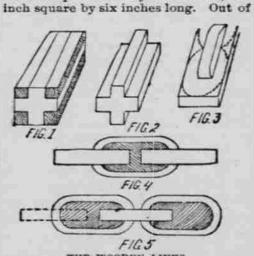
In the meanwhile Rover had plunged in after the kitten. The bag did not sink very far, and, grasping it in his mouth, Rover swam with it to the other shore. There he laid it down, and with his sharp teeth quickly tore open the bag. He began to lick and fondle the poor little kitten, that, wet and cold, mewed sadly.

Billy sat down on a stone. Something-maybe it was Rover's reproachful eyes-told him that he had done a his jacket sleeve.

By and by Rover took the way slowly home, his little pet following him, still wet and much ruffled. Then Billy went home, too. Waiting by the corner of the lane, he caught the kitten as she came along and dried her wet fur on his rough jacket. Then he carried her to a sunny corner by the hedge to doze. Do you know what Rover taught Billy that morning?-Mrs. Christine Stevens, in Our Little Ones.

LITTLE WOODEN CHAIN. How a Handy Boy Can Make One Con-

taining Twenty-Four Links. pretty experiment, which boys with a knack for carpentering will chain out of a single block of wood. in so short a time.-N. Y. World. This is how the feat is accomplished. This diagram almost explains itself: Take a piece of very soft wood, one



THE WOODEN LINKS. this cut a piece like that shown in Fig. 2, then mark off the links as shown in Fig. 3. Hold this piece sidewise and cut out the darker portions shown in the illustration. Do the same thing on the other side of the piece. A small and sandpaper them down. The illusbe made easily, and it will serve many useful purposes.

The Small Boy's Paradise.

Small boys who cannot resist the temptation to make predatory excursions on neighboring apple orchards should be transported to the Sandwich islands, where the apples have become wild, and where forests of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up the mountain sides. It is extent of one of them is between five and ten miles in width and about twenty miles long.

Nowadays. It doesn't matter so much Whether he's in the style, Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch Provided he's made his pile. -Chicago Tribune. SIRRAH WAS FAITHFUL

How a Sheep Dog Took Care of Seven Hundred Lambs.

You often hear a great deal about dogs destroying sheep, and some persons would like to kill all the dogs in the country. That is very foolish, because the dog is really the sheep's best friend, and if, instead of hating dogs, each farmer would get a good one to look after his flock they would be quite safe. He would not let any strange, bad, fierce dog hurt the sheep that were in his charge.

Such a brave and faithful animal was Sirrah. He lived in Scotland a good many years ago, a collie of the best and purest breed, and as handsome as he was intelligent. He had a beautiful white frill and the clearest, most honest and affectionate hazel eyes.

Now, Sirrah held a post of great responsibility. He had to take care of the lambs. Not of a few lambs, a dozen or so, but of seven hundred. Just think how hard it would be to count seven hundred lambs! But that was what he had to do. He was expected to keep watch of all and not to lose one.

One very dark, stormy night the sheep managed to break out of the fold. No one knew what started them, but they followed each other, as sheep will, being very stupid animals, and before midnight the fold was empty and the sheep and lambs were scattered in three separate parties over the wide range of hills. The shepherd called Sirrah, who was sleeping after working hard all day, and started off with his men. It was pitch dark and they could not see the dog, but he knew his duty and went off to look for his lambs, while the men hunted for the sheep.

They found them after awhile and then sought for Sirrah and his charge, but no trace of them was to be seen. All night they wandered over the hills. till finally they turned towards home in despair, having made up their minds that the lambs were all lost and that they should never find them alive, for there were many steep precipices and places where they might all have fallen

off and been killed. It was now getting light. The shepherd and his men were going slowly and sadly along, when as they passed a deep hollow among the hills they heard a bark. They looked down and saw some lambs and the dog in front looking round for help, but still at his post. Then they did not feel tired any more, but ran down the side of the hill, and Sirrah was glad enough to see them. He came a little way to meet his master and the look of care and responsibility left his face.

Not one lamb of the whole seven hundred was missing, but how they

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THE SHEEP DOG. had ever been got there, how the dog, all alone, in the black darkness, had ever managed to get them all together and then to bring them safely down the sides of the deep hollow, no one

could ever tell. Sirrah had been all alone from midnight till sunrise. He had no one to help him, and yet all the shepherds of find interesting, is the making of a the hills could not have done the same

A Little American Girl.

Last summer a little girl, ten years old, living in Indiana, was walking across one of the railroad tracks near a trestle across a deep ravine when she discovered that it was on fire. She knew that it was almost time for a train to come. She knew that the train would drop into the ravine if allowed to cross it. She took off her red flannel petticoat and went running up the track waving her danger-signal. She stopped the train at the curve and saved it. There were a number of French people on the train going to the world's fair. These people were so grateful to this brave little girl that they, on returning to France, petitioned that the little girl should receive a medal of honor. President Carnot ordered the medal struck off, and it was sent to the little girl. This medal is given in France only to those who have done marked acts of bravery. It is the medal which France gives her soldiers. -Outlook.

Chicken Surgery in Florida. A marauding hawk made an attack on a Lakeland (Fla.) fowl yard, and sucbit of wood will be left between each | ceeded in ripping a chicken's craw enof the links. Cut through this and tirely from its body, so that it dragged they will loosen. Round out the pieces on the ground; and also cutting a hole through the craw, so that it would not tration shows only three links, but a hold food. A day or two afterward the chain of about twenty-four links can owner caught it and one of the ladies of the family performed a surgical operation. The craw was sewed up, the chicken was soaked in hot water until the wounded and dry skin was made elastic again, the craw was restored to its place, the wound sewed up, and now that is about the healthiest chicken in

A Curlosity Among Colors. It is a curious fact that the color of yellow, whether it be vegetable or animal, is much more permanent than said that miles of these apple forests any other hue. The yellow of a flowcan occasionally be seen. A traveler is er's petals is the only color known to responsible for the statement that the botanists that is not faded or entirely discharged upon being exposed to the fumes of sulphurous acid. Take the viola tricolor (heart's ease) as an illustration. If exposed but a mement to these fumes the purple tint immediately takes its flight, and in the wall-flower the yellow shines as brightly as ever after all ther colors

the yard.

unto him unto whom honor is due, manently cured and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom is due on subscription and sick headache perunto him unto whom honor is due, manently cured and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom is due on subscription and sick headache perunto him unto whom honor is due, manently cured and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will the crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will be crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will be crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will be crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will be crossing a whom honor is due, and piles prevental who wish to have such work done will be crossing a whom honor is due, and the crossing a whom honor is due,