The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

But, waiting for the coming of the

apothecary, a new dread, that was also a new hope, stole over her. Since that first day on which her boy and her husband talked together, and every day thereafter when Sunlocks had called out "Little Michael! little Michael!" and she had sent the child in, with his little flaxen curls combed out, his little clubby face rubbed to a shiny red, and all his little body smelling sweet with the soft odors of childhood, she had noticedshe could not help it-that Sunlocks listened for the sound of her own might have been rare)she passed his

And at first this was a cause of fear to her, lest he should discover her before her time came to reveal herself; and then of hope that he might even do so, and save her against her will from the sickening pains of hungry waiting; and finally of horror, that perhaps after all he was thinking of her as another woman. This last thought sent all the blood of her body tingling into her face, and on the day it flashed upon her, do what she would she could not but hate him for it as for an infidelity that might not be forgiven.

"He never speaks of me," she thought, "never thinks of me! I am dead to him; quite, quite dead and swept out of his mird."

It was a cruel conflict of love and hate, and if it had come to a man he would have said within himself, "By this token I know that she whom I love has forgotten me, and may be happy with another some aay. Well, I am nothing—let me go my ways.' But that is not the gospel of a woman's love, with all its sweet, delicious selfishness. So after Greeba had told herself once or twice that her husband had forgotten her, she told, herself a score of times that do | world during the two and a half years what she would he should yet be of his imprisonment since the day of hers, hers only, and no other woman's his recapture at the Mount of Laws. in all the wide world. Then she thought, "How foolish! Who is there to take him from me? Why, no one.'

Sunlocks question the priest concerning, asking what the mother of little Michael was like to look upon. And the priest answered that if the eyes of an old curmudgeon like himself could see straight, she was comely beyond her grade in life, and young, too, though her brown hair had sometimes a shade of gray, and gentle and silent, and of a soft and touching voice.

"I've heard her voice once," said Sunlocks, "And her husband was an Icelander, and he is dead, you say?" "Yes," said the priest; "and she's

like myself in one thing.' "And what is that?" said Sunlocks. "That she has never been able to look at anybody else," said the priest. "And that's why she is here, you must know, burying herself alive on old

Grimsey." "Oh," said Sunlocks, in the low murmur of the blind, "if God had but given me this woman, so sweet, so true, so simple, instead of her-of her -and yet-and yet-

"Gracious heavens!" thought Greeba, "he is falling in love with me." At that, the hot flush overspread her cheeks again, and her dark eyes danced, and all her loveliness flowed back upon her in an instant. And then a subtle fancy, a daring scheme, a wild adventure broke on her heart and head, and made every nerve in her body quiver. She would let him go on; he should think she was the other woman; she would draw him on to love her, and one day when she held him fast and sure, and he was hers, hers, hers only forever and ever, she would open her arms and "Sunlocks, Sunlocks, 1 am Greeba. Greeba!'

It was while she was in the first hot flush of this wild thought, never doubting but the frantic thing was posisble, for love knows no impediments, that the apothecary came from Husavik, saying he was sent by some unknown correspondent named Adam Fair brother, who had written from London. He examined the eyes of Michael Sunlocks by the daylight first, but the season being the winter season, and the daylight heavy with fog from off the sea, he asked for a candle, and Greeba was called to hold it while he exammed the eyes again. Never before had she been so near to her husband throughout the two years, and now that she had lived

under the same roof with him, and now that she stood face to face with him, within sound of his very breathing, with nothing between them but the thin gray film that lay over his dear eyes, she could not persuade herself but that he was looking at her and seeing her. Then she began to tremble, and presently a voice said, "Steadily, young woman, steadily, may fall on the good or your canuie

master's face." She tried to compose herself, but could not, and when she had recovered from her first foolish dread, there came a fear that was not foolish-a fear of the verdict of the apothecary. Waiting for this in those minutes that seemed to be hours, she knew that she was on the verge of betraying herself, and however she held her breath she could see that her bosom was heaving.

"Yes," said the apothecary, calmly, "yes, I see no reason why you should not recover your sight." "Thank God!" said Michael Sun-

locks. "Thank God again," said the priest. And Greeba, who had dropped the candle to the floor at length, had to run from the room on the instant, lest the cry of her heart should be the cry of her lips as well, "Thank God, again and again, forever and fer-

ever." laughed over him, and whispered she had to cry out without tears and taker prosper if we could designate strange words of delight into his ear, curse only in the dark silence of her | the source of his income.

mad words of love, wild words of

> "Yes, yes," she whispered, "he will recover his sight, and see his little son, and know him for his own, his own, his own. Oh, yes, yes, yes, he will know him, he will know him, for he will see his own face, his own dear face, in little Michael's."

But next day, when the apothecary had gone, leaving lotions and drops for use throughout a month, and promising to return at the end of it, Greeba's new Joy made way for a new terror, as she reflected that just as Sunlocks would see little Michael footstep whenever by chance (which | if he recovered his sight, so he would see herself. At that thought all her heart was in her mouth again, for she told herself that if Sunlocks saw her he would also see what deception she had practiced in that house, and would hate her for it, and tell her, as he had told her once before, that it came of the leaven of her old lightness that had led her on from falsedealing to false-dealing, and so he would turn his back upon her or drive her from him.

> Then in the cruel war of her feelings she hardly knew whether to hope that Sunlocks should recover his sight, or remain as he was. Her pity cried out for the one, and her love for the other. If he recovered, at least there would be light for him in his dungeon, though she might not be near to share it. But if he remained as he was, she would be beside him always, his second sight, his silent guardian spirit, eating her heart out with hungry love, but content and thanking God.

> "Why couldn't I leave things as they were?" she asked herself, but she was startled out of the selfishness of her love by a great crisis that came soon afterwards.

Now Michael Sunlocks had been allowed but little intercourse with the to her. The man was Jason. While in the prison at Reykjavik he had heard the pitiful story of that day; who his old yoke-fellow had About the same time she heard been, what he had done and said, and how at last, when his brave scheme had tottered to ruin, he had gone out of the ken and knowledge of all men. Since Sunlocks came to Grimsey he had written once to Adam Fairbrother, asking tenderly after the old man's condition, earnestly after Greeba's material welfare, and with deep affectionate solicitude for the last tidings of Jason. His letter never reached its destination, for the Governor of Iceland was the postmaster as well. And Adam on his part had written twice to Michael Sunlocks, once from Copenhagen where (when Greeba had left for Grimscy) he had gone by help of her money from Reykjavik, thinking to see the King of Denmark in his own person; and once from London, whereto he had followed on when that bold design had failed him. But Adam's letters shared the fate of the letter of Sunlocks, and thus through two long years no news of the world without had broken the silence of that lonely home on the

> But during that time there had been three unwritten communications from Jorgen Jorgensen. The first came after six months in the shape of a Danish sloop of war, which took up its moorings in the roadstead outside; the second after a year, in the shape of a flagstaff and flag which were to be used twice a day for signalling to the ship that the prisoner was still safe in custody; the third after two years, in the shape of a huge lock and key, to be placed on some room in which the prisoner was henceforth to be confined. These three communications, making in their contrary way the progress of old Adam's persistent suit, first in Denmark and then in England, were followed after awhile by a fourth. This was a message from the governor at Reykjavik to the old priest at Grimsey, that, as he valued his livelihood and life he was to keep close guard and watch over his prisoner, and, if need be, to warn him that a worse fate might come to him at any time.

rock of the Arctic seas.

Now, the evil hour when this final mesage came was just upon the good time when the apothecary from Husavik brought the joyful tidings that Sunlocks might recover his sight, and the blow was the heavier for the hope that had gone before it. All Grimsey shared both, for the fisherfolk had grown to like the pale stranger who, though so simple in speech and manner, had been a great man in some way that they scarcely knew-having no one to tell them, being so far out of the world—but had fallen upon humiliation and deep dishonor. Michael Sunlocks himself took the blow with composure, saying it was plainly his destiny and of a piece with the rest of his fate, wherein no good thing had ever come to him without an evil one coming on the back of it. The tender heart of the old priest was thrown into wild commotion, for Sunlocks had become, during the two years of their life together, as a son to him, a son that was as a father also, a stay and guardian, before whom his weakness-that of intem-

perance-stood rebuked. But the trouble of old Sir Sigfus was as nothing to that of Greeba. In the message of the Governor she saw death, instant death, death without word or warning, and every hour of her life thereafter was beset with terrors. It was the month of February; and if the snow fell from the mossy eaves in heavy thuds, she thought it was the muffled tread of the guards that swept down from Greenland cracke on the coast of Grimsey, she heard the shot that was to end his life. When Sunlocks talked of destiny she cried, and when the priest And, being back in her own apart- railed at Jorgen Jorgensen (having his ment, she plucked up her child into own reason to hate him) she cursed the her arms, and cried over him, and name of the tyrant. But all the while

heart, though she was near to betraying herself a hundred times a day. "Oh, it is cruel," she thought, "very,

very cruel. Is this what I have waited for all this weary, weary time?" And though so lately her love had

fought with her pity to prove that it was best for both of them that Sunlocks should remain blind, she found it another disaster now, in the dear inconsistency of womanhood, that he should die on the eve of regaining his

"He will never see his boy," she thought, "never, never, never now." Yet she could hardly believe it true that the cruel chance could befall. What good would the death of Sunthe earth and sea? Blind, too, and helpless, degraded from his high place, his young life wrecked, and his noble gifts wasted! There must have been some mistake. She would go out to the ship and ask if it was not so.

And with such wild thoughts she hurried off to the little village at the edge of the bay. There she stood a long hour by the fisherman's jetty. looking wistfully out to where the sloop of war lay, like a big wooden tub, between gloomy sea and gloomy sky, and her spirit failed her, and though she had borrowed a boat she

could go no further. "They might laugh at me, and make a jest of me," she thought, "for I can-

not tell them that I am his wife." With that, she went her way back as she came, crying on the good powers above to tell her what to do next, and where to look for help. And entering in at the porch of her own apartments, which stood aside from the body of the house, she heard voices within, and stopped to listen. At first she thought they were the voices of her child and her husband, but though one of them was that of little Michael, the other was too deep, too strong, too sad for the voice of Sunlocks.

"And so your name is Michael, my brave boy. Michael! Michael!" said the voice, and it was strange and yet familiar. "And how like you are to your mother, too! How like! How very like!" And the voice seemed to break in the speaker's throat.

Greeba grew dizzy and stumbled forward. And, as she entered the house, a man rose from the settle, put little Michael to the ground and faced about

Where the Fans Came From.

A social worker who has had occasion to inspect most of the so-called sweat shops in New York gave it as his belief that the person who invented the electrical fans got his idea from the funny little tailors and their sewing machines. It has been an old practice with these workmen in warm weather, said the agent, to use the power in their machines to fan themselves. This they accomplish by tying pieces of stiff cardboard to the spokes of the fly or balance wheel, and, as they work the pedal with the feet, the cardboard on the wheel cuts the air like a small pinwheel and plays the air upon the face of the tailor.

New Place for Corsets.

A Manila exchange tells of an Amer ican soldier who, while stationed in Bulacan, became enamored of a pretty Filipino. Wishing to show his affection he purchased and sent to her a complete outfit of American clothing. When next he called he found her arrayed in all the pretty things, but she had made one radical mistake. This was with the corsets, which had caused her a great deal of worry before she discovered what she took to be the use for which they were intended. Then she unlaced them and put on the two pieces as leggings.

His Royal Flush Saved Him.

There was a big game of poker in progress at a New York hotel the other after a last "jackpot" had been played. A well known lawyer did not draw any cards. He had been a heavy loser all the evening. Finally the betting narrowed down to the lawyer and another. man, until there was \$2,000 on the

Schwab Misrepresented.

"This talk about Mr. Schwab deriding education," said a Pittsburg man, who knows him well, the other day, "is all nonsense. No man in the country thinks more of education than Mr. Schwab. He thinks all the more of it because he has had but little of it. I look for Mr. Schwab to make very large gifts to education institutions. Mr. Schwab is not at all the sort of person he is represented to be."

More from the "Quo Vadis" Man. Henry Sienkiewicz's translator, Jera miah Curtin, has just returned from visit to the novelist at his summer home in the Carpathians. Sienkiewicz is at work on a novel of the life of John Sobieski, a king of Poland. He intends to later write a series of historical novels on the career of Na-

poleon I, and then a novel treating of [

the career of Kosciusko and the down-

fall of Poland

it will pay.

Says It Is a Business Proposition. A millionaire snoe manufacturer is going to leave his palace home and occupy one of the plain cottages he is building for his workingmen in the model shoe manufacturing town he is constructing at Endicott, N. Y. He absolves himself from all philanthropic measures and declares he is actuated in securing ideal surroundings for his laborers simply by the knowledge that

Belongs to an Old Firm.

Charles Lawrence Clark, who has just died in London, had for thirty years organized and managed every lord mayor's show in the British capital. The firm of which he was a member, Messrs. Bishop & Clark, has been in existence since 1592, and for 300 years has had intimate connection with all sorts of civic and state ceremonials from the time of Henry VIII down.

We should all like to see the under

Commoner Comment.

Extracts From W. J. Bryan's Paper.

Admiral Schley.

When the first news reached the American people concerning the Santiago naval battle the impression was that Admiral Sampson was the real hero of the occasion. This was due to the fact that Admiral Sampson sent to locks do to anyone? What evil did it the president a message in which he bring to any creature that he was alive | said that "the fleet under my comon that rock at the farthest ends of | mand" offered the American nation the Santiago victory as a Fourth of July present. But as soon as the newspaper reports and the statements of eye witnesses came in, it developed that Admiral Sampson, while theoretically in command of the American fleet, was at least twelve miles from the scene of battle, and that it was Admiral Schley who commanded and led the splendid fight. Immediately a systematic attack was opened upon Schley, although that great sailor did not indulge in any boasting of any character. In reply to a question he said "there is glory enough in this victory for all of us." Since then the adherents of Sampson and the administration politicians have kept the newspapers filled with things intended to discredit Schley, but that officer has maintained a dignified silence.

Finally, because of formal and se rious attacks made upon him, Admiral Schley has been forced, in defence of his manhood, to demand a court of inquiry. His statement to the newspapers after having demanded this court of inquiry is characteristic of the man. He said: "It is a very great pity that there should be a controversy over matters wherein everybody did his best." How different this is from the attitude assumed by the enemies of Admiral Schley.

It is indeed a very great pity that there should be any controversy over a matter wherein the world has given credit where credit belongs. It is indeed a pity that there should be any controversy that seeks to discredit a brave, honorable and modest seafighter, who successfully led the American forces in one of the greatest if not the greatest naval battles in the history of the world. It is indeed a very great pity that the politicians and the bureaucrats having the favor of this administration should insist upon discrediting and abusing a man who has served his country so faithfully as Winfield Scott Schley has served the United States of America.

Admiral Sampson's friends should be satisfied with the fact that their favorite obtained the prize money won in a battle in which he did not participate, and that his face is to grace a medal that is to commemorate a fight in which he did not take part. It should be sufficient for them that Admiral Schley has never made any claim as to his part in the great battle in Santiago Bay; that he has been content for the newspaper correspondents and other witnesses to give the facts to the American people. The difficulty is that these statements have convinced the American people that Schley was the real hero of the day and entitled to all the honors at the hands of a grateful emoluments in the way of prize money and medals.

The industrial commission has recently completed some interesting figures relating to the United States Steel corporation, otherwise known as night. The game had lasted for hours | the steel trust. The commission's inand finally the players decided to stop, | vestigations confirm the popular suspicion that this trust has in its stock a vast amount of water. The commission claims that nearly one-third of the entire capital of this trust is water. It will be remembered that Mr. table. When the call came the lawyer | Schwab, president of the trust, testilaid down a royal flush. The other fel- fied that in the organization of the low had two jacks and a heavy heart. | trust the property was under valued rather than over valued. The commission declares that this claim is without basis and that the amount of watered stock in the trust will reach the sum of \$300,000,000.

> A correspondent of the New York Journal puts the Sampson-Schey case in a nutshell when he says:

1. Sampson's admirers claim that he was the victor. while he (Sampson) was never in the firing line (which was absolutely true). 2. Schley's admirers say that he won the battle, being there all the time and

following the enemy. Now as we are in possession of the facts, let the publie decide between the two. 1. Is Sampson a hero because he was 2 Is Schley a coward because he was

there and won? The New Haven Union seems to prer an honest platform which says what it means and means what it says

to the reorganizers' method of using

ambiguous phrases to deceive the vo-

The news that a number of Philippine provinces have been deprived of "civil" government is not unexpected. The natives should have been introduced to the visiting congressmen by

slow degrees.

The men who own the anthracite coal mines will not allow themselves to be deprived of profit simply because laboring men refuse to mine coal for pauper wages. The mine owners have a better scheme. They keep a goodly supply of coal on hand and the consumer pays the cost of the strike.

Strange, is it not, that although we are so powerful that we can, and in duty bound must, provide for the material welfare of an alien people, we rre not strong enough to combat the influence of a partial crop failure.

<u></u> Equality in Taxation.

> The Ohio democratic platform demands that railroad and street car lines shall bear their fair share of taxation. The plank reads as follows:

proportion to their salable value as are

farms and city real estate." Who will deny the proposition therein stated? Who will assume to suggest a different basis of assessment? The railroad enjoys the right of eminent domain; it can take any property it wants for railroad purposes. The state surrenders to it enough of sovereignty to enable it to demand any man's land, even his homestead, upon the tender of its salable value. The street car line enjoys a valuable franchise, usually secured from the people's representatives without the knowledge of the people themselves. Why should the ordinary individual, who receives from his government no franchises, bonuses, subsidies, or special privileges, pay taxes upon the full value of his land, while the railroads per cent of the value of their property? Why should the farmer be compelled stock, while railroads and street car or Johnson is responsible for the intheir opponents to discuss this proposition before the people of their state. Equality before the law is a maxim that is being more and more ignored. The democrats of Ohio are to be congratulated upon their attempts to revive this principle in state affairs.

There is too much voting by proxy. A republican once explained his vote by saying that being a sheep raiser, he of course voted the republican ticket. He allowed his sheep to do his voting. And yet, in what respect does he differ from the man whose vote is governed by the price of hogs, cattle, horses, or the southwestern part of Birmingham. Wall Street stocks? If, as Hanna Ala., was badly damaged yesterday thinks, money talks, it is not strange afternoon in a most peculiar manner. that some allow their property to do a big hole being cut through one side their voting. But if we are to have a by a shot from an old stump. During government (administered according to the tornado which recently swept the high ideals) and (founded upon the Declaration of Independence) men must do their own voting, and they must cast their votes according to judgment and conscience.

agricultural districts in congress partly buried in the ground. One of should at once proceed to extend guar- these stumps, a big oak affair, leaned antees of good behavior to the protect- over, pointing directly toward the ed barons. The men who profit by a house. The negro wanted to blow this protective tariff are becoming sus- stump to pieces, and to this end he picious of the loyalty of men from the bored a 2-inch hole in it from the side agricultural west. There are signs and then inserted a stick of dynamite. that western people are growing weary The hole was then closed up and the people, even though he is denied the of putting up money for the protection charge exploded. With the explosion of "infant industries" that are strong of the dynamite the heart of the oak enough to demand any price they please for their wares and at the same time compel agriculturalists to sell their produce at whatever price the barons see fit to pay.

The Ohio convention has served at least one useful purpose. It has shown the arrogance and intolerance of the lery. No one was hurt, the room in gold element. The loyal democrats which the oaken shot fell after passing have been willing to have the bolters through the wall being unoccupied for return but as soon as the bolters get the moment.-Atlanta News. any authority they want to read out of the party all who were loyal in 1896 and 1900. Let the faithful beware!

ter up Mr. Maclay refers to him as "the which "Dad" Walsh, the conductor, most distinguished living American thought was questionable. The pashistorian." It is strange that a man senger refused to put up the cash fare designated as "the most distinguished and Walsh called the porter and carliving American historian" would find ried him from the train, depositing it necessary to resort to the lowest him on a truck on the station platform. form of abuse in dealing with an historical character.

brings to mind again the fact that the money spent in subjugating the Filipinos for the purpose of developing the islands would have irrigated millious of acres of land in the semi-arid west and provided hundreds of thousands of homes for American laborers.

As Mr. Watterson was seizing the out of the way the St. Paul Globe, it- train, put him in the seat in which he reins and warning "the fools" to get self a bolter in 1896, quietly pulled his had been riding before the incident ocpassengers might feel a little nervous if he tried to drive so soon after his attempt to hold up the coach.

A large majority of the democrats who voted for Mr. Cleveland in 1898 believed in free silver but he selected a cabinet of gold men. The reorganizers show a similar disposition to ignore the voters in order to please the financiers.

Whenever John Bull sees a weak nation that owns some valuable property John needs in his business, he at once is seized with missionary zeal. John never sends his missionaries into unproductive countries.

son controversy the indications are remain silent unless disturbed, when that Schley will be just where he was they let out a hiss like that of a on July 3, 1898-right on the spot.

Post mortem bank examinations usually shift the losses upon the shoulders of the depositors.

EVILS OF EATING ALONE

Dyspepsia Shown to Be Increasing as Marriage is Deferred

At a time like the present, when the marrying age of the average man of middle class is being more and more postponed, the physical ills of bachelordom come increasingly under the notice of the medical man. It is not good for man or woman to live alone. Indeed, it has been well said that for solitude to be successful a man must be either angel or devil. This refers "Steam and electric railroads and perhaps mainly to the moral aspects other corporations having public fran- of isolation, and with these we have chises shall be assessed in the same now no concern. There are certain physical ills, however, which are not the least among the disadvantages of loneliness. Of these there is many a clerk in London, many a young barrister, rising perhaps, but not far enough risen; many a business man or journalist, who will say that one of the most trying features of his unmarried life is to have to eat alone. And a premature dyspepsia is the only thing ever takes him to his medical man. There are some few happily disposed individuals who can dine alone and not eat too fast nor too much nor too little. With the majority it is different. The average man puts his novel or his paper before him and thinks that he will lengthen out the meal with due deliberation by reading a little with, and more between, the and street car lines pay but a small courses. He will just employ his mind enough to help and too little to interfere with digestion. In fact, he will to pay taxes on the full value upon his provide that gentle mental accompanihorses cattle, hogs, and other walking ment which with happier people conversation gives to a meal. This is lines pay on but a small per cent of your solitary's excellent idea. In realthe value of their rolling stock? May- ity he becomes engrossed in what he is reading till suddenly finding his chop sertion of this plank, and it is emi- | cold he demolishes it in a few mouthnently just. The candidates upon the fuls; or else he finds that he is hunstate ticket can afford to challenge gry and paying no attention to the book, which he flings aside, he rushes through his food as fast as possible to plunge into his arm chair and literature afterward. In either case the lonely man must digest at a disadvantage. Certainly it is not good to eat and drink alone. It is a sad fact They would have been wiser if they of our big cities that they hold hunhad applied it to national affairs as dreds of men and women who in the day are too busy and at night too lonely to feed with profit, much less with any pleasure.-From the Lancet.

OAK STUMP AS A CANNON. It Fired a Projectile Through a House

in Birmingham. The residence of Coroner Paris in south side of the city two huge trees were blown down on the Paris place and yesterday afternoon Coroner Paris employed a negro to remove the fallen trees, which were 200 feet from the house. The negro sawed the trees up Republicans who yearn to represent leaving the stumps cut off short and stump shot from its place like a cannon ball and flew straight for the house, striking it broadside and boring a huge hole through the wall. The stump was uninjured, except that the heart was removed, and after the explosion it stood pointing its "muzzle" at the house like a huge piece of artil-

Ran Too Great a Hazard.

A man boarded a Missouri Pacific The New York Sun, in order to bols- train equipped with transportation The man took it so nonchalantly that it occurred to Walsh that he might be making a mistake. He accordingly The rush for lands in Oklahoma went back to the passenger and told him he might get aboard again. "All right," said the passenger. "I didn't get off the train and theoretically I'm still riding. In the nature of things I cannot well board a train upon which I am already riding," and he sat on the truck as obstinate as a mule. Walsh called the brakeman and porter and carried the man carefully onto the oat tail and suggested to him that the curred and saved his road a damage suit.-Kansas City Star.

Hootless Monkey-Faced Owls.

Three owls that appear to be part monkeys have been found near Red Bud, Ill., says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Two of the birds are now in possession of Phil Offerding, a hotel keeper of this city, and are viewed with great curiosity. The owls are two months old now and so far have shown no signs of feathering, and this adds to the monkey likeness. They have large, staring eyes like the owls, even the beak being depressed, but the forehead rune back like that of the monkey. The hoot which has made the owl well known is absent. The vocal powers of these monkey-faced In the inquiry into the Schley-Samp- beings are somewhat impaired. They snake. They were taken from a nest in the woods near Red Bud about a month ago by George Carpenter.

Men and lemons are hard to know.