

The BANNER of BLUE

by S. R. Crockett

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)
We drove swiftly, and for the first mile or two my companion kept silence. He continued to regard me, however, at frequent intervals out of his close-set triangular eyes. But I am not imaginative and I cared nothing either for his looks or his silence—save that from Dr. Warner they were both more acceptable to me than speech.
As, however, I shall have to recount yet another carriage journey, under yet more surprising circumstances, I do not mean to linger upon the details of this. Let it suffice that I saw my sister duly and legally married to Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn, younger, of Castle Gower, by a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, at that time acting chaplain to the regiment of killed folk quartered at Dumfries. And, in addition, I had Kate back again at Boatport before 10 o'clock that night. As to the place where the ceremony took place, since there will be abundant opportunity for description of it hereafter in the course of my narrative, I need not particularize it now. It was called the House of the Corse of Blakes.

CHAPTER XVIII. Lucifer, Son of the Morning.

The months that followed upon Kate's clandestine marriage were not happy ones. There seemed some evil power upon my dear girl. She was not herself either in the house, nor yet long happy out of it. And then there were such constant concealments and endeavors to hide their meetings that I was more than once at my wits' end, and wished heartily that I had never meddled in other folks' business, but, as the old folks say, had let them "gang their ain gait."
Yet at this time I do believe that Mr. Rupert was minded to do that which was right so far as he knew it. And when the time appeared ripe for the telling of his father (which happened in a very few months)—John being in a fair way to finish his course and be inducted into his living and other circumstances concurring—Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn, without much pressure, agreed to reveal all to Mr. Glendonwyn.

As may be anticipated, it was I who brought the matter to a head. For I had gone to the trusting place at the mausoleum with Kate the night before and wrung the promise from him at the point of the bayonet. In those days it was one by threatening to go straight to my father that I could keep a hold upon Kate and her husband. So all the next day I was in a great taking at school, anxious to get home and hear how the Laird of Castle Gower had taken the news of his son's new relationship. One over the bridge on my way home, I hurried fast along the road and was not more than half way when, at the turn of the wood, I met Kate hastening toward the river with a face like death for whiteness.

I ran to my sister and caught her by the arm, but she scarce minded me, muttering all the while to herself, "He wishes to get rid of me—he does not love me any more!"
So I did what I could—speaking hard and sharp to her, and making her turn and come back with me—which, after a moment's struggle, the poor girl did willingly enough. It was, indeed, wonderful to see how she who before had been so brave and gay was broken down in mind in a few moments—though not in body, for she seemed to grow more ethereally beautiful every day.

It was not the first night of her trouble that I could get from Kate what Mr. Rupert had said, and, indeed, even then it was only the threat of my father going straight up to Castle Gower would make her tell me. It was in the long run the saving of us (so far, that is, as things were saved) that Kate, after she had lost faith in all else, believed that I, her sister, would do the thing I said. Moreover, how God favored and strengthened her for all these trials—I, who had never faced a sorrow of my own in my life, appears more and more wonderful to me.

So far as I could learn what Rupert had really said for every word had to be drawn from Kate as with a cork-screw. It was to the effect that his father would never, under any circumstances, acknowledge the marriage. He would fight it to the end. Matters were as bad as they could be, it seemed. Rupert was ruined if it were known that Kate was his wife. His father would disinherit him—would not give him a penny. Not only Mr. Rupert would be a bankrupt, but Gregory also. Worse than all, both of them, for something they had put their hands to in connection with trust money, might find themselves in prison on a serious charge.

This last it was that set my poor girl to the wildest talk of killing herself in order that she might never "be a drag and curse upon Rupert." She had only brought him sorrow (so she said over and over again), while he had given her all the happiness she had ever known. She was his, and he might make a stepping stone of her body so that he would be happy. She lived only for him—and so on and so on till it gave me a headache to listen to her—besides making me cross. I love John well and well enough, but I know what is good for a man to be told and the less a man hears of such talk the better. He will grow to believe it in time, and from believing it is but a step to trading

upon it (Signed) Fannie Glendonwyn—her opinion.

Oh, but it was a weary time! Every night I had to go and wait by the edge of the wood, hearing the voices of husband and wife within—their trying to persuade her to something and she refusing more and more weakly. Then one night I marched boldly in and faced my gentleman. He sat there with Kate's head on his shoulder, talking low in her ear. His hand was about her certainly, but in a careful way. But as I am a Christian woman, he would disengage it in order to solace himself with a cigarette or a tune upon his flute, without disturbing her head, which lay lax and pale upon his shoulder.



der. I could not have believed such chill insensibility of any man where a girl like Kate was concerned.

Mr. Rupert heard me coming, but he never moved—only took the cigarette from his lips and waved me to a seat.
"Always pleased to see you, mademoiselle," he said; "pray do not conceive that you are intruding at all!"
"I do not so conceive," I said, stamping my foot—for in those days and where my sister was concerned I could be a perfect vixen, "and if you think so, Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn, I do not care. There is your wife—what are you going to do with her? The time has come for owning or disowning her. Which is it to be?"

"Favor us with your advice," said Mr. Rupert, with the greatest coolness, not a whit put out—indeed, that he never was with me whatever I said to him. "I should value your opinion above all things. There is a somewhat sharp little dilemma facing us. If I own her as my wife I am ruined; if I do not—she is!"

"Well, then," said I, "you are a brave man—all men are brave—let the ruin be yours! Surely you do not hesitate?"
"No," he said, thoughtfully, "for myself. I do not think I would hesitate. I do not think I would greatly mind being what the world calls ruined. But there are two who would for me."
"And who may they be?" I cried, furious with anger at his dallying.

"Not you, my dear, pretty little sister Fannie!" he said, "and let me tell you your temper becomes you excessively. It is a pity that poor John will neither know how to evoke it—nor yet how to appreciate it when it is provoked. I can do both!"
But I did not heed his perflage.

"Who are the two whom you must consider at all hazards?" I demanded.
"My wife and my father," he said. "Kate, you would not have me ruined, would you? No, I thought not. And my father—he has made the greatest sacrifice one man can make for another. He has committed a crime for my sake. I cannot leave him to bear the penalty alone!"

"Well, then, having this mighty regard for your father," I cried, "I wish to know what you mean to do with your wife. Surely you do not mean her to bear what you call the penalty alone?"

"I must see my father first," he said. "I have given him a piece of paper to do anything without consulting him. I will have an answer for you tomorrow, mademoiselle."
"If you had begun that practice sooner," I retorted bitterly, "my sister would not have been where she is today!" But when the morrow came there was no handsome Rupert at the trying stone, and Kate, after waiting two hours, came home and sought me, frantic with tears.

As soon as he had arrived at the front

third and last viscount, had carried over the hills and far away to fight for the pretender in the '15.

But what of us? Glendonwyn took off his hat in the grand manner in which he did everything.

He appeared to know us perfectly and to be able to distinguish one from the other without difficulty. I could feel Kate's ankles falling her, and the drag upon my arms grew almost more than I could bear.

"For God's sake, Kate," I whispered, "do not be overcome. Show how brave you can be for Rupert's sake!"
"I will be brave for Rupert," she said, "he shall not be ashamed for me."
"And, indeed, he had no need."

For in a moment the pride seemed to come back into her carriage, the haughty look into her eyes. I think it was because she felt herself instinctively in the presence of her arch enemy.

With every outward semblance of politeness Mr. Glendonwyn opened the great gate for us—the gate I had never seen unlocked since I was a child, and we used to cross the furrows to rattle the padlock and run away, thinking ourselves all the while the bravest of the brave.
"Will you be pleased to enter?" he said. "I have something to say to you which had better be said in as much privacy as possible."
As soon as he had arrived at the front

of the mausoleum Mr. Glendonwyn turned about to us and in quite a different manner demanded, "Which of you claims to be my son's wife?"
I was about to speak, when Kate, with a new fire in her eye, or rather a flashing out of the old fire, replied, "I do not claim to be—I am!"
"Ah," he said, thoughtfully, "it is well that you do not claim the rank, at any rate. I presume that you have no desire to ruin my son—your husband?"
It cost those proud lips something to gain that word out.

"No," said Kate. "I would die rather." The hairs on Gower looked at her with a chill gray eye infinitely keen and piercing. I was glad then that John's eyes were blue. He was like his mother.

"If that be so," he said, "you may the more readily subscribe to the plan that I am commissioned to put before you. The need for concealment is only for a time. I am under the necessity of paying a large sum of money at an early date which I could not obtain if it were known that you were Rupert Glendonwyn's wife. He must marry money, or at least have the reputation of being about to do so. I understand the circumstances, and what ruin and disgrace would be the consequence if we were unable to raise and refund the money which I used to pay for Rupert's extravagances. I have no personal interest in the matter except to promote the best interests of my belief—which this unfortunate business has seriously compromised."

He paused a little, and as Kate did not reply (indeed I much doubt if she understood completely) he proceeded in the same frigidly legal tone.
"There is then in the present condition of affairs, as my son has put them before me, and as I now repeat, no alternative but that you should obey your husband's summons and withdraw yourself from the world for a time."
"I am ready now—take me to him!" cried Kate earnestly.

The old man, taken somewhat aback at her eagerness, put out his hand to stay her. "No," he said, "there are many things to be thought of and arranged. First, you must not go to Castle Gower. That would be fatal, indeed. I will send you word the retreat we have decided upon, and when we shall go thither. Do not be afraid. You will be well looked after, I promise you."

"And Rupert is to be with me?" said Kate, looking up at Gregory Glendonwyn with such eyes—so full of the dreamy haze of self-abnegation and devotion that they would have melted any heart of flesh that ever beat in the bosom of man. But also! It was a heart of stone our poor girl had to deal with—at least, in all that concerned her interests.

"Yes," he said, smiling, "doubtless Rupert will join you, so soon as his broken ankle is cured. Of course, he cannot be there all the time. He will have to come and see you." Then to see the glow of joy and gladness peace overspread the sweet face of my sister!

"I thank you, sir," she said in a voice murmurous, like the cooling of a dove. "I will kiss your hand for giving me my husband back to me."
She took the passive hand of Gregory Glendonwyn and lifted it reverently to lips into which the rose color had come flooding back.

But if her lips had been those of a tond or an adder Mr. Glendonwyn could not have manifested more anxiety to disengage himself.
"I will communicate with you," he said, more coldly than before, "rest assured that the best interests of both yourself and Rupert will be considered in every way."
He lifted his hat, bowed us out of the inclosure and the last we saw of him he was looking up the great iron door and striding away across the fields toward his Castle of Gower, his hands clasped behind his back and his face bent toward the ground.

Kate could hardly eat or sleep. She

skipped as she went, and even on the way to the kirk in the evening she moved lightly as to a dancing measure.

But upon one thing she had set my mind like iron. If it were only to be as they said—a separation for a time—a temporary sequestration, owing to her state of health and family circumstances, all the more reason that Kate must not be allowed to go alone. John Glendonwyn knew nothing of the matter, and she was anxious to reveal it, either to my father or to him. I mistrusted all the others concerned. I would not have given a nameless cur into such hands—to Rupert—to Surgeon Warner or to Gregory Glendonwyn of the cold, gray and impenetrable eye.

No. I had this fixed in my mind. It might be necessary for Kate to go away for a time, and, indeed, even I saw no other way out of it. But—I should go, too. And to that end I began with what care and secrecy I could muster to prepare for the journey. I had put together some clothes that were necessary for my trip, and, indeed, also I swore Kate not on any account to be persuaded to depart without telling me. And I knew she would keep her promise, not only because I made her swear to do so by her love for Rupert, but because I myself took an oath that if she did not I should have my father and brothers on her track within an hour.

Finally all these things drew to a climax on the afternoon of a certain chill-blowing day, when the square-set man in gray brought me a note to my school room.

"The carriage will be waiting at 4 o'clock. Walk out along the Drummer road till you meet it. The driver will have a blue ribbon knot on his whip and the same about his hat. He will stop when you hold up your left hand. It will be best not to wait for F's return from school. After that trust all to me."

I studied it carefully, the hum of the children growing louder about me as I knit my brows over the note, surprised sentences. I dismissed the pupils without a hymn, hurried on my cloak, and, holding the letter in my hand, I came rapidly to a number of conclusions, most of which were afterward verified by experience. First, I judged that the letter was written by Rupert Glendonwyn, but to the dictation of his father. The handwriting showed the first; the care and precision of statement the second. Next it had been intended that my sister should be smuggled away without my knowledge, but Kate, true to her promise, and in spite of the hint conveyed in the letter itself, had sent it to me—not being able to trust herself to write.

Thirdly, fourthly and hundredthly, I had no time to lose.
I was still studying the document when the wind came an snatcher—it from my fingers, and I had to restore my sister, but the wind being high, in a moment it was sailing high among the chimneys and gables of the academy. I was thus compelled to abandon it and hurry as fast as I could out over the bridge and along the Drummer road. As I knew, would at that moment be coming toward me along another side of a triangle. We would meet at the apex—that is, the carriage, where but one of us was expected.

At last, being clear of the houses and in great fear that I would get there too late after all, I took to the running as hard as I could. I thank God, there was a carriage! I could see it waiting—the driver, a tall man in a blue pilot coat and muffled to the eyes, was sitting on the box. The carriage was empty, but there, not 200 yards away, was Kate coming along the roadside toward me. She scarcely looked at me, she did not speak at all, but threw a parcel she carried under her great cloak into the carriage and sank down, fainting, on the cushions.

The door closed of itself—but with me inside. I heard the wheels grind on the road as it turned to restore my sister. And so long was I in succeeding that the swift-coming darkness of a stormy night was fast settling down when I again looked out. Bleak dykes, the snow still lying behind them in the unopened places, closed us in on either hand. We were out on a wild moor, going I knew not whither.

CHAPTER XIX.
Into a New World.
I had need of all my boasted coolness in the face of difficult circumstances that night and the next day.

All I could make out was just that we were making our way rapidly into the less frequented western parts of the country. But all the while we passed no lighted house, trees waxed fewer and fewer and soon ceased altogether.

Had I not known that we were in this safeguarded land of Scotland with judges and tribunals, Christian kirks and gospel ministers, I might have thought that we were being driven to our doom by the emissaries of some secret conspiracy.

As for Kate, she slept like a top. The thought that at last she was going to meet her husband—to be with him always (as she supposed) acted on her like wine. She lay most of the night sleeping peacefully with her head on my shoulder. Once she started up, she looked at me and murmured a few contented little love-words in my ear—to me now infinitely pathetic to be remembered.

I have come since to understand many things which then were dark to me. The whole journey had been carefully arranged beforehand. The relay was forwarded to one place, past which we drove two or three times during the course of the night, making a circuit and returning for the purpose of making us believe ourselves far away and cut off by immense distances from our friends.

Toward the end I also grew weary, and, I think, must have slept a considerable time. For when I awakened the carriage had stopped and I was stiff with the cold. I touched Kate on the arm, lightly at first, but as she still slumbered on I had perforce to shake her before I could waken her.

Her first words were "Where is Rupert?"
Without replying I opened the carriage door and stepped out awkwardly, being numb with long traveling. Day was breaking and showed a strange scene of desolation, more fit, as it seemed to me, to be a landscape of Iceland, Lapland or Siberia, or some of the northern countries I have read about, than a part of that Scotland in which I knew we must still be.

There was one hut and no more upon the dismal beach—a mere rough shelter (as it seemed) for fishermen or smugglers. The keel and ribs of a boat rose blackly out of the sludge, and near it, at the bottom of the widest of these trenches (in which there was still a little runnel of water), I could see the figure of a man busy with a boat at a kind of rude pier.

The horses had been removed from the carriage and we could see them in silhouette in a kind of shelter behind the hut, tossing their heads and moving uneasily in the cold wind.

"I do not see Rupert," said Kate, after she had looked all round the disconsolate scene, shivering slightly all the while, "surely this cannot be the place to which they are taking us!"
"Follow me and we will soon find out," I said, briskly. For the eternal cuckoo cry of 'Rupert' set me on edge sometimes, especially so early in the morning, and, as it were, breakfastless.

But as we began to walk briskly along the irregular path the man who had been occupied with the boat spied us, and, leaving his work, came up to meet us. As we came nearer we recognized him.

It was Mr. Glendonwyn himself.
(To be Continued.)

EVILS OF TIGHT CLOTHING.

By MARGARET L. BRIGGS,
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It is a well known fact, and a perfectly reasonable one, that the glove and shoe, if worn too tight, interfere with the proper circulation of the blood.
The shoe and glove, however, when worn too tight, do not make half the trouble caused by the tight corset. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, I believe in the corset, although the slim woman looks much better without it. But for the person inclined to be stout I know the corset to be a friend indeed. Such a woman is apt to lay on more fat over the stomach, and if the corset is worn constantly, it keeps the too solid flesh from accumulating too rapidly.

But, like the shoe and the glove, in its use the corset has been much abused. What should be used merely to give the waist line a trim appearance, often is drawn so tight that displacement of the female organs results, and causes the woman untold agony. Everyone has in her list of acquaintances some one whose wasp-like waist was the pride of her young womanhood. I know such a person who, when she was going to theater or reception, would draw her corset even a little tighter. By and by she began to have pains in the side, which seemed almost unbearable. They came at first at these evening affairs, when she should have been enjoying herself; but by and by the pains were always there—even when she did not don the corset at all. She had brought on female trouble by her recklessness, an illness that kept her in misery much of the time. She finally went to the hospital, and there the nurse told me it was an actual fact that the various feminine organs had taken an unnatural and deformed shape as the result of tight lacing.

Bearing-down pains and dizziness, from which so many women suffer, are often the result of wearing clothing that is too tight.

Of course, every young woman who laces too tight realizes sooner or later that her pains are the result of the tight clothing, and she loosens it, and then wonders why her pain doesn't cease. She doesn't understand that the displacement of the female organism is not a trouble that will cure itself. By and by she says she cannot see that wearing her clothes loosely helps her any, and she tries to wear them tight once more, but cannot do so. Often inflammation has set in and enlarged the organs, and the slim figure that was once her pride is no more. The whole trouble is that the woman does not know that the mere loosening of the clothing will not cure the trouble caused by wearing clothes too tight.

When a woman finds she is beginning to have pains in her side, when she gets dizzy from causes she does not understand, when the bearing-down pains are so frequent she hardly seems able to walk, let her take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is the only thing that will help her. There is no use in her going to the doctor. If she has no sympathy with a woman who, through not understanding, has brought these troubles upon herself. Half the time he doesn't believe in them, and puts a woman off with something that may give her temporary relief, but will be of no lasting help. But Mrs. Pinkham has made a study of this matter for years, and her medicine is just the thing that is needed to restore the nerves to a healthy condition, relieving and healing the inflammation.

Women suffering from feminine troubles always have a desire to wear unnecessarily loose clothing. They think it will relieve the pain. They do not stop to consider that removing the pressure will not cure. The female troubles get no better, and day after day a little of that trim look, so essential to a woman's best appearance, is lost.

The woman who cannot stand it unless her clothes are so loose she barely feels them, may make up her mind that her feminine organs need immediate attention. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will put her in a normal condition, and as a result the figure will resume its natural proportions. If every woman would take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine when her side or back aches, or when she has an uncomfortable, bloated feeling, we would have fewer stouthy, middle-aged women, who, as they say, cannot stand moderately tight clothing. Instead of wearing clothes that are looser and more slovenly in appearance every day, they might, by the use of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, get their shapely bodies again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure the female troubles, will take away the pain, will relieve the inflammation. I do hope that all women who are suffering any of the effects of tight clothing, or who are ill with any distinctly feminine trouble, will understand how exactly this medicine is adapted to their needs.

Neuralgia

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" will stop Neuralgic pains instantly. It is an external and internal remedy which affords quick relief and effects a permanent cure. In neuralgia the nerves are inflamed, they throbb and shoot from congested and arrested circulation. "5-DROPS" hastens circulation, quiets the nerves and the pain stops. It gives refreshing sleep to the nervous, tired and overworked.

RHEUMATISM.
"5-DROPS" never fails to cure Rheumatism, no matter how severe the case may be. Applied externally it affords instant relief from pain. Taken internally it rids the blood, tissues and joints of the uric acid and other poisonous matter which are the cause of the disease. It is an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago. It has effected more cures of this long-named ailment than all other remedies combined. It is the greatest pain killer in the world.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.
It is the most effectual remedy ever discovered for Kidney Trouble and Liver Complaint. A single dose will give immediate results. It goes direct to the spot. It keeps the liver-cells properly at work. It restores the kidneys to their normal condition by removing the acids which are the cause of the trouble. It is the best blood purifier ever discovered.

CATARRH, ASTHMA.
You, who suffer from Catarrh and Asthma, will find quick relief by the use of "5-DROPS." Those two most distressing diseases can be cured by this remedy. Unlike almost any other remedy it is used internally and also inhaled, thus giving a thorough systemic treatment which affords early relief and effectually cures.

COUGHS, COLDS AND LA GRIPPE.
To Cure Colds, Coughs, La Grippe and Bronchitis use "5-DROPS." It cures La Grippe by immediately destroying the germs which cause the disease. "5-DROPS" will stop a cough instantly and cure a cold quicker than any other remedy. For the cure of bronchial troubles it is unequalled. All throat irritation and bronchitis is cured by this remedy. It will give immediate relief to the sufferer and will effect a cure after other methods have failed completely.

"5-DROPS" IS A SURE CURE FOR
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Asthma, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cramp, Nervous and Nerve-joint Headache, Malaria, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Drooping Humbers, Sleeplessness and Blood Diseases.

NOTICE. "5-DROPS" is perfectly harmless and can be taken by a child as well as an adult. It contains no opiate in any form. No alcohol. No salicylates. If "5-DROPS" is not obtainable in your locality order direct from us and we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle.

SENT FREE. A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader of this paper upon request. Cut out the coupon and send to us with your name and address.

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Ask Your Druggist for the "SWANSON FILL," a sure cure for Constipation. PRICE 25 CTS.

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Cut this out and send it with your name and address to Swanson's Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, and you will receive a bottle of "5-DROPS" free of charge.
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MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Toilet Preparation, which
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