

WOMEN and THE HOME

W. C. T. U. TO GIVE O. T. A. TALK HEARD BY MOTHERS' CLUB

Will Maintain Bureau of Information at Rooms on Clarence Street.

The W. C. T. U. rooms, Clarence street, will be kept open as an information bureau for the public until Oct. 23, the date of the taking of the plebiscite on the O. T. A. This decision was reached at the yesterday afternoon's meeting of the union, on motion from Mrs. May R. Thornley. Mrs. A. J. Chapman, the vice-president, was in the chair.

The meeting was devoted entirely to intercession on behalf of the temperance cause in connection with the coming vote. The prayer period was opened by Mrs. John Vale, who earnestly urged the women to retain restrictive liquor legislation in the interests of the young people of the country. She had seen, she said, the disastrous conditions which prevailed in England through intercession, when a Salvation Army leader there, and would keep Ontario free from such a state.

The Bible reading was taken by Mrs. T. K. Wright. Mrs. P. A. Steven gave a very fine talk on the need of prayer in such a fight as was being put up in the country at the present time.

Mrs. John Jones pointed out that the money for the essay prize winners had been received. The date of the presentation of the prizes has yet to be set. The meeting was brought to a close by a devotional period led by the president, Mrs. H. A. Paddell.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions, made for notices under this heading. Orders for insertion of engagements and notices must be accompanied by address of sender, and will not be taken over the telephone.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jennie Loft of Ilderton to Mr. Chester Ryan of London, the marriage to take place the latter part of this week.

WEDDINGS

TENHALLURICK-WALKER. A quiet wedding took place at 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, at St. Paul's cathedral, when Miss Anna G. Walker, daughter of Mrs. Mary Jane Walker and the late Joseph Walker, of London, became the bride of Mr. William Tenthallurick of Buffalo. Dean Tucker officiated.

The bride looked smart in a navy blue velvet suit, with purple hat and scarf to match, and wore a corsage of Tea roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenthallurick left for Port Huron, Crosswell and Detroit, and will reside in Buffalo.

WORTLEY ROAD MOTHERS.

The Wortley road mothers' club at the regular meeting held last night arranged to hold a collection of old papers this week in aid of the club funds, the papers to be taken to the home of Mrs. R. W. Wray, Briscoe street. The club will also hold a children's wear shower in aid of the club bazaar, the shower to be held at the home of Mrs. Johnston, 187 Ridout street, on Oct. 17. An interesting program last night included a very fine talk on the O. T. A. by C. E. German, a vocal solo by Miss Campbell, Charles Percy acting as accompanist, and an entertaining reading by Miss E. Mann.

NEW SPORTS COATS.

Paris, Oct. 15.—Heavy woolen materials, stitched into small squares or oblongs, make up many of the new coats of the semi-sport type. They are trimmed with long silk fringe.

RED ROSE

For particular people—
Roasted and packed same day in airtight cans

Genuine **BAYER** **ASPIRIN**

Insist on BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate-sulphate of Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A.", while it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations. Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

A Tragedy of Middle Age Dorothy Dix

If Your Children No Longer Need You and Your Husband Doesn't Appreciate You, Try Going Away for a Year—You'll Find You'll Return to "Live Happy Ever After."

She is a middle-aged woman and her name is Mrs. Legion. You know her. She lives just around the corner from you—a stout, grizzled-haired woman, plainly dressed, with dull, listless eyes and a fretful expression about her. Often she drops around in the twilight and tells me her troubles.

She was married when she was a young girl to a boy as poor and as young as she, and they started out together to make their fortune. They both worked hard and scrimped and economized, but they haven't piled up much of a fortune—just barely enough to save them from dependency in their old age, for the babies came thick and fast, and it takes so much money to feed and clothe a household of children in these days.

Mrs. Legion was just an ordinary, commonplace sort of a husband. He thought that if a man supported his family and didn't beat his wife he had done his full duty by them. It never occurred to him to try to make Mrs. Legion happy or to do any special thing for her pleasure. He would have considered it almost namby-pamby to have paid her a compliment or showed her any appreciation or tenderness.

For the rest, Mr. Legion was an irritable man, often overworked and nerve-rasped, and he vented on his wife all of the rage and surliness that he dared not visit on customers or his boss. There were times when he would sit up for days in a black silence that terrorized the household; times when he would rave like a madman in a fury over nothing; times when he would curse Mrs. Legion as if she were a dog. A hard man to get along with. And stingy.

There were terrible scenes over the household bills, though Mrs. Legion pored them down to the bone. Always she had to screech out of their father every dollar for the things the children needed. As for herself, she never had a penny for her very own. She never dreamed of such a folly as trying to collect any part of the wages she earned as cook, and housemaid, and seamstress, and laundress.

Matrimony brought more kicks than happiness, as the saying goes, to poor Mrs. Legion, but she never noticed it while she was bringing up her children. She was too busy with her babies, with her growing girls and boys, with her grown sons and daughters, to stop and think about whether she was happy or unhappy. There were too many meals to cook, too many childish quarrels to settle, too many stockings to darn, too many party dresses to make for the girls, for her to observe her husband's attitude toward her and ask if all was well with her world.

It takes leisure for introspection and for the measuring of one's grievances, and, unfortunately, Mrs. Legion has it now. Her children are all married and gone about their own affairs, and there is no one left in the old home except herself and Mr. Legion. The hands that have been so busy for so many years are idle. Mrs. Legion has time now to realize her unhappiness, and in the long, dull hours that she sits alone she adds up the account, that she had been subconsciously keeping ever since they were married, of Mr. Legion's sins against her.

"I didn't use to mind the way he treated me, his not being willing to take me anywhere, or give me anything, or show me that he cared anything for me," she says, "because I had the children then. But now they are gone. Now I do nothing but think of it and wonder how I stood it. Twenty-five years of it! And now I feel that I have come to the end of my endurance. I can't stand it any longer. I would leave him and get a divorce, only I don't want to shame my children, and I don't know what to do."

Poor Mrs. Legion! That stout, grizzled-haired, middle-aged woman, with the dull, lackluster eyes and the fretful lines around her mouth, that lives around the corner, what is she to do?

Divorce isn't the answer to her problem. A woman such as she must have her settled place in society, her own house, the knowledge that the neighbors do not talk about her when they gossip over the back fence or across the airshaft. She would be utterly miserable living around among her children, dependent upon them, and she has no private fortune. Nor could she endure knowing that all women who have made a failure of matrimony. And she would have even more leisure to indulge in self-pity that she has now.

Little as Mrs. Legion suspects it, in spite of her husband's neglect, in spite of the fact that she thinks she dislikes him, there is still that strange, mysterious tie of the marriage which holds her to the man who is the father of her children, the yoke mate by whose side she has pulled the heavy burden of a family for a quarter of a century. There are habits that bind people as closely together as affection.

Divorce would not solve her problem, and get the remedy for Mrs. Legion, who at middle age is tired of her husband and wants to get rid of him, is separation. If she holds her to the man who is the father of her children, she will find that the only way to secure the happiness of all the members of her family is to get away from him. It would give her a new perspective upon each other. It would take the members of the old love to free and make them see that two elderly people are happiest when they jog along together.

What a pity that Mrs. Legion hasn't enough sense to pack her bag and buy her ticket as far away as her money will take her.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XIX (continued.)

He paused, and the line became gentler, it assumed the level note of one who reasons impassively.

"Was it not an odd thing, now, that none should ever have paused to seek with certainty whether that blood was the matter of that wound, and proceeded, and to continue that I here told you in those days? Master Baile knew it, for I submitted my body to his examination, and a document was drawn up and duly attested, which should have been the queen's pursuivants back to London with drooping tails had I been at Penarrow to receive them."

Faithfully through her mind stirred the memory that Master Baile had urged the existence of some such document, that in fact he had had this very circumstance now urged by Sir Oliver, and she remembered that the matter had been brushed aside as an invention of the justice to answer the charge of laxity in the performance of his duty, particularly as the only co-witness he could produce was the dead man, he could parson, since deceased. Sir Oliver's voice drew her attention from that memory.

"But let that be," he was saying. "I gave the craven weaking shelter. Thereby I drew down suspicion upon myself, and since I could not clear myself, I drew down denouncing him, I kept silent. That suspicion grew to certainty when the woman to whom I was betrothed, reckoning nothing of my oath, freely believing the very worst of me, made an end of our betrothal and thereby branded me a murderer upon the face of the world. The queen's pursuivants were on their way to do what the justices of Truro refused to do."

"So far I have given you facts. Now I give you surmise—my own conclusions—just surmise that strikes, as you shall judge, the very bull's-eye of truth. That das-




THE BIG SALE

IS STILL GOING STRONG

\$135 NOW \$61.50

\$100 CASH AND UP PER WEEK

\$100 CASH AND UP PER WEEK

\$165 NOW \$76.50

10% DISCOUNT FOR CASH

PHONOGRAPHS

\$15, \$20, \$25, \$27.50, \$32.50, \$42.50, \$50, \$61.50 and Up

Play On All Phonographs. RECORDS 35c Each or 3 for \$1.00

PIANOS \$50, \$125, \$250, \$295

PLAYERS \$515, \$595, \$625

Sheet Music 10c Copy

Player Rolls at 25c Each

Violins, \$6.00. Guitars, \$8.00. Ukuleles, \$2.00. Strings, 5c.

OPEN EVENINGS.

STARR CO.

265 DUNDAS ST. LONDON

Do Not Miss This Chance to Buy a Phonograph at Half Price.




Whitefoot the Mouse Not Sorry Hooty the Owl Struck the Tail of Prickly Porky

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

In a little, underground tunnel, little Whitefoot the Wood Mouse sat with his heart going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. "My stars! My stars!" he exclaimed. "That was a narrow escape! Yes, sir; that was a narrow escape. Hooty the Owl almost got me that time. I saw him just in time. It is a lucky thing for me that I was close to the entrance of this little tunnel. Goodness, what a fright! I guess I'll have to stay here quite awhile. It wouldn't do to take any chances. Hooty the Owl about."

But it wasn't long before Whitefoot was quite over his fright. His heart stopped going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. You see Whitefoot had so many enemies looking for him that he has become used to sudden frights of this kind. He is terribly frightened at the moment, but he is not so much so as he was when he was first out. It wasn't long before Whitefoot was becoming impatient to start out again. He was hungry.

Whitefoot was hungry, and more impatient. He went to the entrance of that little tunnel and poked his pretty little nose. Presently he ventured to poke his whole head out. There he sat, looking and listening. All was still. It was as still as only the Green Forest can be at night. It was moonlight. The moonlight lay in white patches in all directions. Between the white patches were the Black Shadows. It was just such a night as Whitefoot the Wood Mouse likes. He was just such a night as Timmy the Flying Squirrel, Jumper the Hare and the other little people, who like to be abroad at night instead of in daylight, love.

Whitefoot's stomach kept reminding him that it was empty. So his impatience grew. Hooty the Owl hadn't hooted again, and this made Whitefoot think that Hooty probably had gone to some other part of the Green Forest. He ventured wholly out of the hole. He was just about to leave the safety of that little hole in the ground. That hole was right in the moonlight.

Meanwhile, sitting on his tall watch tower was Hooty the Owl. Hooty was patient. He felt sure that Whitefoot would come out if he waited long enough. He guessed that that little hole in the ground from where he sat. He saw Whitefoot's head when Whitefoot poked it out of the hole. He saw Whitefoot's whole body when he came out and sat down close by that hole. The sight of Whitefoot made Hooty hungrier than ever. He was still so patient. He guessed that Whitefoot was hungry. He would wait for Whitefoot to get away from that hole. It was a great temptation. But Hooty had learned by experience that patience gains what impatience loses, and so he patiently waited and waited.

At last Whitefoot decided there was nothing to fear. He darted over to the nearest Black Shadow. At that instant Hooty spread those great, silent wings of his and like nothing so much as a great moving Black




straightening himself into a stiffly upright attitude.

"He lies!" he cried. "He lies, Rosamund! Do not heed him. 'I do not,' she answered, turning away.

A wave of color suffused the swarthy face of Sak-el-Bahr. A moment his eyes followed her as she moved away a step or two, then they turned their blazing light of anger upon Lionel. He strode silently across to him, his men so menacing that Lionel shrank back in fresh terror. Sak-el-Bahr caught his brother's wrist in a grip that was as that of a steel manacle.

"We'll have the truth this night if we have to tear it from you with red-hot pincers," he said between his teeth.

He dragged him forward to the middle of the terrace and held him there before Rosamund, forcing him down upon his knees into a cowering away by the violence of that grip upon his wrist.

"Do you know aught of the ingenuity of Moorish torture?" he asked him. "You may have heard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues."

White and tense, her hands clenched, Rosamund seemed to answer the corsair's summons. "You coward! You cur! You craven renegade dog!" she branded him.

Oliver released his brother's wrist and beat his hands together. Without heeding, Rosamund, he looked down upon Lionel, who cowered in the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his gait, came forward. He had a beard of the rack and the wheel and the thumbscrew at home. They are instruments of voluptuous delight compared with the contrivances of Barbary to loosen stubborn tongues.

"What do you say to a match between your fingers? Or do you think a pair of bracelets of living fire would answer better, to begin with?"

A squat, sandy-bearded, turbaned fellow, rolling slightly in his g