## My Views on Vivisection

By Elbert Hubbard, In New York American

Vivisection is the act of cutting into the tissues of a living animal in order to study the workings of the vital organs. It is a very ancient custom. In Athens, Alexandria and Rome it was practised before the Christian era. No widespread protest has ever appeared against it until about the year 1880, when there was organized in London an anti-vivisection club. Now, in England, only those persons who have a license from the state have a right to practise viyisection. Germany, France and Switzerland have also recently passed sim-

But in the United States, Russia Italy, Spain and Turkey no laws exist for the protection of dumb animals from torture. The mere statement of a person of any social standing, cutting into the body of a live animal, that his acts are done to gain scientific knowledge, makes him exempt,

I remember once of seeing some boys with a string attached to the leg of a live frog. Various plans were tried to make the frog jump, including sticking pins into its body. Finally, one of the boys tried lighting a match and holding the flame against

Just then I happened on the scene. I tried to make the boys imagine how it would feel if some monster had a string tied to their leg and were build-

inal was secured "for scientific pur- innovation. poses." A guard was kept on him night and day with orders to disturb him by sheuting in his ears, jostling him, dousing him with cold water or pricking him with a sword. This was he original third degree.

About the same time the interesting

feet was discovered by a doctor that shocks to the mind might kill. To test this certain undesirable citizens were arrested on trumped-up charges and fied with the prisoner's friend, nam-

ge raised, and all would the poor wretch to be stealthily watched and notes and records made as to his acts and demeanor.

will recall that well-known story of how a man was told he was bled to death. He was strapped upon a table, his arm was slightly pricked and then water was trickled no rights. into a bowl, so he could hear the one man would not kill another.

doctors from the living human body, in order lose and still live.

operation was performed on condemn- animal, because he is just that much ed women, who were preserved and a departure from the normal.

the services of doctors, which, in fact, move-this is called science. The trou was more in the interest of ethics than ble is, that a dog isn't a man, and to science, since the avowed purpose of reason from the rabbit to the geus terture was to make men good. hemo is a far jump in the dark.

The Constitution of the United States Dr. J. W. Hodge defles rejence to



in the stocks in public places to receive the jeers and insults of the populace, their faces often plastered with filth by the children, who took advantake of their inability to resis. In the market places women scarlet letter of shame upon their breasts stood exposed to the jeers of the heedless throng.

Archbishop Laud, of the Church of ing a fire against their bodies.

I fancied I was in a fair way to convince my young friends of their error, when one of the boys broke in with, "Ah, you now, g'wan; tain't your frog, nohow!"

The question of cruelty was shifted to shape of the convince and next being and were build.

Archbishop Laud, of the Church of the

supposedly lost ownership in their property and persons were given over to scientific men for purposes of experiment. They were poisoned in a hundred ways—by chemicals, gases, fright, thirst, starvation. Juvenal tells formerly the ruler did as he wished of a dispute between doctors as to how But during all this time, before and of a dispute between doctors as to how with the persons and property of his long a man could go without sleep. subjects. Laws for the prevention of To test the matter a condemned crim- crielty to animals are a very recent

> The tendency to torture was surely realized by Thomas Jefferson when he defined treason and fixed in the U. S. Constitution that clause concerning unusual punishments.

It must not be forgotten that most of the cruelities of the past were instituted and carried out by so-called good men, and no doubt honest and sincere men. It was all according to law, and these laws were framed by burst in and inform the victim that lawyers, justified and indorsed by his wife had killed their children and priests, and in their execution doctors tied with the research of the price of the second of the secon doctors and preachers yet play a ver, At other times a fire would be start- necessary official part in all judicial killings, Chaplains and surgeons are ed in a stone cell adjacent to the vietim's and the cry "Fire! Fire!" would army officers, and war is deciared by law framed by lawyers.

cause a thing is indorsed by lawyers, preachers and doctors is no reason it right, proper, useful or necessary. Doctors no longer experiment on pau pers and criminals, surely not, heaven forbid! but dogs and guinea pigs have

The plea of the vivisector, that the animal is given a drug before tha sound "of his life blood oozing away." animal is given a drug before the The story tells us that the man died operation begins, is not sufficient exin half an hour, which may be so, but cuse, when we know that the first the fact has no scientific value, be- move is to tie a stout string to each cause for one thing, no two men are of the four legs of the hapless canine alike, and the thing which might kill and stretch him on his back, his legs tied down tight to convenient ring; In Constantinople, in the days of and a noose placed in his mouth and removed little caught over his upper jaw. Fright patches of skin, a little at a time, citen silences the howlings of the poor beast, before a single drop of chlore to see how much surface a man could form is placed on his nose. In fact, it ose and still live.

is often thought fatal to the success

Tamblichus tells of how the Caesarian of the vivisection to chloroform the

To expose the heart, the digestive orsperiment.

gans, to remove a kidney, touch parts
The Inquisition in Spain always used of the brain and see certain muscles hemo is a far jump in the dark.

ferbids "strange and unusual punish- produce a single instance where oper-Before 1776, even in America, ating on the live animal has even judges usually had the right to punish helped humanity in any way.

The delicate piquancy of

the best Hops, the mellow

richness of finest Malt,

the purity of Distilled

Water blending the whole

-all at their best in . . .

**24444444444444** 

A drink that tastes good

and does good - that

you'll not be without once

you have tried it. The

phone will bring a case

-call up any dealer ...

Likewise Dr. Lawson Tait, the eminent surgeon, gives it as his opinion that the whole plan of vivisection is senseless from a scientific point, and absolutely valueless as a guide to operations on man. He innocently adds, however, the somewhat doubtful argument that "Vivisection affords practise and experience in cutting thru living tissue and so gives steadiness and assurance to the surgeon, but beyond this its results are nil."

In this instance has not Dr. Tait

this its results are nil."

In this instance has not Dr. Tait given the key to the entire situation? Isn't it respite from dull work which the young medicus craves? Also added to this, isn't the doctor, being but a man, actuated by the old savage instinct of blood, lust or the desire to fir ger the secrets of infinity and play with life and death?

The savages who tied their victim to a tree and shot arrows into him 41

to a tree and shot arrows into him at the rate of two or three a day were ac-tuated by something besides crueity, they were protecting their tribe by

But motives are never found pure.
Side by side with avowals of fove, kindness, and good will, dwell tyranny, cruelty and death. Otherwise no Christian nation would ever have gone to war. Cruelty is always have gone to war. Cruelty is always

The question of cruelty was shifted to that of ownership, and it was assumed that you could do with your own as you wished.

In ancient Rome criminals who had in dispelling the monotony of exis-tence. We were young, all had been hunters, and we craved a little excite-

We got the dogs all right.

a price. But never were we allowed to bring our pets into the vivisecting But, choked with sedges, works its room, for the free dog, in some way sensing the true state of affairs, would begin to howl in agony, seemingly pleading for his unfortunate mate that was being stretched, gagged and help-less on the table. So the rule was sensing the true was sensing the true was sensing the true was sensing to the rule was sensing the true state of affairs, would begin to how in agony, seemingly pleading the glades, a solitary guest. The hollows sounding bittern guards it nest; amount of the rule was sensing the true state of affairs, would begin to how in agony, seemingly pleading the rule was solitary guest. The hollows sounding bittern guards it nest; amount of the rule was sensing the true state of affairs, would begin to how in agony, seemingly pleading the rule was solitary guest. The hollows sounding bittern guards it nest; amount of the rule was being stretched, gagged and help-less on the table. So the rule was sensing the rule was sensing the rule was sensing to the rule was sensing to the rule was sensing the rule w

was holding him under his arm while the professor was explaining what he was going to do. The dog was very weak, but still he could how. The boy who held him tried stroking and petting him. Still the dog howled and seemingly turned his appeal from one to another, and at last fixed als glazed eyes on the professor, crying fo Then one young man blurted 'Here, fellows, I can't stand this, I'll be one of four to give 50 cents and

buy this dog's life!" Everybody laughed, but the profes kindly and gently explained that the dog was already wounded and could not live anyway, otherwise he would be quite willing to accept the young His gentleman's well-meant offer. I do not know whether the incident impressed any of the others as it did

me-it would have been weakness to have followed up the idea-but the next day I cut the class in vivisection. The question is still unanswered, Have dumb animals no right that scientific men should respect?"

The worst effect of vivisection is not, believe, the fact of the cruelty to he animal, but the evil reactionary effect on the man who practises the Work is for the worker, art business. is for the artist, love is for the lover and murder is for the murderer. The victim dies-the one who does the deed lives on.

The poor wretch in the stocks suffered, but not so direly as did the children who were given opportunity to pelt him with mud. All cruetty and inhumanity reacts to the detrument of

Nature is kind-she puts a quick limit on suffering; perhaps the /ivi-sectionist is right, that the animal does not really suffer much. But the fact is, the vivisector suffers, whether he knows it or not. He has immersed his hands in innocent blood, and instead of being the protector helpless he has taken advantage of the animal's helplessness to destroy it by a means slow, complex, refined, pro-longed and peculiar. Life has become Some te him cheap and thing divine has died out of his soul.

LONDON'S ANCIENT LIGHTS

Cosgrave's FALE ALE light , there, maids, hang out your light, And see your horns be clear and bright, That so your candle clear may shine, Continuing from 6 to 9,

That honest men that walk along May see to pass safe without wronz. Less than 200 years ago the watch-

men of London town, carrying horn lanthorns and halberds, dressed in long coats and knee breeches, walked Pants to the place from whence up and down the cobbled streets of the world's largest city chanting this verse. It is beyond our comprehension and imagination, in these days of flaming lamps and brilliantly lighted streets, to picture the streets of London in the lawless age when only a candle with a cotton wick was hung out here and there on dark nights. It There, as I past with careless steps and and linkboys, when everyone made his The mingling notes came softened from was an age of lanthorns, of flambeaux will and prepared for death when he ventured out at night. It is so written that it was a common practice in that city for a company of a hundred or more to make nightly invasions upon houses of the wealthy to kill and rob, and it is recorded "that when night come no man durst venture to was The the streets."-Springfield

## "Back to the Land"

"Back to the Land" is the cry that should awaken Europe if the poverty and distress of the masses in her cities is to be relieved. It should be the motto of publicists in America who are endeavoring to solve the question of high cost of living and who are trying to increase individual happiness. The decline of the pretty village, the loss of devotion to rural life, the spread of cold materialism were foreseen by Oliver Goldsmith when in 1770 he wrote that gem in English literature "The Deserted Village." It presents a picture that should make Canadians think.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain, where smiling spring its earliest visit was a thickness that the laboring syming its earliest visit was a thickness and the laboring spring its earliest visit was a thickness and the laboring spring its earliest visit was a thickness and the laboring spring its earliest visit was a thickness and the laboring spring its earliest visit was a thickness and the laboring spring its earliest visit was a thickness and the laboring spring its earliest visit was a thickness and the laboring spring its earliest visit was a thickness that the laboring

paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms
delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport
could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each
scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, every sport No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way

The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath
the shade,
For talking are and whispering lovers

spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn.
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till

the erring ones by any means they thought right and proper and expedient. The law now limits the power of the judges, for we realize that justice is not divine, but very, very human.

But a few years ago men were held in the stocks in public places to releive the jeers and insulations.

irrational, but it becomes rational While secret laughter tittered round the The bashful virgin's side-long looks The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.

These were thy charms, sweet village!
sports like these,

With sweet succession, taught even tout to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful The

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, Sat by his fire, and talked the night Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms We got the dogs all right.

And it was the rule of the place that any dog could be redeemed on payment to the janitor of \$2. This money bought food for the dogs, also more dogs.

Withdrawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,

And desolation saddens all they green one only master grasps the whole domain half a tillage stints thy smilin plain. fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow.

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to so we all owned a dog—some well-bred canine that we had bought with No more thy glassy brook reflects His pity gave ere charity began,

At church with meek and unaffected One day a dog was brought in that had been operated on the day refore, his abdomen cut opan, so as to expose his stomach. After the class he was stitched up and placed in the class he was stitched up and placed in the cage. Now he was brought in again, and we were to trepan his skull. The dog was not tied down, but a young man was holding its and fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The service past, around the plous mans and an min an ear. Then he said: "No, you beat in fancifulness."

With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran: we me—at least in fancifulness."

With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran: we me—at least in fancifulness."

With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran: while again, as if to catch the direction of the sound. "You wait here," he chucking smile. His ready smile a parent's warmth at the stood bent, keen, nothing but an ear. Then he said: "No, you beat in ear. Then he said: "No, you beat in ear. Then he said: "You wait here to cape. And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

By the time the two night-prow ers had got back to the abbey in Be agoil a spoiler's hand, wile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth at the long grass o'ertops the moulder- with endearing spoiler's hand, wile.

By the time the two night-prow ers had got back to the about on the followed with endearing spoiler's hand.

We were to trepan his skull. The dog was not tied down, but a young man and the long grass o'ertops the moulder- with endearing spoiler's hand, trembling. His early read to man and min the long stream the stood bent, keen, nothing but the st grace
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double

. . . . . . .

village all declared how much he

passing eye, lies that house where nut-brown

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil

And news much older than their ale went

The parlor splendours of that festive

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for

Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a

Imagination fondly stoops to trace

looks profound,

place:

The varnished clock

'Twas certain he could write,

As some tall cliff that lifts The rou When once destroyed,

A time there was, ere England's griefs Eternal su When every rood of ground maintained The village master taught his little scho

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train

trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited Usurp the land and dispossess the At all his jokes, for many a joke had he; Full well the busy whisper circled round Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned. rose, Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous repose, And every want to opulence ailied, Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in

And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle heurs that plenty bade to
bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little The room, Those healthful sports that graced Lands he could measure, terms and tides peaceful scene, Lived in each look, and brightened all the presage, And e'en the story ran that he could green; These, far departing, seek a kinder shore more.

For e'en Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful While words of learned Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's thundering Amazed the Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined And still they gazed and still the wonder grounds, And, many a year elapsed, That one small head could carry all Where once the cottage stood, the haw-thorn grew. Remembrance wakes with all her busy. But past is all his fame. The very spo Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head

In all my wanderings round this world Where once the sign-post caught the

crown, Amidst these humble bowers to lay me Where village statesmen talked with down; To husband out life's taper at the close, And keep the flame from wasting by repose: I still had hopes, for pride attends us Amidst the swains to show learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw; And, as a hare whom hounds

the door; The A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; The pictures placed Here to return-and die The twelve good rules, the royal game Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day.
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay:

ing's close
Up yonder hill the village murm The swain resp sung, The sober The

Vain transitory splendours! could not Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall The playful childre Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. watch-dog's voice that bayed the Thither no more the peasant shall regain whispering wind

Low

By Force of Circumstances

By GORDON HOLMES

But now the sounds of population fall. Watch. No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the They No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,

For all the bloomy flush of life is fled. All but you widowed, solitary thing. That feebly bends besides the plashy spring:

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry faggot from the thore.

Then posted. Then, noticing a farmyard, where, in the balmy twilight, cows were being milked, he confessed to a childish passion for milk fresh drawn from the morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain. drank.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled.

And still where many a garden-flower grows wild:

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

The saturation of the way that was finished, Bagot again glanced at his watch, and on the way back to the carriage proposed that they should no longer drive, but should stretch their legs a little. Again Arthur agreed. He would have fallen in with any mood of this masterful man. A man he was to all the country dear, And passing rich with forty pounds a down a lane, down a succession of year; down a lane, down a succession of lanes, the talk now being of Arthur's or e'er had changed, nor wished to grandfather, of the old man's belief

hour; hours his heart had learned to nebulous reasons underlying the holief, and admitted that he was himself for other aims his heart had learned to prize.

More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;

He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:

The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,

Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer to find its cause.

to find its cause.

"No," he said, after a few seconds' quietude. 'I can only hear the plash of a waterfall in the artificial lake that lies among the trees there. The place is called the Ponds Covert, and forms part of the Pinkerton estate. Look, you can see a turret of the mansion over

can see a turret of the mansion over yonder, peeping above the trees."

"Well, I just wanted to test my hearing as compared with yours," said Bagot. "I am supposed to have an ear of quite phenomenal keenness, like a hare's, and, of course, I hear the play of the cascade you speak of. But, besides that, I am distinctly, tho vaguely, conscious of a sound of two yolces in conversation somewhere. So that I, an old bookman, can beat you, a young fellow, fresh from the wilds, in the matter of our acoustic outfits."

"Stay," said Arthur, spurred to emulation, "let me listen," and a minute he stood bent, keen, nothing but

could not but admire the absolute agility of stealth with which that man of bulk, fleetly but deftly, like one running the tight-rope, went speeding onward with hardly a sound. He saw Bagot reach an intersecting path and pass thru a gate in the hedge bordering the covert, where there was a
board printed with: "This road is private! trespassers will be prosecuted."

vate! trespassers will be presecuted."
Then Bagot disappeared.
Five minutes, and he came back, with one hand beckoning to Arthur to Beside you straggling fence that skirts come, and a forefinger of the other held playfully before his lips in token of the other of utter silence. Silently went Arthur to him. Bagot, taking him by a sleeve, whispered into his ear: "I haven't seen A man severe he was, and stern to view: whispered int Liknew him well, and every truant knew: myself, but well had the boding tremblers learned to sh-h-comemyself, but I know exactly where-

He drew Arthur within the gate, and, like two thieves, they went on down the grass-ride of the shooting-alley, Bagot, ever leading, grasping his companion's sleeve. It was dim in there under the mass of the leafage, and everywhere in the air was the song of falling water in the deepening night.
They passed by the shore of a ake,
where a boat lay before a rude summer-house, and next over a little bridge in a dark place where the pool of wa-ter moved smoothly to a drop of 40 ft. deep, giving a gloomy music whose

a few steps up a steep path thru wood, Bagot, who till now had led

the screen of trees, there was a rouk-ery all bracken-grown. On a rough bench sat the woman, gazing up with raised lashes into the face of the man, who was standing, and whose right hand rested on her shoulder, she speaking gravely to him, it appeared: listening, nodding,

he listening, nodding.

The twilight in there was very slight, one might almost have called it night, and the birds in their dormitories where now, after their day's work, very feebly chirping themselves with drawn-down lids into sleep.

But in a midnight without a moon Arthur would have known the woman. It was Elinor. The man's face, too, was so vividly engraved upon his mind that he could not fail to recognize him. It was the motorist, the

nize him. It was the motorist, kidnapper from whom he had re

He might have heard some of the words, if he had wished. But a will revulsion of feeling came over him He seemed to be still the butt of the midsummer madness of elves. With the same hunter's stealth with which hadvanced, he stepped back, and with a face hard and stern, quite rigid its hidden anguish, he walked back to the stepped back and with the stepped back. Bagot's side.

They went in silence till they were beyond the covert. Then Bagot whis-

"Was I right? Did you see?"
Arthur nodded.
"I was always remarkable for it,"
Bagot said. "My power of far-hearing
is superhuman, or infra-human, if you
like—hare-like. Were they a pair of lovers, then?

"Apparently," said Arthur.

"Ah, I did not see them. But I knew quite well that they were there.

And now, Leigh, we may profitably discuss the matter of the lease of the abbey."

"Oh, you can have the place if yo want it," Arthur answered, with well-assumed indifference. "I don't give a d-n for life in this country."

Arthur sat by him agreeing mechacily, only half hearing what was and callous to all business that is d

kins-from her. Arthur took it grim face and an angry light eyes. Begging Bagot to excuse he went into the library to re driven on by an eagerness of which was ashamed, so anxious was he see what words this girl could have "Dear Mr. Leigh:

(Continued Next Sunday.)

HUDSON LOOKS GOOD

Among the many high-class, priced cars that are to be seen at the shows this year, the Hudson is one of the most notable. This car has a lit inch wheel base, four cylinder me three-and-a-half-inch tires all ro In its first race in Seattle last Se and has a capacity for five tember (a 24-hour event) it won, feating many high-priced cars.

To sweet oblivion of his daily care; No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale, No more the smith his dusky clear, Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear; The host himself no longer shall be found round; the coy maid, half willing to Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest

To me more dear, congenial to my hear One native charm, than all the gloss art; Spontaneous joys, where Nature born sway; Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant min Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined. But the long pomp, the midnight mas With all the freaks of wanton In these, ere triflers, half their wish obtained, proud And, e'en while fashion's brig disclain, decoy, These simple blessings of the lowly train; The heart distrusting asks if this be jor.



Canniba.

lerry at Tho Hereafter, The It Is Men Ren

It's not alone the east and fish swin ing cannibals of the German colon ehipelago, hey have studied ns of the life of

the first men dust of the lly of it; thus the tart a problem for imparative religion. he thought of deat led out a wholly er, and they have that when we ar was in their posses the snakes. That n stamping on t ke, a reintroduc

element in the prodevelopment.

Those few tales collection will serve far as they go, the the beginning and there with a few na such life as man minis lot may lie.

There is no time a first cause. It is one seeks to know pirst cause, there is backward chain of creation of the world all begins with pilicity.

It all begins with plicity. He drew two figures the ground; he ser and as the blood to sprinkled the two leaves each a figure. After these were men. The To Kabinana, that Karvuyu.

To Kabinana, that Karvuvu.

To Kabinana went cocoanut on which bright yellow and puts and threw them where they burst as women. When To two he asked as to ing: "Where, then, he be found?" To led him: "Climb up he said, "pick two throw them down."

To Karvuvu threw but so awkwardly the lower ends of t ground. Out of the two women with n two women with n all over their faces saw that Kabinana's comely than his ow until he had marrie cause she had so a fancy. But his own ed because their no

sight.
So now, when a too attentive to, his is because To Karv ter-in-law in marria binana was displeas said: "You have brown raca". our race." Why Old A To grow old grace that humanity may tain for one must days roll up the to should not really be immortal youth widream; the mistake of humanity a gool

To Karvuyu bake binana, going aro

"Yes, indeed."
"Why are you coling our mother khalf the breadfruit!" To Karvuvu wen she was once more she had shed her "Now, where's my

"I am she." But you are not "No? I am she, in "But you don't loo "No? I have shed He kept on crying his mother's former not recognize her.

from your present a are really she. Who your own skin?"
"I threw it into the swered, "and it has by now. To Karvuvu still new skin of yours I So he got up and sought, found it hanging or the water had tosse and came traveling over his mother aga To Kabinana came both at home, and "Why have you dra both at home, and
"Why have you dra
ther the skin she pe
a fool for sure! No
ants must always di
the small as well as
will slough their sk
Thatis how it couthe snakes shed their
ought to be doing the

ought to be doing the have taken our place the skin. To Kabinana was To Karvuvu because with the skin of me cannot shed them, be Being very angry snake's head, and "This is the fello

has robbed us of ou Thus it comes ab not shed our skins, b Originally that was meant to do, so that always be made yo Why Death is As if it were not l

to submit to the sage somebody had Really it was very matter of a disobli anners would have earth. A good old woma s herself out of h the grave she du she said to a child

so that I may go but the child refu the old woman is all her asking. the child had