



# An Enemy of the King

By Hagenbuch Wyman

During the rest of that night her slumbers were more faithfully guarded, although they were not threatened again.

## CHAPTER IX. A Disappearance.

The next morning we resumed our way southward. The weather was clear and fine yet Mile. de Varion seemed more heavy at heart than she had been on the preceding day. This could not be attributed to any apprehension of further annoyance from De Berquin, for, as he talked showed, she believed that he would not again trouble her after his having cut so poor a figure with his attempt at an intended rescue. But though I did not tell her, I had good reason to believe that we were not yet done with him. The failure of his attempt with regard to mademoiselle, whether or not that attempt had been dictated by Montaigne, would not make him abandon the more important mission concerning the Sieur de la Tournoire. Therefore, I was likely to encounter him again, and probably nearer Maury, and, as it was my intention that mademoiselle should remain under my protection until after my venture in behalf of her father, it was probable that she, too, would see me in the near future.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

Not only the dejection of Mile. de Varion, despite the radiance of the autumn morning, Blaise, repentant of his over-indulgence, and still feeling tender M. de Varion, and against his molesting Mile. de Varion during my absence from her on that attempt. I might have killed De Berquin when I disarmed him on the previous night, but I did not wish to make him, in the least, an object of mademoiselle's pity, and, moreover, I was curious to see what means he would adopt toward hunting me down and betraying me.

the disclosure of the truth. "Ah, monsieur, when you shall have heard my story, you will know that I should stay at Godeau's inn until the next morning. Mademoiselle's portmanteaus were carried to the upper chamber, which was a mere loft, but preferable to the kitchen. Thither, after eating, she went to rest. Blaise then departed to direct the desired preparations at Maury, with orders to return to the inn before nightfall. Jeannette and the two boys remained in the kitchen to hear the music of the two gypsies, a man and a girl. Having nothing better to do, I took my seat on the bench outside the inn and sat musing.

Late in the afternoon, I heard the light step of mademoiselle on the threshold. On seeing me, she stopped, as if it were I whom she had come out to seek. I rose and offered her my hand. She sat down in silence, and for a moment her eyes rested on the ground, while on her face was a look of trouble. Suddenly she lifted her glance to mine and spoke abruptly, "I am forcing myself to broach a subject on which she would rather have been silent.

"Monsieur," she said, "I suppose that the Sieur de la Tournoire, whom we are so soon to meet, is a very dear friend of yours?" "A very close friend," I replied, with an inward smile. "And yet he has got me into so much trouble that I might justly consider him an enemy."

"I must confess," she said, "that I have heard little of him but evil." "It is natural that the Catholics in Guiana should find nothing good to say of him," I replied. "Yet it is true that he is far from perfect—a subtle rascal, who dons disguises and masquerades as other than he is, a leader of night birds, and sometimes a turbulent roysterer."

"I have been told," she said, "that he treacherously killed a man in Paris and deserted from the French Guards." "As for the killing," I replied, "there was no treachery or unfairness on his part; and if he deserted from the King's French Guard, it was when the King had consented to give him up to the Duke of Guise, whom the weak King, then as now, hated as much as feared."

"She gave a heavy sigh and went on, 'La Tournoire is a brave man, of course?' "Yes, as a man," I said, "who expects to meet death as he meets life, cheerfully, not hoping too much, not fearing anything."

"And this hiding place of his," she said in a very low voice, "is it really his?" "I have heard of it," I replied. "The chateau was abandoned twenty years ago. It is now an adventurer in the new world, if he is not dead. Its very existence has been forgotten, for the land pertaining to it is of no value. The soldiers from Clochoche could find it only by using this almost impenetrable wilderness."

"This road, then, no road leading to it?" "There leads hither from Clochoche, and on southwest across the mountain. There are the remains of a by-road leading from there westward to the chateau, and ending there. By this by-road, almost entirely recovered by the forest, is known only to La Tournoire and his friends. A better way for the governor's soldiers to find La Tournoire's stronghold, if I knew, would be to take the road along the river from Clochoche to Narjee, and to turn up the hill at the throne-shaped rock, half-way between that place and the top of the hill where Maury, hidden by dense woods and thickets."

"CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)" Mile. de Varion, who had heard my last words with a look of keen attention, and also of bitter pain, if not now rose and walked to and fro as if meditating. Inwardly I lamented my inability to drive from her face the thought of La Tournoire, the man who was causing her so much trouble. "I have already accepted too much from you," she replied, hesitating.

"Then cancel the obligation by giving me this favor?" "Very well, monsieur. But you will then go immediately?" "From the moment when you first meet La Tournoire, he shall be your ally. In the meantime, if he should have taken another step toward the inn, grant me at least as much of your society as you would bestow on a distant acquaintance, who happens to be with your fellow-traveler in this lonely place."

"I have already accepted too much from you," she replied, hesitating. "Then cancel the obligation by giving me this favor?" "Very well, monsieur. But you will then go immediately?" "From the moment when you first meet La Tournoire, he shall be your ally. In the meantime, if he should have taken another step toward the inn, grant me at least as much of your society as you would bestow on a distant acquaintance, who happens to be with your fellow-traveler in this lonely place."

tenance, and she answered sadly: "Ah, monsieur, when you shall have truly known me!" "Have I not known you a while day?" I asked. "I wonder that life had any relief for me before yesterday. It seems as if I had known you always, though the joy that your presence gives me will always be fresh and novel. Ah, mademoiselle, if you knew what sweetness suddenly filled the world at my first meeting with you!"

I took her hand in mine. She made a weak effort to withdraw it; I tightened my hold; she let it remain. Then she turned her blue eyes up to mine with a look of infinite trust and yielding, so that I felt that, rapid as had been my own yielding to the charm of her beauty and her gentleness, she had as speedily acknowledged in me the man by whom her heart might be commanded.

As we sat thus, the gypsy within, who had been for some time aimlessly rummaging the inn, suddenly burst forth in words of his song came to us subdued, but distinct: "The sparkle of my lady's eyes—Ah, sight that is the fairest! The look of love that in them lies—Ah, sight that is the fairest! Oh, comrades mine, go roam the earth. You'll find in all your roving That all its other joys are worth Not half the joys of loving!"

"Ah, mademoiselle," I whispered, "before yesterday those words would have had a different meaning for me. She made no answer, but closed her eyes, as if to shut out every thought but consciousness of that moment. And now the gypsy, in an air and voice of a brave attempt to bear up under the many woes that crushed her—the condition of her father, her own exile, the peril in which she stood of the governor's reconsidering her order and sending to make her a prisoner, the seeming necessity of exchanging my guidance for that of a stranger who had been painted to her in repulsive colors, and the other unhappy elements of her situation.

"It is strange that the boy Pierre has not returned," I said while we sat at table. Mademoiselle reddened. It then occurred to me that, in her abstraction, she had not even noticed his absence, and that now it came to her as a new trouble. "Pardon me for speaking of it in such a way as to frighten you," I said. "There is no cause for alarm. Not finding me on the road, he may have turned into the woods to look for me, and so have lost his way. He would surely be able to find the road again."

"I trust he will not come to any harm," replied mademoiselle, in a low voice that seemed forced, as she was concealing the fears that she really felt. "Jeannette cast a sympathetic look at her mistress. She would go and look for him?" asked Hugo, showing in his face his anxiety for his comrade.

"You would lose yourself, also," I said. "Mademoiselle, I shall go, for I find me in the forest, and I have no advantage from which he may be seen." "Nay, monsieur, do not give yourself the trouble, I pray you." "But I rose from the table to show that I was determined, and said: 'Blaise! I leave you as guard. Remember last night.'" "I am not likely to forget," he growled, dropping his eyes before the sharp glance of Jeannette's. "Mademoiselle need have no fears."

"But, monsieur," said mademoiselle, she was about to continue, but her eye met Jeannette's, and in the face of the maid was an expression as if counting no more, but she followed me to the door, and stood on the threshold. "Monsieur," she said, "if you do not find him within a few minutes, I entreat that you will not put yourself to further discomfort. See, it is already nearly dark. If he be lost in the woods for the night, he can doubtless find his way hither to-morrow."

"I shall not seek long, mademoiselle, for the reason that I would not be long away from you." "At that moment, feeling under my foot something different from leaves or twigs, I stooped and found one of mademoiselle's gloves, which she had dropped, probably on first entering the inn. Remaining in my kneeling posture and looking up at her sweet, sad face, I said: 'Whatever may come in the future, mademoiselle, circumstance has made me your faithful cavalier for a day. Will you not give me some badge of memory that I may wear forever in remembrance of that sweet, though sorrowful day?'"

"Keep what you have in your hand," she replied, in a low voice, and pointed to her glove. "I will fasten the glove on my hat, and said: 'They shall find it on me when I am dead, mademoiselle.' Then I turned to go, and she followed me to the door, and said, 'Good night, monsieur.' I turned, and made to take her hand that I might kiss it, but she drew it away, and then, standing in the doorway, she raised it as one does in bestowing a benediction, and said: 'God watch you through the night, monsieur.'"

"And you forever, mademoiselle," I said, and she had gone. For a moment I stood looking up at her chamber window, thinking how it had come over me again, as in the days of my youth, the longing to be near one woman. Night was now coming on. In the deeper shades of the forest it was already dark, but the sky was clear, and the moon was shining. Musing as I walked along the road, the first sounds that I heard were the ceaseless chirps and whirrs of the insects of the bush and trees.

ing to deduce a meaning from her strange speeches and conduct, which I finally put down to the capriciousness of woman. I could understand the feeling that she ought to part from a man who loved her and whom her religion forbade her to love in return; but why she should seem pleased at the apparent lukewarmness of my friendship for La Tournoire, whom she was willing to accept as her guard; I could not guess. Since she intended to part from me, never to see me again, what mattered it to her whether or not I was the intimate of a proscribed ruffian? Yet she seemed glad to hear that I was not, but this might be only seeming. I might not have read her face and tone aright. Her inquiries might have been due to curiosity alone. So I thought no more of them, and gave up my mind instead to planning how she might be made to ignore the difference between our religions, and to revoke the edict banishing me from her side. It would be necessary that she should be willing to approach Maury, with a guard composed of some of my men, while I, giving a pretext for delaying the flight and for the absence of myself and the most of my company, should attempt the recovery of her father, from the chateau of Fleurier. It was my hope though I dared not yet breathe it, that I might bring her father and my company back to Maury, and that all of us might be able to proceed to Guiana. My meditations were interrupted by the return of Blaise from Maury, where he had found all well and the men there joyous at the prospect of his return to the army in Guiana. He had found the company was absent on a foraging raid. Two of the roofed chambers were rapidly being made habitable for Mile. de Varion, whom Blaise had announced to the men as a distinguished refugee.

When supper was ready in the kitchen, I sent Jeannette to summon her mistress. Mademoiselle came down from her chamber, her sweet face beaming with a brave attempt to bear up under the many woes that crushed her—the condition of her father, her own exile, the peril in which she stood of the governor's reconsidering her order and sending to make her a prisoner, the seeming necessity of exchanging my guidance for that of a stranger who had been painted to her in repulsive colors, and the other unhappy elements of her situation.

"It is strange that the boy Pierre has not returned," I said while we sat at table. Mademoiselle reddened. It then occurred to me that, in her abstraction, she had not even noticed his absence, and that now it came to her as a new trouble. "Pardon me for speaking of it in such a way as to frighten you," I said. "There is no cause for alarm. Not finding me on the road, he may have turned into the woods to look for me, and so have lost his way. He would surely be able to find the road again."

"I trust he will not come to any harm," replied mademoiselle, in a low voice that seemed forced, as she was concealing the fears that she really felt. "Jeannette cast a sympathetic look at her mistress. She would go and look for him?" asked Hugo, showing in his face his anxiety for his comrade.

"You would lose yourself, also," I said. "Mademoiselle, I shall go, for I find me in the forest, and I have no advantage from which he may be seen." "Nay, monsieur, do not give yourself the trouble, I pray you." "But I rose from the table to show that I was determined, and said: 'Blaise! I leave you as guard. Remember last night.'" "I am not likely to forget," he growled, dropping his eyes before the sharp glance of Jeannette's. "Mademoiselle need have no fears."

"But, monsieur," said mademoiselle, she was about to continue, but her eye met Jeannette's, and in the face of the maid was an expression as if counting no more, but she followed me to the door, and stood on the threshold. "Monsieur," she said, "if you do not find him within a few minutes, I entreat that you will not put yourself to further discomfort. See, it is already nearly dark. If he be lost in the woods for the night, he can doubtless find his way hither to-morrow."

"I shall not seek long, mademoiselle, for the reason that I would not be long away from you." "At that moment, feeling under my foot something different from leaves or twigs, I stooped and found one of mademoiselle's gloves, which she had dropped, probably on first entering the inn. Remaining in my kneeling posture and looking up at her sweet, sad face, I said: 'Whatever may come in the future, mademoiselle, circumstance has made me your faithful cavalier for a day. Will you not give me some badge of memory that I may wear forever in remembrance of that sweet, though sorrowful day?'"

"Keep what you have in your hand," she replied, in a low voice, and pointed to her glove. "I will fasten the glove on my hat, and said: 'They shall find it on me when I am dead, mademoiselle.' Then I turned to go, and she followed me to the door, and said, 'Good night, monsieur.' I turned, and made to take her hand that I might kiss it, but she drew it away, and then, standing in the doorway, she raised it as one does in bestowing a benediction, and said: 'God watch you through the night, monsieur.'"

"And you forever, mademoiselle," I said, and she had gone. For a moment I stood looking up at her chamber window, thinking how it had come over me again, as in the days of my youth, the longing to be near one woman. Night was now coming on. In the deeper shades of the forest it was already dark, but the sky was clear, and the moon was shining. Musing as I walked along the road, the first sounds that I heard were the ceaseless chirps and whirrs of the insects of the bush and trees.

"I will sacrifice La Tournoire for the woman I loved," I answered, with truth. "She looked at me steadily, and a hope seemed to dawn in her eyes, but in a moment they darkened again; she sighed deeply, and she turned to ascend to her chamber, while I stood there

ing for these weapons, but I considered that I would not be away long, and that there was no likelihood of my requiring weapons in these solitudes. So I continued on my way toward a knoll where I expected to get a good view of the road, and thus, should Pierre be returning on the road, spare myself the labor of plunging into the woods' depths and listening for the footsteps of his horse or of himself.

I had walked several minutes in the increasing darkness, when there came to my ears, from the shades at the right, the sound of a human snore. Had the boy fatigued himself in trying to find the way, and fallen asleep without knowledge of his nearness to the inn? "Pierre!" I called. There was no answer.

"I called again. Again there was no reply, but the snoring ceased. A third time I called. My call was unheeded. I turned into the woods, and forced my way through dense undergrowth. At a short distance from the road, I came on traces of the passage of some one else. Following these, I arrived at last at a small open space, where the absence of vegetation seemed due to some natural cause. Sufficient of the day's falling light reached the clearing to show me the figures of four men on the ground before me, three of whom were engaged in a game of cards, while the fourth, sitting up, the last held a huge two-headed sword over his shoulder, ready to strike. The threatening attitude of this giant made me take mechanically to my heels, and I fled for my life. My sword, alas, I was unarmed!

"So, my venturesome lackey, we meet again!" came a sarcastic voice from the left, and someone darted between me and the four men, facing me with a drawn sword. "It was the Vicomte de Berquin, and a triumphant smile was on his face. Moved by the thought that mademoiselle's safety depended on my return, was not ashamed, being unarmed, to turn about for immediate flight. But I had no sooner shown my back to M. de Berquin than I found myself face to face with the scowling Barbemouche, who stood motionless at the point of his sword not many inches from my breast.

"CHAPTER XI.  
How the Hero Gave His Word and Kept It." "I stood still and petrified." "You lack a weapon," said M. de Berquin, humorously. "I shall presently give you mine, point first."

"As I was still facing Barbemouche, I saw the point of the Vicomte's sword entering my back, and I will confess that I shivered. "And I mine," growled Barbemouche. "Though you are a lackey and I a gentleman, yet, by the grandmother of Barbemouche, I shall give you a lesson!" "Indeed!" said I, whose only hope was to gain time for thought. "This is a heartier welcome than a stranger might expect."

"You are the answer to a prayer," said Barbemouche with an ugly grin. "You thought you fooled us nicely last night, but that when you had made a hole in my body you had done with me. But I got a look at you after the fashion of the Virgin a dozen candles in return for another meeting with you. And now she has sent you to me." "And he looked at me with such jubilant vivacity that he turned and faced De Berquin, saying: 'Monsieur le Vicomte, I have made up my mind that your visage is more pleasant to look on than that of your friends.'"

By this time the other three rascals on the ground had been awakened by the tall fellow, and the four had taken up their weapons and placed themselves at the four sides of the open space, so that I could not make a bolt in any direction. All the circumstances that made my life at that time doubly precarious rushed into my mind. On the depending side of the mountain, the rescue of her father, the expeditious return of my brave company to our Henri's side, and certain valuable interests of our Henri's cause. I will confess that I was for its use to mademoiselle, rather than for its use to our Henri, that at that moment, the life which there was every chance of my spending, was that of De Berquin, and in Barbemouche as well, vengeance cried for my immediate death. Moreover, my death would remove the chief obstacle to De Berquin's revenge on me, with torture, and De Varion. For an instant, I thought he might let me live that I might tell him whereabouts, but I perceived that my presence was indication to him that he was not to be trusted. He could now rely on himself to find her. The opportunity of removing me from his way was not to be risked by delay. It was true that I might obtain respite by announcing myself as the Sieur de la Tournoire, for he would wish to preserve me alive to the governor, if he could do so. The governor and the Duke of Guise would desire to season their revenge on me with torture, and to attempt the forcing from me of secrets of our party. But to make myself known as La Tournoire was but to defer my death. The life that I might have saved would be that of De Berquin's service to mademoiselle or to Henri of Navarre. Still, I might so gain time. I might escape; my men might rescue me. So, at a last resource, would save my life by disclosing myself; but I would defer this disclosure until the last possible instant. De Berquin and Barbemouche were evidently in for amusing themselves while at my expense. They would prolong matters for their own pleasure and my own further humiliation. Meanwhile, an unexpected means of eluding them presented itself.

As for the presence there, I have always accounted for it on this supposition: That, after their defeat on the previous night, they had repented in the woods of their hasty retreat, and they might observe our departure from the inn in the morning, followed us at a distance into the mountain forest, lost our track, and finally, knowing nothing of God's will, they were nearness to the road, dismounted and sought afoot an open space in which to pass the night. Their horses were probably not far away.

"Ha!" laughed De Berquin, in answer to my words and movement. "So you don't share Barbemouche's own opinion of his beauty?"

### Best Kidney Remedy Known To Science

For pain in the back—scanty urine—highly colored urine—irritated bladder—irregular bowels—bad stomach—there is nothing that will bring such quick relief and so certain a cure as FRUIT-A-TIVES.

### Fruit-atives

OR "FRUIT URINE TABLETS"

not only heal and strengthen the kidneys but they also increase the action of the skin, and act directly on the liver, thus curing the constipation.

### Fruit-atives Limited

OTTAWA

### Accidental Death

Verdict of Coroner's Jury which Investigated Fatality at the Loop.

### Will Watch Them Dig

Washington, June 23.—It was announced at the White House today that President Roosevelt would immediately start on his trip to Panama.

### Ask Your Grocer For NEMO

THE QUEEN OF BREAKFAST FOODS.

### Best Kidney Remedy Known To Science

### Tragedy in New York Roof

### Murderer, Who Was Arraigned, Has Expressions of Regret

### Accidental Death

### Will Watch Them Dig

### Ask Your Grocer For NEMO

### Accidental Death

### Will Watch Them Dig

### Ask Your Grocer For NEMO

### Ask Your Grocer For NEMO