CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN

Oh, what do you think the algebras say the children up in heaven. There is a children up in heaven in the same that the children is a children in the same from the same from the carth we are it to live in Lot appear do upon the water of pearl. Open them whe for the low fitting girl Said the and the same fitting girl Said the and the same from the carth, do you near the weep.

"Far on the cartin, do you near them weep.
Sail time the land problem again to sleep.
Sail time the land in the grid on a grant to sleep.
The shall we fail and the maint clouds sweep
sweep.
But now, and a grant to gates of pears Ob, way, the tup we plot the lattle gar.
Said the children up in beaven.

Said the children up in heaven.

"God waite? I et here where His littleones meet!"

Baid the entildren up in heaven

"Die simil play with us in the goden

arrect.

She had grown toe fair, she had grown

too sweet.

That golds this side of the pates of pearl, Said the children up in heav-h "Fly with her qui kly. O ancels dear:
Said the children up in heaven.
"See ! she is coming! Look there! Look
there!

there!
At the jasper light on her sunny hair
Where the valuing clouds are riven —
Oh, hush, hush. 'T ne swift wings
furl,
for the King Humself at the gates of
pearl
taking her han L. dear tired. little girl,
And leading her into heaven."

PLORENCE MONTHNGALE,

There is a beautiful story told of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean War, which shows that when she was a child she had the nursing instinct strongly developed.

Her wounded patient was a Scotch shepherd dog. Some boys had hurt and apparently broken its leg by throwing stones, and it had been de cided to hang it to put it out of its misery.

oided to hang it to put it out of its misery.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap, poor Cap." It was enough. He looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now bloodshot and full of psin, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little ungloved hand the large, intelligent head. There was no hesitation in the child's manner: she was told what ought to be done, and she set about doing it as a simple matter of course. And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress and speat all of a bright Spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.

THE FIGHT OF THE HORSE AND THE HER.

Spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.

THE MOUTOF THE HORSE AND THE HEN.

A Dexter (Maine) gentleman claims to have seen a battle between a horse and a hen recently. More oddly matched contestants can searcely be thought of. Into a neighbor's orchard, where a horse was feeding, an old hen led her flook of chicks. Just what began the fuss the gentleman did not see, but probably the chicks made themselves too familiar with the horse's feet. The horse began kicking at the old hen with all its might, and with the prospect that if he could only hit her once, poultry would take a sudden rise in her vicinity. The pluck of the her was something wonderful. The chicks seudded out of the way, but their mother fuffied out her feathers, and ran her neck out straight before her, and darted for the horse's heels whenever they struck the ground. She pecked viciously at them, but the odds were against her, as the heels were labored under the same difficulty. He would look back for the hense labored under the same difficulty. He would look back for the hen, and take aim at her, and she would change has before the cyclone struck. For much fuss and effort and little effect the battle furnished a unique spectacle. Both sides quieted down after a time, and the old hen marched of with her chicks clucking vociferously, which was doubtless her way of impressing them with the fact that she "was not afraid of the biggest horse in Trotterdom."

WITH MINT SAUCE,
Mary had a little lamb,
And 'twas so very nice.
She passed her plate again:
ma'am.
"I'll take another slice!"

MRS BEECHER STOWE

Of Mrs. Harriett Beecher-Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tour's Cabin," who died the other day it cannot be said that her literatury gifts were precoious. Last year she herself recalled, in an article published for a charitable purpose, her first attempt at authorship. It was an epitaph composed at the age of eight apropos of the death of a kitten. It was decently buried beneath such an inscription as any bright little girl might write above a loved and dead tabby.

Here lies poor Kit,

Here lies poor Kit, Who had a fit And acted queer. Killed with a gun, Her race is run, And she lies here.

And she lies here.

Her fifteen years of childhood were uneventful, but spent in an exceptional environment of cultured society with lawyers, ministers, and professors, who were frequences of her father's circle. Her mother died in her early youth, and she was still a slip of a girl when she went to help her sister. Catharine, who was the head of a successful girls' school at Hartford.

PARM AND GARDEN.

FARM AND GARDEN.

It is hardly wise to sow grass seeds, and cortainly not clover, at this late time of the year. The Winter will probably kill the young and insufficiently roctad plants, and the seed and labor will be lost. If the seed as to be sown en whe... it would be safer to risk the surface sowing in the Spring, even without any harrowing, than the seeding so late as thus. But it is quite possible, and even desirable, to give the year, wheat a light harrowing in the Spring with a sloping-toothed harrow, the teeth sloping backward at a slant of forty-five degrees, so as to run over the ground and lossen the crust without injuring the plants; indeed, the slight appearing of soil drawn over the young wheat is a benefit to it.

Seed wheat may be safely covered

the young wheat is a benefit to it.

Seed wheat may be safely covered three inches deep, the seed sprouts at that depth, and the spire reaching the surface throws out new roots there, from which the stools grow and cause the plant to thicken so that several stems will proceed from the same root. The seed and the root-sprout from it die as soon as the surface roots are m.de. So that, knowing the habit of this plant, we consider that the depth of the seeding should be so much as to make the first sprout safe and give a sufficient hold on the soil which shallower seeding will not do.

The death of the aureunt beautiful.

The death of the current leaves is The death of the current leaves is due to the presence in them of a small insect, which burrows in them under the surface thus eating away the inner part of the leaf andleaving it faded and withered. There is no remedy after the mischief is done, the only resource being to act before this happens, and spray the leaves with paris green in water, at the rate of a quarter of an ounce to a gallon of water It will be well to add a little molasses to the water to hold the green in suspension better, as it is very heavy.

Bones are very hard and tough, and nec la strong mill, with heavy power to grind them small enough to be used on the land. But there is a simple process of softening them, in this way. Put them in a pit, mixed with alternatelayers of unleached wood ashee, and quicklime. The layers may be from three to six inches thick. Then wet the whole, so as to slake the lime. This makes the potash in the ashes caustic, and and this softens the bones in the course of a few weeks, so that they may be broken fine by beating with the back of a shovel. They are then ready to be used, spread on the lad; as much as ten or twenty bushels of the mixture may be used on one acre. This fertilizer is good for any kind of crops. It is excellent for corn, if applied in the hill, one handful to each.

The largest strawberry grown at the

The largest strawberry grown at the present time is that known as the Agriculturist. This was introduced twenty years ago, and under good culture is quite as good as at the first. The size of the fruit of this plant depends on the good culture of it more than on the years, for without this the largest fruits will be small and mean, just as a starved animal will be. There is no kind in cultivation known to us as the Birbeck. As this month—July—is the time for planting this fruit, it will be a good plan to procure a list of the best varieties from some respectable grower in the neighborhood, as the successful culture of this fruit depends largely on the adaptation of the varieties to locality and soil. Pot grown plants will be ready this month.

For all sorts of vegetable enemies

For all sorts of vegetable enemies some other remedy is to be used. This is some acrid substance by which the delicate tissues of the fungi (they all belong to this trube of almost invisible plants) are destroyed. The most approved and offective preparation for this use is the French invention becomes a the Rezdeave solution. moss approven and effective preparation for this use is the French invention from this use is the French invention known as the Bordeau solution.
The basis of it is the common blue
vitriol (sulphate of copper) dissolved
in water in the proportions of four
ounces of the sulphate to five gallons
of water. To avoid harm by the
caustic nature of the sulphate six
ounces of lime are dissolved in four
gallons of water, and the lime water
is added to the copper solution. There
will be a deposit, which is strained off,
and the clean liquid is diluted with
water to make twenty gallons. This
is sprayed on the leaves of the plants
attacked.

Apples are treated for the leaf rust

as played on the leaves of the plants attacked.

Apples are treated for the leaf rust and fruit scab. All other plants are treated for any kind of rust or blight by wich the foliage is attacked. Potates are saved from the early and the late blight, in short, every plant whose leaves are browned and curled by the numerous fungoid parasites may be saved from harm by the spraying on the leaves or fruits of this solution.

Cole and Kidney Differently.—Mi. J.

Colic And Kinner Directory.—M. J. Wilder, J.P., Lafargoville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmeleo's Pills afford me great relief, white all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have over used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that discoses of almost overy usane and nature are driven from the body.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth
Be sure and use that old and well-tried
remedy. Mas. Wisstow's Scormins Synur,
for chaldren teething. It is soothes the child,
softens the gums, allays all pains, cures
wind colic and is the best remedy for
diarrhios. Twenty five cents a bottle It
is the best of all.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Wit is the power to say what body would have said if he had the of it.

of it.

The tembstone is about the only thing that can stand upright, and at the same time lie on its face.

What are the most uncoicable things in the world? Milestones, for you never see two of them together.

During the winter the hen may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted.

One of the hardest things in all public functions is to keep the brass band from mistaking itself for the entire procession.

Hisbee: "There goes a man who

band from mistaking itself for the entire procession.

Higbes: "There goes a man who takes things as he fluds them." Robbins: "A philosopher? Higber." No: a ragpicker."

"What makes you think he is flighty?" "Because he has a scheme in his head for navigating the air.

Footlytes: "Why don't you try to write an original drams?" Seenor. "If we can 1? I don't know a single forcign language."

"What are you doing now?" asked one Yale man of another. "I am writing for a hiving." "What do you write?" Letters to the governor."

Young Duff: "I never talk about things that I do not understand."

Jinkbots: "You complain of the exposes of a typewriter—why don't you have your wife to do it?" Heneck: "I can't dictate to my wife."

Mrs. Musicus: "Did you have much tought hearingt to sure so heavily."

Mrs. Musicus: "Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beauti-fully? Miss Frankly: "Yes; especial ly with the neighbours."

"The doctor says I am not to be worried," squeaked the rat to the terrier. "You're to be well shaken before taken," growled the terrier, soizing it.

seizing it.

Mr. Elwell: "Isn't it strange, but true, nevertheless, that the biggest fools always marry the prettiest girls?"
Mrs. Elwell: "Oh, now, go on you flattorer."

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a nurder has been committed and the next day that the murdered has been committed.

has been committed.

Dick: "You know that feller workin' in shaft 17 who wa, always kickin'
for a raise?" Mick: "Yes," Dick:
"Well, he kicked over a can of dynamite to-day, and got it."
"I've got one advantage over you
still," said the carriage horse, looking
at the bloycle in the next stall. "When
I'm worn out I can be worked up into
glue and canned beef, and you can't.
He: "It must be avosedingly

I'm worn out I can be worked up into glue and canned beef, and you can't. He: "It must be exceedingly gratifying to Gladstone to be called the 'Grand Old Man.'" She (prominent woman suffragist): "Yes; but I'd like to see anybody call me the 'Grand Old Woman."

First Thespian: "So you brought out your new tragedy during Lent. I suppose the audience gave you a reception 'meet for the occasion?" meet for the occasion?" Heet own tragedy during Lent. I suppose the audience gave you a reception 'meet for the occasion? Thespian: "No. Being Lent, I suppose the audience gave you a reception 'meet for the occasion?" Heet own the spin of the occasion? The company of the property of the company of the spin of the company of the company of the company of the spin of the company of the company of the company of the company of the canned of the earth! I'm issed the villain. "No you won't," said the heroine, calmiy. "Why won't I?" queried the villain, aghast at her colnees. "Because I'm not going there," she replied.

"Hypnotism is a great thing. I

plied.
"Hypnotism is a great thing. I can hypnotize anyone, and what I desire the subject to do he does." "See here, professor," said the hitle tailor, "I'll give you 10 per cent. on all the money you can hypnotize out of my outdomers."

Mrs. Snarler: "(1) James L'esse."

oustomers."

Mrs. Snarler: "Oh, James, I've lost my dear little pug! I'm going to advertise, and offer a reward for its recovery, but I don't know how to describe its darling features." Mr. Snarler: "Better give a description of your own."

your own.

In an English graveyard in Chinathere is a stone to a well known hotel-keeper, the epitaph on which, after giving the name, age, etc., winds up with: "Erected by the guests staying at the hotel, as a tribute of respect. They will be done."

Taper: "I should like two weeks raper: "I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend." Mr. Gingham: "It must be a very dear friend indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it?" Taper: "Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

wife."

"I took a tramp through the mountains last summer," said Miss Gaswell to young Fitzperey. "Aw, Miss Gaswell, why—er—didn't you take me instead?" asked the young man. "Take you instead?" asked the girl, bewildered. "Yaas—instead of the tramp, doncher know. I think he'd be but a poor companion."

FREE TO MEN.

Any man who is weak or run down can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sected letter, valuable advice and information low to obtain a cure. Address, with stamp, F. G. Smith, P. O. Box 388.

DOMESTIC READING.

Need of charity teaches charity's

value.

Even the honest man has use for a knowledge of dishonesty.

Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfull give at Every noble crown is, and on earth will for ever be, a crown of thorns.

There is no more dangerous disease than wanting to get rich ma hurry.

Manmon is like fire the usefullest of all servants, if the frightfullest of all masters.

Calumny and detraction are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

go out of themselves.

Dr. Halley used to say "close study prolyuged a man's life, by keeping him out "f harm's way."

If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures.—R. W. Emerson.

False-speaking is a vice of character which draws to itself as allies and confederates all the other weaknesses of man.

Never part without loving words to think of during absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.

Richter.

Ab t at the second of t Ah! there is no telling, but per-

Alt there is no telling, but perhaps we might not sow quite so recklessly if we would only bear the reaping-time in mind.—Christian Reid.
Wickedness can be seen through the thickest fog, but virtue has to have an electric light tu-led on before it will be recegnized by the world.

The great world revolutions send in their billows to the remotest creek, and the ovorthrow of thrones more slowly overturns also the households of the lowly.

The commonest things, such as lie

The commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after.

Hawthorne.

—Hawthorne.

The true greatness of man consists not in the extent of his wealth, nor in the beauty of his person, but in the majesty of his intellect and the purity of his moral nature.

The soul is the breath of God, the beauty of man, the wonder of angels, and the envy of devils. The soul is a greater miracle in a man than all the miracles wrought among men.

Applition included in abstinct to it.

miracles wrought among men.

Ambition indulged in abstinently is a source of power; used inordinately, is a source of unreasoning intoxication and loss of that honor which smoothes the rugged path of existence.

To the heart there are no insignificant events; it magnifies all things; it puts in the same balance the fall of an empire and the fall of a woman's glove, and oftentimes the glove outweighs the empire.

The value of self-control as a hy-

weighs the empire.

The value of self-control as a hygienic agont is very great. It prevents waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than it a mastery over us.

rather than it a mastery over us.

Were it conceivable that the angels in Heaven could envy us, it would certainly be because we mortals are capable of suffering for God, and through our suffering showing our love for Him.—Emmy Giehrl.

We are never more discontented with others than when we are discontented with others than when we are discontented with ourselves. The consciousness of wrong-doing makes us irritable, and our heart, in its cunning, quarrels with what is outside it in order that it may deafen the elamor within.

it may deaten the elamor within.

How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he now does, would have saved him from the calamity.

The world is for ever lowering the heavenly life of the Church. If there ever was an age in which this was true, it is the present. One of the most frightening features of our condition is that we are so little frightening do of the world. The world itself has brought this about.—Father Faber.

brought this about.—Father Faber.

The best things in the world do not come to us ready-made.

Truth must be searched for with patient toil. Beauty must be wrought out with paintsking devotion. Food and rament must be wrested from the furrow and woven in the loom. And all our social and political institutions must be fought for on the field of battle, defended in the forum, and vindicated in the courts —William De Witt Hyde.

And as the Aurora came be-

Witt Hyde.

And as the Aurora came before the sun and follows the sun wheresoever he shineth, inseparable from his last rays as from his first, so the Virgin Mother, in her pure human light, will follow and be mingled with the light of Him Who "enlightens every man who cometh into the world." Oh, fair light, as thou wert the beautiful dawn of Christ in this world, be the dawn of the day of thy children's blessed eternity.—Father Abram J. Ryan.

No family living in a billous country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse to actomach and bowels from all billous matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co. Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

THE VIOLIN'S STORY.

It had such a curious way of telling its story, this old Italian violin' At first, when it began to speak, the list-ners could only hear vague sounds which trembled and moaned indistinctly; but ever and again there arose a whole wave of larmonies, that formed themselves into words which were comprehended by some, but not by all, for the high; at and most beautiful things in the world need translaten before they can be understood by the commonplace. It is only the inglitunglates that understand what it is that the nightingales sing.

But at last all heard one word—Cromona—and, as they hears it, they caught a glimmering of what Cremena must have been in the by-gone, long-dead days, even before this violin had taken form. Cremona; city of nusse—eity of love—of impassioned strains and long drawn sighs—eity of workers and tolk, as for the perfecting of insaments with which to make perfecting of the soul these men had put into their art—yea, of the love they bore it. It was as if every string strung in the city of music vibrated with the sound of that one word—"Oremona."

I was born at Cremona (said the violin). I would you could have seen our workshop. For centuries it had been the birthplace of the world-famed, world-admired violins. I myself am but a latter-day descendant of the old race, possessing none of the qualities f my ancestors save the accumulated knowledge is the world's great inheritance—a patrimony that acach son of the earth may enjoy.

But to return to the house where our workshop was: it was tall, many-storied, with high gables and narrow windows that overlooked a courtyard, in the centre of which stood a fountain, or rather a well; before the hounday heats and after the sun had gone down, the women used to come with their high earthen pitchers and gossip and sing, awaiting their turn to fill: and the eongs two expenses.

The world and there were some who levels and there were some who levels de for be square courtyard, which had but one marke the picture complete, and there were some who levels de

These women were mostly washer-women by profession, and their varie-gated clothes, hung out to dry in the wind, made a stir of life in the sleepy courtyard. Besides these, there was one other woman, the keeper of the fruit stall, and her fruits made a fine patch of color in the most shadowy

paten or color in the most shadowy corner.

Here it was that the apprentices, who were not always as eager to work as Messer Antonio, came to quench their thurst with the ripe luscious fruit, so temptingly displayed. I knew many of them, for it takes a long time for a violin to become matured, and it is of one of the apprentice I will tell the story.

It was in the beginning of June; the strong sun was shinning as brightly as if it had not been shining ever since the world began. Mosser Antonio, with his sleves well tucked up, was putting a touch of varnish on a violin. He was so sunburnt that the golden varnish almost seemed to be of the same color as his long arms and his great hands that touched the violuss so lightly and tenderly.

A woman was crosssing the courtyard, tall and stately, with a dignified walk that seemed to give the lic to the peasant's dress she wore. A little child, hardly able to walk, was clinging to the shapely yet labor-marked hand. The little fingers closed so firmly round the mother's that it seemed that the child knew by the contract alon. How great was the support the mother could give.

The woman looked up at our house, as if in bygone days she had known it well, seanning it narrowly as if to discover if it were indeed unaltered. She seemed irresolute and strangely timid. She heeitated a long time before she took courage to enter.

It was the hour of noonday rest, and the apprentices had all dispersed. Messer Autonio alone remained working. He always loved to apply these ounning touches of his when he was quiet by himself: the idle chatter of his workmen, who were young and giddy, disturbed him. He, having so great a reverence for his art, loved to practice while in the silence and alone, and I, for one, could not wonder at it.

I heard the woman's step on the stairs. I think she must have been carrying the little one, for I heard only one footfall; but at the threshold she paused, and I heard a sound as if the little one had been placed on his feet.

nothing, but worked on steadily, ovidently much satisfied with his results, for there was a contented smile upon his face that meant, "It is well done."

The woman entered holding her child to her closely. She was pale under the sunbure of her checks, but she advanced quite steadily, and came within a yard of Messer Antonio. He looked up sudderly and gave a great start; the raddy color foresook sisted in the color of the control of the control of the color of the color

Thon, "Father! she cried appealingly,

Ho looked at her angrily and the great veins of his forehead stood out take cords, and the hot, passionate blood mounted to his face, and he oried, roughly, "What do you do here?"

oried, rought,
here?"
Then she answered almost softly
"I crave forgiveness and mercy.

"I do not know them," he answered coldly and would have turned from her; but she took hold of her little one and pushed it towards him.

turned from her; but she took hold of her little one and pushed it towards him.

"Forgiveness for me, and mercy for my child," she said; but the little one, seeing its mother on her linees, plucked at her gown and looked defiantly at the man who was frightening her.

Messer Antonio turned an angry look upon the child, but in some wonderful fashion a little softening smile crept into the hard lines of his mouth.

"What do you do here?" he asked again, but a little less roughly. "Did I not bid you go with your accursed husband, since you elected to wed husband, since you elected to wed husband, since you elected to wed husband, then, that you have come back to me?"

He gaid this so brutally, one would

then, that you mave come back are ?"

He said this so brutally, one would not have recognized Messer Antonio.

"He is dead," she answered quietly, but with a great despair in her voice that made every word she attered seem like a knife thrust. "Dead to me—he has left me!"

"Left you?" There was a fiendish glee on Messer Antonio's face.
"Left you !—and you have come to me!"

"Left you?" There was a fundish glee on Messer Antonio's face.
"Left you!—and you have come to me!"
"Listen," she said breathlessly, and rose from her knees and confronted her father. "Let me speak! I will confess at once that you were right and I was wrong. You told me he was a ne'er-do-well, a secundrel, a beggar who married me because I was a rich man's daughter—and I, I who loved him toll you that you were right. He was all you said and more. He was so bad, so cowardly, so cruel, inta my sole remaining desire is to be revenged on him!" (She stamped her foot, as if she could not express her anger sufficiently in any other way, and the great, passionate tears rained from her eyes.) "But I can do nothing! I am a helpless woman with a little child. Therefore I come to you i not on account of the love you have eassed to bear me, but for revenge. You were always revenge-ful, and I bring you Filippo. I give him to you! He is my daring; the apple of my eye; the very all of me; and I bring him to you to make of him my avenger. Do what you will with him. Here he is—but avenge me!"

She spoke in short, sharp breaths, panting with anger; but at the end she exhausted herself. She would have fallen prone to the ground but that Messer Antonic caught her and ald her, not usgently, on the wooden bench which the apprentices used. He was silent for a moment, and stood with bont head, pondering over her words.

I do not think it was emotion that subdued him, but a little wonder at the suddeness of the whole thing.

"If this is the reason of your coming, Maddalena, you are wetcome,' he said at last.

This is how Filippo, a little curly-haired child came amonget us. But

coming, Maddalena, you are welcome," he said at last.

This is how Filippo, a little curly-haired child came amongst us. But as for Maddalena, she would not stay.

haired child came amongst us. But as for Maddalena, she would not stay.

"I do not come as a beggar," she answered Messer Antonio, when he spoke some words of protest at her departure, and she spoke with the solf-reliant air that I knew so well in Messer Antonio. "I can work—I do work. I could not come back here and est your bread after you had cursed me and bidden me begone from your presence; and"—with a sudden gush of feeling that melted the rigid lines in her face—"I could not return here and live here, where I dresmt my gritish, fond dreams of happiness with him! The very stones in the courtyard would seem to jeer at me! A thousand stinging memories would crowd in upon me to madden me. No I could not live here, but I will leave Flippo to you, if you like. Bring him up in ignorance of me. Swear to me you will make of him an instrument to avenge me!"

And now she turned to go.

"Good-bye, father," she said, and a great tremor shook her sonorous voice; she stooped and lifted little Flippo in her arms, and clasped him to her breat with hungry ferocity, and