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VALDIMIR THE MONK.

him! I have the power, and I'll use it. As Warden of the city I have the power to arrest him upon suspicion of conspiracy. I'll do it! Where is he now?"

"I know not."

"Never mind, I'll to the Emperor first. I'll study my plan, and ere the sun sets it shall be carried out. By heavens, I'll be baffled thus no more. I could have wished that this gun-maker had been quietly out of the way, for then all would have been clear and plain, and I should not have feared the trouble of his clamoring about my ears. But let him go. I would not give much for the life he has left. I'll dispose of him soon. But that monk—by heavens, he dies at once, and without consultation with the Emperor; for I can swear he is a conspirator."

"Good!" ejaculated the priest.

And thus the business was arranged for the present. Passion helped the duke wondrously in his conclusions; and the wish was made into the power. But even before the priest left, the stout nobleman began to wish that he had a very little more power. In fact, as he came to reason he began to doubt; but he gave up not one idea of the plan he had formed for the vengeance his soul so madly craved.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I dare not! Oh, I dare not!"

"But it is only our hope."

"And whither shall we go?"

"Anywhere rather than remain here. Oh, my mistress, if you do stay here you know the fate which awaits you. There is no other means of escape from the wicked duke's power."

"And I must thus cast myself among strangers—lose my all of earth—"

"Hold, Rosalind. By St. Paul!" there is surely one in Moscow who will help you. Let us go to the Emperor. Oh, if he be the man I have heard he will surely listen!"

"Ah, Zenobie!—the duke is high in power, and his influence is great at court. Peter would not dare to thwart him."

"It may be so, but I do not believe it. And yet, my mistress, just think, for one moment, how you stand in that respect. You have nothing to lose. This life of earth, with all its pains and sorrows, and with its most exquisite tortures, holds nothing worse for you within the bounds of possibility than to become the duke's wife. If there were but one chance in the thousand you had better try it. Remember—you can not possibly lose anything; but the chances are for you. Let us go to the Emperor."

"But how, Zenobie?"

"This evening—after the darkness of night has gathered over the city—let us go. I tell you I do not believe the Emperor will deliberately suffer a great wrong to be done for the sake of pacifying the duke. He has more noble independence than that."

The young countess did not answer at once. She pressed her small white hand hard upon her brow, and thus she remained for some time buried in profound thought. At length she raised her head, and the fire of determination was in her eye.

"I will go," she said. "I will go to the Emperor. He will help me if he has a human heart."

"You have one satisfaction, my mistress: he can not harm you."

"Can not?"

"I mean that you can but be made to marry with Olga; and all other harm would be as nothing compared with that."

"Aye—you are right, Zenobie. We will go this very night."

The more Rosalind pondered upon this new resolve the more hope did she derive from it. Ere long she conversed more freely with her attendant, and at times that old smile would struggle for a moment upon her face. Yet she had gloomy moments, too. Her fear was too deeply fixed to be swept away so easily.

The afternoon passed away, and as the shades of night gathered over the great city the two girls have astir. Zenobie gathered together such articles of clothing as would be needed, and then proceeded to prepare her mistress for the adventure.

"Fear not," she said, as she drew on Rosalind's robe of fur, "for there can be no danger worse than that we flee from. Try only to remember that you flee from the duke's foul embrace!"

This served to nerve the fair young countess up to the task, and her frame ceased its trembling.

"I shall not falter now," she said. "But shall we find the Emperor at this late hour?"

"Bless me, 'tis not late. But even if we do not see him to-night we can do it in the morning. We shall find plenty in the imperial palace who will shelter us till then."

The girls were now ready, and all that remained was to start on their strange mission. With noiseless steps they left the apartment where they had dressed and proceeded along the corridor to the great staircase. Zenobie knew there would be less danger there than to go down the other way among the servants. Having descended these stairs they came to the great hall which opened one way into the saloons. They took the former course, and were soon in the court. The only trouble now was in passing the porter's lodge at the gate, for they knew the great gate was not open, and to gain the street they must pass through the room where the porter always stayed. Zenobie went ahead and looked in. The porter sat by the fire playing with his dog.

"My mistress," whispered the girl, as she came back, "old John is in the lodge, and we need have no fear. He is a simple, good-natured fellow, and I am sure I can get by him. Do you go in advance—cover up your face—don't look at him; and be sure you don't tremble. Leave it all to me. Remember now; you have—"

"Fear not, Zenobie. Go on."

So on they went, and when they reached the lodge Rosalind went in first and stood by the wicket, while Zenobie followed, and opened the door that looked into the porter's room.

"Good John," she uttered, in anxious tones, "come and open the wicket for me quick. My good mistress is very ill, and Hilda and I are going for the doctor. Come—be quick."

"But why don't some of the men go?" asked John, as he started up and forced his dog back.

"Because 'twould take them longer to do the errand than 'twill us. But don't detain us. We shan't be gone long."

The honest porter had orders not to allow the countess to pass out, but he thought not of that now. He had known the gentle girl from a child, and so well did he love her that he might not have stopped her even had he known she was then waiting to pass out. At all events, he could not refuse the present request, so he came out and opened the wicket without further question, and the girls passed through.

"Now—now," uttered Zenobie, in nervous haste, "we are clear of the palace. Here is the street. Our walk is not long."

Rosalind answered not, but drawing her robe more closely about her to keep out the cold, biting wind, she hastened along by the side of her companion. Hope was now alive within her. She turned one glance behind her, and she could see the light which she had left burning in her chamber. It seemed at that moment to be the fiery eye of a demon gazing after her, and instinctively she quickened her pace.

* * * * * * *

Twice during the day did the Duke of Tula call at the imperial palace without being able to find the Emperor; but in the evening he was more fortunate. The Emperor was in, and Olga was admitted at once to his presence.

"Well, my lord duke," said Peter, as Olga approached; "what business calls you from home at this hour?"

"Business of importance, sire. Business of less moment to me than to the state."

"Ah? Proceed."

Only two attendants were with the Emperor, one of whom was Demetrius the Greek, and the place of audience was in one of the private apartments near the bed-chamber, where only privileged ones were ever allowed to come.

"Sire," commenced the duke, "you remember the gun-maker who was before you not long since?"

"Ah—yes. The one who took my Greek's sword from him."

"The same, sire. Have you heard from him since?"

"By my soul, Olga, I had well-nigh forgotten the fellow. Yes, yes—I remember him well now. He was a right stout knave."

"Aye—and a dangerous one, too, sire. A dangerous man," said the duke, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Ah—what has he done?"

"Why he has been engaged in various robberies to my certain knowledge; and only a few evenings since he knocked down one of our holy priests, and robbed him of all he had. He is at the head of a numerous band of desperadoes."

"Is it possible?"

"I know it, sire."

"By St. Paul! I should not have believed this."

"Nor would I have believed it, sire, had I not received proofs not to be questioned. I, as is my duty, have long been anxious to ferret out this gang of robbers—"

"But I have never heard of them, Olga," interrupted Peter.

"Ah, sire, because I gave direction that you should not be troubled with the affair. But I have them now. It is only last evening that I got a clue upon them. We found them in an old building near the river, here in the Kremlin, and this same Ruric Nevel was with them. But he made his escape."

"I do remember me now that the fellow had a bold bearing, and a fearless look," said the Emperor, half to himself; "and if such a man turns villain there must be danger in it."

"Aye, sire—you speak truly. And now with your order I can apprehend the fellow at once."

"I can send and have it done my dear duke."

"But your officers may not find him. I know where he is, and can have him taken at once. He has several hiding places."

"Well—then you might do the work with more advantage."

"Aye: and I can have him tried and disposed of without further trouble to you, sire."

"No, no. I wish to see him," returned the Emperor. "I will give you the necessary order, and you may bring him here."

Peter then turned to his secretary, and bade him fill an order for Ruric Nevel's arrest. The stout master-at-arms looked on with a troubled countenance, and his glances toward the duke were anything but loving. He did not seem to relish the business at all, and the expression of his countenance would seem to indicate that he did not believe all that the duke had said.

However, the order was soon made out and in the duke's possession.

"Remember," said Peter, "you will bring him before me."

"You shall be obeyed, sire."

If the Emperor did not notice the strange, dark look of the duke as he turned away, the Greek did; and he fancied, too, that he knew what it meant. But he said nothing then.

Olga bowed low as he clutched the order, and having once more promised obedience, he hurried from the imperial presence. As he passed out through the wide court he walked slowly and thoughtfully, and with his head bowed; but soon he started up—his hands came together with an emphatic movement, and he moved on more quickly. He had gained the street, and approached a small court within which stood a house of entertainment, where he stopped. In a few moments more a man came out from the inn, and as soon as he had satisfied himself that the newcomer was the duke he spoke.

"Olga—is't you?"

"Yes."

It needed but a single glance in the dim starlight to recognize the form of the hump-backed priest. He walked quickly to where the duke stood, and the two moved off together.

"Now what luck?" Savotano asked, as they gained the street once more.

"Good—as good as I could even hope," returned the duke. "I have the power for arresting the gun-maker."

"And for executing him?"

"It amounts to the same. I am ordered to bring him before the Emperor; but that is easily managed."

Here the duke stopped and gazed about him, and then bending his head, so that no word could possibly pass beyond his companion's ears, he continued:

"You can call upon three of your best men, and I can furnish two from among my own servants. Early in the morning—by the time the sun is up—they must be at the gun-maker's dwelling. They must make him angry—of course he will resist—and then kill him. It is very simple—very. They can easily dispatch him thus, and then we have only to tell the Emperor that he resisted the imperial authority even unto death. So you see this is even better than it would have been had I received direct authority for his death; for then some form of trial would have been necessary, but now we have only to go to his house—provoke him to quarrel—kill him—and then tell the Emperor how it happened. What think you?"

"Why," returned the priest, with a wicked chuckle, "I can only say that Master Nevel is done for—he is a dead man."

"Exactly. Nothing could be better—nothing."

After the explanation of this fiendish, hellish scheme, the two walked on some distance in silence.

"Stop," uttered the duke, catching his companion by the arm. "There come two persons this way. We must not meet them. Here—into this passage—quick!"

It was a narrow, dark passage leading to the next street into which the duke dragged his companion, and here he meant to remain until the two persons had passed. The fact was, the duke did not wish to be seen with the priest at that hour in the street, and it is no matter of surprise that he should at that moment have been influenced by guilty fear. The two pedestrians came on, and passed the spot where the men stood. They were females, and one of them the priest saw in the face. The features were upturned to the starlight, and he recognized them. He caught the duke quickly and nervously by the arm.

"By the host of heaven!" he whispered, "'twas the countess!"

"Rosalind?" gasped Olga.

"Yes—as sure as death!"

"Then come—quick!"

Savotano understood the meaning of this, and he followed the duke quickly out. At a few bounds Olga reached the females, and one of them he caught by the arm. She uttered a sharp, quick cry, and as she turned her face up she revealed the fair features of the Countess Rosalind Valdai! The priest had no need to stop the other girl, for she stopped of her own accord as soon as she found that her mistress was captured.

"Aha!" Olga uttered, when he saw that pale face. "What now, eh? Where are you bound at this unseemly hour?"

"Oh, God!" It was all the poor girl could utter. She saw the dark face of her hated and feared guardian, and the last glimmer of hope faded from her soul.

"By my soul," the duke resumed, fastening his gripe surely upon the maiden's arm, "it is fortunate I have found you, for you might have fallen into difficulty else. You were bound for the imperial palace, eh?"

At first Rosalind thought of struggling for escape, but she felt the strong gripe upon her arm, and she knew that such a movement could only result in her own harm.

"Say," repeated the duke, "were you not bound for the palace?"

"Aye, proud duke, I was," the countess replied, gazing up into the man's face. "I was trying to escape from your accursed power!"

"Aha! But come—we'll turn towards home. You'll be better off there. And this is our little Zenobie, is it?"

The attendant looked up, but she made no reply. Then Olga turned to the priest.

"Savotano, hurry off your men in the morning, and then come to me. I'll have work for you to-morrow. By Saint Paul! the work delays no longer!"

And then, with a sinking, breaking heart, Rosalind Valdai was led back towards the ducal palace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ruric Nevel dreamed that he was a great general, and that he was upon the eve of an engagement. He gained a view of the commander of the opposing army, and he saw that it was the Duke of Tula. Yet the duke had an enormous hump upon his back, and instead of the usual uniform he wore the garb of a priest. This was very strange—at least so ran Ruric's thoughts in the dream. Soon the engagement commenced, and the loud-mouthed artillery opened its thunder. The din was deafening and strange, and Ruric shouted in vain to his aids, for the roar of cannon drank up his words direct from his lips. Louder and more loud grew the crash, and finally Ruric started for the charge. His horse was shot under him, and with a quick leap he reached his feet.

"Ruric! Ruric! My master!"

Slowly the youth opened his eyes, and Paul stood by him in his night-clothes. He gazed about him, and found that he had leaped from his bed, and now stood shivering upon the floor.

"Don't you hear that racket at the door?" asked Paul.

"What? Ha—there is some one knocking." Ruric uttered, as he heard the sound.

"And have you not heard it before?"

"No."

"Why did you leap up thus?"

"I was dreaming."

"I thought 'twas the noise below. Why—they've been making a perfect thunder of noise down there. Shall I go down?"

"Yes, go, Paul; and I will dress as soon as possible. What time is it?"

"It must be near daybreak."

And thus speaking Paul turned and went to his own room, where he threw on an outer garment, and then he went down. At the door he found a stout man wrapped up in furs, while close by stood a sledge with two horses attached to it. In the east the golden tints of morn were already visible.

"A gun-maker, named Nevel, lives here, does he not?" asked the applicant, after having first made some passing remark on the trouble he had had in starting some one up.

Paul feared that there might be something out of the way, but he dared not tell a falsehood where it could not possibly be of any use, so he answered in the affirmative.

"Then let me see him as speedily as possible."

"He is preparing to come down, sir. If you will walk in you may see him very soon."

The stranger followed the boy into the kitchen, where it was quite warm, the fire in the furnace having being burning all night. Ere long Ruric came down, and the visitor started up.

"How!" uttered the gun-maker, starting forward and extending his hand. "Demetrius?"

"Aye, my friend," the Greek replied with a smile, "I am an early visitor, eh?"

"I should say so; but, early or late, you are welcome."

"Thank you. But we must not spend much time here now. My sledge is here at your door, and I wish you to accompany me."

"But wherefore is this?" asked the youth in surprise. "What has happened now?"

"I will tell you; Last night Olga, the duke, came to see the Emperor. I had just been giving his majesty some exercise at the sword, so I was present at the interview. The duke wished for power to arrest you; and in explanation of the request he stated that you were at the head of a band of robbers here in the city, and that you had already committed several robberies. I needn't tell you all he said—but he made you out to be a most unmitigated villain, and with this the Emperor granted his request. Olga wished for power to execute you at once, but Peter would not go so far as that. He gave the power to arrest, but ordered the duke to bring you before him."

Ruric stood for a few moments like one confounded.

"Then he must carry me to the Emperor," he said, at lenght.

"Ah," returned Demetrius, with a dubious shake of the head, "be not too sure of that. I saw a look upon his face when he turned away that meant more than he dared to speak. As sure as fate he never means that you shall see the Emperor. I know it—I saw it in his evil eye."

"But will he dare disobey the order?"

"Yes, for he hopes to escape by falsehood. How easy for him to swear that he had to kill you to take you."

"I see—I see," uttered Ruric.

"Then come with me."

"Did the Emperor send you?"

"No; but I take the responsibility. I will take you to him myself. Be sure the duke's hireling will be here before long. Trust to me and all shall be well."

Ruric pondered a few moments, and he saw that his friend was right.

"Let me go and see my mother," he said, and then I will go with you."

"But make haste," urged the Greek, "for the duke's men may be here soon, and I do not wish them to see you. And—tell your mother to inform whoever may call that she knows not where you are gone, but that you will be back at night."

The youth nodded assent, and then went into his mother's room, where he explained to her what had happened and what he was about to do.

"And how long must these things be?" the mother uttered, gazing eagerly upon her son.

"Not long," returned Ruric. "I may do much towards settling the matter to-day. But fear not, for I am now safe, and shall be until I see you again."

The widow promised all that her son asked, and soon became assured that all was well; but Paul was left with the duty of attending to those who might come for Ruric, though they might see the widow if they persisted. The boy promised to tell all that asked for his master that he was gone away on business, and would not return till evening.

The mother came out before Ruric was ready to start, and her examination of the Greek's countenance seemed to be satisfactory, for the anxious look left her face, and she looked upon the visitor kindly.

As Ruric entered the sledge the dawn of day was plainly announced in the east, and the stars were paling in the sky. The Greek did not take the direct road to the Kremlin, but struck off to the westward, and so entered by the Neglina.

An hour later a party of five men drove up to the gun-maker's cot. They were dark, villainous-looking men, and murder was plainly stamped upon their faces. They entered the dwelling, but they found not their prey. They stormed and swore, but to no purpose, and when they were convinced that the gun-maker was not there they went away.

An hour later still, and another party drove up to the same cot. It consisted of two men in a double sledge, one of whom was Valdimir the monk. The fat, mystic man entered the cot, and there he remained for some time. When he came out the widow and Paul accompanied him; and they all got into the sledge and drove off together.

What did it mean?

* * * * * * *

It was noon. The proud duke was once more alone in his private room, and he was pacing uneasily to and fro. There was a cloud upon his brow, and trouble in his soul. His lips were firmly set, and his hands clenched. Ever and anon he muttered to himself, and when he did so his hands would work nervously and emphatically. He looked often at his watch, and often he stopped near the door and hearkened.

At length came that well-known shuffling, uncertain, cat-like tread. He threw open his door, and the dark priest glided in.

"Ha, Savotano, I've waited for you," the duke uttered sinking into a chair, for his nervous walking had made him weary.

"Now tell me the work is done. Oh, for God's sake, don't tel again of failure!"

"Alas, my lord—"

"Hold, Savotano! By the host of hosts, you are not going to tell me of failure?"

"Not really a failure, my lord," the priest returned, nervously. "But our men did not find the gun-maker at home. He had gone when we got there, and no one knew where."

"No one knew? Did not his mother know?"

"No. She said he did not tell her where he was going. He only left word he was going on business, and should not return till evening.

"By heavens! I think he has fled."

"No, my lord. I do not think so. I think he must have had business."

"But what time were you there?"

"Shortly after sunrise."

"And he gone then?"

"Aye—he had been gone an hour."

"It looks suspicious. But the men must be there this evening. He shall not escape me now."

"There is no fear of that, my lord. I will see that he is apprehended as soon as he returns."

"Right, Savotano—right! And now to the other matter. I am to be married this afternoon!"

"Ah—so soon?"

"Yes; I waste no more time. What is the use?"

"None, my lord—none at all."

"Then you must remain, for the ceremony shall be peformed as soon as possible."

"And does the countess know of your determination?"

"Yes. She knew it ere she retired last night. I told her she should not escape again till she could carry my name with her. By the mass, sir, she sealed her own doom! Ha, ha, ha—the Duke of Tula will have his coffers filled again. Money must come somehow, and how else so easily as this?"

"Sure enough," returned the priest, with that old coarse, wicked smile. "Sure enough, my lord—how?"

"In no way. Ho, I'll put the seal upon that budget, and stamp it—mine! So here you remain until I am married. To-day—until that ceremony is performed, I am not sure; but to-morrow they cannot harm me. Oh—she shall be mine Savotano. To-day she is my wife—to-night she shares my bed—and to-morrow all heaven and earth and hell combined cannot undo the work. I have waited long enough. I have worked and schemed, and have puzzled my brain to one great purpose; and yet each step I had marked out has failed me. Damonoff lives—the gun-maker lives—the Black Monk lives—but I, too, live! Ha—I live, Savotano; and now the work shall be done as it might have been at first had I been so disposed!"

The duke had arisen to his feet while speaking thus, his manner had been frantic and excited. As he ceased speaking he sank back into his chair and gazed the priest in the face. He was all iron now. Every nerve and muscle was set, and a fierce determination was in his soul.

* * * * * * *

There is one more scene in the ducal palace, and it goes on at the very time while the duke and his tool are together.

Valdimir the monk was in the chamber of the countess, and the fair occupant and her maid were there with him.

"And you are sure he means to make you his wife to-day?" said the monk, in continuation of a conversation which had been going on for some moments—"that he will have the ceremony performed whether you consent or not?"

"Yes, sir," the countess murmured. She gazed into the strange man's face a few moments after she had spoken, and then, starting quickly up, she threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Oh!" she cried, with her clasped hands raised towards him, "can you not help me in this bitter moment? Do not say no. Oh, I know you have some strange power—and you may help me. You cannot know the misery I suffer. Oh, earth has no pangs more cruel! In all the long catalogue of woes there is nothing more bitter! Sir—" and the maiden raised both hands toward heaven as she thus continued—"sooner than be that man's wife I would with my own hand let my life-blood out were not the act a sin against my God! But you may help me."

"Alas, lady, I cannot assure you now."

"Oh—say not so. You can help me flee from here—you can find some hiding-place—some place where my days can be spent in safety from this great evil."

"But how can I help you away, lady?"

"Because you know some secret entrance to the palace. You know some secret passage, else you would not be here now."

"True," the monk replied, in a perplexed tone, "I do know such a way, for by that way I came, and by that way shall I return; but I cannot convey you away thus. I am sorry that—"

The monk stopped here, for at that moment a heavy footfall sounded without. He had started up from his seat when the door opened, and the stout duke entered. The countess uttered one low, quick cry, and sank down. She would have sunk to the floor had not Zenobie caught her and bore her to the couch.

The monk stood erect, with his arms folded across his breast, but his right hand was hidden within the bosom of his robe. The duke started back like one thunder-struck, and it was some moments ere he could gain the power of speech. He turned first as pale as death, and then the blood mounted hotly, fiercely to his brow.

"By the living God!" he gasped, in a hissing, frantic tone, "how came ye here?"

"To learn of your wickedness, Duke of Tula," calmly responded Valdimir.

"Ha! do you heard me in my very palace, dog! But you have ventured here once too often. As sure as there is life in me you go not hence alive!"

"Hold, Olga!" spoke the monk,—and so strange and powerful was the tone that, though the duke had turned towards the door, yet he stopped. "This lady tells me you mean to make her your wife. Is it so?"

"Out, accursed monk! Who gave thee right to question me?"

"By my soul, proud duke, you shall know that anon. But listen: If you force this lady to that thing you do it at your

To be Continued.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay. Get a bottle of Hickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

There are a good many people who have learned how to swim this winter by going skating.

Bjones—I don't like Jejinks. You can't believe a word he says.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms if neglected develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession and a cure will be effected.

Never mind about "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb"; what the shorn lamb is after is some way to raise the wind.

Ball-goers are of two classes—those who go to show what they have on and those who go to show what they haven't got on.

Giles—what do you think of his brother? Bjones—Unbearable. He always tells the truth.

A Trip to Manitoba.

Last year I went to Manitoba on the C.P.R. At Rat Portage I got sick, and at Winnipeg I was so weak I had to be assisted off the train. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and after the first dose felt better. When I got to Boissevain I was as well as ever. The Bitters cure the bad effects of the surface water of the prairies.
DONALD MUNRO, Balsover, Ont.

A Lenten Conversation—"Mother, have you seen my prayer book?"
"No Maria, but you can take mine."
"Oh, that's not half big enough. Nobody would see it, and I'm to walk to church with the new curate."

Chicago Feet—Chicago School Teacher: "How many feet make a yard?"
Tommy Lakeside: "One."
Teacher: "Correct."

That latent force of fluid, which permeates all matter, and which bears the conventional name of Electricity, is widely appreciated and recognized as a means of cure in various diseases. Its effects in the form of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil are shown by the relief of pain, both neuralgiac and rheumatic, as well as the throat and lungs, and in various other healing ways.

The husband's the head of the household he'll see
Who closely the question peruses,
And the wife is the neck, who, between you and me,
Twists the head around just as she chooses.

It is odd how quickly a man acknowledges the elevating influence of woman when she takes to shop-lifting in his premises.

The thermometer had a late fall this spring.

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