

THE LANTERNS OF ST. EULALIE.

In the October afternoon
Orange and purple and maroon
Goes quiet autumn, lamp in hand,
Under the apple colored land
To light in every apple tree
The lanterns of St. Eulalie.
They glimmer in the orchard shades
Like fiery opals set in jade—
Crimson and russet and red gold,
Yellow and green and scarlet old.
And, oh, when I am far away,
By frowning reef or azure bay,
In crowded street or hot lagoon
Or under the strange austral moon,
When the homesickness comes on me
For the great marshes by the sea,
The running dikes, the brimming tide
And the dark firs on Fundy side,
In dream once more I shall behold,
Like spiral lights those globes of gold,
Hung out in every apple tree,
The lanterns of St. Eulalie!
—Bliss Carman in *Ainslie's Magazine*.

A DETECTIVE'S REMINISCENCE.

BY M. QUAD.

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When I retired from detective work after an experience of 16 years, the public press and my many friends were pleased to say that I had done excellent service. On the whole, this praise was deserved, but at the same time, in one case at least, I had shown a stupidity worthy of the greenest patrolman on London's police force. I had been at Scotland Yard for three years when I removed my family to Queen street. It was to an apartment house, and we took the second floor. On the floor above was a married couple named Hadan. The man, as I came to understand, was a manufacturing jeweler in a small way. The Hadans lived very quietly and made no display, and the wife kept very much to herself. Not as a detective, but as an occupant, I learned that the husband was home only two nights per week—that is, he came home at 6 o'clock on two evenings out of the seven, remained overnight and to breakfast and was seen no more for five days. This had been the programme for a year before I came to the house, and I was not a bit curious over it.

At about the time of my removal I was set to watch in a general way a certain dealer in bric-a-brac named Saunders. His shop was a good three miles from Queen street. He dealt in all manner of art goods second hand,



WE HAD A GLASS OF ALE AND A PIPE TOGETHER.

and it had been pretty well established that he bought goods without asking any questions. In watching him I assumed another identity and became a customer. We came to be on quite friendly terms, and I flattered myself that he had not the slightest suspicion of the part I was playing. At one time and another I was the means of enabling a number of householders to recover stolen goods Saunders had bought, but the man always evaded the law. I got to know that he lived in Jane street, only a few blocks away, where he had a wife and one child. One of our men occupied a room in the same house, and in a casual way he had learned that Saunders was home only two nights per week. He came and went as did my neighbor Hadan.

A year after I began watching the bric-a-brac shop there were complaints made about a certain merchant tailor named Davidson. He was making suits to order so cheap that other tailors declared the goods must be stolen. As a matter of fact several bolts of cloth stolen from a tailor in a town 50 miles away were found in his shop, but he proved himself clear of the law by a narrow margin. I became a customer and an acquaintance. I brought customers to him, as I had to Saunders. There were many times when we had a glass of ale and a pipe together, and from the very outset I used my best efforts to get on with his little game. He continued to make suits to order far cheaper than his rivals, but though his shop was searched again and again no more suspicious goods were found. Davidson was full of talk and seemed to be without suspicion, but I got no information from him to help my case. I early ascertained that he lived in Montgomery place and had a wife and two children. By the merest accident I further learned that Mr. Davidson was home only three nights per week, and I am honest enough to confess that I did not connect the circumstance with the domestic life of Hadan or Saunders. The reason I didn't was because I had not yet suspected Hadan of anything and because I had no case against the other two.

As to Hadan, living in the same house with me, he cultivated my acquaintance. He told me of his business, invited me to lunch with him and was as frank and open as any man I

ever met. On half a dozen occasions he invited me to drop into his work-rooms in case I found myself near them, and I admit I took quite a liking to him. His wife was more reserved and less to be seen, but yet the four of us went to the theater occasionally in company, and she was agreeable if not talkative. Hadan was a fair sized man, who always shaved smooth. His reddish hair was scant, one of his front teeth broken, and he limped a little, from an old accident. Any policeman could have picked him out of a crowd on a description. Saunders was a larger man, with hair turning gray, perfect teeth and side whiskers. Davidson was a smaller man than the other two, with black hair, a black mustache and a prominent wart on his cheek. Hadan had the voice of a woman; Saunders spoke slowly and with a growl; Davidson had what might be termed a fair voice.

Now, then, for six years I knew these three men, and two of them were under espionage. I talked with them, ate with them, drank with them and never imbibed the faintest idea that I was the biggest fool in the world. One day a man who was in a machine shop not far from detective headquarters was killed by accident. I happened to be almost the first one on hand. I recognized him at once as the tailor, and the body was taken home. While doing his work the undertaker found that the black hair and mustache and wart were all false. This was a revelation even to the wife. The affair was published in the papers and in less than two days it was found that Hadan, Saunders and Davidson were one and the same man. He had padded his body to increase his size and apparent weight, and a false tooth, whiskers, mustache and a wart had done the rest. You will say I ought to have detected the cheat by the voice. In an ordinary case, yes, but this man had made a study of disguising his voice and was doubtless a natural mimic to begin with. I never caught a tone to make me suspect.

You will say that a good detective ought to penetrate such shallow disguises as false whiskers. In answer to that let me say that whiskers or mustache can be made to look so genuine that no living man can detect the cheat. The wart was a new dodge and one I was not up to. It was so well done that I had seen the man pick it with a pin and cringe a little as he did it. I should have felt had enough at being fooled even had there been no case in it, but there was a case. The silversmith was a "fence" for thieves, the bric-a-brac man was another, and the tailor was a third. He was married to three different women; he lived in three different parts of the city; he carried on three occupations; he represented three different men. All this he did successfully for six or seven years and but for the fatal accident might have gone on for years more. During his career he had made a fortune, and never a person had suspected the disguises. It seems as if a wife should have detected them, but the three did not, or at least so claimed. He divided his time between them, passed as a respectable member of society, and they accepted his excuses for his absence without question. In each case he told his wives that he traveled so many days per week, and in each case he left the house and returned to it with hand baggage. Yes; I was made a fool of; but, for a while, I was the only one who knew it, and I may give the fact away now without my identity being suspected. It would have added more glory to my record to have caught up the rascal, but now and then the sharpest of our profession are outwitted, and if I made a stupid blunder in the one case I have offset it a dozen times over in making a success of others.

Earthquakes Didn't Disturb Him.
In the winter of 1899 Marion Crawford was in San Francisco on a lecture tour under Major Pond of New York, who related the following incident: It was during his sojourn in the city that San Francisco was visited by a rather severe earthquake. The novelist was stopping at the Palace hotel. Many of the guests had never experienced such a tremor. It was shortly before midnight, and many were in their rooms asleep. In a few seconds there were the greatest consternation and terror. The halls were filled with excited men and women, and for awhile a panic was imminent. After quiet had been restored Mr. Crawford was discovered in the cafe by an excited friend. He was sitting at a table eating and reading a paper. His friend rushed up to him and in breathless excitement exclaimed, "Did you feel it?" "Feel what?" asked Mr. Crawford. "Why, bless me, no! But, since you mention it, I thought the cream that I poured in my coffee seemed to have been stirred round, and you notice my spoon lies here beside my cup."

Mr. Crawford afterward explained that he had become so accustomed to earthquakes in Italy that he seldom paid any attention to them and that not infrequently they would occur without his notice.

His Appearance Against Him.
"Could you do something for a pore ole sailor?" said the wanderer at the gate.
"Pore ole sailor?" echoed the lady at the tub.
"Yes'm," I fattered the watter for 20 years.

"Well," said the lady at the tub, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you'd ever ketch up with it," and resumed her Bolesartian exercises of deterrence.—*Indianapolis Press*.

As the Other Fellow Saw It.
Jack—What reason have you for wanting to marry Miss Willing?
Tom—I love her.
Jack—Fehaw! That's no reason.
That's an excuse.—*Chicago News*.

CHOICE OF A QUEEN.

Little Queen Wilhelmina's selection of a husband, has created no small amount of astonishment in the European courts, for on the least of all her suitors, in a worldly sense, her choice has fallen. Duke Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has up to this time played the part of a very small potato for a more or less royal personage. He is the youngest son in a family of many boys; he is the least handsome of the brothers; he has never distinguished himself in court, or camp, or grove, in all his twenty-four years, and yet it is no secret that since Wilhelmina, the proud and independent, first saw him, at Potsdam, nearly two years ago, she has had his image graven on her loyal and royal little Dutch heart.

At Potsdam Duke Heinrich, who was not heir to even pretty good expectations, appeared as a mere incidental. He was not supposed to aspire to the hand of the Queen; he even paid her no more than the perfunctory courtesies due a young lady and a sovereign, and his far handsomer, far cleverer and far more interesting elder brother, Duke Adolph, heir to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin duchy, was flatteringly regarded as standing high in the young Queen's graces.

As a matter of fact, nobody paid very much attention to the clean shaven, stout young duke, but Wilhelmina fell in love with him, and he did not know it. Nevertheless, he had made his impression, and when the Queen went to see her cousin, Pauline of Wurtemberg's, baby baptized last spring she wrote Princess Pauline the state of her heart, and her cousin promised to see that the Duke duly received a hint.

Gossips whisper that the Duke was taken by surprise, and yet it was not the first time, in spite of being a good deal of a detrimental, that he has been admired by royal ladies. Every-body knows that when pretty Princess Helena of Russia suddenly broke her engagement with Max of Baden it was because she hoped to persuade her parents to let her marry the stout blonde young duxing whom Wilhelmina has selected; and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh has loved the young Duke in vain. In short, Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a good deal of a lady killer, and he knows it. Fat and plain of face, and, for a royal person, distinctly poverty stricken, he has a fascination that there is no use trying to explain, because it is not perceptible to any but the persons fascinated, and they are always plainly beyond the reach of reason, though they are often just as sensible, matter of fact and unromantic individuals as Queen Wilhelmina.

Lots of men have exercised this power before, and Duke Heinrich is no exception to the rule that Providence often sees fit to bestow this peculiar and potent quality on curiously unhandsome individuals. Since he was first about the well-conducted courts of the Mecklenburg-Schwerin and pompous Prussia he has had not the least difficulty in winning feminine friends. The German Empress has treated him as though he were a nice young brother, the ladies in waiting yield a smile and a sigh as he prances by in his white uniform, and yet he is not overfond of feminine society.

He has accepted his betrothal to the little Queen very calmly, while the Queen herself is madly happy, and the other young princelings and duxings, who were on the matrimonial string, wonder how the heavy-faced, easy-going, unambitious, Heinrich carried off the prize, without dancing any attendance, without condescending to flatter and call upon and placate the capricious lady and the critical Dutch people. One thing is certain, and this in a way adds to the glory of Heinrich's conquest, that if the loyal Dutch had objected to this choice of the Queen she would have married him anyway. She said as much when some doubts were expressed as to how he would please the nation.

All this goes to prove that the future King Consort of Holland is one of those men whose charm is with women unquestioned, and even a queen would make large sacrifices for him. One of the men who possessed this faculty to a most surprising degree was Napoleon Bonaparte's rival in the affections of Marie Louise, the infamous and all powerful Neipperg. He was an ugly creature with small abilities and yet smaller fortune, and he had broken many hearts about the Austrian court before Marie Louise saw and fell furiously in love with him. With everything to lose and nothing to gain by her encouragement of the man, she left no stone unturned until she was able to make herself Neipperg's wife. In the eyes of the world it was a terrible degradation for the widow of the French Emperor to become the wife of an Austrian Count, but she cared not a whit what the world said, as was the case with the woman who ran after the ugly spendthrift, Wilkes, and the mad Duke de Richelieu.

Wilkes was famous in his day all

over England, not only as Lord Mayor and Chamberlain, and a very loud talking patriot, but as the ugliest man of his time and the most admired by women. He flouted and ill-treated all of them, with the exception of his daughter, but it had not the desired effect of cooling their affections. As to the Duke de Richelieu, though men could not tolerate him, when he was shut up in the Bastille, crowds of women, old and young, rich and poor, used to collect every day at the hour when he took his exercise on the parapets and adore him from a distance, and deplore the incarceration of so charming a person.

Theodore Hook was another ugly man who was irresistible to the soft sex; for it is proven clearly that when a man is agreeable to women, they care not in the least what his personal appearance may be. Liszt proved this; when an old man, with a hard, ugly face, women begged permission to kiss his ugly hands, and raved and sentimentalized over him as though he were Adonis' self. Dozens of school girls and countesses who worshipped at his shrine, cared not a note of it, but were keenly alive to the charm of his personality, which no woman, so far as we know, was ever able or willing to withstand.

SOME NOTED WOMEN.

The Princess Beatrice is an ardent collector of photographs, and the size of her treasures now runs into the thousands. In her own rooms she has the walls decorated with something over 800 photographs.

The Queen of Italy has made a collection of old shoes once owned by noted people. Some of her rarest shoes are ones which were worn by Mary, Queen of Scots; others were those of Marie Antoinette and Joan of Arc.

Miss Alice Hay, daughter of Secretary John Hay, of Washington has been his most devoted nurse during his illness. While her father was Ambassador at the Court of St. James Miss Hay was presented to the Queen. She is very popular in Washington society, is beautiful, accomplished and fond of all athletic and outdoor exercise.

The Empress Dowager of China, who ruled the country for her son, Prince Kim Sung, issued a decree in the year 1738 forbidding any woman to appear upon the Chinese stage under penalty of instant death. The Empress Dowager had been an actress, and, after the death of the Emperor, she was consumed with vanity and said: "After me no one." There are to this day no women actresses in China.

Queen Victoria's private museum contains some unique feather cloaks which were given by the King of the Sandwich Islands to King George IV., in 1824. The beautiful cloaks are made of a charming network, on which are sewed feathers so minute that they form a smooth, finished surface in black, yellow and red colors. Most of these are single feathers of a rare species of parrot, and each cloak is valued by experts at not less than \$50,000.

Princess Wisniewska, founder of the Women's International Peace Alliance, is one of the foremost women of France in the peace movement. Mme. Severine, the journalist; Mme. Pognon, Mme. Flammarion and Mme. Cheliga are other prominent French women well known in this work. The alliance has secured, through the signatures of the proper officials, the endorsement of women's organizations aggregating 5,000,000 women who are interested in the peace of the world.

Miss Braddon has published over sixty novels since 1862. Previous to trying literature, however, Miss Braddon appeared on the stage. There is some doubt in the matter, but "An Old Player" has declared that the future novelist made her debut at the Brighton Theatre Royal in 1857, and that during the five following months she impersonated as many as fifty-eight distinct characters. Her stage name was Mary Leyton, and, though now known as Miss M. E. Braddon, she is really Mrs. Maxwell and a widow.

Mrs. Pearl Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") has received a singular honor in that she has been chosen by Queen Victoria to compile the "Life and Correspondence of the late Earl of Beaconsfield." It is 30 years since the death of the famous Disraeli, and there is no longer the acute danger upon living personages; still great, good judgment will have to be used in the selection of what to publish and what to suppress. Mrs. Craigie is a Bostonian by birth, and only an Englishwoman by adoption.

The Countess Tolstoi is a woman of remarkable tact and wisdom. Besides the management of the Tolstoi estate and the care of her 13 children she makes it possible to give much assistance to her husband's literary work. His penmanship is so execrable that the Countess shows her infinite patience in copying all his works for the publishers. As a housewife the Countess has successfully met the digestive vagaries of her husband, and it is said she can give "dinners of fruit, game and vegetables 365 days in the year and never duplicate one."

About the House.

SPONGE CAKE.

The most delicious sponge cake and also the one most perfect in a dietetic sense, calls for no soda, cream of tartar or baking powder; neither does it call for an extravagant number of eggs. The recipe is as follows:

Three eggs, one cup pulverized sugar, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon lemon extract, and one cup sifted flour. A very economical cake, as will be seen at a glance. The eggs must be perfectly fresh, and unless pulverized sugar is used, the cake will be less delicate. The mode is as follows: Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and beat the whites until so stiff that they will not fall from an inverted bowl. Beat the yolks until a thick froth. Add a pinch of salt to the whites, and half the sugar, whip lightly in, but do not stir, and add the rest of the sugar to the yolks in the same manner. Then beat yolks and whites together very quickly, add the flour, beating it in lightly, and the lemon extract. The batter will seem rather thin, but it will come from the oven a most delicate and delicious cake. After the flour is beaten in, pour the mixture into a buttered sponge cake pan, and bake in rather a quick oven.

Do not open the oven door for at least seven minutes, or until the cake has had time to form, then, if it is browning, put a thick paper gently over the top. Open and close the oven door very quickly and gently, for if the cake is jarred it will be certain to fall. Do not open it often, but necessary, and when you do so, be quite certain that no cold air can strike the cake. A minute or two before it is done, with a sugar sifter sift a little pulverized sugar over the top. Be careful not to remove the cake from the oven before it is done, for if the cooler air strikes it before it is perfectly baked, it is quite certain to fall.

If the above directions are carefully followed, a cake exactly like the delicious penny sponge cake, in all but size, sold by the best confectioners, will be the result. Very often recipes and materials are blamed for failures in cake making, when the trouble lies only in neglecting to follow directions carefully. In above recipe use a scant cup of flour, and a slightly more generous one of sugar.

Sponge cake should be beaten rapidly, as stirring makes it sticky and less light. The quicker the materials are put together and in the oven to bake, the more certain is the cake to be perfect. No other variety of cake depends so much upon care and good judgment. Yet it is a cake that is well worth attaining perfection in, as few others are at once so economical, so easily and quickly made, and so delicious with fruit, custards and ice cream.

RULES OF COURTESY IN PUBLIC PLACES.

On the street, as elsewhere, a woman always bows or speaks first. This gives her the privilege of acknowledging or discontinuing an acquaintance. Her salutation is properly returned by lifting the hat clear off the head.

It is most improper to stop a woman friend or acquaintance in the street longer than to briefly exchange greetings. The women who make a practice of stopping to talk to men in public are not the kind a gentleman would wish his friends to see him with; much less would he desire to make his women friends targets for such comment. If not walking in the same direction, so that you may overtake, turn and ask permission to accompany her, and, if she is not an intimate friend, leave when you have said what you desired to, unless asked to go further. Here, and for all cases, let me say that friendship overrules etiquette in many instances. It is this very freedom of speech and action that makes true friendship such a rare joy and comfort.

Always offer to carry a woman's parcels when walking with her. If she declines, do not insist. Indeed, insistence is rarely an attitude of courtesy. One should make his offers sincerely and in such a way as to indicate that it would please him to have them accepted. Beyond this he should remain silent.

AT TABLE.

Any noise in taking soup should be avoided.

To butter a slice of bread is to show an unfortunate lack of knowledge in this regard; the bread should be broken into small pieces and buttered as wanted.

Hot rolls and scones are broken with the hands, not cut.

All the meat on the plate should be cut into tiny pieces before commencing to eat it, but a piece cut as desired.

Potato skins or fruit parings should never be laid on the cloth.

It is not refined to clean up one's plate with a mop of bread.

There are, however, minor points that are not quite undergirded, and

to know the proper thing to do under all circumstances is always desirable. An unwritten law covers all the details of elegant dining in well-bred society, and a blunder at table is most reprehensible. Table manners cover much more than the mere eating, for the bearing and attitude largely enter into it. Sitting too close or too far from the table induces an awkward appearance. Do not sit on the side or the edge of the chair, nor tilt back in it at any time, nor forget that an erect position always tends to grace and elegance.

The table is not a lounging place, and the habit of leaning the elbow on the table or of settling in one's chair as if the spine had suddenly collapsed is most repulsive to the diner's appearance. To toy a sentimentally with the things with a reach or to crease the table cloth with fork or spoon indicates a lack of breeding.

At a dinner where guests are bidden the gentlemen assist in seating the ladies before seating themselves, the lady of honor sitting at the right of the host and being served first with each course. This to the novice may be a trying position if she will allow it to become such. When seated before a bewildering array of glasses and silver, to know just which fork or knife to use first is disconcerting to one who is unaccustomed to elegant dining. However, if the novice is careful she will watch what her neighbor does, for no one is supposed to commence eating until all or nearly all are served, and there is no necessity of her commencing first. Graceful bearing and agreeable conversation will cover lack of knowledge on the part of the novice. It is only the tactless woman that makes ridiculous mistakes when placed under new conditions.

GRUMBLING.

A lady writer desires to impress upon young women the fact that nothing has so permanently unbecoming an effect upon the face as perpetual grumbling. As the years advance, unhappily, certain, beautiful, youthful contours must vanish from a girl's face and must give way to those other lines and forms which betoken certain characteristics of temper and of temperament. Later on in life, of course, Time's relentless fingers will draw other and deeper lines marking remorselessly the years that have gone; but it is worse than foolish for any girl to do her best by constant fault finding to draw these ageing lines prematurely, and to give to her face, in her young days, an expression of crossness and discontent which no forced smiles or unnatural accessions of amiability can possibly efface later on.

CONVERSATION.

In nothing else is the absence of good manners so apparent in the present day as in conversation. The old-fashioned code of rules which makes talking a pleasure, and conversation an art is consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. Women are great offenders in this direction, from the fact that, instead of being encouraged to cultivate the winsome charm of a sweet, low voice, they adopt high, strident, loud tones, making a nervous, quiet person feel as if they are being pelted with hailstones. The "society voice" of the modern maid is pitched more after the piercing tones of the warship sirens than after the alluring strains of the mythological sirens of old. In the street, train, omnibus, and drawing-room, one is impressed with the fact that women are noisier and less reposeful. Skirts must swish-swish, heels must click, innumerable charms jingle, discordantly, and above all, this nerve-irritating noise is the almost raucous voice.

Queen Margherita, the widow of King Humbert, has been designated as the most virtuous and most intelligent of queens. Nothing which helped in the smallest degree to stimulate intellectual life was neglected by the queen, and many of the schools in Rome, Florence and other educational institutions are under her personal patronage and support. The technical training of girls has always especially appealed to her, and the school named after her in Rome, where the pupils are taught all kinds of domestic work and art embroidery, is one of her favorite hobbies. The Marianna Dionigi Royal Technical School for Girls contains a fine collection of photographs of leaves, flowers and fruit, which the girls use as copies for their lace and embroidery. These photographs were a gift from the queen. Another of her majesty's pet schools is that of the Santissima Annunziata, in Florence, where for generations the young princesses of Italian families have been educated. This is charmingly situated on the hills above the city, the house being one of the royal villas. A portrait of Queen Margherita, inscribed to "my dear pupils," is in one of the rooms, and the queen herself often spends an afternoon with the care alone, criticizing their drawings and their literary attempts. In Florence there is also one of the technical schools founded by the young Prince Gino Conti, a noted socialist worker in the garden city. But, besides these educational institutions, the queen also takes under her care many which shelter the deaf and dumb, the blind and the afflicted little ones of her country.

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