A COLORED JEWESS

"Wha' de mattah, Mis' Ahnstein?"
Myram, the colored laundress and oddjob girl, stands in the library door as if
she has business there, and speaks quite
"like one of the tamily." Mr. Dasheimer's
frown at the unseemly interruption gradually disappears as he takes in the girl's
singular personnel. She is a mulatto, not
light; but an indescribable brown, like the
bright, burnished brozz of the sculptured
Miriam in the corner. Her coal-black
hair is wound up neatly on the top of a fine
head, and crinkles oddly over her forehead.
Her features are of an exiggerated Hebrew
type, with a beauty of their own that always
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type, with a beauty of their own that always
attracts attention.

"Go away, Myram," exclaims Miss My
ra, ang ily.

"Yes, Myram, you had better go," sobs
the widow. "We can't do any more for
you. I thought your master had lett me
independent; but it seems that this—this
gentlem in has a mortgage covering everything. I don't suppose I'll be able to
pay you any longer."

"Who wahn pay we'en kintolks in
trouble? Dat ain de troot, neider. Ol'
Jake Ahnstein wahn de man't mortgage
his fambly outer house en home. I speck
youse a big rascal," eying Mr. Dasheimer,
keenly.

"No peeger rascal dan him, he replies,
cooly, rapidly penetrating to the family
skeleton. "He done it all deh samey; but
in de way of peenness. An'I come in de
way of peenness. An'I come in de
way of peenness. An'I come in de
way of peenness. I should'nt wonder if we
make it a nishe leetle peenness all 'round."

Myram stalks out, highly offended;
leaves the cake that she had been stirring,
and hurries to her mother's cabim. It is
low, dark and dirty but it shelters the one
human being who loves her.

Annt Judy immediately empties her
coult argan on the floor. She knows at
lone, "Wat mek you cain lea' dis fambly
'Tone!' Nobody ain washn you. Et I wur
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Aunt Judy immeciately empties her quilt acraps on the floor. She knows at the first gl nce that something has gone wrong, and 'that mother's lap holds the only balm of Glead for the daughter's head and hear:.

As the latter pours forth her heartbreak every real, indeed, to her—Aunt Judy runs her thick, soft fingers with soothing effect through the silken half kinked locks. "I know dere's some rascality. What mek I cain stay dere en wip out dat low-life, with cruel eys and mouth." Wha' fo'? She ain you' kine," scorntaine family in you' daddy, same ex Miss Myra. You is one-balt Jew, en de good Lawd know it."

"Den w'y cain'I ha' de same intrust in tenfandly? I'se good 't end up dataway, fo' I year St. John call'n me heap o't time. Sometime I say 'Yassir,' en go."

It is curious to note how evenly divided are the outward characteristics of the two races in this colored Jewess. While reading fairly well, her sift tongue could never moments in the conception than the kinks in her shining hair, one might have supposed it the sculptured likeness of his acknowledged daughter, placed there the comin', 's says Aunt Judy.

The hiebrew type in the statue, chiseled are the outward characteristics of the two races in this colored Jewess. While reading fairly well, her sift tongue could never he trained to the harsher pronunciation of Caucasian.

"I year Wiggins en de oder chilluns comin', 's says Aunt Ju

De trained to the harsher pronunciation of Caucasian.

"I year Wiggins en de oder chilluns comin"," says Aunt Judy.

The girl rises hastily and bathes her face betore Wiggins enters with his own son and daughter from their day's work. All cast a sneer—the girl that of hatred of envy—at Myram as she busies herself about the supper.

"Catfish agin!" snuffing the air as the savory mess permeates it. "I spec we all tuhn t' caffish, yit. Date Zeke cain do nuff'n but set on de w'arf en ketch cas, stddier wukin' in de w'tte people's kitchen en fotchin' home some o' dere wittles. En yere Myram—w'at de use o' bein' kin t' de bukra ef yo am gwine mek nuff'n out of it? Ef dat wuz me I'd have cake, en condensed milk, en sweet soap, en heaps o' Miss Myra fine handchers en joolry. See ef I wouldden."

"I know better dan t' ateal "answered."

look in hr mout clost, I bet you fine blue gum."

The tortured girl drops the corn cake back into the skillet, peaceful night air.

Dass de niggah! Moder, my dear moder, you ain know w'at you doin', er you nebr gie me dis w'ite blood t' mek me sick o' de black. I cain stan' no mo'! I'll ax my Jew kin t' lemme sleep in de laundry Dey order me 'round,' en heap o' time dey's hahd t' please, but dey doan insult me."

laundry. Dey order me 'round,' en heap o' time dey's hahd t' please, but dey doan insult me."

Going to work next morning she is overtaken by a particularly weak looking mulatto, who bows protoundly before asking: 'Will I peater you ef 1 walk wid you Miss Myram."

"You couldden peater me, ef you tried.'
"I'se pow'iu glad t' year dat," he answers, misunderstanding her in his conceit. "De grip lass winter shek me all up, en I'se need'n somebody t' tek kyah me. I squint 'roun' en 'roun', en I ain see no gal smaht 'roun' en 'roun', en II ain see no gal smaht 'roun' en 'roun', en II ain see no gal smaht 'roun' en 'roun', en II ain see no gal smaht 'roun' en 'roun', en II ain see no gal smaht 'roun' en 'roun', en II ain see no gal smaht 'roun' en 'roun', en II ain de gal to' me. She kin wuk 't suit de white folks en mek heap o' money. She dess de one fo' no-count fellah lak me. She wouldden' git tiud wuk'n, en could cook me nice messes, er iron my shut same ez wite man's."

"En w'at you calc'late t' do fo' me, w'ile I'se doin's all dat P' she askes, finding his audacity amusing.

"Oh, I know I'se no count; but a smaht gal allus mah'y no-count man, en I ain mean lak dem oders. I 'low t' be good t' my wise. I guine let 'er eat wid me, en gie 'er sall hali. I let 'er go t' chu'ch ev'y Sunday w'en I doan walu 'er en let 'er put a penny o' her money in de hat. I ain' guine beat 'er lak dem low-down niggabs in Ese' dees; I on'y chastise 'er w'en she aggervate me toe much. I guine gie 'er easy time. She kin set in de rockin' cheer w'en I a'n

"Wh de mores' Jew; me or her? Now, tell me!"

The Hiebrew type in the statue, chiseled as it is with rarest art, is not more distinct, more sublime in its conception than the living face beside it. The coloring is the same, only the flesh has a warmth and richness that metal can never attain. But for the kinks in her shining hair, one might have supposed it the soulptured likeness of his acknowledged daughter, placed there by a whim of the dead Abnstein.

Dasheimer's little blue eyes have a new sparkle in them as he takes in her splendid brown beauty; but he is cunning enough to weil them from the young lady whom he is courting.

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"I know better dan t' steal," answered Mpram, coldly.

"I' at you call steal'in? Tak'n de wite people 'u'ngs? Dass our right. on't steal'n we'n we tek fum one enoder."

That creed is not Myram's though the Southern ngroes are peculiarly anarchistic. Save her brown skin, kinky hair and her dialect ther in nothing negroloid about her.

"I ain gwine hab no w'ite folks airrefing'n' 'roun' in my house," anys her step-tather. "Et we-all ain good nuff to' you, dees 'ek vou' trunk en bed'n t' Mis' Ahnstein."

"Day doan wahn her, on'y to' wait'n' maid," says her balibrother contemptuously. "En she an w'ite; she dark ez I i."

"Se ain nuff but debbil; dunno w'at est back into the skillet, and rushes into the pasceful night air.

"Dass de niggah! Moder, my dear moder, you ain know w'at you doin', er you nebr rgie med is w'ite blood t' met mesick o' de black. I cain stan' no mo'! I'll ax my Jew kin t' lemme sleep in delaundry. Dey order me 'round,' en heaps o' time dey's hahd t' please, but dey doan insult me."

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isn't your place to make appointments for me."

Another month decides the fate of the House of Ahastein. The mother has developed an obstancy belonging to weak natures and still insists on the sacrifice. Myra has been brought up in the strictest principles of the Hebrew faith, of which obedience to parents is only second to worship of God. There will be a private wedding tomorrow, after which the mortgage, already cancealed, will be placed in her hands. The net has closed around the girl and she has ceased to look for aid.

Myram enters hurriedly, and, preoccupied as they are, they recognize something foreign in her isce and manner. Passion seems gone from her, and only the affectionate yearning of her softer nature left.

affectionate yearning of her softer nature left.

"You kin be happy now. Dere ain' nuff'n' in de way no mo'. I dese come t' say 'goo'by,' fo' I go t' de river. St. John call'n', call'n'."

"What have you been doing? What do you mean by the river?" asks Moranz, seizing her,

"Oh, yes; tek me; call de po-lice, et you got de heart. Yes, I done kill dat bad Jew so my sister en de man I love kin be happy."

"Esther Abraham! How did you do it?"

"Esther Abraham! How did you do it?"

sleepin' on de lounge. Et it wur right fo' Jael, it is right fo' me. Lemme go t' de river; St. John bin call'n me dis long time.

"No, ne! You must not drown yourself."

"You rudder I would hang?"

"The prophets forbid!"

"Well you know dey il hang me. I ain feered o' de river; de cole water's bettah dan de rope 'roun' my neck en diagrace fo' my moder." This is sadly true. He drops her arm.

dan de rope 'roun' my neck en diagrace fo' my moder." This is sadly true. He drops her arm.

"Go, then, in the name of Jehovah!"
"Pat your arm 'roun' me. Doan be skyabed; ain I ez good ez dead? En you, Miss Myra, on de oder side. Call me sister. dess dis onc: t."

"Suter—sister!" says Myra, weeping."
"Oh, you are nobler than I. I knew it when I was so bad to you. Sister, forgivo me."
"I ain got nuff'n t' fo' give, on'y t' my fader, who mek me halt niggah. W'en day tek me out de water, will you bury me on Ahnstein groun?? You know I would bin all Jew ef I could."

"Yes, Myram," they say, and are not ashamed to mingle their tear with hers.
"Den I see happy. Now, St. John kin call, en I go meet 'm. I done tole my moder good-by, en now I tell you."

Before they can dream of her purpose she crushed them in a passionate embrace, and passed from their sight forever. As a they stand with beating hearts the river laps the shore near by, and they fancy they her its aweet, cruel voice calling, calling.

Conductor's Ruse to Make a Passenger Sleep Soundly.

A certain efficer, high in authority in the ranks of the Fourth Battalion, tells a very good story on himself in relation to an excience which actually batel him while erience which actually betel film white travelling some time ago on the Queen and Crescent road. His business called him into Alabama, and arriving at his destination found it necessary to go into the interior in order to attend to the matters requiring his attention. He returned to the station very late and it was fully 13 which there the termis bound to this cit. o'clock before the train bound for this city pulled in.

ing car and was told by the porter that there were no berths. Knowing the con-ductor, he aroused that individual, but was met by the same reply to his demand.

"But I must have one," said the Military man. "I am tired out and have got to bunk somewhere. See what you can

do, old man, there's a good fellow."
"Well," replied the conductor, "I tell
you what I can do. In section B there is gentleman and his wife who are seriously ill, but the left upper berth is empty.
Now, if you will slip into the beath without

Now, if you will slip into the beth without making any noise and get out before they awake, why you may have the chance; but whatever you do, don't make a noise."

The military man jumped at the chance, and, leaving his shoes in the passage, go into the berth successfully and went to sleep. He awoke and saw the light peeping between the curtains and was astonished. nig between the curtains and was astonished to hear a chatter of girlish voices. Peeping from his birth he was still more astonished to find the secton occupied by a trio of young damsels, who, unconscious of the presence of a horrid man, were making a hurried toilet.

Being a bashful man, he hid his head under a pillow, when he was horrified to hear the porter knock at the door and pass in his shoes.

"You have made a mistake," said one of the girls; "there is no man in here."

"Yas, dere is, miss," the factotum answered, "he's in the top berth."

There was silence for a moment, then a chorus of horrified shrieks and a stampede on the part of the young ladies for the toilet room in the other end of the car. Seizing the opportunity, he slipped from the section and made his escape. ing between the curtains and was astor

Scrumpor as a new disease to which football has given rise in England. It is a bad eruption, coming indirectly from dirty jerseys and affecting especially the forwards in Rugby football, who have to shove in scrimmages. It has been proved to be contagious. The particular microbe to which the eruption is due is the Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus.

Puts Colds to Flight.

hangs on.
"Knocks out the Grip, leaving no bad

effects; often the worst feature. Works wonders in Catarrh; both

acute and chronic.
Stops Cold in the Head and Influenza *77" In Coughs is magical. Stops the

tacking, promotes rest, allows the Chest and Lungs to heal. Conquers Hoarseness and Loss of Voice of Artists and Clergymen.

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Doctor's Boek.—Dr. Humphreys puts up a Specific for every disease. They are described in his Manual, which is given

away by druggists or sent free.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets—fit your vest pocket; sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 26c.; or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co. 111 & 112 William St., New York.

HUMPHREYS'
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"THE PILE OINTMENT."
For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleedings
Flexins in Ano; Robing or Bleeding of the Rectum.
The rolle is immediate—the ourse certain.
PRICUR, 60 OTS.

TRIAL SIZE, 20 OTS.

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the shrimp is thus useful as a scavenger i is necessary at feeding time to see that it does not get also the food intended for the other animals; the shrimp is exceeddown and seize the food out of the grip of an animal much larger than itself, and it rould be equally ready to take tood from would be equally ready to take tood from the helpless sea anemone or the fighting crab. A tiny shrimp would not for a mo-ment hesitate to feed upon a dead fish held in the grasp of a lobster, trusting to its agility to escape if the lobster should re-sent the intrusion.

But while the shrimp is able to and doe But while the shrimp is able to and does in hold its own remarkably well for one of its size, life is by no means all plain sailing for it; there are other creatures of the sea that are quite as mercilese, and that are quite as dead menhaden lying on the bottom with five hundred shrimps at work upon it pulling and hasling. One shrimp may get an extra big piece only to be attacked by three or four other ahrimps that leave the menhaden and fight with the shrimps about the dead fish.

Along comes a bug weakfish or a striped bass. The weakfish may see the shrimps feeding from a distance of ten or twelve feet away. If the weakfish ever laughs, it probably laughs on an occasion like this. It may approach along the bottom or it may dart down obliquely, and dash through the mass of shrimps with open mouth, sweeping away a dozen of them and dispersing the rest. The dispersal, however, is likely to be but temporary; the weakfish is not apt to return to this particular quarry; it seems to regard the meeting with the shrimps around the menhaden as only an incident of its day's meandering and it goes its way and the shrimps return to their pray.

But it might be that a little school of bass come along, four or five or half a dozen of them, and these might follow up the first dash by pursuing the shrimps return to their pray.

An', Ounce of Prevention. hold its own remarkably well for one of its

An Ounce of Prevention

An Ounce of Prevention.

Little things frequently cause disastrous results. Just a chill caught in a wetting will often heap up discomfort, sickness and expense while just a layer of Rigby proofeed Fibre Chamois through a garment makes it absolutely waterproof so that a pouring rain can't penetrate it, offers protection from the wind, and is light and inexpensive. Isn't it worth while?

A correspondent of a sportsman's paper declared recently "there is little sport to be had in hunting foxes in Texas, because they climb trees in ten or twenty minutes after the dogs start them." The foxes in England are often driven to the trees by the eager dogs, but they do not climb in the sense that a squirrel or bear does. They jump to the lower branches of the trees and by their aid work themselves up to the top branches. A fox can get into a tree that is no higher than eight feet to the lower branches, and it is probably by jumping that the Texas fox gets into the trees.

BORN.

Leguille, Feb. 20, to the wife of H. R. McKay, daughter.

East Rawdon, Feb. 25, to the wife of Alfred I Bond, a daughter. lie, March 1, to the wife of Capt. Wm

MARRIED.

lifax, Feb. 27, by Rev. H. H.

Halitar, March 4 by Rev. N. Lie Knight to Maggle E. Farrell. Windsor, March 1, by Rev. J. L. N. Forsythe to Clara Folker.

Luvenburg, Feb. 26, by Rev. 4. L. D. Bolivar to Etta May Need. ro, Feb, 27, by Rev. John Anthony to Fannie E. Mays.

Yarmouth, Feb. 22, by Rev. T. J. Do worth Killam to Mabel Crosby. rmouth, Feb. 29, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Clayto Morrissey to Bessie Rudolph.

Haltar, March 4, by Rev. F. H. W. Archbald, Nelson Jackson to Mary J. Prest. L. well Mass, Feb, 23. by Rev. B. Fisher, Milo W. Hale to Leuita Elaw Winchester. arlesville, Feb. 24, by Elder Halliday, A. McComiskey to Maggie Hubbard.
Alth's Cove, March 4. by Rev. J. W. Prestw. A. H. Brooks to Minerva Austin.

A. H. Brooks to Minerva Ausum-trwick, Feb. 26, by Rev. G. W. F. Gl:nde David Wood to Florence Tupper. Jund Bay N. S., Feb. 29, by Pev. James Lu Makaska Hagar to Annie E. Perry. t Chalmers, New Zealand, Jan. 8, Capt. Geor N. Rogers of N. S., to Maggie Kelly.

Young's Cove, Tob. to staggie Kelly.
Young's Cove, Teb. 19, by Rev, H. Achilles Mel-bourn, R. Hudson to Annie Clayton.
St. John, March 8, by Rev. F. A. Winhtman, Max-well Davidson to Magnie E. Epiller.

nenburg, Feb. 29, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Dear Simon Lohnes to Amanda A. E. Beck. ape Sable Island, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Reuben Maxwell to Anastatia Nickerson. neucen maxwell to Anastata Nickerson.
Summeraide, P. E. I., March 2, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, Horatio Waite to Mary Harkness.
totchtown N. B. March 5, by Rev. C. W. Towrsend, Captain George S. Denton to Annie Bal
main.

DIED.

St. John, March S, Robert Hill, 55.
Halifax, Feb. 28, Thomas I iles. 73.
Picton, Feb. 28, John F. Harris, 62.
Ingonish, Feb. 14, J. W. Burke, 60.
Ayllsford. Feb. 14, John Palmer, 96.
Grafton. Feb. 29, Absalom Brown, 70.
Plumweseep, March 3, John Loug, 52.
Calsis, March 1, Margaret Araold, 69.
St. John, March 5, Thomas Caples, 66.
Rothesay, March 2, Yames Ryan, 73.
Chagoggin, Feb. 59, Leelie S. Killam, 20.
Fort Maltland, Feb. 28, Dane Sallows, 23.
St. Stephen, March 2, James McWan, 58.
Deep Brock, March 1, Charlotte Boice, 53.
Ingonish, Feb. 21, Mrs. Emily Warren, 48.
Whites Mountair, Mary A. McNaught, 43.
Hildon, N. S. March 4, James Lamon, 77.
Calais, March, 1, Mrs. Margaret Araold, 69.
Robinston, Feb. 20, Mrs. Everett Kiniman, 29.
Downaville R. I., Feb. 11, Daniel Walker, 71.
West Pubnico, Feb. 24, Harge Gersham, 24.
St. John, March 9, Mary Gertiude Danaher, 17.
West Pubnico, Feb. 24, Margel Graham, 26.
Rockland Road, March 3, Alexander Shives, 78.
Millville Picton Co., Feb. 17, Howard Young, 42.
Digby, Feb. 39, Einsbeth L., wife of Dr. Jones. 20.

urchville. Feb. 22. Mary Ann Fraser, widow of James Robertson, 58.

Penobsquis, March 6, Annie, only daughter of Rev. E. O. and Mrs. Corey, 19. Varmouth, Feb. 29, Maria Bingay, daughter of the late Thomas Crowell, 44.

West River, Feb. 20, Orville F. youngest son o. Mr. and Mrs. David Froudfoot, 4. Woodstock, Feb. 37, Cora Almira, daughter of Rev. Manuel and Isabel Nales, 22 months.

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HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO.,

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NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited artnership under the laws of the Province of New

That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.

That the general nature of the business in-tended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of such articles as are usually bought and sold, by dealers in dry goods, cloths, dc. 3). That the names of all the General and Special partners interested in said partnership are as

(4). That the said Samuel Hayward has contribut the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the con-

That the period at which the said partner to commence, is the third day of J. A. D. 1896, and the period at which t partnership is to terminate as the third January, A. D., 1899.

Signed, WARD C. PITFIELD. Signed, S. HAYWARD.

Signed, S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS.
BE IT REMEMBERED that on this at day of January in the year of our Lord thousand eight hundred and inkey sax, i me, James A. Belyes, a Notary Fublic in at the Province of New Brunswick by Royalat liy only appointed, addition of Saint John, and Provinces personally appeared at it clip of Baint John, Ward C. Pitfield and Stayward, the co-partners named in the going and annexed Cartificate of Co-partners and severally acknowledged that they at sealed, executed and delivered the said Cart of Copartnership as their respective act and and to and for the uses and purposes there presend and contained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the second day of January A. D. 1896. B. BELYEA. Notary Public.



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Positive Movement.

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Weight 1 0z.

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