

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY)
PUBLISHED BY THE DAWSON PRESS, DAWSON, Y. T.

A MENACE TO HEALTH.

The plan of disposing of garbage by dumping it into the Klondike river appears to possess less merit the more closely it is examined. Complaints are already being made of the nuisance which has been created along the bank of the Klondike and the cause for complaint is certainly a just one. An unsightly and noisome mountain of garbage is constantly in view at the point where it is dumped into the river, and below that point every little eddy and slough is receiving its quota of refuse as it is drawn down by the current.

Another point in this connection which may well claim attention is the fact that the well from which the city now derives its supply of fresh water is located at no great distance from the bank of the stream alongside of which all the garbage must pass before it reaches the Yukon. The theory has been advanced that the water in the well does not come from the Klondike but from the glacier on the hill to the east of Dawson. While this theory may possibly be correct it has not definitely been established as yet. It may also be said that the water is purified by virtue of the fact that it filters through the earth some distance before reaching the well. This is undoubtedly true to an extent at least, but notwithstanding that fact it is decidedly unpleasant to know that a constant stream of filth is being carried through the water, which, so far as any absolute knowledge of the facts is concerned, is the original source of supply for the city water system.

From whatever standpoint it may be regarded, the situation is decidedly unsatisfactory. The results of dumping garbage into the river from the bank at the lower end of town were bad enough, but the system recently established is far worse. Under the former plan while all the garbage did not reach the main current of the Yukon, such of it as was left remained confined in a comparatively limited space and the public as a whole suffered no inconvenience. With the present system continued it will not be long until the refuse matter of the city is scattered along the entire water front as well as on the bar at the mouth of the Klondike.

As noted before on several occasions in these columns the only satisfactory solution of the garbage question that has ever been suggested, is the construction of scows to be towed to the middle of the river and emptied at regular intervals. The plan now being followed has nothing to commend it, and must be regarded as the result of a deplorable error on the part of some one.

It will be a fortunate thing if in the end it is not found that serious danger to the public health ensues.

LABORER AND EMPLOYER.

There are several matters which must ere long demand most serious consideration from employers of labor. Following out the workings of natural laws, it is the business of the claim owner to open up and develop his claim upon the most economical basis possible.

Upon an exactly identical theory it is the business of the laborer to seek a market for his services where the highest possible wages is to be secured. It is this apparent conflict of interests which causes labor difficulties, inevitably resulting disastrously to all parties concerned.

As a matter of fact the interest of employer and employee should be identical. The former cannot successfully conduct his business, whether it be mining or any other pursuit, without the help of the latter, and the laborer must have employment or be without the means of gaining a livelihood.

The present season has developed the first indications which have occurred in this territory of serious difficulty between laborer and employer, and it is on this account that the suggestion made at the beginning of this article.

The problem of furnishing twelve months employment for men at wages which are commensurate with the cost of living must be grappled with and satisfactorily solved or difficulties of a serious nature may be looked for. Men

cannot remain idle in Dawson six or seven months for the purpose of securing employment during the balance of the year. If they are expected to do this, the claim owner will find himself confronted by the alternative of paying double price during such time of the year as he requires men.

It is to be conceded as noted above that claim owners will seek the most economical methods of operation possible, but it is quite likely to prove true that they will ultimately work directly against their own interest if they carry the economical theory to an extreme.

General recognition on the part of employers of the fact that an underpaid man, dissatisfied with his wages, and employed but half of the time, is the dearest kind of labor that can possibly be employed, will serve in a large dimension to obviate any serious difficulties.

PROBABLE EFFECT.

The statement has been made that the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. is making a strong effort to secure control of the White Pass & Yukon Route. While there is but little corroborative evidence to strengthen the suggestion, aside from the fact that the matter has been discussed by prominent C. P. R. officials, it is not at all unlikely that some effort along the lines indicated has been made.

Control of the White Pass line by the C. P. R. would place the latter road in a position to dictate terms to all steamers plying between Skagway and lower points. The present rate war now being so bitterly contested is practically a fight between the C. P. R. and the owners of opposition boats for the control of the ocean portion of the Dawson traffic. The former alleges as a grievance that the boats operated from Puget sound ports call at British Columbia points for passengers and freight northward-bound, but fail to do so on the return trip, thus placing the C. P. R. at a disadvantage in competing for transcontinental business originating in Alaska and the Yukon territory.

Should the C. P. R. succeed in securing control of the White Pass and Yukon line it would follow as a matter of course that they would also immediately become masters of the situation so far as the traffic between coast points and Skagway is concerned.

What effect such a move would have upon the interests of the territory is of course, as yet purely conjectural. Viewed in the light of experience, there is no reason for belief that results of a beneficial nature would accrue.

Competition would be largely reduced and the efficiency of the service given the public would as a natural consequence suffer materially.

As a matter of fact the transportation business both of Alaska and the Yukon territory is already sufficiently concentrated, and any further movement in that direction must be viewed with concern. In a new country especially competition is absolutely essential to growth and development, and monopolies no matter of what nature must be regarded as dangerous to the common welfare. When transportation concerns spend their energies in slashing each other's rates, there is no need for any alarm on the part of the public. But when negotiations for amalgamations and combinations are in progress, the people may well begin to consider how their interests are to be affected.

It is possible that control of the northern traffic by the C. P. R. would not result injuriously, but the probabilities point in a decidedly different direction.

A MATTER FOR THE COUNCIL.

The garbage nuisance grows apace. Complaints which at first were only murmurs are growing louder and louder as the full possibilities of the new place of disposing of the city's refuse become more generally recognized.

A constantly increasing mountain of garbage is being dumped into the Klondike and each day the fact is demonstrated more and more clearly that a colossal blunder has been made.

Instead of being carried out into the Yukon the garbage remains in the vicinity of the point at which it is dumped into the river or else is scattered along the bank of the stream.

Last summer the government went to considerable expense in constructing a conduit by which a stream of water is carried from the Klondike through the slough, which crosses the reserve. The

improvement was generally regarded as a good one and met with public approval.

Under present conditions the slough bids fair to become as offensive as it was before the water was turned through it.

If there are any points to be urged in favor of filling the Klondike up with garbage they are yet to be brought forward. On the other hand there is no disputing the fact that serious menace to the public health has been created, which is daily becoming more serious.

We submit that in view of all the circumstances, the Yukon council should take the matter under immediate consideration. The longer the present make-shift plan is continued the more difficulty will be involved in dealing with the problem which each day becomes more serious.

Our telegraphic reports of last evening announced the fact that Mrs. McKinsley, wife of the president of the United States was dying. Until further and more definite information is received, it is to be most devoutly hoped that the circumstances have been overdrawn and that the first lady of the great republic will be spared to live for many years to come. Nothing more pathetic could be imagined than the termination of the presidential party's tour of the States, by the death of the president's wife. Should that event occur, as seems almost inevitable from the tone of the dispatches, a spontaneous expression of sympathy and sorrow would be forthcoming from every quarter of the globe. The president's wife has greatly endeared herself to the American people by her sweet, womanly ways and their grief in case of her death would be of the kind that arises through a personal loss.

The ice has finally relinquished its hold at Five Fingers, and it may be accepted in consequence that navigation is practically open, the entire distance from Dawson to Whitehorse. The arrival of steamboats from above is now a question of hours only.

Cuban Trade Decreasing.

Washington, April 18.—Imports into Cuba from Europe are increasing, while those from the United States are decreasing. The reports of the treasury bureau of statistics show a falling off in exports of domestic merchandise from the United States in the eight months ending with February, 1901, while the reports of the insular bureau of the war department in charge of the commerce of Cuba, also show a decrease in Cuban imports from the United States and an increase in Cuban imports from European countries.

In the eight months ending with February, 1901, according to the treasury bureau of statistics, the domestic exports to Cuba were \$16,023,436, against \$16,412,547 in the corresponding months of last year; while the war department statement for the nine months ending with September, 1900, shows imports from the United States into Cuba of \$24,525,659, against \$28,094,030 in the same months of the preceding year. The same statement of the war department which shows a fall of \$3,500,000 in Cuban imports from the United States, shows an increase of over \$2,000,000 in imports from Europe, the figures of European imports in nine months of 1900 being \$21,559,239, and in the nine months of 1899, \$19,481,660, while the Cuban imports from the United Kingdom alone in nine months of 1900 were \$8,297,865, against \$6,598,582 in the corresponding months of the preceding year. Taking the entire list of European countries, it is found that, in a large majority of cases, there has been an increase in imports into Cuba in the 1900 period, as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Standard Theatre.

At the Standard this week the four-act emotional drama "Esmeralda" is being produced by the Standard stock company, headed by Vivian and Lang. The play was received with such general approval when it was produced before and the requests for its reproduction were so many that the management had no hesitancy in putting it on again, which is being done in a manner creditable to the management and very acceptable to the public, many new features being added since the former production.

The cast and synopsis of the play is as follows: Esmeralda, Vivian; Mrs. Rodgers, Julia Walcott; Nora Desmond, Daisy D'Avara; Kate Desmond, Lucy Lovell; Mary the housemaid, Gladys Gates; Mr. Esterbrook, Fred C. Lewis; Mr. Rodgers, Alf. T. Layne; Mr. Drew, Wm. Mullen; Jack Desmond, Harry O'Brien; Marquis, Robert Lawrence; Dave Hardy, Edwin R. Lang.

Not a Summer Flirtation. "Jack is awfully taken with that blond Perkins girl."

"Yes, he even thinks she's pretty after she's been eating huckleberry pie."

—Chicago Record.

ONLY MARIE DUPLAN'S CHILD

Beautiful French Canadian Story of Love and Church.

The Priest Was But a Man and Man-like He Loved a Pure Woman—The Result.

The sleepy little parish in the province of Quebec seemed, like Rasselas' happy valley, shut out from all the world. Beyond the hills, I told myself, mankind knew bitterness, defeated hopes, broken faith, dreams gone starry, but on this hither side such sadness could not come. I glanced half enviously at the peaceful village lying in the sun. I had paused near the rude Calvary on the bank above the noisy stream, and I now discovered that a woman was standing at its foot. She had evidently finished her prayer, for she slipped her rosary into her pocket and turned toward me with the ready smile of her people. I made some comment upon the soft beauty of the day. From where we stood we could see the gleaners at work in the fields, and an occasional snatch of song or burst of laughter was borne to us on the still air.

"It is a spot that no knows no sorrow," I said.

My companion, who was not a young woman, followed my glance.

"It is a happy people," she answered slowly, "like the children, but there is no spot where sorrow comes not, m'sieu, save in the blessed heavens. I've seen heartbreak so cruel here the sun has never been so bright since that day."

"Tell me about it," I urged.

She made a gesture of assent and invited me to a seat on the bank. "It was long ago," she began, after a moment's reflection; "so long that if you ask them yonder about M. le cure they'll think you mean the cure who lives by the church—a very good man—but I don't mean him, I mean the Abbe Moreau—a very good man likewise, save for one sin. Ah! m'sieu, who of us who has not one sin and more? The good God sees, and I think he is not so hard with us as we are with each other. Mais—I don't know—I am only an old woman."

"Well, nobody can tell you that story like me—nobody knows. But I don't forget, it's all clear as if it was yesterday when it happened. It begins with Narcisse Duplan, the same who killed himself, as m'sieu has heard—no? It was because of Marie his wife—she ran away and left him, and then it was the same as if the sun had gone out of the sky for Narcisse. He grew so dull; where he came the laugh and the song, they vanished like smoke. We were sorry—oh, yes—but your neighbor's sorrow don't make much difference to you after all, m'sieu, it don't last long, and bimeby we forget. Marie wasn't worth remembering anyhow, and so we told Narcisse, but the winds will heed your voice sooner than will a man who loves. He knows not reason, and this poor Narcisse had none at all. So one day there was an end to his sorrow—he stopped it all with his knife—like this. He left no money, no land, nothing but his little girl Margot, and what to do with her was the one great question. Nobody was willing to take her—children were plenty in Beaufre and every year there were more coming. Nobody wanted this child—nobody had cared for the mother and maybe the child would grow up like her. Then the cure said to me:

"Madame Rose, there is no child to make sunshine in your house—let this little one come in."

"And I answered:

"Pardon, M. le cure, what do I care for Marie Duplan's child? The mother is a bad woman. My husband told me that many times before he died. She made Sylvester Laroque the same as crazy with love for her, she ruined Jean Prevost's home, she broke her father's heart and now she's gone away with the Englishman, and that poor fool Narcisse is dead."

"S'poses my house is lonely I cannot do what you ask. Once there was a little child here that I loved more than all the world—oh! you know M. le cure—and the Lord took her. I want no other child in her place, I only want her back again—my arms are empty without her."

"So he had to take Margot himself, and he carried her all the way to the manse. She wasn't afraid, she just clung to him close; she was about five years old then and not big for her age. Was she pretty? Par exemple! Maybe there were prettier children in the parish, I don't know. She was better than pretty, she had—how do you call it?—charm. Beauty is a very nice thing, m'sieu, and the woman that has it is like a careful soldier always well armed, but it is as quick to depart as the rose itself—fire, fever, the years, and be old! it is gone. That other stays till the end. Margot's mother had it too, in her low voice and her soft eyes and in the heart that knows no age. If Narcisse Duplan left nothing to his child, Marie was more generous with her gifts."

"It don't seem very long, those 12 years that Margot lived at the manse, but they made some difference. Not with the cure, but with her. She was like her mother, just as fair to look upon. When she passed, all the young men felt their hearts beat faster. Only she was not the same as her mother, for she seemed not to see them. Then one day she came to tell us goodbye. She was going to teach in a village yonder, and she was both glad and sorry to leave Beaufre, and the smiles and tears were on her face same like the sky in April. Oh! she would be back again some time, she said. But I thought, maybe when that sometime comes many of us will not be here. Who knows? It's like that in this world, and so it ain't all easy to say goodbye. Truly I sorrowed most to let her go; the others had their husbands and children and thought not deep of her, but always I must think that she might have been with me all the days making sunshine like the cure said, and I missed her—missed her."

"Well, he missed her too. How do I know that? If your little child goes away, m'sieu, don't you sorrow for her? Ain't the world a sad place without her? The cure is only a man like other men, I told myself when I saw how his face grew white and whiter. He was very good to us then, and he smiled just as often as before—only his smile hurt, because you felt it was like a cloak drawn up over a big sore that you wanted to heal and were not able. Margot wrote back long letters about how nice she found the school and how sweet the children were. And she said, too, there was no spot like Beaufre after all—it was the very heaven of the world. She loved all the people here and the fields and the brook—she said she heard its voice all the time and it called, 'Come back—come back.'"

"The cure read it all out to us and he showed us the letters besides. I never saw anything more beautiful than those letters, and he seemed so pleased when I told him that, because it was he who had taught her from the very beginning. And he said:

"She was a good pupil, Madame Rose. No man ever had so good a pupil. No man in the whole world is prouder of her than I am. And then he went away and walked—walked."

"I know something how he felt, so sure. When my little girl died I couldn't stay in the house; I couldn't bear the emptiness and the stillness, and didn't want to come back to it, because it was so lonely without her. And when I saw the cure always walking in the fields and over the hills I told myself, 'Voilà! the house is empty for him too, poor man.'"

"He grew very still, and then the smile didn't come so quick to his face—it had disappeared. Sometimes—most often—he'd pass by the men and women as if they were but stones, and he had no word for the children running out to meet him. Well, the people said for excuse he had migraine perhaps, but when there came no change they thought he had the fever because his eyes were strange and dull, and they were afraid. Then I said to them:

"He misses Margot. Any father would miss his child and M. le cure was the same as her father. And she is Margot—nobody could know her without loving her. Bimeby he'll grow all right, because time will cure him. Time cures everything. You cut yourself and no matter if you lose much blood the skin come together again. It's the same with the heart. It cracks maybe, but little by little, little by little, the edges come together—it gets itself mended. It ain't so good as it was, but it will do! Don't I know what I speak? Ain't my heart cracked like this very long time, hein?"

"The people listened to me, and they said I was right and they would wait patiently until the cure was healed. But what do you think? M. le cure got no better. In all weather he walked as if he wasn't able to keep still. And there was nobody to hear confession. The church stood empty day after day—day after day—and the whole village began to murmur. Then one Sunday, when everybody had gone to church, the doors were shut and a little card was hanging there. Alphonse Seguin—he's Baptiste's father, m'sieu, and he's too old to work in the fields now—he took the card and read how there wouldn't be any service that day. Well, for sure, the people were very angry."

"All that week long the cure did just as I've been telling you, but when Sunday came again there was no card on the church doors; they stood open wide and the people—so many people—went through. I never saw so many—everybody, little and big, was there. It was very still in the church and we waited a long time, but bimeby the cure came in. He was all in black and his face was so white and somehow it didn't seem as large as before. He walked to the altar steps, then he turned and looked at us all; so he stood for maybe two—three minutes. It seemed like an hour, and it was so quiet I could hear Angele Prevost's breath come puff—puff, and she was 'way behind me, but I knew that sound."

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"There was a little stir among us

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like the noise you hear when you throw a stone into the hedge and the birds fly up scared, then it was still again in a moment and he said once more:

"My people, it is a long time that I have known you all and you are very dear to my heart, and maybe when I tell you goodbye you will feel sorry as I do. For I come this morning, not to preach, not to hear confession—no, it is I who make confession, and then I go."

"Everybody moved, quick, but the cure didn't stop, he just kept on in that same gentle voice:

"It makes it easier if I tell you a story, because we are the same as the children, we all like stories. Very well; then there was a priest once who lived in a beautiful little parish, and he was very fond of his people and they loved him too, so he thought he would stay with them always. And that made him very happy. Then one day, because of his abundance, he adopted a small child. She had no father nor mother, and was all alone in the world. Well, for sure, that made some difference! Other days when that priest got home he used to shut himself in his room with his book, but now he cared no longer for his books. It was the same as if his house, which was always a pleasant place, was set right down in paradise, so much, so very much more beautiful did it become. And that was just because a little child was there. I said that priest loved his people before, but truly he loved them now very tenderly as he loved them now. Very often those other times he thought them stupid and he lost patience with them, but now he was more gentle and he just thought of them as children—God's children—and he couldn't be angry with them. Then he told himself, 'Now I understand how the good God loves us.' And it was his love for the child that showed him the way."

"The years stood not still with that man and little girl. They both grew older, and the love between them grew too, till there was nothing sweeter in the whole world. The priest taught that little child out of the books and her mind was like some lovely flower, and she taught him, too, so that every where he looked beneath the sin and sorrow he found something good and fair. But there came a day when it all seemed very dark to him, and I'll tell you about that time. That little child was a young girl now and she went away to teach the children in another village. He let her go because he thought it was for her happiness, and she was a ward of the church and the bishop and others said it was best. He seemed glad, like everybody, because of her good fortune, but he was no more glad when she had gone and he came back to the manse. It was so lonely. Everywhere he saw her face and he thought he heard her voice. First it was like the voice of the little child singing 'Dors-tu-bien' to his doll; then it grew older and it said the 'rhythmic tables and spelled the words; then it grew older still and it wasn't so loud, but it was the same voice, and he heard her say, 'Good night, father.' And when he thought she wouldn't tell him good night any more, he put his hands up so and he cried, 'Oh! my God, I miss my child—I want my child!'"

"So he sorrowed many days; he went into the fields, and everywhere he went with him in his mind. He felt her little fingers in his hand and he heard the pattering of her feet running to keep up by his side, and sometimes he carried her as he used to when she was five, or six, or maybe seven years old. Pretty soon she was able to keep up and very often she would run far, far ahead and would laugh at him when he didn't catch her. The priest made pictures like that, but bimeby this was very strange—it wasn't any longer the little child he thought so much about. When he turned his head it wasn't to look far down where a little child would stand—he only looked just so far and he saw her face there with the shining eyes and the blush of a wild rose in her cheeks. It was so he thought of her. It was not the child, it was the young girl."

"And one day he looked down and because the face wasn't really there he groaned out aloud. It was all clear to him. He loved her—and he was a priest of God. He loved her as men love their wives, he loved her as you women love your husbands—he couldn't live without her. He went back to his house, but she wasn't there; he went out into the fields, but she wasn't there. He couldn't pray—always in his prayers her face would come—he was only able to ask for one thing."

"Then he knew he wasn't to guide his people any more. He kept away from the church, he spent long days beneath God's sky and he tried not to think of the happiness that you know, but it was impossible to put that dream aside. He only asked to live a little time in the sun, he wanted a place there—he was not so old, not so much more than forty. Then he told himself, 'I'll be a priest no longer,' and he wrote to the bishop that he renounced his vows."

"The cure stopped talking and stood very still with his head dropped on his breast; presently he straightened himself and looked around at us all."

"My people," he said at last,

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