THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"An ancestress of yours, Lady Billies, | his voice and saw the silver in his hair, was murdered in that bed--murdered by

her butler, a man named Norman Ross. She had collected, or had in her posses sion, a large sum of money, and locked sion, a large sum of money, and locked it in her jewel case and went out in the grounds to take a walk. That walk that circles about beneath those trees is called Lady Billies' walk. She re-entered her room, and, placing the keys under her pillow, retired. While she was in the grounds, her butler, Norman Ross, concealed himself beneath the bed inst here and when he thought she had Ross, concealed himself beneath the bed just here, and when he thought she had fallen asleep he tried to steal the keys of the jewel-case. Lady Billies heard him, and spoke out, and he cut her throat with a case-kmffe. She lived three days and died, crying, "Save Norman, poor misguided boy!" The butter, real-izing what he had done, jumped from this window, which is harely four feet high, and broke his leg. He thereupon crawled under the shadow of the old when ender the shadow of the old stone fence there, near the old well, and lay there until he was almost dead from thirst, and he was found at the old well trying to get water. He begred to be hung, and he was hanged half way be-tween Leith and Edinburgh in May, 17-... I know the family history very well. don't .1?"

Lord Wedderburn felt complumented

Lord Wedderburn felt complimented and pleased. These old facts were stamp-ed on his memory since childhood, and it pleased him to think a stranger was interested in them. "You do, indeed, and I thank you for your interest," was all the reply he could make. They had to go now to another part of the old house. It was a small tower room and in it they found a fibeer old bookcase, on the glass of which was an inscription in Latin and the name Patrick Home, 17--. They the name Patrick Home, 17 --. They elimbed another flight of stairs, the steps of which were dangerous and broken away. They climbed these stairs to another storey of the gloomy old house. Here they saw two small rooms. In one there was a small fireplace, the hearth being covered with old, smoul-dery ashes. This room had been Nor-man Ross' bedchamber. In this room he had conceived the terrible deed that he had committed. There were traces of his writings on the walls, and the wooden pegs upon which he had hung his clothing. Miss McRay shuddered and followed Lord Wedderburn down the broken stairsteps.

"It's a most uncanny old place," she said, when they had reached the great arched front doorway, and seated them-selves on the stone steps to rest before etarting homewards, "Indeed it is—such a monument of broken hearts and lives," he said, think-

ing of his own case. You believe, then, in broken hearts?"

she asked. believe as we have hearts, they

may be broken," he said. "I do, also. From the depths of my heart I pity people that have had heart troubles I mean those whose hearts have been wrung by their great love. God protect me from such a fate." 'Amen, I answer, most eincerely." he

waid, and there was a quiver in his voice. "I wonder if it s picssible to go through life without having heartshe said.

"I do not think it is," he said. "I have had few, or none, thus far," she said.

"Perhaps it is not time yet. They ay come," he said.

I have been frank with you, now confide in me as well. Tell me, has your heart been broken? I am sure it has, for such a decided change has come over you in a few years. Confide in me." "Then I will tell you that my heart is broken. That I have suffered with

The and a second state of the second state of and a great pity arose in her heart for "Would anyone share such a blighted

life as that? If they did so, would it life as that? If they did so, would it not be sympathy that actuated them? I can not think there is earthly help in such a case, do you " He forgot for the time being that he spoke of himself. "I think there is. Very few people every merry their first loves, and per-haps it is well they do not. Perhaps the calm love that comes after is best. Yours my lord is a nitishla case. Be-Yours, my lord, is a pitiable case. Be

lieve me, I deeply sympathize with you. In fact, my heart aches for you." She put her hand wearny across her

She put her hand wearry across her eyes, and he saw the tear drops foll. He brushed them away gently. "It was to you that I wished to offer such a poor offering. A broken heart and a broken life. Love is dead within me, but a life of devotion I can offer." "It is a sad case," she said. "We will talk no more of it now," and they arose and walked slowly back to Castle Royal. Lady Alicia saw them from her window

Lady Alicia saw them from her window and her heart gave a great bound of pleasure. She knew she had gained her rish

wish. "Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked, as he left her at the entrance. "Nothing more, I think, than that you will make every investigation in your power. I can share a dead love, but not a living one." She turned abruptly away from him. There was a terrible conflict now between her love and her-self. Lord Wedderburn watched her in ity. He knew that the offer he had pity. made He knew that the offer he had made was such a poor one, and that she loved him. She had told him to make every effort to investigate for ber sake and his, and he determined to do

The breakfast bell rang as they enter-The breakfast bell rang as they enter-ed the hallway, and it was only the work of a few minutes to make them-selves presentable. Miss McRay's face was exceedingly pale. She heard little or none of the bright conversation around her. Lord Wellerburn's face contentment. He felt he had acted fair-ly. He told her he had no love to offer her, yet he must marry, and he had chosen to offer a life's devotion to her. The great sorrow was for the past. He never forgot Dorothy for a moment. When she died his heart died. When he thought of her a strange feeling came over him. It seemed of late that Doro was always was always near He never for one moment forgot her.

At the breakfast table the guests were talking gaily of the drive to the ruins. The were to visit old Bunco were taking gaily of the drive to the ruins. The were to visit old Bunco Castle, and many weird legends hung over those old, decayed ruins. It was decided that all should go, but

Lord Wedderburn did not feel like go-ing. He felt as if he had proven false to Dorothy, and this thought made him miserable. Yet he had to go with his guests. All that day he found no op-portunity of being alone with Miss Mc-Ray. He took her arm within his; and walked over the rules. Mo argitat her walked over the ruins. He assisted her gently over the broken walls. Tender-ness was displayed in his every act, but he could not shake off the feeling that he was acting a traitor to his Dorothy. He had one comfort: Miss McRay had told him to investigate, and while he was investigating he would remain true

to her. The day was spent pleasantly by all

The day was spent pleasartly by all but Miss McRay and Lord Wedderburn. Neither of them was happy. When they returned in the evening Lord Wedderburn was almost ill. Miss-McRay repaired at once to her own apartment and remained there. Lord Wedderburn did not join the guests at dinner. He pleaded a headeche and was excused. After the dinner was over and the guests were assembled in the great the guests were assembled in the great drawing room, Lord Wedderburn heard the laughter from below. He could not think, save of Dorothy and his unfaithfulness to her. He opened the window and stepped outside on a balcony. The moon shone bright and clear: old Lenthill lay over in the distance. Lord Weddenburn made in the distance. Lord Weddenbury made up his mind to walk over there. To-night he must bury all thought of Dero-thy. He walked down the pathway. Once he thought he saw a endow fall across his path, but he saw no one. He felt nervous and sad, but he walked on. He had that newsling considered to He had that peculiar sensation of not being alone. He attributed this, also, to his state of mind. He reached the doorway, and sat down on the step. He sat there that night and waited until Dorothy came to him. A figure sprang from behind a marble column, and a bright steel blade flashed in the moon light, Lord Wedderburn grasped his asseilant's hand, kneekei the knife in the air, and threw his assailant on the

THE ATHENS REPORTER, AUG. 28, 1912.

Girl Cured of Disfiguring Pimples By Cuticura Ointment. Broke Out on Face when Twelvs or Thirteen. Were Most Embarrassing.

Had Tried Everything.

A Nova Scotia girl, Miss Mabel Morash, of Dover Vest, writes: "When I was about twelve or thirteen years of age, my face broke out with pimples, and I tried every-thing to get rid of them, but failed. The pimples were the worst, on my forchead and chim. They came out in groups and developed later into sores. Being on my face they caused great disfigurement, and were most embarrassing.

caused great disfigurement, and were most embarrassing. "After trying so many remedies without success, I saw the Cuticura Ointment adver-tised, and I sent for a box. I then applied it to the pimples, and in a week I saw a great change in my face. I kept using it, and in a few months it rendered a complete cure. Now you cannot tell I ever had pimples, thanks to the Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Miss Mabel Morash, Mar. 31, 1911.

Baby's Face Like Raw Beef

Baby's Face Like Raw Beef "My baby boy had a large pimple come on his forchead. It burst and spread all over his face which soon looked like a piece of raw heef, all smothered with bad pimples. It was awful to look at. The poor little thing used to scratch it and cry terribly. I took him to a doctor but he only got worse until I was quite frightened that he worded always be disfigured. Then I got two tins of Cuticurs Oaintemet, together with Cuticurs Soap, and in two months had quite cured him. Now of course I use Cuticurs Soap for all my children (Signed) Mrs. E. Perry, 99, Waterloo Rd., Aldershot, Eng-land, May 21, 1910. Cuticurs Roap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but to those who-out faith in any treatment, a liberal sample of each with a 32-p, booklet on the skin and scalp will be mailed free, on application. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 59 Columbus Are., Boston, U. S. A.

"Do you know I ought not to hear your civ for mercy?" asked Lord Wed derburn. "I realized it, my lord."

"Then go; and remember, if you are ever tempted to do this again, that it is only through my generosity you are allowed to go forth free." The Italian arose from the ground and moved off. Lord Wedderburn drew

the dagger from his coat, where it had penetrated, having barely received a fiesh wound, and put the dagger in his coat pocket. He picked up a letter that lay beside him and put it in his pocket. The man had lest it. He sat down once more to

thoughts. He feit that the man had gone now, since finding out his mistake. He lay his head on his hands and sobbed. It was his farewell to Dorothy. When he arrived home he remember ed the letter and dagger. He placed it beside him on the table, and somired its keen blade, and jeweled handie. It

was of foreign make. He took out the letter, opened it, and regd :

"Dear Nephew: I enclose you pounds, sufficient for your journey to Remember to make sure what you do. Remember tow much is depending on your steady hand, and we will do as I said, and you must ad-mit it is a very generous offer. Let me once how you have succeeded hear at as promised. "Martha Weston Home."

There was nothing in this letter that particularly proved that the Weston Homes had hired this man to attempt to take his life, yet Lord Weddenburn felt that it was true. He had never seen this Italian before, and why he should seek his death, he could not tell. His death would only benefit one fam-ily, and that was the Weston Holmes. His mother was right, then, when she said that the first attempt would not be the last. OIt had clearly proven to Lord Wedderbur, that his life was in

"I certainly think so, as I can think of no one now," said Lord Wedderburn. The W---- asylum was situated in the outskirts of the city and was a long drive "I was desirous of seeing you on an-

other matter, also. Do you remember the most important matter you en-trusted us with! Well, we have had amtrusted us with! Well, we have had am-ple time to think it all over and have decided that you have no proof that the marriage was solemnized legally. In other words, that the man was a minis-ter or a person having the right to perform the ceremony of marriage. We have no proof that the lady is dead, yet the circumstances are more than favorable to that belief. Now we was not decided when we spoke to you and now we have decided that while this is Now we have decided that while this is true, the evidence is almost nothing; and on the other hand we have no proof that the man was not a minis-ter, or person having the power to per-form the marriage ceremony, and we have no proof that your wife is not living."

have no proof that your wife is not living." "Now you cannot swear positively that the body you saw was that of your wife. In fact, I am told you held Gerious doubts. The features had chang-ed-the hair was darker. Death may have changed the features, but I doubt it in regard to the hair. In fact, I doubt both. The clothing was entire-ly different. Now, if I understand mat-ters clearly, your housekeeper made the garments she wore. She left Castle Roy-al to take the ill-fated train. It is not al to take the ill-fated train. It is not at all likely nor probable that she could or did change her clothing, and your housekeeper positively asserts that it was not at all the same material, color, nor make, Such I believe, are the facts in the case. Now, on the strength of these doubts until they are clearly removed, you are a married man, and can not safely enter into another mar riage. It is a most unfortunate situa-tion, my lord, and I sympathize with you, but it cannot be helped. Before you can re-marry, with safety, there will have to be an action brought to have that marriage annulled."

remorse. He had now almost compro-mised his honor. He had placed himself and the lady in a most unfortunate position, but a hope crept into his mind. Miss McRay had clearly understood the case, and had told him to investigate--he was sure of her friendship.

port of the rod and gun. Bears were seen in plenty and the caribou up in the northlands were as tame as a flock "I cannot help but think that the lady will turn up most unexpectedly at some future time," said Mr. Miller of sheep. It seemed a shame to have to slaughter them to augment the food as they drove up the entrance to the asylum. Dr. Sprague welcomed them supply. Up to two days ago Capt. Kennedy heartily

had heard no news of the outside world. The story of the Titanic wreck, flashed "Pardon the trouble I have given you my Lord, but we wished to make an ex-periment, in the interest of science, you as it was round the world on wireless streams of electricity failed to reach him and he heard the news with surknow. The physician led the way into a small reception room. Then the trio were ushered into the hall where the patient was. "My God! it's Boughman," said Lord prise two days ago. When seen in the Chateau, Capt, Ken nedy appeared to be a young man. He

wore a broad trimmed sombrero and a Wedderburn. nugget of silver adorned his khaki stock "You know him then?" said the soli-

It was a year ago last December that citor. Capt. Kennedy with a party of eight whites left Lake St. John. Quebec, for the north country. There were also in-dians in his party. As a mining engin-eer, Capt. Kennely was chiefly interested in the mining aspect of the wilds he was visiting. Lord Wedderburn shook as with a chill. Here was a ghost of the past arisen before him. "Do not show the least agitation: go quietly up to him and shake hands with him as if there was nothing wrong." Lord Wedderburn did so, while the two visiting.

From Lake Misstassinnis the party worked north. In June they were far north and though in the heat of the men stood aside and watched. "How do you do, Bonghman?" said Lord Wederburn, extending his hand. summer months down there, Capt, Ken-The man looked at him steadily as he nedy found he could cross lakes on the gave his hand, but there was not the least sign of recognition. ce still .emaining. In August the party met with an ac-cident. The canoe containing their pro-visions was upset, and for three weeks

"Do you not remember me. Bough-man?" asked Lord Wedderburn. There was only the stare, but no sign of re "I saw you at Lenthill- can't you reand gun. Now Capt. Kennedy is back to eiv-

"I saw you at Leuthil-can't you re-member anything of Dame Wynter!" asked Lord Wedderburn. "Dame Wynter?" he repeated vacather by—"let us pray." he said, and fell on his knees and prayed. "He has been a minister of the gospel," said the p'ty-sician, "I am quite sure of this, for I have heard him preach as fine $\epsilon_{\rm LT}$." He hinted at mineral discoveries in the north, and stated that he had claims staked. When asked about the mineral mons as I ever heard."

side of the country, he refused to make

while beating their way back to food

and shelter they had to trust to rod



at This Season.

To wash silk handkerchiefs, use borax In tepid water with little or no soap.

Iron them before dry. To prevent cakes, pies and puddings from scorching place a dish of water in from

Herds of Caribou as Tame

from scorching place a dish of water in the oven. To keep new-laid eggs fresh rub them over with oil or pure glycerine. To give a fine polish to tinware use sifted wood ashes and a little mild soap. To keep the outlets of laundry tubs clean probe them occasionally with a long-handled buttonhook to remove the lint that collect therein lint that collects therein

lint that collects therein. To get best results when baking bread in a gas range use light, cheap bread pans, for the lighter the pan the light-er and whiter your bread will be. In cooking beans and peas their flav-or will be much better if they are cook-ed in as little water as possible. To make curtains or dranceiss alin

To make curtains or draperies slip easily on a portiere pole rub the pole with hard soap before putting them on



Neighbor-My dear Mrs. Dummy what are you doing with those eggs? Mrs. Dummy--Well, you know, eggs are always so high during the winter months that I decided to raise some egg plants and have our own eggs

CONVICTED HIMSELF

An actor at the Players' Club in New York said the other day, according to

the Washington Star: "I heard in London a good one on Joe Coyne, the American idol of the British stage. Coyne, you know, can't sing ite. "It seems that Mme. Pavlova, the Rus-

sian dancer, wrote in the visitors' book at the Peacock inn in Rowsley: "'I dance because I must.-Anna Pav-

lova. "Coyne, on a week-end trip to Haddon Hall, put up at the Peacock inn himself. In looking over the visitors' book he saw Pavlova's pretty autograph, and took up a pen and wrote: "'I sing because I can't.-J. Coyne."

FRON

this line.

Mining Engineer's Experi-

ences in North.

as Sheep.

After years spent in the wilds of Un.

gava, Capt. Kenneth E. Kennedy, of

Sherbrooke, Que., has returned to civili-

zation and yesterday arrived at the

Chateau Laurier Hotel here. Capt. Kennedy is a mining engineer, and although

he will not talk about his work in the north lands, it is understood that he has made some startling discoveries in

Capt. Kennedy has stories galore of the hardships and trials of the north country. For three weeks the party of which he was head were without food and had to depend on the meagre sup-

heart aches, you have seen. I sometimes think my heart is dead and past recall. Do you think such a thing is possible?" "I do not. I am sure there will be

a time when some one will recall life and hope and love. It may not be now, but I sav in time it will come."

'How can that be done?" he asked.

on will see some one that will awaken you. Perhaps you will marry some good woman, and from the old dead love will spring up a new and tender one.

"Is there a good woman living that would accept such a love as I might offer!" he asked.

She was not thinking of herself at all. "I think there is, yes. It would de-pend on circumstances," she said, equivocally

Then let me state a strange case. Then let me state a strange case, There was a quiver on his lips and moisture in his eyes that called out all her sympathy at once. "What I say to you is in confidence. It lays here a, wounded heart, and I have a reason for laying that heart bare to you. A young man, having grown careless from contact. with the world, is called out one night to the death-bed of an old friend. That old friend, knowing that she must die in a few hours, and leave a little foster child alone and unprotected, having no kith or kin to send her to, asks the young man to marry the child. It is a weird scene-the dying woman pleading, the child crying, etc., etc. The young man consects, and in a few minutes a man in attendance pronounces them man in sitendance pronounces them man and wife. The young man is called away, expecting to be back in a day or two, and make every preparation for the future of his wife. He returns in a short time, and the man and child have disappeared as surely as if the grave closed over them. In fact, there was a railway accident, and a young woman answering the and a young woman answering the description was found amonk the killed. That has been five years, and no trace of either has been found, despite the most unrelenting research." When Lord Wedderburn looked up, her face was white, hard and set.

"Then you are married?" she gasped. "If that was a marriage," her said. There was no proof that the man had the right to marry anyone, and, besides, there is every reason to believe that death has claimed him."

death has claimed him. Her heart had gone out in tenderest love for this man, and it was beyond recall. It had indoed some her time to have heartaches, but his words held some comfort. She heard the guiver in

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the assassin. "Why should I show you any merey, you reptile, you?" said Lord Wedder-

"Mercy! mercy!' was all he could ery. "Yon are a bungling murderer," said Lord Wedderburn, contemptuously, "and wonder you ever had the courage attempt such a thing. Who are you, and why have you, for the second time, tried to do me harm?"

"I am an Italian, and Franz Marotti my name." he replied: "You have not told me why you seek

my life," said Lord Wedderburn, "Perhaps it was for some one else,

said the wild would be murderer Wedderburn understood it had been mistake.



should 1 settle the matter at once, and prevent further trouble. When he re-entered to him, they left. the house he found some letters awaiting him. One was from his solicitors asking him to come to town. As he started, he saw Miss McRay standing at an open window, "What can I do for MeRay standing in town to-day?" he asked tender-He could not give her love, but he could show her the tenderest respect "Nothing, thank you, unless it is to make yourself as happy as possible." she said, with a smile

"I asked what I would do for you? he said.

"That will please me, but if you wish to do more to make me happy, you may investigate the matter we spoke of. shall be happy to know you are happy,' smal the said.

He felt more kindly towards her than ever. She felt that they now perfectly understood each other. If made no pretense of love, yet he could give her tender devotion. She loved him, and it was a noble self-sacrificing love. He had trusted her with his heart's secret, and she would respect it. As devotedly as she loved him, she wished that he might use every eexition to know the past before they externed the future. She built no hopes as yet. Lord Wed-derburn honored and respected her. H: knew that her love was pure and un-selfish and that fate had been most un-bind to him in thus forcing him to be competed to offer maininge to so true a woman, when he could not offer her the love that she was worthy of, and it

was doubly unkind to her in forcing her o give co much for so little in return.

HAPTER X.

Lord Wedderburn took a cab from the station, and went at once to the of-fice of his solicitors.

"So glad you come, was just going to write you again. I do not know as yet that we have any reason to con acet trings, but a very strange thing use called our attention. There is a lunatic in the W- asylum that per-sistency calls Wedderburn all the time. "Dr. Sprague called on me and wished me to try an experiment on the man. If he happens to know you and remem-bers you, that will decide a great point as to his being cured. I thought to ask you to accompany me and see the man. that you may tell us if you ever saw him before. My idea is that he has in some way heard the name, and it is which before to be strange whims to which demented persons are addicted.

and disclosures. When he had finished his pra-

"You have your claims staked. It would not hurt to tell something about "I shall urge my own views strong-ly," said Dr. Sprague. "I intend to perthe country." pressed the Free Press. "Yes, we have our claims staked."

responded, "but like many others, we want more." form an operation on him, examine the brain, and I am sure I shall effect a cure-it is a simple matter ,and

"In a short time I will be able to give out some statement that will make people open their eyes," he added, "inshall attempt it, for I am confident shall attempt II, for I am confident of success." He led the way to the con-riage that waited them. "I shall be glad to let you know the result of my operation since you know the man," cluding the mineral wealth of the country, as to its timber wealth, and in re gard to its agricultural possibilities." Capt. Kennedy had some remarkable

said Dr. Sprague, . (To be Continued.) SO MUCH THE BETTER.

Lady (engaging a nursemaid) - I'm afraid you won't do. You are much too

Applicant - That's all e better, na'am. When I drop the basy it don't

fall so far!

There may be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but a lot depends on the bait.



The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining-room were probafeasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly often carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exter minating this worst enemy of the





photographs. One was a tremendous herd of caribou. "They're as tame as sheep up there, he commented. Up in the north the party had little time to attend to the niceties of dress

and Capt. Kennedy, had some curious experiences on the trip down. He was almost refused a seat in the first class carriage of a train and the porter in-sisted on showing him into a second class carriage. In what was left of his

suit of clothes he was eved askance on

railroads and in hotels. Capt. Kennedy left his party on Lake St. John. This was not his first trip to the north, but off and on he has a four years in Ungava districts. He spent he here for a few days transacting bus ness with the Government.

THREE "COMPANY" DESSERTS:

Chocolate Whips One pint of milk: 2 eggs, chocolate, pinch of salt. Sweeten to taste. Heat the milk, add 2 tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Then add the eggs and other ingredients. Fill glasses two-thirdds full and drop whipped cream in each. Fruit Compote-Five oranges, cut

fine; four baňanas, sliced thin; ful of strawberries (or grapes if strawbernies are out of scason; one cupful of walnuts; juice of one lemon. Sprinkle with six tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a tenspoonful of cinnamon. Serve with

a traspoontial of philamon. Serve with half pint of whipped cream. Dineapple Sherbet—Take one tables spoonful of gelatine and dissolve it in half a pint of warm water. After it is dissolved add another half pint of warm water, one pint of sugar and one can of pineapple, chopped fine and added with the juice. Then freeze.

USE THE YOLKS.

When making custards, ust the yolks of the eggs only. The whites should be saved. They add nothing to the flavor of the custard, and will be found most useful for clearing soups.



This is an illusion of subdivided. space. "D" seems higher than it is broad, while "E" seems broader than it is high. T exactly alike. They are really squares,

CHOICE OF WEAPONS.

Professor Brander Matthews, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, at a lit-erary dinner in New York said of a cer-tain "best seller":

"The grammar is rather off. Its an thor lies open to the rebuke meted out to a Philadelphia author, in the last century. "This author had been clashed in

review and he wrote to the reviewer and challenged him to a duel. "But the critic wrote back:

"I have read your letter. It is as wretched as your book. You have called me out. Very well: I choose grammar. You are a dead man.

ADD LEMON JUICE.

When using beef or mutton dripping, instead of butter for pastry, try beat-ing it to a cleam with a squeeze of lenon juice. This will take away the taste some people object to in dripping made pastry, and makes it beautifully light and erisp.

CREAKING DOORS.

Rub the sides and edges of creaking doors and drawers with hard soap. It is better and cleaner than grease

First Billiard Player How is it you First Billiard Frequer aren't at home this evening? Second We wife's in a had humor; she harent at nome this evening: second Ditto- My wife's in a had humar; she had company arrive and she vasa't ready. How about yourself? The First Oh, my wife's mad. too; she got ready

for company and they didn't come. Berton Transcrint.

