THE MOST FASCINATING OCEAN ROMANCE SINCE THE DAYS OF COOPER AND MARYATT.

CHAPTER XVI .- (CONTINUED.)

The moon at the moment that the lieutenant spoke became completely hidden by a mass of clouds. A double darkness seemed to fall upon the waters of the bay and the schooner rolled in the trough of rather a heavier sea than had for some time shown

"Keep her easy !" sang out Mr. Royle to

the man at the helm. "Aye, aye, sir ! Easy she is."

The Spray took a long tack out of the bay. The darkness of the night now appeared to be excessive after the bright moonlight and not a particle of even the dimmest reflected light seemed to come from land or sea, until the Spray had nearly cleared one of the headlands, and then far away to westward the Lizard light was faintly visible.

"That will do," said Mr. Royle. "What light is that?" whispered Lieutenant Green, as a strange, reddish-looking star appeared a little over the surface of the sea. "It seems to me as if it came from where we have been so recently. My night glass, Mr. Dowton ?"

"Yes, sir," said the midshipman-who, much to his disgust, had been drafted on

board the schooner. The night glass was soon at the eye of the lieutenant, who took a long and anxious look at the red, star-like light in the bay. It appeared to be about twenty or thirty feet from the surface of the sea, and to be set right in the face of the cliff.

How it could be there, what sustained it, or what it meant, were puzzling questions that Lieutenant Green found it impossible to answer. Handing the night glass to Mr. Royle, he said:

"You look at it, Mr. Royle, and see what you think of it."

Mr. Royle took a long look.

"Well, sir, I don't know a bit what to think of it. The whole affair, sir, is a touch above me.

The lieutenant dived into the cabin again. The Honorable Charles Minto Gray was fast asleep.

" Hilloa! Sir-sir!" " What-what is it ?"

"I want your leave, sir, to cruise about the bay till daylight; for I feel quite certain that if we do we shall make some discovery about the Rift."

"Good Gracious, Mr. Green! what do you mean? Is it not down in the log that the Rift is sunk ?"

"Yes, sir; but-" " Mr. Green !"

"Yes, sir."

"You will be so good as to bear this in mind, once for all. Whatever is down in the log of one of his majesty's ship's in commission is and must be true."

"But, sir-" " Is and must be true. Do you hear me, Mr. Green ?- is and must be true. The Rift is sunk. Good night, Mr. Green."

"Good night, sir." The lieutenant took his way slowly on deck and, in a low tone, he said :

"Keep her for Falmouth, Mr. Royle."

".And the red light, sir ?"

"Oh! that is not down in the log! Good

night, Mr. Royle-good night.' Lieutenant Green dived down below to his own cabin, leaving Mr. Royle in a state of great bewilderment in regard to the whole proceedings of the evening. However, he set the night watches and then, with his eyes fixed upon the odd-looking, little, red star in the cliff, he communed with himself after his own fashion.

### CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOST SON OF THE PORT ADMIRAL.

It was not for long that Captain Morton, after he had left the little boat hut of the dead smuggler, allowed his feelings to obtain so complete a mastery over him as they had done.

A man of a more gallant spirit than he never lived, and there was but one thing that could ever shake the sincerity of his soul. Something must touch his affections before this representative of a brave and gallant people could be thrown off his balance in the way we have seen he was.

But the very idea that he had actually been in the presence of his long-lost child, the notion that he had seen and conversed with her and yet let her slip from him was too much for him and he had, on the impulse of the moment, acted as we have described.

Eor so many years—years which to him had seemed interminable—had he mourned over the loss of that little one, that the thought of her had become what we may almost call the morbid part of the mind of Captain Morton.

He had mourned her as lost to him forever-as dead past all hope of ever again meeting his eyes, except in Heaven-until | it loaded." that paragraph in the English newspaper had met his gaze, and then a new hope had smile. sprung up in his heart and he had battled yacht and reached the shores of the Old

World. so told, and the death of the smuggler too! seemed to sanctify with truth the words he had uttered. He had seen her even as though he had seen her spirit—only for a moment, to pass away from him again.

No wonder that Captain Morton was

deeply affected. But, as we say, this excess of feeling passed away; and by the time he reached the head of the little, narrow, gorge-like pass that led down to the sea, he was himself a rain.

But he was very pale and his eyes were more than usually bright and sparkling.

When there, Captain Morton paused, and, pressing both his hands upon his heart, he strove to still its wild, tumultuous beatings. .

"I must think now," he said-"F must think now, calmly and quietly, of all this! There must be no hurry-no flurry; but I must be calm and clear in all that I attempt to do. I will be calm! - I will be calm!" The strong determination prevailed and gradually his heart stilled itself, and he was

able to look about him without confusion and to arrange his ideas. Among the first things that struck him ders."

then was his broken engagement to dine with Sir Thomas Clifford, the port admiral. Then he asked himself if he should stay about the spot where he was, and make inquiry concerning his daughter, or at once apply to those who had authority to aid

If the latter, who could have more authority of the kind he probably would require to have exerted than Sir Thomas Clifford

himself? By placing it very close to his eyes, Cap-

his watch, that it was nine o'clock.

The evening was still young. "Not too late-not too late," he said. "I will seek the port admiral at once and claim his sympathy and help. There was a something in his countenance which assures me I shall readily receive both."

In fact nothing could be more prepossessing than the manner of Sir Thomas Clifford

Perhaps, after all, that was the hidden tie which drew him and Captain Morton together, and as there are many things on earth and in heaven that transcend our philosophy, it may be that these two men, from a kind of community of suffering, found | but-" themselves irresistibly drawn together.

The moment he had fairly formed the determination to seek Sir Thomas Clifford, Captain Morton shaped his course for the town, the lights of which were plainly visible as soon as he fairly turned out of the narrow lane that led to the beach.

Of the first person he met Captain Morton inquired the way to the port admiral's, and he was directed to a large house, standing in a garden, not a hundred yards from where he was. The summons of Captain Morton for admission was replied to by an old man, who had all the appearance of having been an old seaman, nor did the manner in which he replied to the questions of Captain Morton as to whether the admiral waswithin or not at all belie the supposition.

"Aye, aye, sir,' he said, "and if so be sir, as you be Captain Morton, the admiral is in a rare way about you, sir."

"I owe him many apologies, for I ought

to have been here to dinner.' "That's it, sir; got out of your reckoning mayhaps, sir, in unknown latitudes."

The old sailor, who had been boatswain on board of a vessel which had been long under the command of Admiral Clifford, led the way to the dining-room, where no one was to be seen, although there were ample evidences of recent occupation.

"Oh," said the boatswain. "The admir al has gone into the drawing-room, I take it sir. This here's the way-you make a short tack to nor'ward, sir, and then you beat up east again, and there you are."

"Thank you." "Captain Mortin, sir!"

The old sailor flung open the door of a handsome drawing-room, which was bril- steps. liantly lighted with wax candles, and Captain Morton found himself in the presence of Sir Thomas Clifford and two ladies.

"I have sincerely to apologize, admiral," said Captain Morton, after he had courteously bowed to the ladies, "for breaking my engagement with you."

"Something that you could not help prevented you keeping it," said the admiral, "and as better late than never, I am delighted to see you now. Ben!"

"Ay, ay, sir." "Bring the wine in here."

"Now, brother"-said one of the ladies, who looked exceedingly prim and demure -"now, brother." "What is it, Agnes?"

"You know that it is really—anything but-hem! That it is contrary to all etiquette."

"Now, sister, do be quiet; and for heaven's sake never mind about etiquette. I was in hopes that we should not have heard that word this evening."

"I can assure you, brother, that etiquette is-Ben!" "Yes, marm."

"You were not absolutely told to bring the wine here; it was a subject of discus-"Beg pardon, marm, but the admiral

he said: 'Bring the wine,' and here it is." "Yes, yes," said Sir Thomas Clifford, "that is right, Ben. Always obey orders."

"Always do, sir." "Yes, you literal, dreadful man," said Miss Clifford, "I know you do. Would you believe it, sir, the admiral has on the

lawn a horrid cannon !" "A horrid cannon, madam!" "Took "A twenty-four," said Ben.

from the French." "And," added Miss Clifford, "he keeps

"Ben does," said the admiral, with a

"Well, admiral," said Ben, "who knows with the huge waves of the Atlantic in his but Bonypart may come here and try to take this very caboose, sir? And then a pretty thing it would be, not to be able to And he had seen her! At least he was load quick enough and me single-handed,

"And would you believe it, sir," added Miss Clifford, "that Captain Baxter, of the

—the—" "Euryalus," said Ben.

"Well, perhaps he was. Captain Baxter was dining here and Ben spoke of the gun and how it was loaded, and Captain Baxter, who is a man that does not pay the least attention to etiquette in what he says, just happened, in his rough way, at that very paragraph that I have read to you met my moment, in speaking of the wine, to say to eyes I had no hope." my brother: 'Now, fire away!' And what did this Ben do on the next moment?" "I cannot say, madam."

"Why, he went on to the lawn and, just as I was sipping some wine, off went the gun with a noise that I have never got the dozen panes of glass in the dining-room and frightened all the town."

"Ay, ay!" said Ben, with a gratified look WAAL A LEEBON "And," added Miss Clifford, "when I remonstrated with him, a week afterwardwhen my nerves were a little restored

"So I was, marm. Captain Baxter said | put off until the morning the proceedings in 'fire away,' and the admiral he said, 'oh, regard to his long-lost child; but the pleadtwenty-four. So it was all right."

Thomas Clifford. "I do believe that you not wrong to take you from your house at and Agnes made an agreement between you this time? Am I wrong and selfish, Lady to tell that anecdote for the gratification | Clifford ?" of each other."

"O Lor'!" said Ben, as he left the room. self beg Sir Thomas to go." "Brother," said Miss Clifford, "I'm surprised at you."

"What for, now, sister?"

"Such a scandalous breach of etiquette?" "Why! what have I done now?" "To imagine it possible that I could make any agreement with that horrible Ben

"Oh! is that all?" "All !-all! Good evening, brother-

good evening, Captain-a-a-Captain-" "Morton, madam." "Captain Morton."

exceedingly thick silk dress, sailed out of the former said : tain Morton was able just to discover, by the room.

> and the subdued sweetness made a great you about my lost son." impression upon Captain Mor ton. "My sister," she said, "has some little

creatures in the world." "And here am I," said the admiral, "sit- the subject." -tinged at it was with just such an amount | ting here, and have never introduced you, of settled sadness as awakened all one's Captain Morton, to my wife. Pray pardon sympathies in his behalf, for he was a man me. Captain Morton, my dear; Lady Clif- was that he had been kidnapped to the thing. Of course the rats and mice soon who had evidently seen some deep sorrow. ford, Captain Morton. I don't know what plantations, as they are called; for such found it out, and many a jolly time they had it is, but I feel an unusual weight at my things have been done. But now I feel as making fun of her. One day when she was heart to-night—an unusual weight."

"My dear?" said Lady Clifford anxiously. "Oh, it is nothing—it is nothing. It will pass away-it will soon pass away. But-

"You will excuse us both, Captain Mor- to follow you by compass." ton," said Lady Clifford sadly; "but we are sufferers."

"Sufferers!" Captain Morton could not but glance around him, upon all the material signs of prosperity and happiness which that costly apartment exhibited.

"Alas, sir!" added Lady Clifford, who saw the action, "it is not the glitter of wordly prosperity that will bring peace to the poor, wounded, heart."

"No-no!" said the admiral. "I know it," said Captain Morton.

"You know it, sir?" "Oh, yes-yes! And if you, admiral, and you, madam, will bear with me a little time, I would fain ask your advice and your aid in a matter that lies very near to my

will be all attention. And it will only give us pleasure to aid you." In a faltering voice, Captain Morton

spoke: "Ten years ago my little daughter—then a mere child-sailed from America in the ship Sarah Ann. From that time until tonight I have not seen her."

"To-night, sir ?" "Yes, admiral. I will tell you all." Captain Morton then from first to last related to Admiral Sir Thomas Clifford what fragmentarily is already well known to the

reader regarding the Sarah Ann and the

fate of his child. Toward the end of his narrative Captain Morton was very much affected, and so seemed to be Sir Thomas Clifford, for he rose and paced the room with disordered either.'

And when Captain Morton had told all, down to the death of the smuggler and the bring her in. appearance of the young girl with the basket, whom he now believed veritably to be his long lost daughter, the admiral paused by his chair and in a voice of deep emotion he said:

"I, too-I, too, am a bereaved father." "You, sir?"

"I am-I am!"

The admiral sat down and rocked to and fro, and he covered his face with his hands. "My boy-my boy! My own boy! Oh, my poor boy !"

Lady Clifford trembled, but she did not weep-she did not speak. "I grieve much," said Captain Morton, "that in detailing my own griefs, I have

unwittingly touched a chord which vibrates with yours, sir, and yours, madam." "It is accidental," said Lady Clifford. "Quite-quite," said the admiral.

"Oh, say not so, sir! I will aid you to

"Still I am very sorry."

the uttermost of my power in this, and be assured that the young girl you have seen will soon be restored to you, for it is quite evident she cannot reside far from here. would to heaven we had as good a hope in regard to our own long lost son."

"Alas! alas!" sighed Lady Clifford. "And you have lost a son?" "Yes, Captain Morton—yes. Shall I tell the captain, my dear?"

"Yes. "It is now twelve years ago, sir, that our son—then about four years of age—was on the beach beneath the cliffs with his nurse, who no more than ourselves dreamed of danger to him, when a boat, manned by four word, seized upon the child and carried him

"Off to sea ?" "Yes. Our coast has such numerous indentations, headlands and bays that they were lost to sight in ten minutes, and when | bee is a kind of insect-cow, which browse the nurse recovered from the blow that had upon flowers and converts the nectar into been given her and from her fright, nothing honey by a process somewhat analogous to could be seen of the boat, the men, or the that by which the cow converts grass into child by her or by several other persons who, milk. A bee does no such thing. It simply

late to prevent the act." "It is very sad." "And now, sir, we have told you all." "And for all this time has there been no

news of your lost one ?"

" None-none !" "Be hopeful yet, admiral, and you, madam; for up to the time when this obscure "Ah! there is no such good fortune in

store for us." "Nay, do not say that. Who shall say it and with a knowledge sufficient to substantiate it ?".

"You are very kind, Captain Morton, to better of ever since, and he broke half a try to give us hope, and we would fain cherish it. I will, however, now go at once with you to one of our most active magistrates and see what can be done to help you in the recovery of your daughter."

"A thousand thanks, Sir Thomas Clif-

got the better of all such considerations. "There, that will do, Ben," said Sir | "Tell me, Sir Thomas," he said, "am I

"Not at all, sir-not at all. I would my-

"the night is still early, and if it were an and protector, she began to make excuses for hour later the gentleman I am about to take her. "I don't believe," she said, "that we give you to would think nothing of being dis- her enough to eat or she wouldn't have been turbed in such a case as this. Ben, get a driven to steal. I will see that, after this, lantern. I am going to Mr. Justice Hilton's. she has all she wants," and so pussy was fed

"Ay, ay, sir." the streets of the old town of Falmouth at | bits from her own plate. out at the first gust of wind.

way, during their dialogue-now spoke; easier in my mind since I have spoken to life was "Nellie loved her so."

such as I have never before experienced on | been too indolent to get up even that high.

"I am glad to hear that."

"Then I am more happy still." if I had a hope of looking in his face again." "It is a blessed hope.

"West by south," said Ben.

south. Here we are, at the gate." and again I assure you, that from him you a ring around lazy sleeping Winkle. And will receive every possible attention."

a gun in the offing echoed through the town. "Some arrival, Ben?" said the admiral. "Yes sir. There she is."

see, from the rising ground on which they stood, the schooner Spray, making her way toward the harbor. "Who is she, Ben?" "Why, admiral, that's the schooner that

has been sent out after the smuggler." "Ah! the Rift. Yes. I asked for a schooner to be commissioned to hunt down one of the most daring smugglers and-I think I "Pray speak, sir," said the admiral; "we may add-pirates that has ever infested our

coast. He calls his cutter the Rift." "I have met with her, I think, sir." " Indeed ?"

"Yes; some sixty or eighty miles across the channel, and I saw the schooner like-

Bang! went another gun. "There she comes, sir," said Ben, "with her best foot foremost; and, I should say, she has done her work." "Has she a prize with her?"

"No, sir. "Then the Rift has escaped." "Or else she has gone down-do you see, sir-for them pirates don't like being taken, and would rather go down in blue water provoking to have those rats making fun of than be hauled up to the yardarm any day, me and I so much bigger and stronger, and

know all about that in the morning, for whoever is in command of the schooner is to report to me."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Ben. brush with the rogues." " Indeed !"

"Lord bless you, sir, yes. I can see she has been hit and her foremast is spliced." my friend the magistrate."

ing sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# VARIETIES.

As soon as a horse becomes blind, its coat, it is said, changes its normal condition. is then smooth in the winter and rough in the summer.

between the ages of seventeen and twenty- and disappointment in her possession. It five is strictly forbidden by law; all vessels has kept her always interested in the joys leaving Hamburg are watched by the police and sorrows of children, and full of sympaon this account.

Lighting the Parsees' sacred fire is an expensive and elaborate process on the institution of a new temple. Sixteen different kinds of wood in a thousand and one pieces of fuel are required to obtain the sacred men, ran up to the shingle and, without a flame, which is afterwards fed with sandalwood, and the cost of the process averages two thousand five hundred pounds. There are still three large and thirty-three small fire-temples at Bombay.

People sometimes seem to imagine that a on hearing her cries, had flown to her aid too taps the flower, stores the nectar in its bag, and empties the unchanged nectar into the cells in the hive. Hence, if you feed bees on syrup, they will fill their cells with syrup. Syrup issyrup all the same, whether it passes through the body of the bee or not. Hence the importance of the flower-fields on which the bees are pastured.

"Sloyd" is a a Scandinavian word used six minutes. to designate a system of education which is becoming popular in Sweden and some other European countries, and which aims at establishing handicraft as one of the subjects generally taught in schools. The promoters of the Sloyd movement propose that all chil- ful mule in the agonies of death, he having dren in board-schools shall be instructed in overfed himself the night previous. such industries as modelling, wood-carving, joinery, locksmith's work, &c., so that they disgusted peasant. "All winter long you may acquire manual skill and taste for do nothing but feed and feed at my expense, domestic work, and be enabled to beautify and when suring comes, and it is time to do their homes at little expense. It would pre- a little plowing, you get out of it by giving pare the children of the lower classes for up the ghost." every kind of mechanical work, and form an The dying mule raised his head and said agreeable relaxation to the mental labor re- in a feeble weight It was now about half-past ten and Cap- quired of the young men at the universities. Since you are such an ass, you should all he said, was : that he was obeying or- tain Morton began to entertain a notion Germany, Sweden, and Denmark are the regard my death as a family bereavement." that he ought to say something which should | pioneers of this new branch of education. | after which his spirit took its flight.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

BY HANS GOEBEL. (Concluded.)

THE RAT'S REVEL When everyone was so turned against "Oh! it's quite right," said the admiral. Winkle and Nellie became her sole friend in season and out of season with everything Ben was soon ready with his lantern, for | Nellie could find, even securing the daintiest

that period were only lighted by a few very | After a while Winkle got so she did noprecarious oil lamps, which generally went thing but eat and sleep. There was no more chasing of birds over fences and up Ben went before to show the way, and as trees, no more running after dead leaves as Miss Clifford, with a great rustling of an the admiral and Captain Morton followed, they were blown along by the wind, no more frolicking with thistle down or snow flakes. "I don't know how it is, except that I And you would never have recognized the The other lady—who had only smiled suppose it is always a relief to tell the story | layful kitten of other days in this fat, lazy, once or twice, although in a faint sort of of our griefs to any one, but I am certainly half stupid cat, and the only excuse for her

Her favorite lounging place was in the barn on top of a box of bran close by the "Thank you. And what is more strange oat-bin, and the probabilities are that, but for prejudices; but she is one of the best-hearted is that a feeling of hope has come over me, her untimely end, she would soon have

> There were plenty of rats and mice to hunt out in farmer Clifford's barn, but Win-"My own idea of the fate of my poor boy kle had lost all inclination for that sort of asleep in her accustomed place on top of the bran, a large rat came cautiously out of the oat bin and looked up at her. But there "This way," said the admiral. "You was no need for caution. She was fast ascannot expect, Ben, that Captain Morton is | leep as usual. Then Mr. Rat turned around and said something into the oat-bin and out "All right, admiral; but it is west by wisked Mrs. Rat and a whole family of little Rats. Then Mr. Rat took his fiddle and "This is the magistrate's, my dear sir; Mrs. Rat and all the little ones formed they danced and capered about her to the It was at this moment that the report of music of the fiddle. Wilder and wilder grew their sport and then while they madly whirled around her they sang to a rollicking tune they had learned of some college students A brilliant blue light at sea now let them who visited there the year before,

> > Oh Winkle, Mistress Winkle dear, Your'e such a lazy cat, That you have quite forgottenow To catch a mouse or rat' Chorus—Ha, ha, ha

> > You are such a dreadful glutto That you have grown so fat, You are simply good for nothing, A stupid, lazy, cat. I would hide beneath a blanket,

> > > And cover up my head,

If I were so fat and lazy,

From being over-fed.

Chorus—Ha, ha, ha Here the chorus suddenly stopped, for Winkle having, for several seconds, been lying half awake, opened her eyes, and the rats, big and little, all scampered off home to the oat-bin. The last one had got safely away by the time she roused herself sufficiently to look after them. "Dear me," she said "how and I don't for one blame them for that belonging to so much nobler and more aristocratic a family. And to think that they all The Spray fired a third gun, and then the got off before I could catch one. Never white sail of a pilot boat was seen glimmer- mind, I'llpay them back, I'll watch for them." ing over the sea as it went to meet her to And she settled herself to watch. But habit was too strong and she was soon asleep "Well, well," said the admiral, "I shall again, and the rats came out and finished their laughing chorus and then ran home

as fast as before. This time she felt so insulted that she de-"She's had a cided to take up her quarters in the oat-bin so as to be near them and the more easily obtain her revenge. So she walked over to the oat bin and, the cover being open, went inside and lay down again to sleep. But "Then I hope for the best as regards that while she slept the treacherous oats began terror of the coast, the Rift; so, now for to move and Winkle sank down, down, down. At first the sensation was not un-It was a pretty sight to see the Spray pleasant and as she was so accustomed to beating up for Falmouth roadstead, with lie half awake with her eyes shut for a while the bright blue light glittering like a spirit | when roused from a pleasant nap, before she and casting its radiance upon every rope got ready to move or look around her for and every spar, and far out upon the heav- the disturbing influence, she was buried deep down in the oats and smothered to

The next morning, when Nellie went out to the barn to feed her charge as usual, she could find no trace of her. Winkle had mysteriously disappeared and though she searched everywhere she could think of, no

clew to her whereabouts was discovered. Nellie never forgot her first pussy-cat, and though she is an old woman now she still Emigration from Germany of young men | vividly remembers the pleasure and pain thy with them. And to-day, as the little people, who call her "grandma," cluster around herasking for a story, "a really story, about when you were a little girl, grandma,' she takes another Nellie in her lap and tells them about Winkle.

### Choosing Baby's Profession.

When Jimmy Silker got home from the store the other evening his wife met him at the door looking very much worried. "Jim, what do you think! Baby John

swallowed four pennies this afternoon and I couldn't find the doctor, and I'm so frightened I don't know what to do." "Well, brace up," said Jim, reassuring-

ly. "I'm kind of glad it happened." "Oh, you horrid thing ! Glad !" "Yes. You see I've been wondering for a long while what profession we would have

John go into when he grows up." "And did you just decide?" "Yes. I think he ought to be well adapted for the internal revenue service." She didn't forgive him for an hour and

# A Family Bereavement.

An industrious rustic went into his stable one spring morning and discovered his faith-

"Here's a state of things," exclaimed the

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