

THE WOLF IN THE HERD.

BY HJALMAR HSORTH BOYSEN,
IN N. Y. HERALD.

One day the watchers brought word that the herd was beginning to struggle, as there was a scarcity of moss. Elis gave the command to break up the camp and to move on his journey in upon the highlands. A party of twenty reindeer, with pulkhas attached, arranged in single file, each tied to the halter of the rear end of the pulkha of the preceding one. Elis had himself carried out and placed recumbent in the last pulkha, which was longer than the rest, while his mother bobbed after him with strange gestures, singing wild incantations.

It is regarded as an honor among the Lapps to sit in the first pulkha and drive the reindeer, and this honor had always belonged to Zilla. She was then seemed inclined, as usual, to assert her privilege, but when all the children and household goods were packed in the pulkhas she handed the reins to one of the reindeer, and in an instant, before any one had time to remonstrate, the reindeer flew away over the crust of the snow with a dizzying speed. Then she detached a great reindeer from another and smaller reindeer which she was ready to start, patted him on the neck, rubbed her own nose against his, spoke to him as she would to a child and called him by name. For this was her own reindeer, which had been given to her at her birth. Suddenly she made a sign to the Norseman, who was standing upon a pair of skis, leaning upon the skis staff. He sprang toward her, seated himself in the pulkha, drew her rein upon his lap and away they went like the wind.

It was a glorious day. A vast expanse of unbroken snow sparkled and glistened as the sun's rays reached it; keen white ridges undulated in soft lines with a pale lustre against the sun, and bluish shades in the shadows. The mountains rose, peak behind peak, against the horizon, shooting long beams in the sun and flashing the light upon their icy shields with dazzling radiance. The wind was scudding away upon the wings of the wind over this star spangled surface, with the cold air singing in your ears, and with a loving little maiden in your arms—was life, that was happiness.

The barrier of race, of which Ivar had, in spite of his gratitude, been painfully conscious, crumbled away, leaving but a man's part and a woman's heart beating against each other. He spoke loving words in Zilla's ears, and Zilla, half child as she was, felt a great tumult in her breast which made it almost impossible for her to sit still. If she did not know that a leap from the pulkha would have meant death she would have jumped out and shouted some merry ditty against the sky. She thought it quite sufficient to give any answer to his wooing, and his conqueror's ways, which took everything for granted, did not offend her. It was thus she wooed when the world was young, as young Lochinvar wooed fair Ellen Methgahy, and homage to the conqueror, whether he comes on horse-back or foot or upon a golden calf, lies yet deep in a woman's heart.

The reindeer bull interpreted Zilla's enigmatical shouts and her flinging the reindeer back as a sign of dissatisfaction with his performance. Her "Heigh up!" and "Heigh-ho!" and "Pull away!" were so many lashes of the whip upon his back, and he pulled away until the snow beneath his hoofs whizzed about their ears, and the star strewn mountain plain seemed an enormous sparkling river, rushing with a furious speed against them, while with their reindeer seemed the only stationary objects in a white universe that was motionlessly sweeping to perdition.

Life is beautiful! Life is glorious! Far below lies the world with its sordid cares; but here upon the white infinite plain, love is warm as the sun and pure as the air. Heigh-ho! Heigh up! Pull away! I love me, child, kiss me! Eternity is long to-day. To-day we live—live intensely—live rapturously—live a whole life in a moment of bliss!

CHAPTER VII.

It was the day after the pitching of the camp at the new camping place that Ivar stepped up before Elis, as he lay wrapped in skins at the fire, and asked his daughter to marry him. "My name is Ivar," he said, "and I am the oldest son of Even Trangerud."

"Even of Trangerud?" shrieked Elis, "wearing up, with wild, bloodshot eyes. 'Yes, even of Trangerud,'" said the youth calmly.

The Lapp gasped once or twice, but would not bring forth a sound. Then he fell back in a swoon before the fire.

It was intensely still in the tent. The dogs barked, the grandmother, weary from the journey, slept in her corner; only the fire crackled now and then and shot a spark out upon the earthen floor. Through the square hole in the top, through which the smoke curled upward, a piece of blue sky peeped down. Ivar stood with folded arms, looking upon the prostrate Lapp, whose legs were drawn up under him and whose face showed strange contortions passed. He remembered having heard in his childhood dark allusions to an aunt—his father's sister—who had been bewitched by a Lapp and had followed him through the wilderness until she became no better than a tramp.

He remembered also, as a dim tradition, of his father's warfare with this reindeer, whom he had shot at and would have killed if it were not for the fact that his sorcery made shot and bullet fall off him like water from a duck. Could it be possible that this was the same Elis, that wizard of a shudder ran through Ivar's frame. He was, like many of his race superstitious, and had no desire to venture a conflict with the powers of darkness. The dreadful old grandmother especially inspired him with awe and made him anxious to away as soon as possible from this nest of iniquity.

But Zilla? What was to become of Zilla? Her fair, blonde face appeared at that very moment, between the brown skin flaps of the tent, and it had never seemed to him love-attraction to her eyes and flushed her cheeks, clothed her, as it were, in a garb of maidenhood. A strong sense of awe came over her welled up in the young man's breast. The German beauty of her face burst upon him like a revelation. He had longed a moment since to get away, now he swore to be her companion and her

lover, and never to rest until he had rescued her from the degradation of her lot—from the dusky, soul imperilling heathen surroundings.

The low growl of the dog Tschismo, who showing his ugly set of teeth, was approaching the Norseman, warned Zilla that something was wrong. She started forward, a sudden fear dilating her eyes, but stopped, terror-stricken, at the sight of her father's motionless form. The question in her eyes was answered, however, before it was fairly made. With a sigh of relief, she shamed the dog into silence and with business-like despatch fetched a dipper with which she began to sprinkle Elis' waxen features.

Fifteen little sparks of flame rose from the smouldering fire and tinged with the semblance of a flush the yellow pallor of his face. As he began to show signs of returning consciousness she motioned Ivar away. He took his gun, which was leaning against the wall, and sauntered out. It occurred to him now, for the first time, that he might need its protection.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few days after this occurrence messengers were sent forth on a keek to invite befricened families from all over the mountains to a kind of religious ceremony. Ivar, who was strong enough to find his way unaided back to the valley, was yet lingering about the camping ground, though, at Zilla's advice, he had removed his quarters to the second tent, where the watchers slept. These were not servants, but dependents and relatives who owned no herds of their own. He was well aware that his presence at the religious festival would be felt as an intrusion, and might imperil his life. He could easily enough bribe one of the watchers to take him in a pulkha down to the inhabited districts, and he would perhaps have done so if Zilla had not appeared to divine this thought whenever it invaded his mind, and with her troubled eyes implored him not to leave her. Then the chivalrous feeling was again enkindled in his breast, and he felt courage to grapple with all the powers of darkness rather than leave the dear child who trusted in him in the lurch.

The day appointed for the meeting arrived about twenty people came on their keeks, foremost among whom was the great *noside*, or medicine man, Mathis Vuolab, and his son Rasmus, Zilla's wooer. After having partaken of food and drink they all seated themselves in a ring, the men inside and the women outside began a long, wailing and indescribably mournful incantation.

The ceremony was in the nature of an augury—a question addressed to the gods regarding the life or death of Elis. Mathis Vuolab, the soothsayer—a small, stout man, with black, bead-like eyes and a face full of low Mongolian cunning—seized with his left hand the handle of the magic drum, upon which was painted a number of rude figures. Then he fell down upon one knee and all the rest followed his example. With his right hand he placed a horn ring upon the image of the sun, in the centre of the drumhead, and with a small hammer of horn began gently to beat the drum. The ring then began to jump about, going from one figure to another, while the assembly, still wailing, intensely watched its movements. At last the ring remained stationary, near the rim, persistently jumping up and down upon the same spot. The song grew louder and more beseeching, but the ring would not stir. The figure over the realm of the dead. It meant that the dead were clamoring for Elis—that Elis was deathdoomed.

CHAPTER IX.

The next ceremony was an attempt to propitiate the dead, so as to induce them to grant Elis a longer life. The old grandmother offered to sacrifice a reindeer bull. The ring was again placed upon the image of the sun, but as soon as the incantation commenced, moved again to the realm of the dead. Then two reindeer bulls were offered with the same result, and at last a horse.

But the ghosts remained inexorable: Elis must die. It was then asked why Elis must be cut off in the bloom of his strength, while so many that were decrepit and useless were allowed to linger. This time the ring began to dance upon the image of the wolf, and thence moved to the sign of the reindeer herds. That meant that there was or was to be a wolf in Elis' herd. That seemed very mysterious. The dead were incensed because there was a wolf in Elis' herd.

The soothsayer pretended to be in great doubt as to the meaning of this oracle. He beat his breast, rolled his eyes and finally went into a trance. A great and solemn awe pervaded the assembly. The incantations lasted, becoming wilder and more frenzied, until all, with despairing shrieks, some foaming at the mouth, tore their clothes and flung their hands against the sky, beseeching the dead not to visit their wrath upon them. Then the soothsayer awoke from his trance. Elis was carried within the ring and placed in a sitting posture opposite to him. The ceremony had turned in his up to a high pitch of excitement. In his deep eyes smouldered a fierce fanaticism. "My soul visited the realm of the dead," began Mathis Vuolab in a sort of intoned recitative. "I saw the mighty shades of our fathers in the deep dwellings of the dead."

It was a long and terrible tale he sang but his audience followed it with agitated interest. Some fell into swoons, moaned and writhed; others beat their breasts, and interrupting the soothsayer with exclamations of terror and prayers for compassion. The import of the song was that Elis was overhauling a wolf at his hearth, and a more ferocious one than those which destroyed the herds and drank their blood. The ancestral ghosts were angry with Elis and would have his life unless his shame in having cherished the enemy of his race were wiped out with the enemy's blood.

In order not to obstruct his presence Ivar had taken his gun, before the ceremony commenced, and had borrowed a pair of skis from one of the watchers. At a distance of about a mile from the camp he shot a half a dozen ptarmigan, and by means of some twigs of dwarf birch which he dug up from under the snow managed to roast one

of them on an improvised spit. He had the camp in full view, and now and then a faint reverberation of a shriek or a wail was wafted toward him from the mountain peaks opposite.

Scattered in flocks of six or a dozen over the wide, snow-covered plain, the reindeer were digging up a snow with their horns and munching the scanty moss from the frozen ground. Round about, as far as the eye could reach, their branched antlers and stooping heads were tracing themselves against the white background, while the small, squat watchers, darting about on their skis, followed by their barking dogs, headed off those that were inclined to straggle.

It was a pretty and exhilarating sight: and yet a pang nestled at Ivar's heart as he watched it. It symbolized, somehow to him, the wild, nomadic strain in Zilla's blood which drew her away from him— which made her like some beautiful wild thing which you may cage for a while, perhaps, but never tame and domesticate. There she sat now and listened with devotion to the savage howls of her yellow kith and kin, howling perhaps, and tearing her hair like the rest. He owed her his life, to be sure; but how could he ever wed one in whose soul there was such a bit of primeval forest, housing mysterious beasts and poisonous things.

CHAPTER X.

The brief daylight had faded while he was indulging in these meditations. The stars burst forth, large, cold and lustrous, and a great pale red flame flashed across the sky from the north, flared up towards the zenith and again tremblingly faded. It was long since quiet about the tents, except for the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the watchers who were driving the herds home. Ivar, seeing that the guests had departed, put on his skis, tied the birds together by the legs and flung them across his shoulders. Great dark blue embankments of cloud were piling themselves up in the west, and gusts of wind careered across the plain.

The cold grew intense and a misty twilight came rolling down from the north. As the camp was blotted out from his sight Ivar marked carefully the sounds which yet showed him the direction he had to take. He had with his skis staff propelled himself forward for about fifteen minutes, when it seemed to him as if he heard a hushed voice calling his name. He stopped and listened.

"Ivar!" came an anxious whisper out of the mist.

"I am here," he answered.

Twice the call was repeated and twice answered. Then suddenly, like a pigeon pursued by a hawk, the form of Zilla flung itself at his feet panting and terror-stricken. He lifted her up with soothing words, and felt the agitated flutter of her heart against his breast.

"What have they done to my own little girl?" he asked, stroking her ash blonde hair. It never occurred to him that it might be himself who was in danger.

"Do not—do not—do not," implored Zilla, panting and sobbing; "they will—kill thee. Rasmus Vuolab has—made a vow—to kill thee. He is—lying in wait—for thee—now."

"Rasmus Vuolab," repeated the young man wonderingly. "What have I ever done to Rasmus Vuolab?"

"Thou dost not—understand. Thou canst never understand. But hurry away! Do not go back!"

"Dost thou suppose I am afraid of a yellow slant-eyed scoundrel like that?"

"Nay, hush! If thou dost not go he will pursue thee, he and his father. They have many men who obey them. Their bullets are made with magic song. They never miss. Lose no time. Farewell!"

She clung about his neck and kissed him, weeping.

"Farewell!" he cried. "And dost thou suppose I will leave thee alone in this murderous den?"

"I belong to my father. I cannot help it."

"Nay," he shouted imperiously, "thou belongest to me." And he told her in a few hurried words the story of her mother's life and their ties of kinship. She listened with upturned face and eyes that shone on him like dewy stars. The report of a shot, dull and unreasoning, broke through the fog. Then vague sounds of voices and the baying of hounds careered hither and thither through the darkness, now near, now far away; it seemed as times as if they came from above, tossing aimlessly to and fro, or falling down from the clouds.

He had dropped down upon one knee and held her in a tight, protecting embrace; while the misty tumult raged about them and charmed bullets whizzed above their heads and bored through the frozen snow. Suddenly he smelled powder; the voice came nearer and nearer; he sprang up with his finger on the trigger. The zest of battle was in his blood. But in an instant her hand was over the muzzle of his gun and he dared not shoot, for his fate was now her fate, and it seemed wanton to invite destruction.

At last, as the night grew denser, the noise ceased. Hand in hand they wandered about in the chilly mist, seeing the dim stars overhead, though themselves wrapped in gloom. The moon rose like a vague, luminous point over the mountain peaks, and drifted like a ghostly presence across the sky. Cautionally they groped their way westward, where lay the habitations of white men. Then a wind came and broke the fog into wreaths and islands that drifted along the mountain sides, and at length these caught the faint, pale flush of a shivering wintry dawn. It seemed a marvel that light should shine again upon the world. It seemed a marvel that a new day should break. But they thanked God for the darkness, for it was the darkness that had saved them.

Some three weeks later there was a great concourse of people at the church down in the valley. It was a maiden who was to be baptized, confirmed and married—all in one day. That maiden was Zilla.

[THE END.]

Extraordinary Advantage of a Coat.

Customer—"I tell you I don't want the coat. It's faded and the color don't suit me."

Owner—"It's faded and der color don't suit you. Vell take it for seven and a half!"

Customer—"Besides it is half worn out already."

Owner—"So much der better, me child. If der goat don't suit you id von't take so long to wear it out."

Recent Changes at Niagara Falls.

There have been recently two very heavy falls of rock at Niagara Falls. At first a mass of rock fell from the Horseshoe Falls and twenty-four hours later another mass was precipitated into the abyss below, with a noise so closely resembling that of an earthquake as to alarm the residents of the neighborhood. The result of the displacement is a change in the shape of the fall. Formerly the Canadian portion of the fall could be described as a horseshoe; but the breaking away of rocks in the centre some years ago made it V-shaped. Now that a further displacement has occurred, the fall has returned to its old condition. It is, of course, generally known that the falls of Niagara are gradually moving to the south. The deep cut through the solid rock marks the course they have taken in their backward movement. It is a wonderful excavation, a chasm dug out by the sheer force of water.

Not less astonishing has been the removal of the debris. The rock has been thoroughly pulverized, and has been the swept out of the river, to be distributed in Lake Ontario. Once it was thought that in the wearing away process the falls would reach Lake Erie, and there degenerate into a series of rapids. But the theory has been set aside by one which retains the cataract, although the latter will be the shadow of its present self, and much reduced in size. The latest idea is that the falls will recede two miles and then remain stationary, their height at that point being 80 feet, instead of 164, as at present. The proposition is supported by an argument which appears reasonable. The present site is a limestone formation, some 80 or 90 feet thick, with a shaly foundation. As the shale is washed away the limestone breaks off, and the falls take a step backward. But the end of the shaly deposit will be reached two miles from the present falls, and then the rushing water will have more than it can do to wash away the solid precipice over which it will be projected. "Iron" suggests that it would be a waste of time to attempt to estimate the number of centuries that will elapse before Niagara Falls will have found their permanent site.

Yankee Insignity.

The "Scientific American" showed, in a recent number, that many of the improved contrivances and processes in use by foreign armies and navies are American inventions. The French cannon, which are built on a plan described as the "interrupted screw," are of American invention; while the efficiency of Germany's Krupp gun is due to the "Bradwell plate," a Yankee contrivance. The "machine gun" is primarily an invention by Dr. Gatling, an American, "the French mitrailleuse is a modification of it so is the Nordenfled." The highest development of the machine gun is the Maxim, which fires 600 shots a minute, Maxim's "disappearing gun mechanism," Colt's revolver, the dynamite gun, the dynamite cruiser and the automobile torpedo are mentioned as American inventions.

A Clear Proof.

Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, on the occasion of a riot, attempted by a speech to quiet the people, when a random missile, hitting him on the head, felled him to the ground. He was badly hurt, and as his friends were carrying him into the house, his wife met him at the door, and exclaimed, "Why, my husband, they have knocked your brains out!" "No, they haven't," said the governor, with some asperity; "if I'd had any brains, I shouldn't have gone there."

The Climate is all Right.

Boston Man—"I thought this was a climate for lung and throat trouble."

Alkali Bill—"Arizona has the best climate in the world, stranger, for just such things as them."

Boston Man—"Yet my young friend Skinner died about a month ago with throat trouble didn't he?"

Alkali Bill—"Well, I reckon he did. But you see his throat trouble was kind of mixed up with the vigilance committee, and that's a sort of bad feature in the disease."

The Difference.

"Look here, waiter," said a gentleman in a restaurant the other day, "is there any difference in your roast lamb and roast mutton? I don't detect any." "Oh, yes," said the waiter; "you'll notice that yesterday, when you had roast lamb, I charged you eighteenpence. To-day, when you have roast mutton I only charge a shilling; there's the difference."

Well Designed Mouth.

Wife—"I know now why husband takes such a fancy to that young man. He has a mouth exactly like mine."

Aunt—"Well, Ella, I don't think your mouth very well designed for a man."

Wife (to whom marriage has not been a failure)—"Excuse me, aunt, but I think my mouth is well designed for a man."

He thought She was a Model.

A young man well known about town and quite a good fellow is laughed at by his friends for his absence of mind. Although not quite so bad as the young fellow who went out in the rain holding up a broom, his actions are very amusing at times. The other day he was walking down Lexington street and was swinging his cane in a brisk careless way. Looking up, this absent-minded young man saw what he thought was a lay figure dressed up standing in the doorway of a large dry goods store. Hardly conscious of what he was doing this young man hauled off and cracked this figure a good blow with his cane. To his horror the figure turned quickly, and a tall, good-looking woman stood confronting him. The young man knew then that it was no lay figure, but an indignant woman, who was before him. He snatched off his hat, and, "Oh, excuse me, madam, but I thought you were a model!" The woman was so indignant that she could not speak, but turned away without a word.—[Baltimore American.]

The new collapsible bonnet, made by London milliners, shuts up at a touch, and may be used as a fan, if need be. It is thought that it will be a great comfort to English women who come into town by train to go to the theatre, and perhaps these American men who are always growling about tall hats may find it worth while to buy one of the "collapsibles" for their wives.

Letting Him Know What Was in the Purse.

Charles Travers, of Boston, was once on a visit to Philadelphia and stopped at the Continental Hotel with some friends. When the waiter approached the party as soon as they had got seated at the table Travers pulled out a well-filled purse and said:

"Look he-he-here, d-do you know what th-th this is?"

"Oh, yes, sir; oh, yes," announced the delighted darkey, who anticipated having at least a dollar.

"Well," continued Travers, "if y-you attend to us w-well, y-you-you'll know wh-what's in it?"

The dinner progressed, and our friends received prompt attention from the obsequious waiter. Every delicacy was set before them, and every motion obeyed. Finally they came to "almonds and raisins," (as the bills say), and just as they were about to leave the stammering individual beckoned to the waiter, who, with expectant look, came up instantly. Slowly drawing out his purse, and holding it up as in the first instance, Travers observed—

"I told you th-th that if y-you w-w-waited on us well, you'd know wh-wh-what was in this pur-purse?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the waiter, with glistening optics.

"Well, th-th there's no-mo money in it!" continued the gentleman, with imperturbable gravity, putting the article back into his pocket, and rising up; "and as you've only d-d-done your du-du-duty, you don't w-w-want any of it!"

As the darkey stood with rolling eyes—the picture of African indignation—the gentleman walked off, and as they came into the hall our stammering friend remarked—

"That's th-th the w-w-way I come it over th-them, s-s-sometimes, j-j-just for a l-little joke!"

A Back Acting Annoyance.

"Say, Hannah," remarked Mr. Hught to his wife, as they came out of the opera house. "I'll tell you something if you'll promise not to be provoked."

"Well, what is it?" asked Mrs. Hught with a tone of resignation.

"You won't be angry?"

"No."

"Well, your bonnet was on awfully one-sided all the evening."

"Oh, I'm so glad you noticed it, dear, you are generally so unoberving. The fact is, Charley, that miserable bonnet won't go on any other way, and I'm wanting a new one so much! I hated to say anything to you about it, dear; but now you have discovered how horribly the bonnet looks, you'll give me \$15 to get a new one, won't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," and Mr. Hught almost wished he hadn't been so observing.

A Sad Fate.

Anxious Father—"I saw our darling daughter in the street to-day, and she looked very unhappy—miserable in fact; only married a month, tho'."

Sympathetic Mother—"Yes, I noticed the poor dear. I'm afraid her husband smores."

A Good Reason for Stopping a Newspaper.

I happened to be in the office of the Mercantile Review Live Stock Journal on Wednesday last in time to hear one of the best reasons ever given for stopping a newspaper.

A German boy entered, removed his hat, and asked:

"Is Mr. Vespider in?"

"He is," replied Charles H. Webster, looking up from a mass of tissue live stock reports which he was winnowing.

"Vell, Mister Bitters don't vant to take dot paper no more. He vos dedt last nids alretty."

The name of the late Mr. Bitters, a cattle dealer, was duly erased from the delivery sheet.

Murder That Would Out.

Bride (on wedding tour)—"Now, Albert, darling, don't act like a bridegroom when we arrive at the station. I cannot endure the idea of those obsequious porters who fasten upon newly married people as victims and demand twice as much for carrying a satchel as they would of any one else. You see my dress is very unbride-like, and I shall look quite cross at you as I leave the cab, for I am determined they shall not suspect us," and out she stepped, severely auster, to be confronted by a regiment of smirking porters. Of what avail were cross looks when a white satin slipper, thrown full of rice after the departing couple, caught and hung on the back of the cab?"

Undoubtedly.

First Gentleman—"I suppose your song at the Duchess L's last night was a great success?"

Second Gentleman (a conceited tenor)—"Oh, parais! Ven I strike ze high C you ought to haf seen ze old Duchess clap her hands to her ears to hold on ze beautiful sound."

Poor Guessing.

There is nothing, in an examination, like thinking before one guesses, if one is going to guess. In a school examination, for instance, the following question was put: "In which of his battles was King Gustavus Adolphus killed?"

A student very prudently set down this safe reply. "I think it was in his last."

This student at least had his wit about him more completely than did the stupid person who is said to have asked Sidney Smith this question, at a dinner-table: "Aw, Mr. Smith! Do you know in which of his journeys around the world Captain Cook was killed—his first, or his last?"

Sidney Smith looked up quickly.

"I believe it was on his first voyage," said he; "but he doesn't seem to have minded it much, for he immediately set out on his second!"

She was Awaiting.

"Husband in?" asked the gas rate collector, cheerfully. "No," answered the woman, "he isn't at home."

"Excuse him soon!" asked the collector. "Well," the woman replied, thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly; I've been looking for him seventeen years, and he hasn't turned up yet. You travel about a good deal, and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband, tell him I'm still awaiting and send him along."

Advertisement for OBA (Ontario Building Association) and other services, including stock and bond information, and a list of agents.

Advertisement for bicycles, including "Cure Fits" and "Life" brands, and a list of agents.

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