"Yes," answered the girl. "But I am her, perhaps, if Heaven had but been not sorry I came, Clifford, for you have thus merciful to her. She lay there, still removed such a heavy pain from my

And she added after a moment's pause: "No matter what is said after this, I shall not believe it, for, my love, to doubt you would be death."

What an earnest little thing you are, anyway!" he cried. "Why, I thought you the kind of a girl who would make a delightful comedy of love, and lo! you are trying to make a tragedy of it.' "It is because I love you with all my heart, Clifford," she answered. "My grandfather always said of me, looking at me with an expression which puzzled me exceedingly: 'I dread almost to think of the time when your heart shall awaken to the dreams of love, my lass; for if your choice should fall on any one save good, honest Joe. I fear it might go hard with you.' And when I would ask why, be would answer, slowly and thought fully: With your race, true love was never known to run smooth. I shall say no more now, but perhaps I may at

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some future time." "He was simply trying to work upon your fears, Norine. You must not believe such nonsense as this old superannuated grandfather seems determined to put into your pretty little head. Hark! What noise was that?" he exclaimed, pausing abruptly and listening intently. CHAPTER XXVII.

"What sound is that?" repeated Clif-

ford Carlisle, stopping short.
"I hear nothing. What was the sound like?" queried Norine.

"Like stealthy footsteps," he responded. "I could almost swear that someone was following us. Do the Indians ever come to the village?" he asked, sud-

denly.
"No," responded Norine. "The treaty they have with the Government provides that they shall never set foot in Hadley. That was because they laid the place in ashes on two different occa-

"Norine, there is some one following us," whispered Carlisle, in great trepidation. "And as I have no relish for an encounter with one of those fellows. I propose that we take to our heels and make a run of it toward the village. You will have to be fleet of foot to

keep up with me,"
"I—I cannot run. I get short of breath so quickly," faltered Norine, pantingly, clinging in great affright to his arm.

"Nonsense!" he cried, sharply. "You must run if you want to keep up with me, I say. I don't like the sound of those stealthily approaching footsteps." Ere Norine could reply, a burly figure sprang directly in the path in front of recognized as belonging to the half-breed an atrocious proposition. who had recently been turned out of "So, so, my pretty pair. A nice find I've made this time, to be sure! A pair

of lovers! Ha, ha, ha!" "Go quietly along, my good fellow, and I will see that you have enough to get yourself a glass of something good

and hot and strong at the village tavern," said Clifford Carlisle in a voice which certainly betokened fear, despite his attempt to speak carelessly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the fellow, coarsely.

"That's good! Sorry I can't accept your wonderful generosity. The

fact is, I must have all the cash that you have about you, and after you have complied with that consideration, why, then I'll tell you what else I want of

"For shame!" cried Norine, turning indignantly upon the fellow. "I know you, and I shall lose no time in reporting this disgraceful conduct to my grandfather, Daniel Gordon, and he will take means to punish you severely, as you deserve."

"Oh, ho! So your companion is little Norine, the little beauty of Hadley village, eh?" he cried, with a brutal laugh, turning to Clifford Carlisle. "Well, this is luck. Now, look here," he added, "Turn over what money you have about you, and leave the little beauty with me peaceably, and you can go on your way unmolested. If you try to resist, I'll have your scalp dangling at my belt inside of a minute. I've sworn that the little beauty of Hadley village shall be mine ay, the bride of Jack, the half-No one living shall thwart me in my desire."

upon Norine can better be imagined than more glorious revenge. Let those who described. With an awful cry of terror. she threw herself into Clifford Carlisle's

She tried to frame the words: "Save -anve me!" but no sound issued from her white lips; her limbs refused to bear the weight of her body, slight as it was, and she slipped to Clifford Carlisle's CHAPTER XXVIII. feet all in a heap.

"She has swooned!" exclaimed the half-breed, with a muttered curse. "So much the better!" retorted Carlisle, "for now we can talk unrestrain-

edly. Both Carlisle and the half-bred had

as death, in the snow, listening to every word that fell from their lips, unable to utter the slightest sound.

Even as she was gathering her scattered senses together, Clifford Carlisle was saying, in a voice which betrayed great perturbation:

"There! now you have every red cent that I have about me, I assure you; now let me go, will you?"

"You can go as quickly as you like after you have given me one little bit of further information. I must know in what portion of the village the people keep their firearms. I might as well inform you that our people intend making a raid upon Hadley within twentyfour hours. After that time, not a roof will be left standing in the place."

A cry of dismay broke from Clifford Carlisle's lips. He was an arrant coward, and he stood in mortal terror

a threatened massacre by the furious Pawnees. "Hear me out," exclaimed the halfbreed, "and if you are willing to fall in

with my plan, you will have nothing to fear, for your life will be saved by my "Name the conditions!" cried Carlisle, hoarsely. "I have no relish for being massacred out here in this hea-

thenish wild west." "We need a leader who knows thoroughly the ways of the white men in battle-one who knows where their stronghold is, and will guide us to it.

Do you understand?" "You ask me to give my own race into your hands—to aid you in assassinsting them?" muttered Carlisle, ponder-

"Yes; and you are the very man whom we expected to find to do this for

us," replied the half-breed, coolly. "Do you want to know why?" "Yes," assented Carlisle, the fear still

in his voice. "Because we have seen you accomplish one or two daring hold-ups on the mountain road. Do not attempt to deny it, stranger, for we are sure of our ground. We followed you to your home -the big stone house that is down the road. We admire your daring, and the Pawnees want you. Will you come to us as I have described, or will you be massacred along with the rest? Make your choice here and now. Shall we add your scalp to the rest, or will you save yourself?"

dured as she listened to this blood-The horrible agony that Norine encurdling proposition was intense. Of course, her noble lover would spurn the offer with righteous indignation. doubt he would fell the daring halfbreed with his strong right arm, making them, and a voice, which she instantly his very life pay the penalty of such

A moment that seemed the length of the express office, exclaimed, gruffly: eternity passed ere Clifford Carlisle spoke.

"I will give you just one moment think it over," said the half-breed.
"I have thought it over, and, on the condition that you will not attempt to hinder me from getting out of this accursed country when this affair is over, I accept your terms," replied Clifford

Carlisle, hoarsely. Her lover's treacherous words was the last sound that Norine heard. The world seemed to suddenly close in

around her, and she knew no more. To save himself from the murderous half-breed, he had turned away, cowardly, and excusing his horrible act with the words: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," turned and fled rapidly back to Barrison Hall, after the arrangements had been satisfactorily concluded with the half-breed.

Chowsky, the halfbreed, did not waste time considering his next step, but stooping, quickly gathered the frail figure of Norine in his stalwart arms, and turned his face in the direction of the steep, rugged mountain.

"At last I shall have my glorious revenge upon the express agent for turning me out of a job," he soliloquized. "Joe Brainard loves the beautiful Norine, and I shall make her my bride before his very eyes. I told my people to watch him carefully, to see that he did not make away with himself, for my vengeance was not yet complete. Before twenty-four hours have elapsed, the town of Hadley will be lying in ashes, the express agent will be put to death, and the bonny, pale-faced maid-The effect of these horrible words en will be all my own. Ay, it will be a incur the hatred of the Pawnees be-

ware!" With these words, the half-breed commenced his ascent up the steep, perilous mountain incline with his hapless

Gloating fiendishly over the glorious revenge which he intended to take upon Joe Brainard, the captive express agent, Chowsky, the half-breed, climbed rapidly up the steep, slippery mountain road with his still unconscious burden.

"I swore to him the time would come made a fatal mistake. Norine had not when he would bitterly rue making an swooned. It would have been better for enemy of me, and that hour is near at

CORNS CURED tain road beyond, and seems to be possible of the mad the first to plunge over the procipies which it between here and the main road. He is safe nough with his head turned the east way."

Upon hearing this, the mad hope that had sprung at in liquide's heart died

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS **CORN EXTRACTOR**

hand. I will strike his heart through the paleface maiden whom he loves so dearly. What greater revenge than that she should be forced to become Chowsky's bride before his very eyes. Ah, what grander revenge than that!"

The half-breed disliked the girl almost as much as he did the express agent, for the reason that her grandfather had once offered him an affront and as it is the Indian nature to never forget an injury, either fancied or real, he had always thought of it whenever

he beheld the beautiful Norine. The old grandfather's heart would be pierced by her abduction and her fate with one stone.

Just as he had traversed three-fourths of the distance, he noticed that the girl was beginning to show signs of returning consciousness. He felt a trifle annoyed over this, for he had hoped her lethargy would last until he reached the Indian settlement, for the reason that she was less trouble to him in this way.

He knew she was high-spirited, and vould offer great resistance. Not that her puny strength would amount to anything in his herculean grasp she was like a fluttering butterfly in the power of a forest lion—an infant in a giant's

By this time he had reached the edge of the forest, some five or six miles distant from the encampment, and he concluded that he might as well rest there for a few moments.

Slight as Norine was, she was no light burden, even to his muscular arms. There was little or no snow under the heavy growth of trees, and beneath these he placed her, flinging himself down to rest at some little distante from her.

At that moment Norine opened her eyes, gazing for an instant in dazed wonder about her, but it was only for the space of a brief instant. In the next, the wildest, bitterest cry that ever rang out from human lips echoed through the dim torest.

"Oh, I remember all! In my deadly peril, he deserted me he fled, leaving me in your savage power!" screamed Norin, in the wildest of affirght, attempting to leap to her feet and spring past her captor. "You can cry out as much as you

like, for there is no one on this old mountain to hear or heed you." claimed the half-breed, sneeringly; "but if you are wise, you will save your "Why have you brought me here?"

queried Norine, in an agony of entrety; what have I ever done to you or yours that you should abduct me -take me away from those who love me, and whom I love?" For an instant the savage was silent

Then, turning upon her fiercely, he cried, in hoarse, gutteral accents: "Through you I shall have a glorious

revenge upon those I hate, girl!' "Take me back to my grandfather, and for a rainy day as the price of my release," she moaned, wringing her little

The half-breed laughed, mockingly. "Chowsky can do better than thatrevenge is sweeter than gold to the heart of an Indian," he replied, taking a step nearer her, as he added, slowly and deliberately: "Let me tell you why I

have brought you here. It is to make you Chowsky's bride." "Oh, no, no, no, shrieked Norine, wildly; "better death than that; kill me first; torture me as you will—as you have tortured others of my race, at the stake—but do not attempt to make me A TERRIBLE SUFFERER marry you. Do you hear what I say? I

would throw myself headlong over the precipice first." "The lovely, paleface maiden speaks bravely, but she is like the bird that beats against its iron cage; you cannot change the fate that I have marked out for you, do what you will."

"Would it do any good to kneel and pray to you?" sobbed the girl, wildly. "Has not God implanted pity even in

the savage bosom?" "Nothing stands between an Indian and his revenge," he answered, stolidly. I have said that you shall be Chowsky's bride, and nothing will change that fixed

purpose." As these words fell upon Norine's ear, her mortal terror can better be imagined than described. Oh, the horror of itthe awful horror of it! She tried to cry out to heaven to save her from the fearful fate that awaited her, a fate a thousand times more horrible than

moan on her ashen lips. She did not cry out to the traitorous lover who had deserted her in her hour of need, but in that moment she thought of Joe-faithful Joe-who had always stood between her and harm, and in the anguish of her soul she exclaimed now: "Joe! oh, Joe-save me-save me!"

"He whom you call upon is powerless to come to your aid," cried the halfbreed, sneeringly. "He is— What sound is that?" he exclaimed, without stopping to finish the sentence, and as he uttered the words he threw himself quickly upon the ground, with his practised ear bent close to it.

"Help is at hand! Oh, thank Godthank God!" screamed Norine, almost beside herself with joy.

"You are wrong," replied the halfbreed, briefly; "it is an animal—it

sounds like one of our ponies they often stray away." He had scarcely uttered the words ere the animal gave a loud neigh, his quick ear detecting the sound of voices, and

galloped toward Chowsky. "Why, it is the horse of our chief!" he exclaimed, recognizing the animal at once. "I am surprised that I find him here; he has never been known to wander away before in this manner. But there is a piece of luck in it, after all,"

encampment." Norine looked at the animal, a wild thought surging through her brain the while. Instead of the little pony taking her to the Indian village, why could he

not take her to Hadley?
Chowsky seemed to interpret her thoughts, for he said, in the next breath: "The animal has never been beyond this ing her to sell it to the soap man.spot; he has a great terror of the moun- The Gateway.

his head turned the care way."

Upon hearing this, the mad hope that had sprung up in Morine's heart died away as suddenly again.

As the reader has probably imagined, the springly was the same little steed.

the animal was the same little steed whom Joe, our hero, had been so unfor-

tunate as to lose.

He had escaped the approaching sav ages by dropping flat upon his face among the deep shadows of the low shrubs, and was still lying thus, waiting for them to proceed to a distance that would make it safe to risk their hearing his footsteps, when he should push onward. He had shown his wisdom and knowledge of the redskins in this, for those who knew the crafty Pawnees knew it was their habit to pause and bend their ear to the ground every few rods to detect any strange sound behind, as well as before them. While he thus lay waiting patiently

quite as much as the younger man and for them to cover a little more distance, it would be virtually killing two birds he had caught, with dismay, the sound of other footsteps. Again he drew back into the dense shadow until they should pass, when, to his intense surprise, they stopped short, and he beheld in the dark. shadowy, uncertain light, th enot-to-bemistaken form of Chowsky, the halfbreed, approaching, carrying what appeared to be a heavy burden.

Who shall attempt to describe his emotions when he discerned that the helpless burden he carried was Norine?

It was all he could do to keep from houting out to her that aid was at hand -that he was near her in her hour of peril-and that he would save her or die in the attempt; that the fiend incarnate who was terrorizing her so should never take her alive to the Indian encampment. It goaded him almost to madness to

realize that Norine was suffering, for every sob that fell from her lips was Scientist's Dictionary of "Words" keener than a dagger's thrust to his own faithful heart. He had felt terribly weak a moment

since, but now that Norine was in danger, he felt the strength of a lion within him to battle for her-ay! he would have fought his way, inch by inch, through seas of blood to have served her. The girl whom he loved better than

life itself was in grave peril. Was not that enough to lend mighty strength to his weakened arms and cause the blood to bound with a new zest through his veins?

He forgot how weak he was from his recent illness, forgot how weak from not tasting food, and his long tramp through the forest after the steen had gotten away from him—he forgot everything to save her whom he loved as men seldom live in this world.

He was so near Norine that he could almost have reached forth his hand and touched her where she crouched in mortal terror under the trees.

But such an action, he knew, would he madness. He could not even turn his revolver upon the dastardly half-breed for Norine was between them-the bullet would strike her first.

How was he to rescue her? He realized that he must hit upon some plan without loss of time, for the half-breed was likely to declare his intention of pushing on at any instant.

There was another danger in using firearms—the forest might in alive with Pawnees, who would close in upon them. A thousand plans swept with the ra pidity of lightning through his fertile brain, only to be rejected as impracticable. He realized, too, that in the desperate Chowsky he had a foeman worthy of his stee!, and if he were to save his darling Norine, he must proceed with

the utmost caution. At that moment, as though to solve the problem which meant life or death, he heard, as did Chowsky, the neigh of the approaching pony, and like a flash a desperate resolve came to him. (To be continued.)

FOR THREE YEARS

But Health Was Completely Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Extreme anguish; pains in the ioints that all but drive one crazythus may inflammatory rheumatism be described. The victims are to be pitied-to them life is one long torture; they suffer by day and cannot sleep by night. Such was the condition of Miss Alida Mercier, of Ottawa, Ont. For three years she was a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism. Durnig that time I consulted and was treated by some of the best doctors in our city, but I found no relief in their treatment. I began to despair of ever being well again, when one day a friend advised death, but the sound died away in a me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 1 procured three boxes, and by the time these were used there was enough improvement in my condition to encourage me to continue to encourage me to continue their use. Three more boxes completely cured me and today I am as well as ever I was. I always keep a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house and would recommend all who suffer as ! did to give them a trial." It was the new blood that Dr. Wil-

liams' Pink Pills actually made that restored Miss Mercier to health and strength. There is no medicine to used for heating bath water and are equal them in making new blood and in seldom more than 3 to 3 ft. 6 in. high. this way they cure anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, indigestion, nauralgia, St. Vitus dance and many other troubles. Sold by all dealers in medicine or direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2,50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOPE.

(Washington Star.) "All is over between us," said the emotional youth. "She despises me."

"Has she sent back your letters?" "Yes." "Then cheer up. If she really despised he added. "He shall carry you to the you she would hold on to your letters to be read in court or used for the amuse-

ment of her friends." Green-My wife sent \$2 in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat. Brown -And did she get the desired information? Green-Well, she got a reply tell-

It Weakens the Mind

Fear of Disease Not Only Causes Nervous Prestration, But Often Insanity.

An experienced teached in one of our

class. Teaching seven years, however, patient then men they certainly don't imposed great strain upon my nerves, and I found it easy to apply to various organs many of the symptoms caused they want they expect to get their party by thin blood and weak nerves. If my instanter, or quicker, and if they don't heart palpitated quickly I imagined I they immediately become catty about had heart disease. If a cold got hold of it. me, I saw the horrors of consumption. Finally my mind dwelt so much on the horrible prospect of some dreadful disease, I worried myself into a state of complete collapse. I am now, thanks to the great rebuilding power of 'Ferrozone,' perfectly well. There wasn't very her the number she asked for, but the much the matter with me, but nerve and blood debility, so when Ferrozone had "I don't believe anything of the and had renewed my blood, I was on the high road to recovery. The mistake was I am going to be treated this way. in not using Ferrozone when I first felt poorly. To-day I am one of the most bute solely to the regular use of Ferro-

If you're weak, pale, nervous-if you're thin-tire out easily-lack spirit feel depressed and out of sorts these are the surest signs you need Ferrozone. Try it-it will win you back to health quickly: 50e a box, six boxes for \$2.50, all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

TALKATIVE ANIMALS.

They Use, and Meanings.

After many years' close study, Dr. Anton Langfeldt of Zell, Hammersbach, Germany, has just published a wonderful book on the minds of animals as compared with the mind of man.

In connection with this book Dr. Langfeldt has compiled a dictionary of animal language, in which the noises or words of twelve well-known animals and birds are classified according to their meaning.

By casually glancing at the dictionary one learns that when a sparrow cries 'Yip, yep, yep!" or a horse whinnies, 'Himmham hanhan!" they are both expressing a sense of joy or gratification of desire. Two animals, the hare and the deer.

have only one word or sound, according to Dr. Langfeldt. When in pain the hare squeaks "Eee!" while a hungry deer cries "Hoear!"

The bear and the cow have no word expressive of joy. The tortoise emits a low, coughing sound when in pain or

Dr. Langfeldt, in another chapter, compares puppies and babbies. He is very matter-of-fact. "There are some points of similarity between the babe and the puppy, especially in the voice. "The loud cry of the baby who wants

food is not unlike that of the puppy under the same condition, and the tones of satisfaction are somewhat alike."

latter. Do animals and birds communicate

their desires or fears to each other by means of these sounds or words? Dr. Langfeldt has gone deeply into the question, and, in many cases, has

answered the question in the affirma-Bears, dogs and apes are notable instances of this. Even fish have apparently some means of communication. "It has been noticed that when a fish has been hooked and escaped it ap-

proaches the other fish and seems to tell them of danger, after which all avoid the spot where the hook dangles,"
says Dr. Langfeldt.—From the London

Things You Did Not Know. Damp is very injurious to pianos. It is a mistake to clean them with a

Foreign bodies in the eye should never be removed with a pin. Loosen all clothing about the neck, remove artificial teeth, and keep patient amused till the doctor arrives.

Trousers will last nearly as long again if worn only half the time. To tell if a poker is really red-hot, breathe on it and apply it to the back of the hand.

Freckles can be removed with file, but it is a tedious process. Earwigs will not attack dahlias if you smother them in tar-either

communication with the party he'd been To avoid a pimple while shaving, cover it with luminous paint, and shave in the dark with a safety razor. the man called me up. There is no law in this country against dropping a penny stamp into a soothed tone, "scuse me for my little pillar-box, unattached to a letter or oth-

not even waken a sleeping elephant. A he hung up before I had a chance to kick from an elephant, on the other reply. hand, would probably injure a sleeping

mouse for life. Geysers are met with in Iceland. where some of them threw up foun- quite frequently do that."-New York tains of steam and hot water 200 feet higs. In England they are mostly

Punch. Amelie de l'Enclos, we are informed, "reaches what is described as the 'four-lined C,' note which, it is claimed, has never before been reached by a sing-

Hint for the lady's advt. manager: She was the first That ever burst In the "four lined C."

-Punch. Out of the Hopper.

You can't tell the amount of gas in a poem by the meter. It's a joy ride for some people when

the conductor overlooks their fare. Some women's complexions are so clear we can see through them. It must be trying for amiable people

to live on a cross street. We may look down on the microbe, but it often gets into good society. No. Henry, the asbestos curtain in a theatre is not to protect the villain from the burning indignation of the audience.

-Boston Transcript.

WOMAN AT THE TELEPHONE

Shows Less Patience Than Man cording to "Central."

"Yes, I know they say that won have more patience than men, but that's largest school says the teaching of physical school creates hundreds of marked a telephone girl on day duty at "I was vastly interested at school in physiology, and it was, I think, my best class. Tagghing and it was, I think my best show it when they use the telep

"When some women give the numb

"What is the matter, anyhow?" a woman asked me over her wire only this morning just about eight seconds after she's given me the number she wanted.

soother and strengthened my nerves, sort!' she shouted into her phone. Give me the manager this instant! I'll see if "Of course I gave her the manage

and she told him a long story about how vigorous and robust looking young women in the school. My health I attriis on the list of terrors—we call them terrors when we want to be real polite and terriers when we don't have to be so polite—and so the manager after asking me about the case let it go.

"I should say that at least ten mome ask to be put in communication with the exchange manager to every man that does that. If they don't actually demand to be connected with the manager they almost invariably threaten it.

"Only about one woman in twenty ever believe an exchange girl when she's told that the wire of the party they want is busy. Then people who don't reply promptly to their phone calls cause us a lot of trouble. The women who call such parties up simply won't believe that we've summoned their party at all, and of course the parties they've called when they do reply and are asked about it invariably say that they've answered the call the instant they received it. Then of course it is up to the exchange girl.

"The most nonsensical accusation however, that women are forever making against exchange girls is that the girls are eavesdropping on their phone conversations. Such a thing of course is perfectly impossible, for the very simple reason that a girl working at a board hasn't one instant of time to do anything like that. "'Give me the manager,' a woman said

to me over the phone a while ago, before she had asked for the number. "'Do you wish to make a complaint?" I asked her.

"I wish,' she replied, in a very severe tone, 'to have a very private conversation with my lawyer, and I want to talk with the manager first to ascertain if he will assure me that my conversation will not be listened to."

"Quite a number of women, by the way, acquire what they think is a neat way of many things hard for an exchange girl for whom they have a rod in pickle Other points of the doctor's summing on account of imaginary wrongs. They up between the baby and the puppy ap- call up the manager every time they want to use the phone. for their number at all, but simply say, as soon as they take off the receiver, 'Give me the manager.' They get the manager, and then ask for the number. "Did you have difficulty in getting this number?' the manager of course

> asks them. "Not this particular number," they reply, but I find that I can't get any decent service at all unless I get it from the manager,' and then, of course, the manager looks into the reason why.

"He quickly discovers that the wome who make it a practice to cal for the manager every time they want a number belong to the terror or terrier species, and so the plan of the women to get the exchange girl on their wire 'in bad' doesn't often work out. "I'd rather deal with a dozen cranky

men over the phone than with one peevish, unreasonable woman. The men may be cranky, you see, but they are not often unreasonable. A man will believe an exchange girl, but a woman won't. "'Gosh whizz,' a man said to me a

while ago after I'd tried for fifteen min-

utes to get him a party on an always busy wire, 'what's coming off anyhow? Is my man talking to Teddy in Africa, or what the dickens is it?" "I told him that his party had been busy every instant of the time since he'd made the call. He grumbled a bit and hung up the receiver. Presently the wire of the party he wanted was

free and I called him up and put him in

waiting for. After he'd finished his talk "'Say, sister,' he said to me in peeve a while ago. You were kee-rect. The wire of the man I wanted has been A kick from a mouse would probably busy, as you said, all the time,' and then

> Would a woman have made the amende that way? Well, I think not! I never knew one to, although men

The average yearly slaughter of foxes in Germany is about 20,000.

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