

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE "POWERS" MUST NOT BE BULLIES.

EUROPE has to remember, in attempting to reconcile national ambitions with principles of international morality, that she not only has the Americans, but Asia, as interested spectators. Events in Japan, China, India, Persia and Turkey have within five years put quite another aspect on European military and diplomatic policies as they affect the interests of Asiatic peoples. Europe's justice or injustice at this time toward Turkey, reborn and tingling with national ambition, will be watched with a scrutiny that Bismarck and Disraeli did not have to bear in mind. The power that stands for the justest treatment of Turkey will strengthen its moral and political reputation throughout all Asia. The power that is shown to be least concerned with natural Asiatic self-respect and with legitimate Asiatic national aspirations will suffer correspondingly.—Boston Herald.

TAX THE CATS.

IT is really difficult to understand why the cats have escaped their share of public responsibility. Few thinkers will dispute the statement that such animals are entirely too numerous. The well-fed, well-groomed cat, that sits at home and struts its knitting by the family hearth, is not a menace to the public welfare, but who will defend the sagged-eyed tomcat with the tragic voice that sings wild dirges at dreary midnight's cheerless hour? And his name is legion.

One cat of that description is a greater nuisance than a dozen dogs. And it may also be said of the cat that it is a born thief and porch climber; and it is also a vehicle for disease germs, and many other things which are unpleasant. If cats were taxed, the useful ones would survive, and the masterless ones would have to die the death; and there are few who will argue that such a consummation is not devoutly to be wished for.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

STOP THE FOREST DESTRUCTION.

THE destruction of the American forests goes on despite the combined efforts of the nation and State to conserve this source of wealth.

Civilization, instead of being the handmaid, is the foe of the densely wooded tracts. The ax of the woodsman is bad enough in the felling of trees; when fire is added it is infinitely worse.

When the untamed Indian roamed at will the forests were undisturbed. The floods which prove so costly to life and property in our day were unknown when the red man held sway. The trees held back the rain and rivers and creeks were never out of their banks for the time passed over the ground gradually on its way to the sea.

But with civilization came dangers. The locomotive



TO FILL ICE-CREAM CONES.

The ice cream cone has come to stay. This is attested to not only by the fact that the juvenile public indulges in many millions of them a summer, but in the invention of a device by which the receptacles in which the ice cream is placed may be filled with rapidity and precision. The Minneapolis man who was the first to see the value of such an invention will probably reap a rich harvest. The device consists of a two-part conical receptacle pivotedly supported on a handle which swings over these parts away from each other, the lower ends becoming the cone and the upper ends becoming the bowl. This is dipped into a can of cream and closed, cutting out a cone the exact size and shape of the cone to be filled. It is then placed thus depositing the cream. The work is done much more rapidly and with more cleanliness than in the old way. Ice cream for soda water can also be handled with the device.

Handy Device for Grocer.

The grocerman has always been troubled with the problem of how to conveniently reach articles stored on the upper shelves. Naturally he places the most frequently called for goods in easy reach on the lower shelves; the balance must go on the upper shelves.

Much time is lost in using the cumbersome ladder, while the adjustable ladders operating on tramwheels are too expensive for the purpose. A device such as is here shown—a handy arrangement for lifting down cans, books or other articles from overhead shelves.

It consists of a long light tongs provided with means for grasping cans, books or other packages. Naturally the tongs are held open by a spring between the handles, but by pressing the latter together the tongs are forced against the article to be moved.

The firmer the grip on the handle, the more tightly will the article be held by the tongs. The tongs extend from both sections of the handle, one being longer than the other to accommodate packages of different sizes.

Aid to the Carpenter.

To be proficient in his trade every carpenter, in addition to his regular knowledge, must also be a good blower. A good pair of lungs is essential in order that the sawdust following in the wake of a saw can be blown off the board at regular intervals. A Kan- sawer came to the conclusion that the sawdust blowing could be done automatically, saving considerable time and strength. He accordingly devised the attachment for saws shown in the accompanying illustration. It is attached to the saw close to the handle. When the saw has finished the down stroke the end of the blower—in the form of a piston—comes in contact with the board that is being sawed. Air is generated and blown on to the board, dispelling the sawdust ly-

was sent through the forest to haul out the heavy timber. The white man began to cut down the trees until it became a mania. And to accelerate this denuding the sparks from the locomotive, after a drought, set fire to the forests. Between these destructive agencies the trees disappeared by the millions and untold wealth was sacrificed. It is estimated that where one tree has served the uses of the human family a dozen were prostrated by fire.

All over the country forest fires are now raging. A good part of the heavily-forested Adirondacks is being laid waste. Michigan has a harrowing story to tell of the ravages of the fiery monster inclosed in its forests. A dozen States report great losses by this visitation.

Now, the remedy is not hard to find to prevent these widespread disasters. Locomotives burning oil do not emit sparks, as the combustion is complete. Let the States which suffer from this source insist upon the railroad companies burning oil on the engines which run to, alongside of or into the forests. This done, we will hear no more of the ravages of the fiery fiend in our woodland areas.—Utica Globe.

MINISTERS MUST LIVE.

EN should enter the ministry for the good they can do. On this point will agree the whole body of Americans who wish well for their church. Those who are equal to the task of spiritual leadership will think rather of the souls they can save than the money they may hoard, the high ecclesiastical office they may attain, the splendid cathedral over which they may exercise dominion. It is the one calling, the ministry, which men cannot enter legitimately for material gain.

But this surely is not all. Nothing in this requires that a man gently bred, married to a woman likewise acculturated to the creature comforts of our time, shall rack his soul to provide his family with the very necessities of existence. Yet what else can be expected even of spiritual helpers—when the average income is not higher than \$500 a year?—Washington (D. C.) Times.

FORESTRY A WORLD AFFAIR.

THE grave consequences of reckless tree felling are so widely and deplorably felt that the subject is likely to become a matter of international consultation and deliberation.

The terrible devastating fires on the North American continent this year are recognized as a matter of deep concern elsewhere. A congress of the powers to devise means of combined action to prevent further denudation and to provide for the reforestation of waste lands might lead the way to most beneficial co-operative effort. To conserve the wood supply of the world, to raise to a higher level the standard of human life, and to restore arid and waste lands to conditions of use and fertility, are aims to which the statesmanship of the nations may be most wisely directed.—Philadelphia Record.

LONDON AS A POSTMAN.

He was carrying letters when his first story was accepted.

When all the belated dispatches he had been carrying for Jack London, novelist, about the uncharted seas in his yacht Shark have been collected there will be ample material for another autobiography or a magazine article from the pen of the author of "The Call of the Wild." Yet there are a few items concerning London's youth which the author and his friends have overlooked in the past.

For instance, it has never been told that when London had his first piece of fiction accepted he was a postman. Just about the time that his check arrived from a well-known short-story magazine of the new-street type, published in Boston, London's name was posted in the postoffice at Oakland, Cal., in the list of those who had successfully passed the civil service examination for the position of carrier.

His rank was higher than that of any of the other ten or a dozen successful applicants. London carried the mail pouch for a short time only, and then suddenly began to find himself famous because of the rogue of his first Alaskan stories and he gave up his job with the postoffice.

When London came back from his cruise on a sealing schooner to enter the Oakland high school he was a shoe-horned, unkempt, and shaggy 21, who always wore a blue sweater and who rode to school on a dilapidated bicycle. Because of his age he appeared to the other students there as a man full grown, who was hardly to be approached on the footing of comradeship.

It was not until he began to write little monologues in tramp dialect for the school paper that London attracted attention. Some of the things he wrote for that school paper he could sell under his name to-day, for they were far and away above the caliber of the school paper story.

The awe in which the students held the husky young man increased one day when after he had been attending school for about a year he was arrested for addressing an outdoor Socialist meeting in Oakland's City Hall park without police permission. That capped the student wonder and he was generally considered either a genius or a "bug."

First Silver Wedding.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hiram Capet. The servants, says Home Chat, belonging to him had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman, and what could be so a reward. Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than the man's, whose service is great too, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. And you are a wife and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," and the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty.

This soon became known all over France and raised a fashion after every twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

Paid in Advance.

"Why don't you applaud like everybody else does?" asked Mrs. Oodles, as the lecturer made a telling point.

"I paid for my ticket when I came in here, didn't I?" asked old Oodles in return. "I don't owe him nothing, do I?"—Somerville Journal.

THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT.

I have written them, keen and sarcastic, and long. With righteousness and intent, Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too strong! And some, alas, some of them went!

I have written them, challenging, eager to fight, All hot with merited ire; And some of them I have kept over night And mailed, the next day—in the fire.

Ah, blessed the letters that happily go On errands of kindness, And but much of my peace and my fortune I owe To the letters I never have sent.

—Christian Endeavor World.

In the Days of the Press Gang

In the bell-chamber of Keldon parish church Kit Cowley lay in hiding. A press gang, under Lieut. Fairbrother, had been scouring all that part of the country for nearly a week and the capture of a young fellow like Kit, who had just returned from a brief sojourn in the church and knew every nook and cranny of it, would have improved the quality of a rather lullaby list of pressed men. But Kit had seen enough of the sea, though he was a stout enough fellow in his way. At any rate he had no liking for the press and at the first rumor of the press gang's appearance he had sought a hiding place. His aged father was the sexton of the church and knew every nook and cranny of it. There was no better hiding place, if only Kit could be smuggled into it without the suspicions of a few long-tongued busybodies being roused. So Kit shouldered his stick and his bundle, made an affectionate goodbye to the old folks and trudged off in the direction of the nearest seaboard. But at dead of night he crept stealthily back to the old church, clambered in at a little vestry window carelessly unfastened and took up his residence for a time among the great bells in that chamber of the winds.

He had been there several days and no one had any suspicion of the fact. The old folks had little difficulty in bringing him his food, and he had no need to drink and they told him the news of the little town and the country side—dull, personal, commonplace gossip mostly for a man who had seen something of the world, and had run the gamut of storm and sword. The last incident which had excited the good people of Keldon was the mysterious disappearance of young Hawkesbury, the only child of Sir Godfrey Hawkesbury of Hawkesbury Park. He was a rather small and delicate lad, about 13 or 14 years of age and chiefly remark-

able for the fact that an attack of paralysis, when he was a child, had slightly distorted his features and deprived him of his powers of speech. On this account his father was extraordinarily solicitous of his welfare, and this anxiety was to a certain extent shared by all those who came in touch with the Hawkesbury family. There was, therefore, widespread alarm and anxiety at the disappearance of the unfortunate youth.

But Kit Cowley up in the belfry was out of this little world, and though he knew the dumb young squire well enough, the incident was not very important. It was of more moment to him just then that the ringers would be in the loft that evening and for an hour or more the belfry would be a veritable pandemonium of clang and clatter.

Fortunately for him there was a means of mitigating the annoyance to some extent. The bell chamber was the uppermost part of the church tower and was in fact a somewhat smaller steeper rising from the center of the stouter part of the tower below. These gave him a narrow stone platform round the outside of the bell chamber, and this was protected by a rather deep embattled parapet. Kit Cowley had several times broken the monotony of his close confinement by creeping out upon the platform and scanning the wide landscape beyond the tower bell.

In an instant Kit was kneeling on his chest, and gripping at his throat. By one strenuous effort he got the squire's left arm doubled across his chest and under his own knee and both his hands were free to pin the villain's neck against the floor.

A movement of the highwayman's leg brought Kit's foot against the rim of the bell. Tightening his grip he felt with his foot for the swinging tongue of the bell and gave it a vigorous kick. The bell uttered two sonorous notes, which sounded singularly weird to Kit. As the sounds died away, he heard cries of excitement and alarm in the street below and presently the creaking of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber or the creaking of the bell chain or the rattle of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's convulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throbbing with the pulsations of his blood. Not a word he heard footsteps on the steps