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SOMETIME.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.

A day's journey was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet nearly.

A cubit is twenty-two inches nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighth inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.32.

A talent of gold was $13,800.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An epha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

☞ A young widow of my acquaintance at the burial was emphatic on the horrible figure that the loveliest woman must cut while bathing. I remarked that the Queen of Love and Beauty was fabled to have sprung from the foam of the sea, and that she must have been charming.

"Oh, yes; but she had nothing on. I should look charming——" Here her speech came to a sudden halt, and observing some blooming all over her face, I said:

"I have no doubt of it;" and walked away.

☞ "That's carrying the thing altogether too far, you know," as the man said when he got out the one at the Centennial and found his trunk had gone on to Pittsburgh.

The Outside Passenger.

BY E. W.

Paul Raymond, a young lawyer, was engaged to Jane Martin, and his sleep was troubled by a dream about his idol.

He dreamt they were in a dark wood of close-grouped funeral trees—Jane was struggling in the ever tightening folds of a huge boa-constrictor with a human face, like that of Lindley Gray, a discarded lover of Jane's; while he, striving vainly to cry out, or hasten to her assistance, seemed paralyzed in every limb, helpless and motionless as a marble statue!

He awoke, bathed in a cold perspiration, with a painful sense of the vividness and reality of the horrible vision which had oppressed his dream.

Surely some harm had happened to Janie; surely some dark peril hung threateningly over her future!

It was some time before reason and common sense came to his aid sufficiently to enable him to laugh at these unreal chimeras: yet he hardly felt safe the next day, until he had called at Janie Martin's abode on his way to his office, learning from the servants that "Miss Martin was quite well!"

"I—I think I will see her for a minute if she can receive me," he said.

The servant came back presently—"Would Mr. Raymond walk up to Miss Martin's sitting-room?"

We should here observe that Janie was governess in a family of distinction, the principal members of which were at this moment out of town.

Janie was hurridly packing things in her trunk, in the midst of a chaos of feminine belongings.

"Janie, surely you are not going away?"

"I must Paul. I have just received a telegram from my step-mother, who is very ill, and wants me to come to her at once. I must travel night and day, or it may be too late!"

"Let me see the telegram."

Janie gave him the slip of paper, and he read:—

"Your step-mother is very ill—not expected to live. Come at once.

A. MONTAGUE."

"And who is this A. Montague?"

"I do not know: the doctor, I suppose."

Paul turned the paper over and over in his hands.

'Janie,' he said, 'are you not acting a little rashly? Wait until you hear more definite tidings!'

'Until my step-mother is dead? Oh, Paul, she was so kind to me when poor papa was taken away, and the little children will need my care sorely!'

'But Jane—'

'There is no use in wasting words, Paul—I must go by the noon train.'

'Where is it?'

'In Darnelldale, twelve miles from Courtfield. I go as far as Courtfield by train, and there I will take the stage-coach.'

'When will you reach there?' he then asked.

'At midnight, if we meet with no delays.'

'Janie,' said Paul Raymond, determinedly, 'I shall go with you.'

'Indeed, you shall not, Paul!' said the little damsel, resolutely, and flushing up to the roots of her hair. 'I will go alone!'

'I do not think it is safe, Janie.'

'What nonsense, Paul!' she cried, laughing.

'But listen to me my dearest;' and urged by some strong, irresistible power, Paul told Janie the story of his dream.

And she then laughed more merrily than ever.

'Now I am *determined* you shall not accompany me, Paul. A *man* to allow a foolish dream to influence his conduct! Never!

'Janie!' he said, almost sternly.

'If you do not abandon the subject once for all,' she said, resolutely, 'I shall consider it as a sign and a token that you desire our engagement to be at an end,' she said.

'But you will let me—'

She put her hand playfully, yet imperatively, over his lips.

'What did I tell you? Come—your business awaits you, and I am in a desperate hurry to get all these things packed up.'

'I am to consider myself dismissed, then?' he said, half laughing, half vexed.

Janie jumped up, ran to him, and gave him a coaxing little kiss as he stood on the threshold.

'I shall write to you the moment I get there—and we shall be separated but a brief time, after all.'

'I may see you off at the station?' he said.

'Not even that.'

Janie was beginning to be annoyed again.

'Let me have my own way for once; it is a woman's privilege—until she is married, at least.'

Paul Raymond was disquieted still.

The dream haunted him every hour, it would neither be laid nor exorcised, let him strive as he would.

'If I were inclined to be a superstitious man,' said Paul Raymond, 'I should believe this to be a warning—I should regard myself as mad if I gave no heed to it!'

It was a brilliant starlight night, when the train from [illegible] stopped at the little station of Courtfield, and Paul Raymond, all [illegible] got out to see the coach [illegible] for Darnelldale.

The coach was ready, and the horses were impatiently champing their bits, when Paul Raymond, who had been looking anxiously about him, saw a female figure, closely veiled, and wearing a dark cloak, hurrying across the platform.

'Janie, by all that is wonderful!' he cried.

'Paul!' she exclaimed, in surprise, not unmingled with displeasure, 'what does this mean?'

'Only that I am your companion on the journey,' he said, gaily.

'But I do not wish it,' she said, pettishly.

'Then you should not have left me behind,' he said, laughing.

'Only two besides the outside passenger,' muttered the driver, discontentedly, as he slammed to the door and mounted to his place behind the horses, where a tall, dark figure already sat. 'I ain't goin' to make my fortin' on the Barnelldale rode, that's clear.'

Janie Martin glanced curiously towards the other passenger,—a masculine-looking old woman, in a beaver bonnet, a green veil, and a huge, old-fashioned cloak with double capes, who sat nodding with both her elbows on the lid of the square wicker basket she carried in her lap.

Janie felt strangely lonely, even the companionship of the uncouth old creature, she fancied, would be better than utter isolation, so she timidly attempted to begin an acquaintance.

'It is very cold to-night,' she remarked in a conciliatory tone, 'for the month of May.'

'Eh?' demanded the old woman, putting her hand inquiringly behind her ear.

'A cold night?' cried Janie, at the top of her voice.

'Eh?'

It was plain that the old woman would not be much company for Janie, and she abandoned her social essays in despair.

'Still, a deaf old woman was better than nobody at all.

Janie felt that, all alone in the coach, she should have been very lonely, in spite of the nervous thrill she experienced once or twice, when, happening to look up, as the coach rattled throught the gas-lighted suburbs of Courtfield, she caught the quick vigilance of the old woman's furtive, sideways glance, instantly withdrawn.

Paul's dream, laugh at and forgotten at the time, came back to her now with strange distinctness, oddly blended with unpleasant recollections of her discarded lover, Lindley Gray.

'I am a goose,' mentally protested Janie, 'and I'll go to sleep.'

But she could not sleep. Onward rolled the lumbering coach, past the suburbs beyond the few scattering habitations that clung to the outskirts of the little town, into the open country woods, where the solitary farm-houses that they occasionally passed were already closed and darkened for the night. valleys, where the moaning sound of lovely streams kept up their monotone, past them all the stage-coach lumbered and jolted, until suddenly they plunged into the dark recesses of a wood, where the tall trees seemed almost to arch the interlacing boughs over the narrow road.

Janie gave a quick start: it was the very wood that Paul had described to her so vividly outlined in his dream.

'Nonsense!' she murmured; 'it is a mere coincidence; but I wish we were safely out of this dismal place. We have outlived the age of highway robbers and midnight brigands; yet—'

The coach came suddenly to a stand-still. With a sick sensation of terror, Janie leaned out of the window.

Through the frosty freshness of the night air came perceptibly to her senses that peculiar odor of chloroform. The coachman had fallen from his box, and lay like one dead by the roadside, the reins trailing beneath the heels of the docile horses, while the outside passenger had descended, and hurrying round to the coach door, flung it open with a hoarse, exultant sound, like a laugh.—The lantern that he carried displayed his evil, triumphant face—in fact, he made no attempt to hide it any longer.

'Lindley Grey!' shrieked Janie, recoiling to the further end of the vehicle.

'Yes, Lindley Grey!' he answered, jeeringly; 'don't you fancy me for a traveling companion, my haughty, spirited young lady? It's my turn to dictate terms now, you are in my power at last. Out with you, old lady.'

The old woman, tottering to her feet, hesitated at instant on the step of the coach. The next instant, a blow, sharp and sudden, descended directly between Lindley Gray's eyes, and he fell like a log in the road. The huge cloak fell off; the square wicker basket rattled on the ground.

'Here, coachman, up with you!' cried a clear, manly voice to the bewildered John, who was just raising himself on one elbow, and staring vaguely round like one wakened from a deep slumber: 'help me to tie this rascal heel and foot. He won't get up again in a hurry, unless my right hand has forgotten its cunning; but it's just as well to make sure of the villain.'

'Where am I? What has happened?' cried the coachman.

'You've been drugged with chloroform you'er all right now. Come, up with you, I say, and bear a hand here!'

'What are you going to do with him?' demanded the coachman, as he obeyed, not without difficulty.

'Leave him here by the roadside; he won't take cold, I'll venture to say.—There, he's safe enough now. Jump on your box, and drive on!'

'But your honor, where' the old woman? She hain't gone off on a broom-stick? And where did you drop from?' asked the astonished driver.

The tall stranger laughed—

'Is that the old woman?'

[illegible] stood the box, unquestionably [illegible] for she [illegible] in a clear, ringing voice:

'Janie, my precious one, don't cry—I'm all right, and [illegible] Lindley Gray's power.'

THE UNNATURAL CHILD.

A little boy about five years of age was a guest, with his mother, at the house of a gentleman of intellectual culture and highly polished manners. It was prophesied of the child that he would make a brilliant man. He was a marvel of precocity; but the faults in his character were but too manifest. He was selfish, and evidently in filial love and reverence.

The gentleman had observed these characteristics, and, in order to teach him a lesson, he one day, at the table, related to him some facts in regard to the natural history of the stork. He told him that the young birdlings were taught by the parent birds to seek the water; and that when they grew strong, and the parent bird became, from advancing age, too weak to fly to any distant point, one of the young would take the parent upon its back, and fly as far as it was able.—Then another of the family group would receive it; and so on, dividing the effort among them all, until they reached the water and refreshed themselves, thus performing for the parent that which the parent had done for them in infancy.

To the surprise of all present, the boy—so young as not to be able to pronounce words perfectly—flushed with anger.—His eye dilated, and he evidently applied the story to himself, as if quite conscious of his selfishness and want of filial reverence.

'Well,' he said, 'if you think that I am going to take my papa and mamma on my back, to carry them, you are mistaken.'

"What!" said the gentleman, in astonishment. "Suppose that your mother could not reach the water, and would die for the want of it, what would you then do?"

"I would let her die," said the boy.

The mother laughed at this answer of her son, and regarded it as a specimen of his quickness and precocity; but there were those at the table who did not smile—who felt that the future of the boy could easily be forseen, and that the mother's heart would one day bleed over those qualities which now, in the bud, excited her merriment.

And so it proved. The boy grew to manhood. The germs of selfishness, vice and wickedness inherent in his nature matured with his years, and expanded to the full flower. The parent's hearts were broken and bleeding at every pore; and now he sleeps in "a drunkard's grave."

Little ones who read this story, remember that the love of earthly parents and the love of God are closely intertwined. That the one rarely exists without the other. If you love not the parents whom you have seen, how can you love whom you have not seen?"

Cultivate filial affection. God gave you your parents—gave them the love they bear to you. In your helpless infancy they watched over and guarded you, fed and nourished you. In the still night-watches, when fever flushed the cheek and the little limbs tossed restlessly, they kept over you their sleepless, anxious watch until the morning's dawn. They knew no weariness till health came back to the little sufferer; and then on bended knees they thanked God for the restoration.

All that they endured for you, you can never know, unless the future should reveal it in your own experience. Only be sure of this, that you can never do too much for them, and that, next to God, your parents have the strongest claim upon your love and reverence; and remember that one of the commandments given upon Mount Sinai was this—'Honor thy father and thy mother.'—*N. Y. Observer.*

JUST ALIKE.—Many of our readers may not be aware of the fact that the nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are exactly alike, except that one is divided into thirty-seven verses while the other contains thirty-eight—the language in each being the same although worded a little different in some verses. Get your Bibles and compare the two chapters.

TIMES is a man in Nevada to-day who has attended church for seventeen years without getting a single dollar from the pastor, to whom he has paid out every cent he received.

A SIGNIFICANT POLITICAL STRAW.

Philadelphia Chronicle.

This morning, as the western express was nearing Philadelphia, a long-nosed man undertook to ascertain the political proclivities of the passengers. Armed with paper and pencil, his first onslaught was directed at the smoking car. Here the vote stood six for Hayes, six for Tilden and twenty-two for "None of your damn business." Slightly discouraged, he tackled the next car. Eight men voted for 'Dry up,' two for 'Go bag your head,' an old lady threatened to call the conductor when he spoke to her, and a cross-eyed individual recorded for Ben. Butler. The vote still stood six for Hayes and six for Tilden. In the third car, the first one he addressed was an old gentleman muffled up in a shawl:

'Hayes or Tilden?'

'Eh?'

'Hayes or Tilden?'

'Speak a little louder, please, I'm awful hard of hearing.'

'Hayes or Tilden?' again shouted long nose, growing purple in the face.

'What's hay a ton?'

'No, no; Hayes or Tilden. How do you vote?' roared long-nose.

'What's hay a ton? Got an overcoat?'

That vote was not recorded, and long-nose passed to the next seat. Here a gentleman snapped out 'Hayes,' and an intoxicated individual, who was interviewing a black bottle, growled 'Whiskey, by thunder.' As the next gentleman recorded for Tilden an old lady who was seated by his side rose up as if in horror, and grasping the arm of the collector of straws, she excitedly exclaimed:

'Mister, if that man wants that horrid Tilton for President, I want you to know that I'm bilin' hot for Beecher.'

The vote for Beecher was duly recorded. The next man addressed was a woman. She was dressed in gray hair and a pair of gold spectacles, and in a sharp tone announced her candidate as Victoria Woodhull. Then three giggling girls avowed their preference for any good-looking young man, and things went along swimmingly in this car, everybody recording their votes, although neither Hayes nor Tilden appeared to be the popular candidate. As the conductor was passing through he recorded in favor of Tom Scott, and sent long-nose out on the platform to interview a couple of brakemen.

'Are you for Hayes?' he mildly inquired.

They looked at each other a moment, exchanged winks, and then one solemnly said:

'Who's Hayes?'

'Oh, I see you are for Tilden,' laughed long-nose.

'Who's Tilden?' solemnly asked the other.

'Come, come, boys; you know who they are. Who do you vote for?'

'Which one sets out a free lunch,' was the solemn reply.

'Free lunch!' exclaimed long-nose.—'Why, neither of them. They are running for President, you know.'

'Running for President,' said both, in chorus,

'Yes.'

'Well, don't stop 'em. Let 'em run,' they both mournfully uttered.

Then long-nose lost his temper, and slamming his pencil and paper into his pocket he angrily exclaimed—

'I might have known you fools of boys couldn't vote.'

Then those wicked brakemen arose in their might, twisting their horny hands in long-nose's collar, jammed him against the door, knocked a set of false teeth down his throat, and when they had grown tired of lamming him, his face resembled the rough side of a hash house beefsteak. Then, seizing him by the heels, they dragged him into the baggage car, tossed him into the corner, and, after emptying a bucket of cold water over his face to assuage his thirst for political information, they left him to ponder on the ingratitude of republics.

GOT 'EM.

The proprietor of a Front street saloon had a fine live turtle, which he was going to have made into soup for his guests. It was under the ice-box, waiting for his time to come. On Wednesday night Mr. Turtle meandered out into the bar-room, and waddled along up to where two soakers were sitting by a table taking in sustenance of a liquid nature. The turtle quietly passed under the table, and found an obstruction in the shape of a schooner made of leather, with a man's foot in the hold.' The turtle hadn't time to go around the foot, so he started to climb over it. The man who owned the foot felt something, and looked down. The turtle saw him and looked up with an appealing look. The man [illegible] and said, to [illegible] take me home to my wife, I'm a doctor. I've got 'em!"

MARRIED POLITENESS.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

And the husband answered:

"Yes, my dear," with pleasure.

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. Thought we: How pleasant that courteous reply! How gratifying it must be to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of the acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger whom they have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed or listened to with ill-concealed impatience. O how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request—

"Oh! don't bother me," cries her gracious lord and master. Does she ask for necessary funds for Susy's shoes or Tommy's hat—

"Seems to me you're always wanting money!" is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite, it is ordered, not requested:

"Look here, I want you to do so and so—just see that it's done;" and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish for every casual acquaintance he may chance to recognize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness and coarseness our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." "I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his lips, when by any little accident he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best. Why should he hesitate to show it? not in sickly, maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure, and honoring her in public as well as in private. He knows her worth. And why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he praised her," saith holy writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as an opportunity occurs, in a manly way, of her virtues.

Though words seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it, they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother! Why should he thank her? Father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness to any one and every one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead, the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

THE BIG CABBAGE.

Two men, Joseph and Andrew, stood leaning over a garden gate near by a village.

'Look at those heads of cabbage,' said Joseph. 'Their size is something quite beyond common. I don't know that I have ever seen any so large.'

'Oh,' replied Andrew, who was a boaster, 'they are not worth talking about! In the course of my travels, I once saw a cabbage as big as the parson's house yonder.'

Joseph, who was a smith by trade, replied:

'That is saying a great deal; but once I worked at a big pot which was at least as large as the church.'

'What is that you say?' cried Andrew. 'Can you tell me, now, what they meant to do with a pot of so huge size?'

'They wanted to boil your cabbage in it,' replied Joseph.

Andrew on this became a little confused, and after a minute he said: 'I see what you would be at, Joseph. I confess I was bragging; and I think I had better take your hint to keep within the bounds of truth.'

THE hottest [illegible] per. He [illegible] There [illegible] he [illegible]

HOW LARGE.

Carleton's Record of the year gives this popular lesson in geography:

Greece is about the size of Vermont.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester.

Great Britain is about two-thirds the size of Hindostan, one-twelfth of China, and one twenty fifth of the United States.

The Gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the Sea of Kamschatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk or Japan Sea; Lake Ontario would go in each of them more than fifty times.

The following bodies of water are about the same size: German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea; Hudson Bay is rather larger. The Baltic, Adriatic, Persian Gulf, and Ægean Sea half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

☞ A California correspondent of the New York Times says: "I have a celestial, rejoicing in the soubriquet of Sam or Ah Sam (the Ah being equivalent to our Mr.) This Sam, having abjured "tan" and saved his money, some few months since sent $200 to his mother in China, with an order for a first-class wife, and was in due time in receipt of the property. Sam brought her to the office one day and introduced me. It was evident that Sam's mother had shipped him a $100 wife and pocketed the difference, for she is as ugly as sin and devoid of the coveted diminutive feet. I asked Sam how he liked his purchase. Sam shook his head and remarked:

"Too muchee foot; too muchee money damn ugly."

I should not be surprised if Sam should realize on his property some day. I consoled Sam by suggesting that she might be made a good cook. Sam looked skeptical and said:

"Woman no make good cook; no lasey work; talkee too much; all time dam noise."

I would remark that Sam having been here for seven years, has acquired some civilized ideas, and is given, like his white examplers, to garnishing his remarks with "strange oaths."

☞ A man came to the Duke of Wellington with a patented article.

"What have you to offer?"

"A bullet-proof jacket, your grace."

"Put it on."

The inventor obeyed. The Duke rang a bell. An aid-de-camp presented himself.

"Tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load with ball cartridge!"

The inventor disappeared forthwith, and no money was wanted on that invention.

THE IRISHMAN'S CAT.—A poor Irishman applied to one of the overseers of the poor for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper subject for parochial aid, he enforced his suit with much [illegible]

"Och, yer honor," [illegible] I'd been starved long [illegible] me cat."

"But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator.

"Me eat," rejoined the Irishman.

"Your eat! how so?"

"Sure, yer honor, I could [illegible] times for six pence a time, and she was always home before I could [illegible] myself."

☞ A lively pupil at a [illegible] asked the preceptress [illegible] to drive with a gentleman.

"You have [illegible] of the institution," [illegible] "is to your father?"

"No."

"Is he [illegible]

"No."

"Are you [illegible]

"No, [illegible] I got both."

[illegible]

☞ [illegible] is a companion like a good [illegible] you can [illegible] when the [illegible] for a leather [illegible] with one [illegible] at breakfast.

"Well, I'm eating as fast as I can, ain't I?"

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