

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

You will find no end of curious things written about the marriage proposals, says a writer in *Democrat's Monthly*, if you search for that purpose. For instance, that eccentric classical character who goes into the kitchen of a neighbor some morning, and, finding the object of his regard at the washtub, proposes bluntly then and there. Instead of emptying its contents upon him, she as bluntly accepts his proposal. There is the bashful suppliant, who turns down some leaf about a passage—usually a sacred one—which tells his story for him, and the answer is returned in similar fashion. There is the proposal at a ball or dinner by a slip of paper sent across the room or table, and there is the one in which the reply is asked in the form of some specified and understood signal. In some book that I have read, an English gentleman who had several eligible daughters wondered, after waiting some years for some such event, why no one of them, not even the prettiest, got a proposal. When he investigated the matter thoroughly he found that the failure arose from an architectural blunder. The rooms of his house were so connected together by a series of open doors and spacious mirrors that the question could not be put without exposing it to almost as much publicity as if it would obtain on a public thoroughfare.

It is quite common for very young ladies to say that their first serious interest in any young gentleman is aroused by his previous interest in them—confessing, in other words, that they have no original feeling in the matter. They would not, probably, like to say, what amounts to about the same thing, that one gentleman is as likable or as agreeable to them as another, though they must constantly act as if it were so, until some particular gentleman breaks the spell and gives them permission to say otherwise. But, what if the righteous one should never break the spell, as often happens? Or what, if neither the right nor the wrong one does, and no opportunity ever comes? As the system is now arranged this is not at all a rare circumstance, nor is the lady less worthy, necessarily, than her differently favored sisters. She may even be more worthy, but may have lived more quietly, or may be deficient simply in that peculiar art of fascinating, which even silence cannot prevent from being powerful.

One of the worst features of this unmitigated silence, which is imposed upon one sex alone, is the insincerity and hypocrisy which it not only inculcates, but places a premium upon. Nothing irritates a woman so much as to have any ground given for a suggestion that she has gone a step out of her way to secure a gentleman's interest or attention. She would rather be won by a peasant than move the least bit aggressively to win a prince. Her natural feelings are smothered and suppressed and she accepts the artifice which she must put on, as if it were both reasonable and natural.

A CONGRESS OF FAT MEN.

There are a number of very fat people at Bunnell's Museum, Broadway and Ninth streets. They are competing for prizes to be given to the heaviest weight. It is in fact a congress of obesity. Among those who have entered their avoirdupois are Recinnie Porter, of Camden, Ind., who makes the scales balance at 550 pounds, fifteen of which are credited to his feet; Richard James, of Wayne county, O., who refuses to tell how much he weighs, and who has consequently set visitors guessing; Francis Williams, also of Ohio, who appears to be broader than he is long, and Samuel M. Bishop, of Petersburg, Va., who is only seventeen years of age, but who looks as if he had been living on the fat of the land since before the war. There are four fat women also on exhibition. It was estimated by a man who won the prize at a recent hog-guessing at Bunnell's, that the combined weight of the tons of humanity on exhibition is 4876 pounds. As there are ten contestants the average for each one is fixed at about 487. Mr. George Starr, the manager of the Museum, was astonished when he received the following dispatch from Easton, Pa.: "Mr. Edward Rudd has left here for your Museum. We had to put him in a freight car. He weighs 552 pounds, 6 ounces and 4 pennyweights. He did not have his winter clothes on when this exact weight was taken. He can eat a dozen quails a day for six months. If you cannot get him in through the front door, hoist him up to the second floor the same as you would a safe. Easton takes great pride in its champion fat man. His feet are each eighteen inches in length. Two of them make a yard. You had better make a contract to have him fed for a week."

A Michigan man has just been released after serving twenty-nine years' imprisonment for a murder which he never committed. As he has served the penalty for murder, it seems that he has fairly earned the right to kill some one, and to us it would seem that his only hope of getting even rests on his "removing" either the judge or the principal witness for the prosecution.—[S. F. Exchange.]

The value of the berry crop of New Jersey probably exceeds \$2,000,000 annually, including the cranberry crop, which, as a rule, is the most profitable of all the small fruits grown in that State. The blackberry is also an important fruit there, of which, beside the large quantities shipped every summer to neighboring cities, thousands of bushels are dried for winter consumption.

GREAT SINGERS.

The Enormous Salaries Demanded by Patti and Others.

NOT MUCH PROFIT LEFT FOR THE MANAGERS.

Mr. Ernest Gye, one of the managers of Her Majesty's Opera Company, was standing at the counter of the Southern Hotel, smoking his pipe, when a *Post-Dispatch* reporter laid hold of him.

"Is there much money in the business, really?" Mr. Gye was asked.

"No, indeed, not so much. The salaries now are so terribly high that a manager has not very rich pickings. The singers want entirely too much."

"Are salaries higher than usual?"

"Indeed they are, higher than ever before. It will not be long before Italian opera will cease to be given, if some change does not occur. People will not stand higher prices, and, indeed, do not patronize opera in a very liberal fashion at the present price of tickets. If the singers do not reduce their prices, opera, I am afraid, will soon be as rare as angels' visits."

"Does Patti really get \$4,400 a night? There is considerable incredulity out here about the figures."

"Indeed she does; \$4,400 for every night she sings."

"The figures are correct, then?"

"I wish they were not, but, as manager, I know only too well that they are dead letter perfect. It is big pay, surely, more than Patti ever got before, and, I think, more than she will ever get again."

"If these figures are correct there is not so much money in the business after all."

"No, not so much. In the Patti house on Tuesday night, for instance, there was something over \$6,000, and when Patti got her check, you can see just how much we had left to cover everything. Yet Patti sang to a \$10,000 audience in New York, and of course, there is money in such a house for us. We are disappointed in St. Louis so far."

"To whom is Patti's money paid?"

"Franchi, her agent, gets her check early in the morning after every night on which she sings. He is after it very early, you can be sure, and he wants it right away."

"The common talk is that Franchi gets ten per cent. of all Patti's receipts."

"He does almost that. You see, he makes all her engagements, looks to what opera she sings, attends to her private business, is her secretary and, indeed, manages all her affairs. He was with her in the same capacity when she was the wife of the Marquis de Caux. De Caux never did anything but smoke his cigar and pose as a fine gentleman, and Franchi managed all Mme. Patti's affairs. Of course, ten per cent. of her present receipts is a large sum, but I suppose he had his contract, and it could not be broken. This was, as I said, an exceptional engagement at exceptional salary, and Franchi profits by it. He is as shrewd as it is possible for one man to be in the making of business agreements. You know that Patti's contract stipulated that \$44,000 should be deposited in New York to secure the carrying out of the contract before she came to America, and as a guarantee for her last ten nights' salary in the season in New York next spring. It is hard on the management to have all that money locked up and useless to us, but it had to be done. The sum exceeds considerably the whole amount of the subscriptions made in New York to the opera."

"What is Mme. Albani's salary?"

"My wife gets \$1,000 for every night she sings. Mme. Patti and herself are the only persons in the troupe that are paid by the night."

"And what is Scalchi paid?"

"Mme. Scalchi's contract calls for \$2,500 per month, and she sings, on an average, in three operas during a week. Scalchi was with me at Covent Garden several years, when she was almost a little girl, in fact. Her father was with her. I believe that she scrubbed floors during the day and sang in opera at night. When young her form and appearance was not good, but she always had a glorious voice and she rose rapidly. Colonel Mapleson never had much opinion of her, but I told him she would make a great success in America, and you see I was right."

"What is the rule about salary in a case like Mme. Scalchi's, where a singer is sick?"

"If a singer is sick a whole week we deduct the salary, but if she is unwell for one night it usually makes no difference. If Scalchi should be unable to sing all week, of course, she will get no pay. I think that the reason she does not appear to-night is that Colonel Mapleson is afraid she would not be able to appear twice and he is saving her for 'Don Giovanni' on Saturday night."

Mme. Albani, Mr. Gye's wife, is in perfect health, and will sing in "Lohengrin" at the Saturday matinee. Mme. Albani sang "Lohengrin" in German at the Royal Opera, in Berlin, last winter, having expressly studied for this occasion. She was called into the royal box and much complimented by the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor named her royal court singer on the spot, and afterwards sent his photograph with autograph.—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

The maddest man in America was a citizen of Arizona who was permitted to sleep while a dog fight, a horse race and a lynching took place in town.

A CAT'S STRATEGY.

In a certain doctor's family there is a cat—thought to be the smartest of its kind. Like other cats, he is fond of petting; but, unlike them, he wants to do it all himself. He will rub up against you, purring loudly, seemingly too happy to express himself.

But put out a hand to stroke him, or, that delight of cats! to scratch his head, and an ugly slap with his paw exhibits his displeasure. Yet he himself keeps on petting in his own way,—jumping into your lap and standing up to rub his head against your chin.

Cats have never been known to attend church services, as dogs sometimes do, but this cat takes an active interest in family prayers. Having been well brought up, he never expects to be fed until breakfast is finished and prayers are over. If, however, he thinks the family has sat long enough at table, he taps his mistress on the arm and runs swiftly backwards upon his hind legs, and sits up like a kangaroo, begging. If he discovers that this has no effect, he jumps up on the little stand where the Bibles are kept, and pushes them off one after another.

The attention of the family is thereby drawn, and he is punished, but his end is gained. For the Bibles are handed to the different members of the family, and prayers begin.

Then he jumps upon the stand, sits upright with wide-open eyes, a solemn aspect, and utters not a sound during the reading and the prayer, until the doctor says "Amen." Before the word is finished, an imperative *Meow* tells he well knows that his turn has come at last.

HOW THE MILLIONAIRE FLEECED THE POET.

I am tempted to give a little side incident of my last interview with Jay Gould and wrestle with Western Union in Wall street. I had seen the stock go down about 18 points and so bought 100. It fell 5 lower and I took 100 more. Five points lower. I took another, and so on till I was getting alarmed. I thought Jay Gould under some obligations to me, or at least a true friend, and so stepped across from my hotel to see him. He was kind, quiet, and purry as a kitten, almost playful, and soon began to point on his maps the line of his new Atlantic cable. He himself opened the subject of telegraphs. The occasion was opportune. I handed him a certificate of purchase of Western Union and asked him what to do, as I was already on the edge of my margin. He looked at me with a sweet and innocent surprise, as if saying: "Only to think that any man would touch that worthless Western Union!"

"I'm so sorry you have bought this stuff. My telegraph is the other line," he sighed at length.

"Yes; I know. But I bought it because I thought it cheap, Mr. Gould."

"It is cheaper now, Mr. Miller."

"And will it be cheaper, Mr. Gould?"

"Well, we"—looking at his son—"have not a share of it. It ought to be a great deal cheaper."

"Then I shall sell twice the amount I hold and hedge. Thank you, and good night."

And the next morning I did sell—sell right and left—for the whole bottom seemed to be falling out of the Western Union. It kept on tumbling, and by noon I was even. By one o'clock I was not only even, but almost rich. I was a richer man than I had ever been before.

I remained a rich man about 25 minutes. The table began to act against me. Western Union bounded up with a rapidity that fairly made me dizzy, and by the time the hammer fell in the stock board I literally had not a fare left.

Having plenty of leisure after that I wrote down the foregoing conversation and copied it here exactly. I have not seen Mr. Gould since. But I find that at the time he said he had not a share of Western Union he had about 200,000 shares, and was picking it up as fast as he could knock it down.—[Joaquin Miller.]

A GENTLEMAN was arraigned before an Arkansas Justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief. "Your name is Jim Lickmore," said the Justice. "Yes, sir." "And you are guilty of the crime?" "I am." "And you ask for no mercy?" "No, sir." "You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?" "Yes, sir, I have." "You have often wished that you were dead?" "I have, please your Honor." "You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansas?" "You are right, Judge." "If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said: 'Thank you, sir!'" "Yes, sir, I would. But, Judge, how did you find out so much about me?" "Some time ago," said the Judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly after you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this \$50 bill. You have suffered enough."

An indignant landlord writes demanding the name of the party who first suggested putting coils of rope in sleeping rooms as a protection against fire. He said he had provided every room in his house with a coil of rope, and the first night three of his guests lowered their baggage from the sixth window and skipped, leaving a six days' board bill unpaid. He allows that being burned to death is bad enough, but running a hotel for fun is a good deal worse.

When a New Hampshire man wants to get a woodpile moved, he tells the boys that a rabbit has run under it.

A BONANZA STATESMAN'S NIGHTSHIRT.

A gentleman, who says he was a fellow-passenger of a newly elected great man from the far West on his latest eastern trip, has the following story to tell of the bonanza statesman: "Before it was fairly dark the last day of our journey, the great man ordered the porter to make up his section of the sleeper. That done, he directed the sable man-chambermaid, to get out his nightclothes. A gorgeous velvet cap, elaborately decorated, was first procured, carefully examined and hung on one of the hooks where everybody could see it. A magnificent ruffled nightshirt, half smothered in costly point lace of the finest quality, was next brought forth and hung on another peg, so as to fill the space between the looped up curtains. Everything was in readiness, but the great man, who evidently intended retiring early to get a good night's rest, changed his mind, and did not seek his couch until ten o'clock. The passengers had a chance to inspect the superb garments at their leisure, and they availed themselves of the blessed privilege. The ladies feasted their eyes on the embroidered nightcap and on the splendid nightshirt, with its \$250 worth of lace trimming, until their appetite for riches was satiated. The lucky possessor of so much textile splendor pretended to be oblivious of his surroundings, but it was noticed that he witnessed the eager curiosity of his fellow passengers, and listened to the whispered comments with a keen enjoyment he could scarcely conceal. A small boy with a new pair of red topped boots, the only ones in the neighborhood, could not have been more intensely self-complacent. If he could only have found an excuse for putting his big diamonds on exhibition his happiness would have been complete and overwhelming."

QUEER STORY OF ANNA DICKINSON.

Whenever Anna Dickinson wishes to express an opinion upon any subject, either privately or in public, she makes herself practically the master, as far as possible, of experiments and experience, giving her nearly absolute knowledge of the matter.

Some years ago she was interested in the subject of temperance. First, she read up the subject thoroughly from a scientific, ethical and social standpoint. Then she secured male attire and passed days and nights, not only in the fashionable resorts of vice and intemperance, but in and about the lowest dens and dives of New York and Philadelphia. Not satisfied with seeing all that could be seen of drunkenness and its results, she concluded to go to work systematically and get drunk herself.

At this time she was boarding at the Continental, in the latter city. She got one or two confidential friends in her room, arranged to have a physician within call, and then, ordering liquors, set about getting chock full in a most methodical fashion.

First, she drank freely of the lighter wines. These had no effect upon her, when she resorted to stronger liquors. She drank on until she had taken about everything from claret to straight "old Crow," and enough altogether to have sent a dozen roystering Scotchmen under the table. Still she was not drunk. All of a sudden, however, Miss Anna jumped four feet in the air, clasped her head in her hands wildly, and gave a very womanly sort of shriek.

The doctor was immediately called, and declared that one glass more of liquor would surely lead to a fatal effect. She was promptly pumped out, and the result was several weeks' serious illness. But, mind you, she did not get drunk!

COULDN'T TRUST IT A SECOND TIME.—He attended a meeting where an attempt was being made to lift the debt of the church. After a great deal of earnest exhortation to give he began to get mildly excited over the matter, and when the minister declared that every one who gave would find that the Lord would pay him back a hundredfold he concluded to close the bargain, and at once subscribed a handsome sum. "And," said he some weeks afterward, "the Scripture promise is financially a good one, for since I gave that money to the church a man came into my office and paid a large debt which I had long since given up as lost. Yes, the promise is a good one, but"—and here he hesitated for a few moments—"but I tell you what it is, I don't think I dare trust it a second time."

RECOVERY FROM INSANITY.—A singular case of recovery from insanity, through an injury, occurred recently in the New York Homeopathic State Asylum for the Insane. A male patient, twenty four years old, when in a state of violent irritation, sprang up to the gas-fixture, caught hold of a slender tubing, and swung himself with considerable force. The fixture gave way, and the patient fell, striking his head on the stone pavement. Instantly he arose, walked out of the ward, and gave a clear account of the accident he had met with. He had, in fact, recovered his mind, though he suffered greatly from the external injuries to his scalp. The case is not alone of its kind. Some physicians have tried to raise the question of the application of sudden and violent shaking of the head to the treatment of insanity; but, as the question of the dose is one of great difficulty, this heroic method remains optional with the patients themselves.

"Great man?" said the drummer of his friend, "why, he's a genius. He lived in a house for two years and contrived to stave off paying any rent."

THE CZAR.

He diverts Himself by Muscular Exercise, Chopping, Wrestling and Hunting.

HIS DEEP INTEREST IN THE DOINGS OF THE NIHILISTS.

A correspondent of the *Sun* sends from St. Petersburg some strange details of the Czar's daily life, which, he says, were furnished him by a person who sees the Czar every day. "I cannot," adds the writer, "give even the least hint as to his identity without bringing him into peril."

The Emperor usually rises at seven o'clock and dresses himself in haste, with the assistance of his favorite valet, Ivan Savellief, who is more his comrade than his servant, and is treated by the ministers as an equal, if not a superior.

After receiving the report of the commandant of the guard, he takes a long walk in the garden, and if he is in good humor, he will throw off his overcoat and begin to chop logs with a large, heavy axe. Being a man of great muscular power, he rejoices in this exercise as much as Mr. Gladstone himself, and cuts through thick logs of oak and pine with great skill.

Unlike Mr. Gladstone, he little cares for anything but muscular exercise, like chopping, wrestling, hunting, riding. Whenever his brothers, Vladimir and Alexis, come to see him, he has wrestling matches with them. Before he was Czar he could throw them and beat them in pulling; but since the unhappy day that called him to the throne he has lost both in weight and in strength, and he often finds himself underneath in a wrestling match.

"Oh, the Nihilists and the ministers!" he will exclaim. "They have quite spoiled my constitution."

"Nonsense!" "Sasha" (Alexander), his brother, will reply: "nowadays you don't exercise as much as you used to."

Sometimes the ladies of the court, including the Czarina, come in to see the imperial brothers wrestle, and they have the pleasure of beholding the Czar of all the Russias and his brother, the head of the Russian navy, both with their coats off, struggling and rolling over and over on the thick carpet.

"Here are Jupiter and Neptune wrestling," one of the ladies may remark.

Nothing interests the Czar's mind except the daily and hourly reports that are brought to him concerning the doings, real or imaginary, of the Nihilists. The most trivial reports, even of their songs and jests, excite him greatly, and a despotic monarch is pretty sure to be regaled with an abundance of whatever news he craves.

Not daring to go to the opera for fear of dynamite and electricity, he has had his country palace connected with the city, twenty-eight miles distant, by a telephone. In the evening the Czar and the Czarina put their heads close together, and listen to the songs and the applause of the opera-house.

The correspondent mentions that the *Sun* is one of the newspapers taken in the palace. His Imperial Majesty may therefore have an opportunity of reading this account of his doings.

Typographical errors are horrid things, as a rule. They frequently create a "comedy of errors." Sometimes they are called "typographical terrors." The one we record cannot be so called, however. An old fellow died recently, and the paper said he would "own many thousand dollars when his estate had been administered." Here the error comes in and plays the deuce. The next day the sons of the old man were cultivated; the undertaker forced a handsome coffin; a half dozen ministers wanted to "remark" at his grave; the livery men sent a number of carriages; lots of people attended the funeral. All thought the old man had been living miserly in order to die and surprise the public some day. Many remarked who would have thought it. After several days of such business, the paper corrected the error, by request. It should have read "he would owe many thousands of dollars," etc. Thus an "n" in place of an "s" played havoc in lots of calculations, and insured one man a decent send off. It wouldn't be a bad idea if such errors would occur frequently.—[Grip.]

WHY HE MARRIED.—In the forthcoming fascinating biography of the heroic Lord Lawrence there is among many anecdotes one eminently characteristic of the man, who was as strong in his affection as in his will. He was one evening sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate with his sister and other members of the family; all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's up-stairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

No matter how ugly a nose may be, its imperfections are overlooked by its owner.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Whistlers are always good natured," says a philosopher. Everybody knows that. It's the people who have to listen to the whistling that get ugly.

A Chicago man has just received one cent damages from a man who ran away with his wife. He feels satisfied now that justice had been done him.

It may save country editors some trouble, besides keeping them from straining their scales, by announcing that 1,000,000 gold dollars weigh 4479 pounds.

The Chicago critics who praised the astounding agility displayed by a ballet dancer didn't know that she had accidentally dressed a hornet into her clothes.

Mr. Beecher, in a late lecture said: "The best lightning-rod for your own protection is your own spine." If Mr. Beecher thinks we are going to set our spine on a chimney, he's much mistaken.

The Chinese have no word to signify egotism. When a Chinaman remarks that he is greater than the sun and ten times as large as the moon, all any one says in reply is "Well, now, who'd a thought it?"

"When will the editor be in?" said the office boy at a Colorado newspaper office. "Well, I don't know, I'm sure; not till they kind of quiet down and quit watching to lynch him for that editorial published yesterday."

"How far is it to Clyde?" asked a weary-looking tramp on the towpath of an urchin, the other day. "Nine miles yet," replied the lad. "Are you sure?" "Well," said the sympathetic youth, "seeing you are pretty tired, I will call it seven."

Circularly a man has no trouble in finding an excuse for staying away from church. Fogg, however, says he has kept away for the last six months just to see if he could find a reasonable excuse, but hasn't discovered one yet. He proposes to stay away until he does find one, if it takes a lifetime.

"Pa, what is a lay preacher?" inquired a South Chicago boy one quiet Sunday afternoon. "A lay preacher! Why, my son, a lay preacher is a—a—a; a lay preacher is a man who lays around and takes the regular preacher's place and deals out a strange, peculiar and conflicting theology."

Next to the champion pedestrian, the champion wrestler is the greatest nuisance. Two of them generally walk together, traveling from town to town and challenging each other. If they would only go out in an open lot and wrestle themselves to death unnoticed, the public would be quite as well satisfied.

Yesterday a boy about sixteen years old got a tumble on a coalhole and was evidently pretty badly hurt. On getting up he swore fluently, and a clergyman, passing, paused and asked him why he discoursed so irreligiously, to which the lad replied that he was too big to cry, and, by hokey, he'd got to do something.

Plain Woman—How shall you be able to increase the attractiveness of your face and person without the use of cosmetics or other artificial means? Easy enough; get invited on to Washington, and appear at one of the receptions there. The papers of the entire country will next day gloat over your ravishing beauty.

A keen student of human nature must have written the following: "When you see a young man sailing down the street shortly after midnight with his collar mashed down his neck, you can make up your mind there's a young girl crawling up stairs, not far distant, with her shoes under her arm and an extinguished lamp in her hands."

A supposed panther, which had been roaming over a good share of Connecticut and Massachusetts for three months, was trapped the other night and proved to be a dog without grit enough to show his teeth at a man with a club. And the young men who have been staying home o' nights, remember now that the animal was generally seen by the fathers of daughters.

The Colorado beetle commission wants twenty-five thousand dollars more to complete its reports. As this valuable and important commission has already succeeded in perfecting a plan by which the Colorado beetle can be exterminated at a cost of three dollars and twenty-five cents per beetle, and is confident that it can, if it has time and means, reduce the cost to about a dollar and a half, we think they ought to have money.

Facts are facts, even when pronounced by savage lips. It was a peculiar notion of the Mohawks that some great misfortune would happen if any one spoke while crossing Sara toga Lake. A white woman who was ferried over by an Indian, talked all the way, and on arriving safely on the further shore called her boatman on his superstition. He simply grunted, "The Great Spirit is merciful and knows that the pale face cannot hold her tongue," and then recrossed the lake in silence.

Two gentlemen, one of them a legislator, strolled carelessly past a saloon. After they had passed twenty steps beyond the saloon the legislator stopped and said: "Let us go back and get a drink." "I thought you promised your wife not to drink while you were in Austin?" "No, I didn't promise that. I promised when I came to a saloon I would go past it, and I have kept it like a man. I have passed the saloon; now let us go back and get a drink as a reward for keeping my promise."

Lot lost his wife at a very seasonable time.