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FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

OR, Many Ways of Living One Day.

BY MISS A. J. DENNEY, AUTHOR OF "SOUTH BIRD," "MELAN BROWN," "ANNE AND HENRY LARK," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ANNE WOMAN'S SISTER," "WANDA MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Mother!" exclaimed Grace, her face suddenly aflame with mortification, "how can you talk so coarsely?"

"It was the language you was raised on that I was using, child. Maybe you'd like to teach your mother manners."

"So I would."

"Then, maybe you'd like to teach me that it ain't the best manners in the world for a feller to make himself too fresh on short acquaintance, even if he is from the city, and the son of a rich pap."

Grace rose from the table in high indignation, and abruptly left the room. Lillie began to feel that the loss of her city beau was not going to break her heart, after all. John Anders grew extremely angry, and somewhat hurried in the use of his knife and fork.

Of the number that comprised the breakfast board, none appeared at ease except the city suitor. In the sublimity of his impudence he was a match for the emergency.

"Your daughter—my affianced wife, I mean—intends to offer you no discourtesy, my dear madam," he said, with a bland and self-satisfied smile.

"I beg that you will overlook her extreme modesty and consequent confusion. After she has become accustomed to the novelty of her new engagement, and has had time to get better acquainted with me, she will overcome her maidenly timidity."

"My darter needs none o' your defendin', sir. She hain't got nothin' to complain of, except to git spooney over the likes o' you. But her pap'll be home afore long, and I'll bet a horse he'll take the wind out o' your sails."

Alonso rose from the table, and, going close to where Mrs. Emerson stood, beside the smoking stove, laid his billy hand in a caressing manner upon her greasy arm.

"I wish you'd let me be your son. I'd dearly love to call you mother!" he exclaimed, in tones of touching tenderness.

Mrs. Emerson had a weakness, and Alonso Snowden had a habit. Her quivering heart ached for the gift of a son. Once only, and that was in the long ago, she had been blessed for a brief season with the presence of a blue-eyed baby boy. This child was her first love, and he had gladdened her home and heart for a short, single year, and then one day the angels took him, leaving her bereft indeed.

Twice since his death had children made their advent in her home, and, to her bitter disappointment, they had both been girls. So, when Alonso asked, in the pathetic tone he knew so well how to command, if he might be her son, the fountains of memory were stirred, and the good soul burst into tears.

John and Lillie left the kitchen and entered the disordered sitting-room, leaving the two to their novel tale a tale.

"Do I, then, appear so terribly bad in your eyes, that the prospect of my becoming a son to you grieves you like this?" and Alonso looked the picture of injured innocence.

"No, it isn't that!" was the sobbing, and almost convulsive reply. "But I was thinkin' of my pore baby that died. It was nigh on twenty year ago that God took him. I dotted on him so much, too. I never see a young man but I measure the might o' beans with the what's he."

The young man's peculiar condition was such as precluded the advisability of honest action, else he would have turned away in compliance with the repulsion he experienced through a near proximity to the greasy, but influential and illiterate dowager. He struggled his shoulders and carried his lip; but glanced covertly over the broad acres from which the fly-stained little window afforded an ample and commanding view, and remembered the bills payable over which his father agonized heavily, and upon a settlement of which a matrimonial endowment like the one in prospect so much depended. He could not afford to be over particular under the circumstances.

"Dear mother," he said, coaxingly, "I felt, when I looked into your face for the first time, that you had known sorrow and bereavement. And I couldn't help wishing that it might be my lot to supply, as best I could, through the remainder of your days, the vacant place that death made in the long ago, when you were young and fair and beautiful, like my precious Grace."

With this the young man knelt in abject meekness at her feet, and lifted up his billy hands in an attitude of supplication.

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The New Northwest

VOLUME VIII. PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878. NUMBER 6.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

The ride from Edinburgh to London, a distance of four hundred miles, is usually made in ten hours by the fastest trains, and for the most part is through a country which would delight our best farmers. The careful cultivation and abundant crops remind us of the land near our cities, and are indicative of a country long under subjection to man. Oats and wheat with an occasional field of barley are the usual grains. Root crops are largely in excess of what we raise in America, and sheep seem to us unusually numerous and fine. As we near London, the country becomes an almost continuous village filled with manufactories, and from ten to thirty tall chimneys can generally be seen at once. At the time of my former visit, five years ago, these were all in full operation, but at present at least half of them are not running, for hard times are felt in England as well as in America. Through these villages and the thickly settled suburbs we glide almost perceptibly into the city itself, and end our journey at the Midland depot, the largest and most expensive railroad depot in the world, which, with the hotel built as a part of it, cost \$10,000,000.

London is a world in herself. A city of 4,000,000 inhabitants, situated on a broad plain, upon both sides of a noble river, she has natural advantages which few places possess. So vast is she that one could walk her streets for a month without retracing his steps. Anything made anywhere in the world can be found in London, while people from all countries and nations are living within her limits, and there is nothing which art or science can produce which is not represented here. The very greatness of the city and the multitude of things of interest to be seen, fairly bewilders the traveler, so that at best it can be but a choice of a few places to be visited, and a lingering regret that so much must be left unvisited.

After a ride through some of the more celebrated streets to gain a general idea of the city, we commence our examination of things of particular interest with a large, dingy-looking stone building, blackened with centuries of London smoke, which stands in one of the most busy parts of the city, itself filling an entire square. As we approach St. Paul's Cathedral and enter it, we are impressed particularly with its size and massiveness, and indeed it is the largest Protestant cathedral in the world. The interior is very plain, strikingly so as compared with Catholic cathedrals, its decorations consisting almost entirely of monuments and memorial tablets. Of these, we may mention those of Howard, the philanthropist, Turner, the painter, Sir John Moore, Sir Christopher Wren, Benjamin West, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the crypt are the remains of the Duke of Wellington and the paraphernalia of his funeral, including the famous car made of captured cannon and weighing many tons. Near by is the monument of Lord Nelson, under which his body lies. People who are enthusiastic and foolish enough next climb more than six hundred steps to the ball, where they are generally rewarded with a magnificent view of London smoke and fog extending as much as five hundred feet in every direction, but although they can see nothing, they can have the satisfaction of knowing that they are nearly three hundred and fifty feet above the pavement. We recall with pleasure a Sabbath service in the cathedral conducted by that prince of pulpit orators, Canon Lyddon. The thoroughfare around the cathedral is known as St. Paul's church-yard, the longer side, a carriage way, called the bow, the shorter, a foot passage, called the string. Between the church-yard and Newgate street is Paternoster row, the great center of the book trade. Here are the offices of Thomas Nelson & Son, and Blackwood's Magazine, and in this vicinity most of Shakespeare's plays were originally published. Just off from this is the quiet little nook called Amen Corner.

Very near St. Paul's are the Old Bailey and Newgate, immortalized by the genius of Dickens. Going up Cheapside, one of the chief retail streets in London, we pass the great building known as the General Post Office, while a little further up is King street, which brings us to Guild Hall, where are the ancient colossal wooden figures, Gog and Magog. Continuing up Cheapside, we soon come to the open space in front of the Royal Exchange, which is emphatically the business center of London, as Charing Cross is the center of its fashion. I doubt if there is a spot in the world through which there is more travel by foot and omnibus than this, as eight main thoroughfares pour into their ceaseless traffic. It is well worth a half hour of one's time to stand on a corner here, and also at the center of London Bridge, and see the unending stream of human beings and omnibuses which flows by. On one side of the exchange is the Bank of England, and on the other, the Mansion House.

The Bank of England covers eight acres of ground, has no outside windows, is a fortress which has withstood several sieges, has a capital of \$70,000,000, and employs nearly 1,000 clerks.

Obtaining permission to visit the vaults, we see gold in heaps as plenty as iron in a blacksmith shop. We look over a railing into a court and see two men with a pulley lifting bags of gold into a wagon, and in one of the many rooms a wonderful little machine which weighs 35,000 gold pieces per day, and picks out every one which does not come up to the required weight. In the Royal Exchange are some of the oldest insurance companies in the world, and also the offices of the celebrated "Lloyds," the ship insurers, whose "list" is authority everywhere in ship matters. Near the exchange is a fine statue of George Peabody, the distinguished American merchant. On the opposite side of the open space is the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and where, at his princely entertainments, the highest nobles in the land can be found.

Not far from here is the Old Tower, which in former times was a fortress and prison, but is now used as a military curiosity shop and armory, and contains also the royal jewels, valued at about \$15,000,000. It takes the best part of a day to go through the tower with the gorgeously-dressed official guides. It is especially interesting as the prison and place of execution of hundreds of England's noblest men and women. Lady Jane Gray, Anne Boleyn, Raleigh, and many princes of England's royal families were put to death on Tower Hill. The Horse Armory, which is one of the finest known collections of ancient armory, contains rich suits displayed on equestrian statues, and arranged in chronological order, many of them the very ones worn by the Kings they represent. In this armory are also breech-loading guns, revolvers, thumb-screws, banding blocks, and executioner's axes, all from early times, and curious ancient and modern weapons from all parts of the world. Within the walls of the Old Tower, there has been enacted enough of romance and tragedy to furnish material for volumes.

Opposite the Tower is the entrance to the tunnel under the Thames, a dark, damp, circular iron hole seven feet in diameter, always to be avoided if possible. Walking along the bank of the river, we soon come to the commodious Custom-house buildings, and just beyond to Billingsgate fish-market, so graphically and truthfully described by Dickens. It is well worth one's time to visit it from 5 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and see and hear the indiscriminate mixture of fish, profanity, old women and slang. Fifteen minutes of a son's morning was all we wanted. Just across the street in one of the cheap temperance restaurants, of which there are many in London, we had a great bowl of coffee and a sandwich which would make a meal for a small family, for two pence. Not far from here is the monument 393 feet high, built on the spot where the great fire of 1866 commenced. Near Billingsgate is the celebrated London Bridge, which cost \$10,000,000, and is probably the most crowded bridge in the world, as it estimated that 8,000 persons and 900 vehicles cross it per hour during the middle of the day.

Taking one of the swift Thames steamers at London Bridge, we go rapidly along the river, under many fine bridges which span it, past Cleopatra's needle, which is just assuming an upright position on the embankment, and land at Westminster Bridge, which is larger and finer than London Bridge, and are only a few yards from Westminster Hall and the House of Parliament. The hall contains one of the largest rooms in Europe under one roof, and several apartments in which we found the high courts in session, while in the House of Lords we also found a committee of that body sitting as a Supreme Court. On a former visit we had the pleasure of attending a session of the famous Tichborne trial, which was held in one of these courts. The Parliament House joins Westminster Hall, and is a beautiful and substantial structure. The chambers of the Commons and the Lords are at opposite ends of a fine hall, and are similar, with the exception that the House of Lords is elegantly finished, while the Commons has none of the conveniences for the use of members to which we are accustomed in this country, not even places for writing being provided at the long benches on which the members sit.

Near this is Westminster Abbey, a not very noticeable structure, but yet one of the most interesting buildings in Europe, both on account of its antiquity and the illustrious names associated with it. The Abbey was founded by King Sbert, the Saxon, in 675, and has been used especially as a burial place of English Kings and distinguished men and women. It would take the entire limits of this letter to simply enumerate those who have been honored with burial here, and we can only say that within its walls lie thirteen English sovereigns and fourteen Queens, extending over a period of 1,200 years. In the Poet's Corner are the greater part of England's well-known literary names, from Chaucer to Charles Dickens, whose tablet is in the pavement. In another part of the building, happening to look on the pavement by our feet, we saw, cut in small letters, "O, Rare Ben Jonson," and this is all the monument and epitaph this great writer has or needs. There is no place on the earth which

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

"You must talk to mother about our affairs at once, Mr. Anders," said Lillie, succeeding to perfection in her attempt to make him believe that Alonso was of no consequence to her, or, for that matter, to anybody else.

"I wonder if I'll find her alone," replied the obliging John.

"I suppose you will, if you seek her now."

"Where's Grace?"

"In her room."

"Lillie, do you suppose she is happy?"

"If she isn't she ought to be; that's all."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I'm engaged myself, and I know how it is."

"Then you're happy."

"I ought to be."

"Poor child!" thought the well-meaning, but misguided fellow. "She certainly loves me, and it isn't possible for Grace to care for me now; so I think it my duty to make this one happy by making her my wife."

Thus ruminating, he sought the kitchen where the good dowager was, his heart in a flutter and his voice tremble.

Mrs. Emerson sat stone still beside the breakfast-table, her face buried in her folded arms. Her thoughts were with the never-to-be-forgotten past, which, all unconsciously, she was tracing downward to the present, and mingling in an inexplicable way with the baby boy who had died in his infancy and the young man who had kissed her lips and called her mother, with the same sweet semblance of earnestness with which she fondly imagined the other and dearest one would have greeted her, had he but lived to man's estate.

"Mrs. Emerson," said John Anders, deprecatingly, "will you be kind enough to grant me an interview?"

"In away, and let me alone!" was the forbidding response.

"Has that impudent popinjay poisoned your mind against me, madam?"

"What do you mean?" And the indignant woman's temper rose like a morning gate. "Who do you call a popinjay?"

"Snowden?"

"I want you to understand that Louise's a nice young man. I've just given my consent for him to marry Grace and become my son. What are you going to do about it?"

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LONDON.

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contains the remains of so many distinguished people, and few places where an American of education can spend a day with greater interest.

Taking the cars on the Metropolitan or underground railway, which makes the entire circuit of the city, a few minutes brings us to the South Kensington Museum and the Albert Memorial Monument, at one corner of Hyde Park. The museum, while it is not so large as the British, is yet a fine one, scientifically arranged. It has lately been distinguished for the art school connected with it. What interested me most at my last visit was Dr. Schilleman's collection of Trojan antiquities, which has been on exhibition here since last Christmas. The memorial erected to Prince Albert by Queen Victoria is very fine and in undisputed taste, excepting the gigantic gilt statue of the Prince. As a whole, the monument has a general resemblance to the Scott monument at Edinburgh.

We ride back toward the center of the city for more than a mile along Hyde Park, one of the many breathing places which London is fortunate in possessing, by Buckingham Palace Gardens and the palace itself, a large, but by no means striking building, the city residence of the Queen of England, down the mall beside the beautiful St. James Park to Charing Cross, the center of the west end, the fashionable part of London. Near here are many of the finest residences in the city, and most of the aristocratic club-houses.

At Charing Cross in Trafalgar Square, is a magnificent monument to Lord Nelson, and along one side of the square is the national art gallery. From Charing Cross, the street is called the Strand, and is one of the most prominent thoroughfares in the great city. At Temple Bar, which was formerly a conspicuous landmark, and could be seen from a long distance from either side, the name again changes to Fleet street. The Bar was a rude arch thrown across the street, where in early times stood the posts or bars which marked the boundary line between London and Westminster. It was removed about two years ago, and we miss its familiar arch and the rusty iron hooks on which the heads of criminals were exposed only a hundred years ago.

Just as we enter Fleet street, on the right, is a former palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, which is now a hair-cutting establishment. Fleet street was formerly a resort of literary men. Ben Jonson, Chatterton, Dryden, Milton, Goldsmith, and a host of others are associated with this historic street. The well-known Mr. "Punch" also has his office here. At the foot of Ludgate Hill, the street again changes its name to Ludgate Circus, which extends to St. Paul's Cathedral, the place where we commenced our sight seeing.

If we now take a seat with the driver of an omnibus on Cheapside, we can ride through Newgate, Holborn, and Oxford streets (the same unbroken street, but with different names), a distance of many miles back to Kensington, and will have seen the entire length of the city, in a course, in general, parallel to that taken from Kensington to St. Paul's. On Oxford street we are near the British Museum, about which we can only say here that it is the largest and best museum in the world, and is worthy all the time one can give it, if it be a month. It was recently proposed to issue a catalogue of the museum, but the plan was finally abandoned because to simply name the different things in the collection would make several books as large as Webster's Unabridged.

The limits of a single letter will permit mention of only a few of the places, and those the most prominent, which we had the pleasure of visiting. To any one born to the English language, there is no city in the world equal to London for interest or improvement, and for weeks the traveler can wander through it, familiarizing himself with places, persons, and events which have been prominent in our common English history for the past thousand years. Although London is dingy and smoky, often obscured by dense fogs, and rains are so sudden and frequent that it seems as if the inhabitants are born with umbrellas under their arms, she is a city to be loved by every American traveler, and to be left with regret.

O. R. BURBARD.

A CITY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The *Pullman Magazine*, of Guadalajara, has the following in its issue of the 9th ultimo: The furious rain tempest which swept over this city Thursday last was accompanied by the most appalling thunder and lightning. We have been informed by a person who had the curiosity to count them, that no less than forty bolts of lightning fell upon the city. It is reported that three persons were killed instantly and several wounded during this frightful bombardment. We are only certain of the fact that a promising student named Crescencio Ruiz, while passing along one of the public streets, was struck by a flash and instantly killed. During the combined tempest of the three elements mentioned, the greatest terror seized the people. It is a miracle that the city and its inhabitants escaped with so little damage.

The *Graphic* reiterates the assertion that it is only the female honey-bee which carries a sting; but men to respect sex who half a dozen bees are trying to squeeze down behind a No. 15 collar?

Washington, D. C., September 20, 1878.

The nation that produces the most marriages is fattening; and the nation that produces the most divorces is emaciating.

What woman would be the most likely to give her husband a blow-up if he irritated her? Dish might.

"This is light work for the body," as the man said when the bear was hugging him.

Who ever heard a bed tick?

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It is some time now since banks here have turned from the even tenor of their way, to indulge in the little amusement of exciting depositors by "busting up." A freak of that kind, however, has just been performed by H. E. Odley & Co., brokers, and set the town in quite a little ripple of commotion, and hungry newspaper men were active indeed after the crumbs of particulars. The facts reveal no serious damage to any one but the owners of the bank, it not having much of a deposit business. Business in general is in no way disturbed, nor does any other bank suffer. Some few individuals were unfortunate enough to have their money in "safe keeping" in the defunct vaults, but not to seriously damage any of them. The immediate cause of the failure is attributed to the District 3-65 bonds, in which the deceased had been dealing largely. Their first investment, when the issue was yet new, was quite successful, and emboldened to more extended investment. In the course of time, complications arising involving legal points, the bonds began to get in ill repute, depressing their market value. Against this the bank fought with an energy approaching a suspicion of heroism, appealing to the government authorities to recognize them in a manner favorable to restore public confidence. But to no avail, and, in consequence, martyrdom is suffered, and a corpse is offered up for the mournful rites of creditors.

The temperance man and the moralist are again supplied with a theme, while wife and children sit in a dreary house, weeping over the sad misfortune of their natural protector. Mr. W. V. S. Wilson was the principal teller in the National Bank Redemption Agency, and had been such for sixteen years. Of late he had grown very dissipated, so far disqualifying him for his position that Treasurer Gilliam was compelled to discharge him. Up to this time nothing had ever occurred to reflect against his integrity, and when his dismissal took place, no suspicion of dishonesty was attached to him. He appeared in the office the day following, manifesting much uneasiness, and finally confessed to having used \$800 of the treasury funds to replace money which had been stolen from him, and, in return, to replace which he had sent home for money, and was expecting it when dismissed. The belief seems general that the man did not intend dishonesty, although led by bad habits into serious complications. Much sympathy is felt for the young wife and family, who are of high standing, and, for a domestic circle, unusually interesting and much attached to the unfortunate man.

The yellow fever relief committee, of this city, is fairly under way, and doing a noble work. Their efforts are spreading out in almost every direction. Among them is that of a mammoth concert, participated in by all the church choirs and quartette clubs of the city. The grand tournament, to take place soon, is also under its auspices, to which may be added picnics, excursions, balls, games, etc. Envelopes have been delivered to every house in the city, requesting contributions to be enclosed and returned to the committee.

The thrilling report has reached us from Memphis that children desert their parents, and parents their children; husbands desert their wives, but there has not been an instance known yet where a wife has deserted her husband during the terrors of the scourge. Men go about thinking of this, more profoundly impressed than by all that has ever been written of the fidelity of women.

It is a law few attempt to gainsay, that fat people have a natural facility for taking on the adipose, while the lean grow more spare at the slightest pretense. We have had an illustration of this in the case of our District Attorney and our faithful police. The former held a fat office. He smiled upon the commissioners, and they, in return, smiled back, with the substantial wrinkle added to it of increasing his salary from \$5,000 to \$5,000 per year. For a long time the police have been struggling manfully against a threatened decrease of their meager pay. They got up a petition something less than a mile long, enrolling most of the best citizens of the city, praying that their pay be not reduced, as it was now barely enough to meet the demands of an economical family. In the face of this, however, it was clipped, and, as it thus appears, was added on to Mr. District Attorney. The gentleman does not occupy a very enviable position just now, while the clamor lasts, for it does howl most vigorously about both his and the commissioners' ears.

FRUIT.

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