

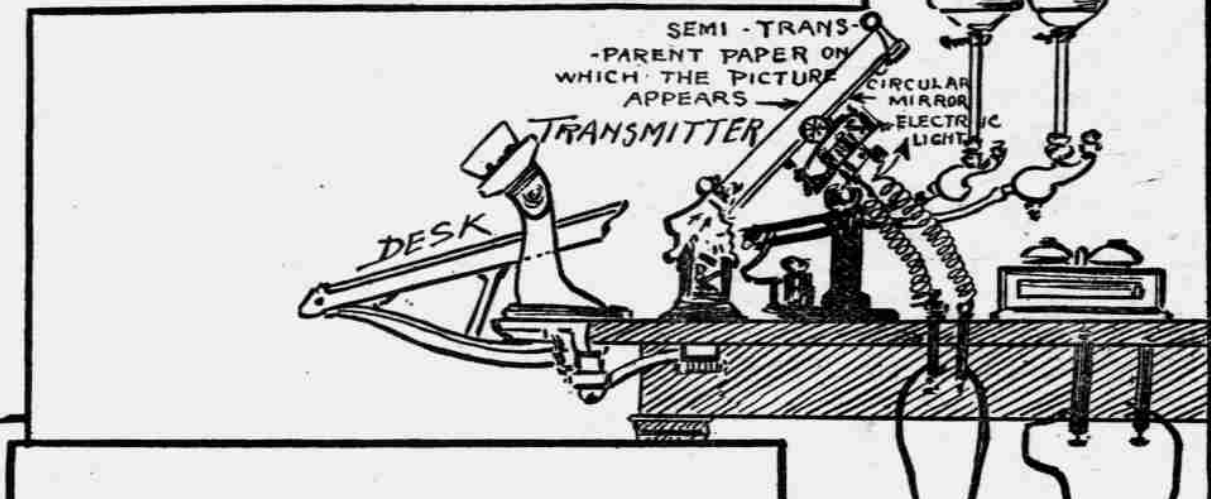
THIS IS HOW YOU SEE A MAN AT THE 'PHONE.

Dr. Sylvestre, whose name has flashed around the world as the inventor of a wonderful device by which you cannot only hear by telephone, but see by 'phone as well, has allowed several illustrations to be made of the visual telephonic machine, although he will not as yet show its working fully, because he says to see it is so simple that a man could go away and make one himself. So until the machine is bought by the French government for \$5,000,000, the price he wants, the doctor will not exhibit the device.

The illustrations show the different parts of the invention, and something of its workings. It consists of a small circular mirror, with a hole in the center, to which is screwed a tiny electric light of a little more than one candle power. The mirror is fixed to the microphone plate of the telephone

and a pair of little brass pencils connects the current and the apparatus. In a mysterious looking hood two acids mix drop by drop, and out of a spout comes a phosphorescent vapor, falling on the mirror. If, when telephoning, a sheet of white paper is placed in front of the mirror, the room from where the person is telephoning may plainly be seen, and also the person.

Dr. Sylvestre was sitting in his laboratory in the dark one night some weeks ago, awaiting the slow working of some chemical process. He has in his laboratory a theater 'phone. He was listening to the opera, when suddenly on the white wall of his laboratory he saw the stage scene from the theater, colors and all. Investigation revealed to him the secret. He has made half a dozen tests that have con-



DR. SYLVESTRE'S METHOD OF PICTORIAL TRANSMISSION.

PRUDENCE.

Prue—for Prudence—is her name.
How it does belie her!
For in foolish madcap pranks
No girl can outvie her.

Always in some mischief new,
Seek some new folly,
Often to be mad the next day
In deepest melancholy.

Always thoughtless when she acts,
Never once malicious,
Forever getting into scrapes—
To me she is delicious!

Prudence! What a name for her!
How it does belie her!
Yet in witching charm—for me—
No girl can outvie her!
—Somerville Journal.

THE STRAWS OF DEATH.

THE regiment was settling down for the night with some grumbling and much profane jesting, for Western volunteers possess a sense of humor superior to the most trying conditions. Somewhere in the darkness in front, the Filipinos were taking pot shots between their cigarettes, as an occasional zeal! attested.

"There go the typewriters," cried a young private, "firing at fireflies, as usual. No sleep to-night."

"Typewriters" was a contemptuous appellation given to the Fourteenth Regulars, because the popping of their magazine guns in the distance slightly resembled the noise of the machine of peace.

"Put your mouth on the safety notch," ordered the captain from the right of the company. "They're sending out the outposts. Get their bearings, so that you can shoot around them if the ball opens up."

Two men were receiving final instructions from the colonel previous to venturing into the hostile country in front. "Sneak out about two hundred yards," ordered the officer, "and lie low. If you see any signs of an attack, try to get back and warn us. If you can't get back, you must warn us somehow, and take your chances. No need to tell you to be careful. You hold the lives of many men in your hands. Good luck, boys."

This sort of work is called Cossack outpost duty, and was detailed upon it should not be men of family or nerve. A few nights previously two nervous men were detailed upon it. One of them fired at a white pariah dog. The shot caused the Filipinos to concentrate a series of volleys lasting thirty minutes in the direction of the outposts. The Americans awakened from a sound sleep and let go several unauthorized volleys. Consequently the two nervous men, being between two fires, were riddled with two kinds of ammunition.

The two men detailed for this evening's work were of different mettle. "Mortimer! salutamus, colonel," said one, with a reckless laugh. With the easy nonchalance of veterans they gave the rifle salute, and, sliding over the top of the trench, disappeared into the night.

"There go two good men," observed the colonel.

"Guess this is far enough," said one of the men, at length; "there is a little hollow. Why, it is almost as safe as the trench. The other acquiesced with a faint murmur, and they sprawled upon the ground facing the enemy's territory.

"It's a queer freak of fate that we two should be detailed on this together," observed the shorter of the two, "after avoiding each other so successfully."

"It's very queer, Osbourne," returned the other, "but I'll have to stand it. 'It is not that I would want a better man for a tight place, Wade,' said Osbourne; 'but there is that one thing.'"

"Yes, I know," Wade; "that's the trouble. If you were not so good or a better man than I, there would be no danger of Helen Bartlett caring for you."

"We were friends in the old days, Billy," said Osbourne, huskily; "if one of us only loved her a little less."

"No go, Tom," replied the other. "It is either her or hell for me. Our friendship was a holy thing, but she is above that."

"No, you are right. It's no thoroughfare, my God! I wish it were ended, one way or the other."

"What can we do?" queried Wade, with studied composure. "We can't go on like this with bayonets out here, and Springfield at two yards is a bit too unkind."

Osbourne laughed harshly. "We might draw straws, the loser speedily to meet an accidental death."

"No, thanks," replied Wade. "I am willing to take my bullet if it comes, but not that way. One of us might get it decently at any time."

"You're right, Wade," said Osbourne. "You're a good fellow."

"Same to you," returned Wade. "I quit chattering and attend to our work."

For some time they lay silent, staring into the darkness for things they could not see, even had they been there. Only the intermittent popping of musketry and the occasional zeal! of a Mauser bullet broke the silence. Now and then they could see through the blackness a faint, momentary red flare.

"Confound them," observed Osbourne, "the Filipinos can smoke, anyhow. I'm dying for a cigarette."

"If you light a match here," said Wade, "we'll be targets for about four thousand rifles."

"That's true enough," agreed Osbourne, with a soft chuckle; "cigarettes are rather expensive out here." Another period of silence followed.

"Wade," inquired Osbourne, suddenly, "are you willing to try a wild scheme for settling this matter forever?"

"Anything fair and reasonable," replied the other. "What's your plan?"

"Draw straws," said Osbourne, briefly, "the man who gets the short one to stand up and light a match, and go to his father's."

Wade caught his breath and remained mute for some time, considering. "Not so bad," he observed, after a time; "but we are on duty now."

"Oh, the devil!" said Osbourne, lightly; "the Filipinos wouldn't attack for all the loot of Manila. An outpost here is merely a matter of form. Besides, one of us will be left."

"That's so," returned Wade, "and I see no objection."

"You fix the straws, then," said Osbourne, quickly. "I'll draw." He began to whistle softly in a nervous fashion, as men do when they are close to death. Wade fumbled silently with some fragments of rice straw. His movements were slow and mechanical. Some men are constituted that way. "Here, Tom," he said, stretching out his right fist. "May the better man get it."

Osbourne extended a hand that trembled slightly and fingered the disclosed end of straw for a brief time. Suddenly he clutched one and pulled it out. At the same instant there was a strange, soft thud, and Wade fell upon his face. His limbs moved convulsively

vinced him that the visual telephone is practicable, although at first sight he admits it seemed to him as it may have impressed others when they first heard of it—incredibly phenomenal.

Suggestive.
"Many happy returns of the day, grandpa! And mother says if you give us each sixpence we mustn't lose it!"

Contradictory.
It is said that men in a savage state never have toothache. It is also said that there was never a man with toothache who was not in a savage state.

Investigation will reveal that every successful man gets down to work early.

ly for a moment; then he lay motionless.

"For God's sake, Billy, what's up?" cried Osbourne, in an agonized whisper. He laid his hand on the man's face, but jerked it away horrified, for it touched something warm and wet.

"She's mine!" he muttered, with fierce triumph; then, "Poor Billy." A thought came that caused him to gasp and shiver. He hesitated, reached for the dead man's hand and loosened its clasp from the other straw. It was several inches longer than the one he had drawn.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. "Oh, Billy," he cried, shaking the dead man's shoulder as if to rouse him. "What shall I do?" Only the far-off popping of the rifles broke the oppressive stillness.

"What would you have done?" he asked, in the same strain. "By God!" suddenly, "you were a good man. You would have kept the compact. I lost fairly. Bear witness, Billy, I am as good a man as you."

He laid his hand for an instant on the dead man's forehead. Then he rose slowly and fumbled in his pocket. At length he found a match. For a moment he stood irresolute, inhaling strong breaths of air. Already he had begun to feel the horror of being shut out from it forever. It was hard to give the signal for his own death. His teeth came together with a click, and, scratching the match on his shoe, he held the flame before his breast.—The Argonaut.

The Greatest Show on Earth.
During the Omaha exposition Senator Chauncey Depew and S. H. Callaway, president of the American Locomotive Company, were strolling about the Midway, taking in the sights, when they were invited into a large hall to see the "greatest performance on earth." The hall filled up rapidly, and after a wait of ten or fifteen minutes the Senator said to Mr. Callaway: "This must be a good show—so many people are crowding in to see it." After some further waiting, during which the hall was jammed full, the late Sterling Morton walked down the aisle, and, stopping to shake hands with the Senator and Mr. Callaway, said: "What in thunder are you fellows doing here? There is an old faker outside calling out, 'Come in and see the great and only Chauncey M. Depew! Only 10 cents to see the great and only Chauncey!'"—Portland Oregonian.

An Every-Day Matter.
There are some circumstances under which it is easy to write a letter for another person, and others under which it is well-nigh impossible; but not all people agree on what the circumstances are.

"I'd just like you to write a letter to Pomp for me, please, Missy June," said the colored queen of a Boston kitchen to her young mistress. "Jess a little short, every-day letter. It won't take you but 'bout a minute."

"What shall I say?" asked the lady, when pen and paper were at hand. "Tell me just what to say, Hester."

"Oh," said Hester, with a toss of her head, "I'd just like a few words, Missy June. Jess to tell him howdy, and say I made up my mind I ain't going to marry him, an' he'd better hurry himself and make sure o' Susy Lark, or most likely he'll lib an' die a miserable ole bachelard. Dat's all."

Important Detroit River.
The Detroit River is the outlet of the greatest bodies of fresh water in the world, aggregating 82,000 square miles of lake surface.

Many a man's success is due to the fact that he never attempts to do anything beyond his ability.

WEALTH IN A BOG.

An Easterner Taught California Land Owners a Lesson.

BOUGHT UP PEATLAND

This He Turned Into a Celery Farm and Started a Great Industry.

First Crop of Celery Raised on Land Which Was Bought for a Song—Production and Marketing of the Crop Is Full of Interest—Many of the Eastern States Are Supplied and Some Heavy Profits Are Made.

There is many a fortune lost by not being able to recognize a good thing when one sees it. Some one, a great many years ago, said that opportunity calls but once upon the same person. He is supposed to rap at the door and if he gets no answer he passes on never to return that way. This sounded so nice and fanciful that it became a proverb, but like many other accepted sayings, has not a grain of truth in it. As a matter of fact, opportunity is hanging about each man's door fairly aching for an invitation to come in, but most men are so obtuse they do not recognize him.

When the old man, Hervey found, a few years ago, that a goodly portion of his lands at Smetzer, Orange county, in Southern California, lay in the big tule swamp, he was sorry he had bought them. A little later, when a valuable team with which he was endeavoring to break up a portion of the peat lands became bogged and



AT WORK IN THE FIELD—CUTTING.

went down and down, in spite of all his efforts to save them, till they disappeared beneath the rich, black, oozy soil, never to reappear, he was still more regretful. He had, nevertheless, a good thing, but he did not know it. The bog was opportunity, but it took another to discover it.

Eight or nine years ago a man from the East wandered down to Santa Ana and there saw Mexicans and Chinese hauling wagon loads of dried peat about town, selling the product for fuel. Peat burns very nicely when properly prepared, and coal and wood being extremely scarce in Southern California, a number of persons managed to get a fair living out of the big tule swamp. The stranger had never heard of the great peat bog, but he asked some questions and learned all about it. Then he went down to Smetzer and saw it for himself. Next he began purchasing all the swamp land he could buy.

Stranger's Level Head.
Public opinion was divided regarding the stranger. He must be either idiotic or insane, the people thought, and the vote was about to be cast in which was the case. Nevertheless the owners of the swamp lands made haste to profit by his supposed mental infirmity, and they eagerly unloaded most of the bog upon him. Some of them, Hervey among the number, retained a part of the bog land just to see if the stranger really had a rational motive in acquiring the well-nigh worthless real estate. They are now congratulating themselves that they did so.

Some of this swamp land brought the owners as much as \$10 an acre. The most of it, however, went for less than half that sum. To-day the land is worth \$400 an acre, and off the 3,000 acres which are being utilized the owners will obtain this year a revenue of \$300,000.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and a hundred other cities in the East are eating celery raised in the great tule swamp of Orange county. More than 20 cars a day are shipped from the fields and the most of it goes east of the Mississippi river. It has taken some work and expense to put the swamp in condition to bring this income, but nothing compared with the return it yields.

The first work was to drain the swamp sufficiently to permit of the land being worked. In order to do this a huge drainage canal, 14 feet wide and 12 feet deep, was run from the swamp to the ocean four miles away. The lateral drains empty into this. Chinese labor was employed in digging the ditches and laying the tile through the soft earth and the same labor was used in clearing the swamp of the tule and other growth and putting the ground in condition to be plowed. Then came the problem, how to plow the land. Notwithstanding the drainage, the lands were still soft and spongy and the danger of bogging the horses was not slight. The stranger from the East was again equal to the emergency. He had, in the course of his travels, had experience in navigating upon snowshoes, and he proceeded to rig shoes for the horses on a modified snowshoe plan. Now the horses plow the land, bank the celery, pull the cutting machines over the fields and carry away the crop in safety.

Cheap Labor Employed.
Nearly all the labor employed is Chinese and Japanese. This is not so much because that kind of labor is cheaper than other kinds—though that feature of the case is not objected to—as it is that the white men can not

stand the work. The planting begins in June and continues through July and August, and the hot summer sun beats down upon the fields and the heat and the rank odors of the swamp, laden with fever and malaria, are more than the average white man can endure. The Orientals, however, keep healthy, as a rule, and do not seem to much mind the heat.

In a week or so after the plants have been set, the laborers go through the patch and press the dirt around the plants in such a manner as to cause the stalks to grow uprightly and close together. This process is repeated two or three times and then the "bankers,"



HOG SHOES WORN BY HORSES.

as the two-shares plows are called, are put into the field and the soil is thrown up against the plants, burying all but the tops. As the stalks push upward the banking is repeated and the stalks are thus kept bleached and tender till it is time for the cutting. This is also done with horse power. A four-wheeled vehicle fitted with sharp knives which pass under the rows of celery is drawn through the fields, clipping the stalks from the roots and leaving them still standing in the rows. So rapidly do these machines do the work but five teams and machines are required to harvest the crop from the entire 3,000 acres.

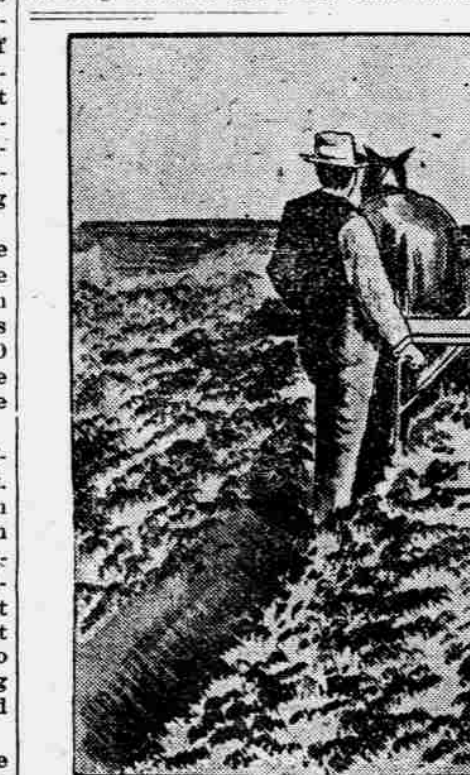
Following the cutters come a small army of Celestials who take the sev-



AT WORK IN THE FIELD—CUTTING.

ered stalks by the tops and lift them from the earth, and with rapid and skillful motions shake the dirt therefrom, trim the roots and tops with knives made for the purpose, and lay the stalks to one side of the row where the packers find them and tie them into bundles and put them in crates ready for shipment. The harvest begins in October and lasts till well toward the spring. As the rainy season begins about November 1, it will be seen that the most of this work takes place at the most disagreeable season of the year. Day after day the yellow men drag their mud-laden feet up and down the long rows, and amid the pelting, chilly rains work steadily and uncompromisingly on, receiving at the end of the week a pittance the white man would scorn; and yet, most of these laborers have a comfortable bank account.

It takes strong soil to raise good celery year after year, and this is just what the soil of the peat swamp is. For hundreds, thousands and perhaps millions of years the rains of winter have carried down to the tule swamp the vegetation of the mountains mixed with the soil borne along with the rushing torrents the rains send down



BANKING THE CELERY WITH A DOUBLE PLOW.

their steep sides. In this natural sink the vegetation has decayed and sank beneath the next layer brought down from the "everlasting hills." Thus nature has formed one of the best soils that could be found for the purpose for which it is now being used. After the last of the crop has been taken from the fields, the ground is plowed and sown to barley. Just before planting time, the barley, which has by this time attained a rank growth, is plowed under and its luxuriance goes to enrich the soil and minister to the demands of the new celery crop.

Last season's output of celery from this erstwhile bog was fully 1,200 cars. As each car holds 150 crates and each crate contains six dozen stalks, it will be seen that the product of the swamp reached nearly 13,000,000 stalks. This brought in the markets more than \$300,000, fully one-half of which found its way into the pockets of the growers. Truly a handsome sum to pull from the cozy mud of a peat bog.

What Adam Was Doing.
It was midnight. Suddenly in the Adam residence there was a cry, then a series of howls, and one of the neigh-

hors, passing by, heard the head of the house use language that was calculated to loose the thunderbolts of heaven on the whole neighborhood. She stopped, ran up to the door, and, pressing the button, listened eagerly at the speaking tube. "What in the world is your husband doing?" she asked, as the dulcet voice of Eve inquired her errand.

"Oh," replied Eve, "he is merely raising Cain. 'It requires strong language to raise a child like that.'"

And thus an expression was coined which promises to outlast history itself. —Portland Oregonian.

DIED OF STARVATION.

Sad Fate of a Prospector in that Great Deathtrap, the Colorado Desert.
J. P. Fay recently returned from a trip across the Colorado desert with news of the death of J. A. Adams, Deputy County Surveyor of San Bernardino County and a grandson of John Brown, the abolitionist of national fame, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. Adams met with a horrible death, wandering away from the surveying camp while temporarily deranged and perishing of starvation.

"We were out on the desert prospecting for gold," said Fay. "An Indian, whom we had employed to show us where to find water on the desert, caught his foot in the stirrup while mounting his horse and fell on his back. The horse started to run, dragging the Indian by one foot. As the ground was covered by jagged rocks, the Indian would have been killed had not Adams run up and seized the horse by the bit. The animal, wild with fright, reared and plunged. Adams was twice thrown upon the rocks, and once the horse's hoof struck him, but he still gripped the bit until Mr. Lanier and I succeeded in releasing the Indian."

"After all the danger was over Adams sat down upon a rock and began laughing, and when asked if he was hurt replied: 'Oh, no; I'm only a little tired, but I guess you will have to help me set this arm.' We then started for Yuma, Adams riding some twenty-five miles that afternoon and never once complaining, though we could see by his drawn features that he was suffering intense pain."

"At dusk we camped for the night, and within an hour the sick man was delicious and raving like a maniac. Some time during the night he left camp. As soon as we discovered that he had gone we made every effort to find him, but could not do much until daylight, when we found his tracks all the way and until about 9 o'clock the next day, when we came to a hard, rocky place at the foot of some rock hills. Here we lost the trail, and, try as we might, we could not find it again."

"For three days we searched the hills, but not a trace of the man could we discover, though we well knew that somewhere within a radius of twenty or thirty miles lay the body of one of the bravest men that ever lost his life in that great deathtrap—the Colorado desert."

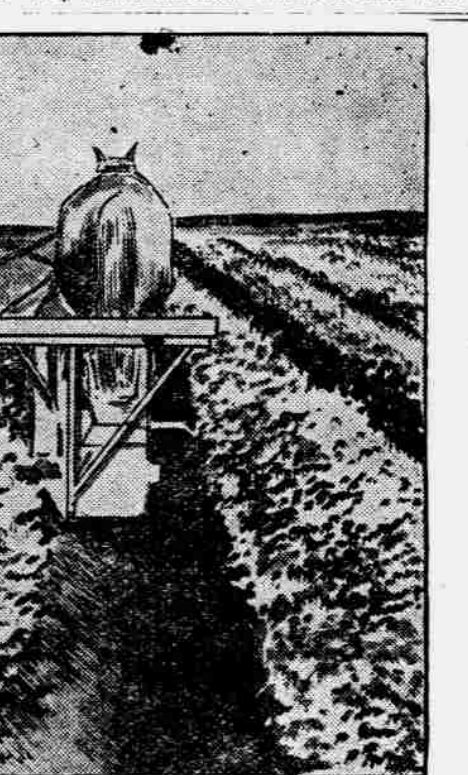
WAITERS AND EYEGLASSES.
Hotels and Restaurants Object to Help Wearing Optical Aids.

"Ever see a waiter wearing glasses?" demanded the inquisitor.

No one could remember, although just why a waiter should not be seen with glasses as well as any other man was not apparent.

"It's just like the wearing of beards," went on the inquisitor. "The proprietors of our important hotels, restaurants and cafes will not permit either beards or glasses to be worn by their waiters. It is possible that in some old-fashioned family or commercial hotel the servitors may be found with their noses straddled by optical helps, but you won't find 'em along Broadway."

"Now, this is a fact worthy of note, because in every other calling in life the number of persons wearing glasses is on the increase, and even in our schools a considerable percentage of very small children will be found wearing



BANKING THE CELERY WITH A DOUBLE PLOW.

glasses. And while, as I say, hotel, restaurant and cafe proprietors are opposed to the glasses, still I have seldom found a waiter whose eyes indicated that he was in the slightest need of them.

"You may argue that restaurant waiters are generally young men. Grant you that instantly, but, all the same, thousands of men of similar age have to wear them in almost every other occupation."

"The majority of these servitors commence in boyhood, and the demand of their vocation causes no strain on the eyesight. Consequently that may account in a measure for the absence of any necessity for the use of specs. Moreover, the steam from hot larders would render them useless probably."

—New York Evening Telegram.

Largest Farm Known.

The biggest average farm in the world is in South Australia, where the average squatter holds 78,000 acres.

There is nothing in the wide, wide world that so speedily pounds sense into a foolish girl as marriage to an improvident man.

AS TO PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Few Great Speeches Come Without Previous Study.

Some wonder how men are expressed at the practice David B. Hill has lately adopted of reading his speeches to his audiences, though it is said that he reads with such a show of off-hand speaking that those in the crowd who can hear him but cannot see him do not discover any difference. Mr. Hill is a practiced public speaker, and an unquestionably do his subject justice without the use of manuscript. If necessity arises he is eminently satisfactory as an extemporaneous speaker. These are formative times, however, and he is probably anxious to keep his record straight, and to be able to produce the proof against misrepresentations.

Some kinds of speeches are not much hurt in effect by being read by the speaker. Others depend altogether on the style of delivery. Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, would not be a success as a speech reader. Deliveries that depend more on flights of phraseology and graceful emphasis than deep deliberation must be unburdened by manuscript.

Reading speeches is getting to be quite the fashion. Gov. Nash read his speech as temporary chairman of the Republican State convention from typewritten pages, and Gen. Grosvenor, the permanent chairman, also read his speech.

Ex-Senator Hill is a busy man, and probably had not the time to commit his speech to memory. Ex-President Cleveland has plenty of time, and probably had his Tilden Club remarks "pat."

Of one thing the admiring public may rest assured: Very few, if any, of the great speeches come spontaneously from the speaker without previous reflection and preparation, not only as to the sentiment and general line of thought, but as to the language employed. Even Rogers' great speech placing Blaine in nomination for President in this city in 1876, which seemed an immediate brilliant inspiration rather than a study, was rehearsed in bed to the speaker's anxious brother before the convention met. The brother went to Robert's room early in the morning to spur him to preparation. "How will this do?" asked Robert, as he raised himself from the pillows. Then that great speech was delivered for the first time, and to only one man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lady or Tiger.

An unsolved mystery is that connected with the late Frank H. Stockton's story of "The Lady or the Tiger." At the end of the tale the hero is left in the arena, about to open one of two doors; behind the first is a tiger, and behind the second a girl who loves the hero. Another girl, who also loves him, and who knows the secret of the doors, signals him which one to open. At this point the story ends, and Mr. Stockton never confided to any one his opinion of the hero's fate.

"I'm sure I should like to tell you," he said to an interviewer, "but I can't, because I really don't know myself."

"The story said everybody guessing, and one day, at a reception, when it was a topic of debate, Mr. Stockton told Rudyard Kipling that he thought of going to India."

"I'm glad of it," said Kipling, enthusiastically, "and I'll tell you what we'll do with you! We'll lure you into the jungle, and have you seized and bound. We'll have you turned on your back, and get one of our biggest elephants to stand over you with his foot poised above your head. Then I'll say, in my most fascinating tone, 'Come now, Stockton, which was it, the lady or the tiger?'"

At one time Mr. Stockton was the guest of honor at a dinner given in Washington by a member of President Harrison's cabinet. When the dessert was served it proved to be two large plates of ice cream, one an orange leaf in the mold of a tiger, the other of vanilla, in the form of a woman. The plates were set in front of the hostess, and she turned to her guest with a prematurely triumphant air.

"Which kind do you prefer, Mr. Stockton?" she asked.

"A little of both, of you please!"

Willings to Wait.

The natives of Sierra Leone are not behind the rest of the world in expecting a present at Christmas, but unlike more conventional races, they have the candor to ask for it. "Massa," inquires the native, "what you go give me for my Christmas?" The author of "The Sherbro and Its Hinterland," says that on other special occasions similar requests are common.

In 1887, during the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, which happened to come at the same time as the centenary commemoration of the founding of the colony of Sierra Leone, a local character at Freetown approached me, and said, "Massa, what you go give me for my jubilee?"

I was not disposed to take the hint, and he added:

"What! You no give me nutting for my jubilee? Well, no matter! You go give me something for my centenary?" He was again unsuccessful; but when I told him that I would think the matter over, and he might come around on his next centenary, he went away quite contented.

The Reward of Curiosity.

It cannot be said that the rebuke contained in the following anecdote from the New York Times was conveyed in the best way, but it undoubtedly found its mark:

While on a trip through the South soon after the civil war, a prominent man stopped over night at the little town of Warrenton, N. C. The next morning, while he was strolling around, he met a countryman who greeted him with, "Howdy," and passed the time of day most cordially. The native was barefooted, and, having some curiosity about it, the visitor said:

"Is it the custom of the country for the men to go without shoes?"

"Wal," was the drawing reply, "some on us does, but most on us 'tends to our own business."

Increase of Election Districts.

The number of election districts this year is increased from 1,537 to 1,543.

Be sure your sins will find you out if you are ever a candidate for office.