

THE BAD BOY.

His Fourth of July Experience—His Girl Swallows a Pickle the Wrong Way—Nigger Chases Mixed With His Girl's Feet. Her Pa Unreasonable.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store all broke up, the morning after the 4th of July.

"What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice box to cool his back, which had been having trouble with a bunch of fire crackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat from here. Who ordered any cat sent to our house? We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off.

"Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where that cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of fire crackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in tea. Now, you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon the 4th of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up, now, was you asleep all the forenoon, the 4th, while other boys were celebrating, or did you searh my cat?" and the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty to sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once, when we were playing m-rbles, and I said I would get even with him some time. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick, with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have mangled him, and that night I sat up with him while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy has got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night makes five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the 4th, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldiers' Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"Oh, get out. You can't make me believe you had rather stay in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the 4th of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the saw dust off some bottles of peppercorn that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No,—not with her," said the boy, as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of firecrackers explode in the pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home, she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the 4th of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldier's Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted me to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably, was to get out real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree, to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked me what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat, and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off, her own hair was as straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree, to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a nigger chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while I looked for the boy that fired the nigger chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and

I put my arm around her and told her never to mind the accidents, cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of fire crackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she was. Her dress was one of these mosquito bar, creese cloth dresses, and it burned just like punk. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own conflagration, and when I got her put out, my coat tail and trousers were a total loss. My, but she looked like a goose that has been picked, and I looked like a fireman that has fell through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home, and I took her home, and her pa was setting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt offering. He teaches in our Sunday-school, and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are off his feet. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fireworks, and that he could bring in a bill against the government, and I showed him how I was bereaved of a coat tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot hit me I thought it was the resurrection, sure, and when I got over the fence, and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and I set up with him, cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick room and man a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't care if we did whip the British, after declaring independence. I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for to a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a nigger chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious 4th of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or re-tail my coat? Hereafter I am a rebel, and I will go out in the woods the way pa does, and come home with a black eye, got in a rational way."

"What, did your pa get a black eye, too? I hadn't heard about that," said the grocery man, giving the boy a handful of unbaked peanuts to draw him out. "Didn't get to fighting, did he?"

"No, pa, don't fight. It is wrong, he says, to fight, unless you are sure you can whip the fellow, and pa all ways gets whipped, so he quit fighting. You see, one of the deacons in our church lives out on a farm, and all his folks were going away to spend the 4th, and he had to do all the chores, so he invited pa and ma to come out to the farm and have a nice quiet time, and they went. There is nothing pa likes better than to go out on a farm, and pretend he knows everything. When the farmer got pa and ma out there he set them to work, and ma shelled peas while pa went to dig potatoes for dinner. I think it was mean for the deacon to send pa out in the corn field to dig potatoes, and after he had dug up a whole row of corn without finding any potatoes, to set the dog on pa, and tree him in an apple tree near the bee hives, and then go and visit with ma and leave pa in the tree with the dog barking at him. Pa said he never knew how mean a deacon could be, until he had sat on a limb of that apple tree all the afternoon. About time to do chores the farmer came and found pa, and called the dog off, and pa came down, and then the farmer played the meanest trick of all. He said city people didn't know how to milk cows, and pa said he wished he had as many dollars as he knew how to milk cows. He said his specialty was milking kicking cows, and the farmer gave pa a tin pail and a milking stool, and let down the bars, and pointed out to pa "the worst cow on the place." Pa knew his reputation was at stake, and he went up to the cow and punched it in the flank and said, "hist, confounded you." Well, the cow wasn't a hissing cow, but a hissing bull, and pa knew it was a bull as quick as he see it put down its head and beller, and pa dropped the pail and stool and started for the bars, and the bull after pa. I don't think it was right in ma to bet two shillings with the farmer that pa would get to the bars before the bull did, though she won a big bet. Pa said he knew it was a bull just as soon as the horns got tangled up in his coat tail, and when he struck on the other side of the bars, and his nose hit the ash barrel where they make lyt for soap, pa said he saw more fireworks than we did at the Soldier's Home. Pa wouldn't celebrate any more, and he came home, after thanking the farmer for his courtesies, but he wants me to borrow a gun and go out with him hunting. We are going to shoot a bull and a dog, and some bees, may be we will shoot the farmer, if we be we will shoot as he is now. Well, keeps on as mad as he is now. Well, we went have another 4th of July for a year, and may be by that time my girl's polonaise and hair will grow out, and that bull may become gentle, so pa can milk it. Ta-ta."

A Philadelphia police sergeant says he has arrested men hopelessly, helplessly, rolling drunk, with \$1,000 in their pockets. Beg pardon, sergeant, but a man with \$1,000 doesn't get drunk. He may succumb to malaria, or eat buttered watermelon, but he doesn't get drunk.

The rage for needle-work decoration is growing worse; and it is so that if a man lays off his duster for a day or two, the next time he picks it up it looks like a study of Senator Tabor's premier night-shirt.

STORM OF 1856.

The Heroic Acts of Capt. Abe Smith and His Men, of the Steamer Star, in the Midst of a Storm.

While in New Iberia, in May, I called to see my esteemed old friend, Capt. Abe Smith, who is paralyzed, and has in a great measure lost the use of his limbs. He and his wife live in New Iberia. He has been unable to follow steamboating for several years. He has saved enough from his labors in former years to enable him to provide the necessities of life for his family, but he is compelled to live very frugally. He has spent several thousand dollars in visiting springs and for medicines which he hoped would restore him to health.

On the 10th of August, 1856, a storm struck Last Island, situated on the Gulf coast south of Terrebonne parish, about half way between the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi river and Atchafalaya bay, and caused a fearful destruction of lives. About 500 persons were on the island, chiefly planters and their families from the Teche and the Lafourche, from Terrebonne and other parishes. It was the sugar planters' watering place. The island is a mere sand reef about 20 miles in length, and in its widest part about three miles wide, with a hard sand beach, washed by breakers rolling in from the Gulf of Mexico and fanned by south breezes from the tropical fruit and sugar islands of the Gulf and Caribbean Sea.

Of the 500 persons on the island at the time of the storm nearly 300 were lost. Most of those who were saved were rescued from death by the brave struggles of Capt. Abe Smith and his men of the steamer Star.

The storm of August '56, was one of the worst hurricanes that has swept the Gulf coast since the memory of man. At first it took up the dry sand and dashed it in clouds over the island and on the waters. Then a deluge of rain came on the wings of the ferocious storm, and the white and angry billows broke upon the shore, and the spray was caught up and scattered, blended with the rains that came from the clouds. Stout men and frail women struggled for life amid the angry elements—the roaring waves and howling storm; houses went to pieces with a crash, and the shingle roofs went kiting through the air, and the fragments of buildings fell in showers upon the island and upon the waters.

While 500 men, women and children were being blown hither and thither like the leaves of autumn in an October gale, while women and children were screaming for help in the agonies of fright and despair as they were hurried forward by the merciless storm towards a watery grave, Capt. Abe Smith with his twenty brave men were periling their lives to save the lives of the helpless. As fast as they rescued the sufferers and placed them safely on the Star they would go out for more, and bring the rescued to the steamer, which was to them the "ark of safety." Such was the force of wind and wave that the steamer dragged four anchors that were buried in the sand and went on the island, where she in time went to pieces and decayed.

As the storm increased Capt. Smith lashed the cabin of the steamer with strong ropes to the hull to keep it from blowing away, but he soon saw that by retaining the cabin he endangered the hull, so he cut away the cabin and let the winds sweep it away and clear the decks for vigorous action. While there was a life to save the work of rescuing those in peril went bravely on. Capt. Smith put the rescued under deck, and put down the hatches. At length he made an effort that came near costing him his life. Noticing Mr. Fisher, of Bayou Teche, struggling in the shallow water near the Star to save his wife and daughter, Capt. Smith took charge of the two ladies, and being a giant in size and strength, he would have brought both safely to the steamer, but for a raft of the debris of wrecked buildings that swept over them when he lost his hold on the ladies, and both of them were swept from the shore and drowned. Capt. Smith, nearly blind, and with his eyes full of sand, was taken to the stern of the Star by wind and wave, and was rapidly passing on to deep water, when a rope was thrown to him. He was drawn aboard of the steamer and saved. After the storm it was several days before a relief boat was sent from the Teche, and it was difficult to obtain provisions before relief was sent.

Many bodies of those lost in the storm driven out to sea, and as the wind changed they were brought back and thrown upon the beach by wind and tide.

No soldier in battling for home and country ever deserved higher praise than Capt. Smith is entitled to for his heroic struggles in the Last Island storm. No man could show more courage or coolness in dangers that encompass the noblest heroes in perils of the battlefield, storm, fire or floods, than Capt. Smith showed in commanding his men or in meeting personal danger. History may embellish, and lionize, and immortalize the heroes of Greece and Rome and of our American revolutions, but none of them could behave more nobly, or defy death or danger under the most trying circumstances more bravely than Capt. Smith on the occasion mentioned in the foregoing narrative. Had he been favored with a few drops of royal blood in his veins, or had he possessed an estate of a few millions when he bat-

tered the fierce elements like the noblest knights in the noblest cause, he would have had a place in history, and would have been dramatized on the stage instead of living almost forgotten, in poverty, in an humble cottage in New Iberia. I have always considered Capt. Abe Smith one of the bravest men in America, and I take pleasure in repeating here what I have often written and published before. Capt. Smith, I think, came from Ohio to Louisiana not many years before the Last Island storm. He was 25 years old in 1856, and is now 53. He was six feet three or four inches high and must have weighed 250 pounds, well proportioned, with a noble and manly bearing, strong and generous, as well as brave, when he acted the heroic knight among the women and children of Last Island.

He now carries a magnificent gold watch, in which the following testimonial is neatly engraved:

The Sufferers during the Last Island Disaster,
To Capt. Abraham Smith,
Testimonial of Gratitude.
August 10th, 1856.

An ounce of heroism creates more admiration and newspaper talk in one man than a pound in another. Peabody, in his easy chair, with millions in bank, had more public honors showered on him than Howard in his poverty, who lost his life in visiting prisoners in a dungeon. But pearls are pearls, though at the bottom of the ocean, and diamonds are diamonds, though buried in a mountain.

DAN L. DENNETT.

EFFECTS OF THE NIGHT AIR.

The Westminster Review quotes from Miss Nightingale some very sensible remarks on the subject of night air. Her accomplishments as a scholar, and her experience as a nurse give great weight to her views on this important subject. She says the dread of night air is an extraordinary fallacy. What air can we breathe at night but a night air? Our only choice lies between a pure night air from without or foul night air from within. It is unaccountable that most people prefer the latter. What would they say if it was proved to be true that one-half the diseases that we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window during the night in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the purest and best that can be obtained during the twenty-four hours. Therefore, in town it would be better, if either must be done, to shut the windows during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of the smoke and the quiet of the streets make the night the best time for airing the patients. A physician, considered as high medical authority on consumption and climate, asserts that the air in London is never so pure as after 10 o'clock at night. An immense amount of fresh air is required for healthy respiration. The average respiration of a man is estimated at 24 cubic inches, and the average number of respirations during a minute is 20. Therefore, 400 cubic feet of air passes through the lungs of an ordinary man 24 hours. And yet, knowing these facts, we shut up our house and go to sleep without a thought for the supply of the life-giving oxygen, as necessary for the well-being of the delicate tissues of the lungs as food is for the renewal of the tissues of the body. If we had to buy pure air as we do precious stones, we should soon appreciate its worth. Because it is "free as air" we are unwilling to take the pains and regulate our windows for its judicious supply, and carelessly breathe a tainted atmosphere, which brings disease and the thousand ills to which flesh is heir as the penalty for the transgression of physical laws.

Fire proof prints of a valuable description says the *Chemiker Zeitung*, are now made as follows: Ninety-five parts of asbestos fibre, which have been treated with potassium bichromate and bleached with sulphurous acid, are made into paper with five parts of pulp; and, to make the characters fire-proof, there are used sixty-eight parts metallic color, twenty-five of any water color, two parts platinum chloride, and five of gum arabic.

"What influence has the moon on the tide?" the teacher asked John Henry. John Henry said it depended on what was tied; if it was a dog it made him howl, and if it was a gate, it untied it, just as soon as a cow or the young man came along. It is such things as this that make school teachers want to lie down and die every day at four o'clock.

"My son graduated with honors," proudly said an Arkansas gentleman. "He took the gold medal and the professors all declared that he would make his mark." "What is he doing now?" asked an acquaintance. "He's in the penitentiary at present, but, sir, he graduated with honors."

Dr. Quinn, an eminent London physician, writes: "When a man turns his toes out much in walking and treads upon the whole base of his feet, and is always stopping to look back, he is already old. The sagacious 'Boots' at an inn can tell a man's age by the state of his shoe-leather."

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," sings Ella Wheeler. Well, yes, sometimes. And sometimes it laughs at you. That is the time when your share in the fun is reduced to a minimum.

SINGED.

A New Kind of the Eastern Barber—Knights of the Razor Singeing Hair.

"Hair Singeing, 25 cents," is the somewhat novel sign displayed in the window of a South Broad street barber shop. The interior of the shop is decorated with half a dozen more of the signs, and two knights of the razor and a colored boy fanned themselves and waited for customers. The reporter had just made known his errand when two youths, popularly known as "toughs," entered, and one of them, notwithstanding the lavish display of signs, inquired if "this here's the place the feller was wot burned yer hair off?" Being assured he had reached the right place, the youth asked if it "hurt yer," and when the barber said it was a painless operation seated himself in one of the chairs and told the barber to "bring on yer blaze, and do it up in style," he added that he wanted a "reg'lar Summer cut; short all over." The first step taken by the barber was to cut the youth's hair in the regular way with the scissors, and this being finished the act of singeing began. Taking a long taper, such as used in any household, he lighted it from a gas burner, and with a comb lifted what remained of the young man's hair into ridges, the tops of which he deftly burned off by applying the blazing paper until a halo of smoke encircled his head, and a faint odor of toasted wool floated about the room and into the sultry night. With great skill he soon had the entire top, back and sides of the youth's head completely singed, that worthy in the meantime staring at the operation as reflected in the mirror, and momentarily exclaiming: "Well, I'll be blowed!" His companion was similarly impressed, and made constant remarks of a like nature. When the youth's head had been sufficiently toasted to suit the barber's artistic eye the taper was put out, and the customer requested to step down to the wash basin, where his head was thoroughly washed, to clear away the "ashes" that remained at the end of each hair, and when that operation was finished the youth gazed in the glass at as beautifully clipped a cranium as ever left a barber's shop. Paying his quarter, and remarking that it "wasn't such a bad racket, after all," the young man gave a parting glance of approval in the mirror, and, with his companions, departed. "This is the only place in this country where you can get a regular 'singe,'" said the barber after the youths had gone, "but it's a pretty common thing in England and Europe, and in Canada, too, I believe." In conclusion, he stated that it was said to be a capital thing for the hair, and would cause it to flourish like a corn field after a Summer shower; but he added in conclusion, "It ain't any good for bald-headed men, for they haven't any hair to be braced up."—Philadelphia Record.

TORNADO.

From Mr. R. Shermerhorn, Pull man car conductor between this point and Kansas City, we glean the following account of a tornado he witnessed on the Kansas Pacific Road: He says the afternoon had been intensely sultry and hot, and as the train howled along he noticed heavy banks of clouds gathering in the north. They grew blacker and more dense, and rolled up in alarming proportions, obscuring the sky. It grew dark very rapidly, while along the edges of the cloud the lightning played its fantastic dance. The cloud hung lower and lower, until it seemed to almost touch the ground.

Suddenly a murmur, which increased into a roar, was heard, and at a distance over the prairie could be seen the destroyer at work. Mr. Shermerhorn says it was not funnel-shaped, but he says it sucked up everything in its path as if they were feathers. It was moving south and toward the small town of Victoria, which place the train was also approaching. But the wings of the tornado were so strong that they impeded the progress of the train, which, to keep from being blown from the track, was at last compelled to come to a stand-still in the shelter of a bluff. It was now about 6:30 o'clock and quite dark. They could see the town in the distance and the monster swooping upon it. It struck, and in the dim light the houses seemed to collapse. It then grew darker, and they could see no more, but the terrible roaring, growing fainter and fainter, told that the tornado was passing south.

As the wind subsided the train started and upon approaching the town was signaled to stop by the station agent, who said the storm had struck them and done fearful damage, but how much he could not tell. The train immediately started again and further particulars have not been learned. Mr. Shermerhorn describes the storm as a grand sight. —Cheyenne Leader.

The sand which is used in grinding glass plates, and so is mixed with glass dust, is now ingeniously utilized by M. Motte of Dampremy in the production of ceramic wares, such as solid or hollow bricks, simple building stones, ornamental stones, etc. These products are described as having great firmness, a pleasing, unalterable color, like that of French sandstone, and small specific gravity.

"The Longest Span in the World" is the title of a bridge article in a Northern magazine. If Vanderbilt sees it he will want to drive the span.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

Cincinnati has a smoke inspector. From melted lead to shot is a terrible drop.

Never strike a trade dollar when it is down.

Algernon Sartoris is said to be an English dude.

Blasting powder should always be in prime order.

Much of society is now wrapped in flannel at the seaside.

Chicken down yellow is a new color. This is getting it down fine.

In Mississippi it is noticed that Columbus stands the press very well.

The pawnbroker who is always making advances, is bound to get on in the world.

True religion does not go to the country for the summer in order to shut up city churches.

To speak of a reporter as a "pencil shaver" is the flattest sort of slang. The pencil must be led.

The Atlanta Constitution has established a "truck" department, in which watermelon prices are quoted every day.

Mesmerism consists of subjecting the mind of one person to the control of another. The less mind a man has the easier he is mesmerized.

After a careful study of the question Beecher concludes that the world is not worse now than it was fifty years ago. He thinks, however, that there are now better facilities for finding and spreading scandal than formerly, which gives the world a bad look.

Boston Post: "No," said the rum-seller, "there's no use of my staying in the business! All the prize fighters have opened saloons, and folks would rather pay twenty cents for a poor drink served by a tough than fifteen cents for a good one mixed by a quiet man."

Chicago wit: "Somebody told a young English nobleman that to be popular in Boston society he must profess to be very fond of baked beans. And so, when he dined at Mrs. Beaconstreet's, he said in a loud voice to the servant: 'Pass the baked beans, please.' There were none, of course, and the hostess said she was insulted."

New York belles now have their feet photographed.

A well-painted picture of sunset will not look like sunrise.

It is a satire to tell a fool to use his own judgment.

The only way to punish bad Indians is to turn cavalry loose and make a march beyond the reach of professional philanthropists.

The Boston Advertiser says the commencement young man would like the police court privilege of waiving an examination.

Saints are made on earth; but they all live in heaven.

Buildings for angels to live in should be made with wings.

Pittsburg people have been nearly steam-whistled to death.

Parched corn may cure hog cholera if death does not come the first pop.

Holding only one queen England has no show in a game of governments.

The Western farmer never forgets his winter rye.

"Pechutt," the new slang word that takes the place of *chie*, is not to be sneezed at.

The Cincinnati Saturday Night looks upon poker playing as a school for the "blind."

The danger in taking the conceit out of some men is that they will have nothing left to stand on.

The Sultan of Turkey is not a man to waste sympathy on. He has an income of \$15,000,000 per year.

The trade dollar is in everlasting disgrace. Saving banks about to break will not take it from poor people.

An Iowa paper says nine saloon licenses have been issued in Boone. There is a chance for Boone companionship.

The disgraceful fate of Major Wasson is a terrible warning to keep army officers from playing poker. They must try some other game.

Some of the village carts are so nice, and they carry such precious loads, it is no wonder the swell young man wants to become a village donkey.

In Ohio one quarter of the license money raised by liquor goes to the poor of the county instead of the poor office holder.

An Alabama man advertises that he has something that will make hens lay. Perhaps it is a little string that ties their legs. Send stamps for the secret.

Fashionable dress makers have established themselves at Newport and Long Branch. They are to tell the young ladies what to wear at the hot hops, and to fix up strangers at short notice.

Nothing pleases a conscientious bachelor so much as to dine with a married friend and see the baby put his foot into the grave.

A man breathes eighteen times a minute on the average, but the rapidity with which he breathes after running to catch a train has not yet been estimated.

A man writes that Dr. Soando, who was convicted of attempting to poison his wife, will be allowed another trial. If he doesn't fetch her next time he must be a poor doctor.

"When are you going to make me that pair of new boots I ordered?" asked Gus DeSmith of his shoemaker. "When you pay for the last pair I made you." "Whew! I can't wait so long as that!"