

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

"LET AL' THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

—Joseph H. Daniels, Manager

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, Friday, July 22, 1881.

POETRY.

A Cherished Notion.

Do you know, I've cherished the notion,
Were I as rich as I'd like to be,
With my own little yacht on the ocean,
And a cottage somewhere by the sea,
With a brown stone front in the city,
And cultured friends in the Hub,
And the chairman of some committee
In a thoroughly high toned club;

Do you know I've a notion, my daisy,
If this blissful condition were mine,
That, somehow, I shouldn't go crazy
Over my old vintage of wine,
Nor collect earthenware from the pot-
ters,

Nor presume to set the world right,
Nor keep a whole stable of trotters,
Nor grapple the "tiger" at night;

Nor marry, as some do, an heiress
For beauty, or fame or blood,
Nor follow the crowd to Paris
(If New York were swept of its mud.)

No, none of these things would an-
swer
My dream of earthly bliss.
For I hold, my little entrancer,
To a fancy somewhat like this:

That with all the wealth of Golconda
I never could hope to buy,
Though over the world I should wan-
der,

One glance from a loveliest eye;
For love is a subtle treasure,
Which cannot be bought or sold—
Which comes at its own sweet
pleasure.

And is held by no chains of gold.

I could buy, with my fancied riches,
All grosser or tangible things,
The vulgar display which bewitches
The rabble, who feel not its stings.

I could buy, on my gold relying,
All products of labor and art—
But where is the market for buying
A true and loving heart?

And this is the notion I cherish:
However rich I may be,
If Love were to whither and perish
I should die in my poverty.

And though to have millions were
pleasant,
If having them parted us two,
Then I'd choose to be but a peasant—
A peasant with Love and you!

HOW RUSSIAN GIRLS ARE COURTED

MARY KYLE DALMAN.

Love is the same the world over,
But "courting" is managed very dif-
ferently in different countries. Rus-
sian courtship, among the middle
classes, is peculiar. The first Whit-
sunday after the young girl is ac-
knowledged by her mother to be of
marriageable years, she is taken to the
Petersburg summer-garden, to join
the "Bridal Promenade." This con-
sists of the daughters of the Russian
tradesmen walking in procession, fol-
lowed by their parents. Up and down
they go, pretending to chat with each
other and to take no notice of the
young men—the tradesmen's sons,
dressed in their best clothes—who
walk in another procession on the op-
posite side. However, every now and
then, some young fellow slips out of
his proper rank and adds himself to
the line of girls on the other side,
speaking to one particularly. The
parents of the girl join in the conver-
sation in a few moments, and soon
they leave the promenade and are
joined by the parents of the young
man. Generally the old folks have
talked it all over before, but on this
occasion every one pretends to be
surprised. On the next day a female
confidante calls on the girl's parents
and requests her hand. This granted,
all the relations on both sides meet
and argue about the portion to be given
with the girl. If this is not satis-
factory all is at an end; if it is what is
expected, the betrothal takes place.

The bride and bride-groom kneel
down upon a great fur mat, and the
bride takes a ring from her finger and
gives it to the bride-groom, who re-
turns the gift by another. The bride's
mother meanwhile crumbles a piece
of bread over her daughter's head, and
her father holds the image of his
daughter's patron saint over his fu-
ture son-in-law's well-brushed locks.

As they arise the bridesmaids sing a
wedding song. The guests each bring
forward a present of some sort. Wine
is handed about, and some one says, it
is bitter and needs sweetening. Upon
this the bride-groom kisses the bride—
the sweetness being supposed to be
provided by this kiss—salutes the
company, and takes his leave, on which
the bridesmaids sing a song
with a chorus something like this:

"Farewell, happy bridegroom,
But return to be still more happy."

Courting time has now begun. Ev-
ery evening the lover comes to his
lady's home, with a present which is
always something good to eat—gen-
erally cakes or sugar-plums. He

makes love under rather awkward
circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit
about the betrothed pair, in a circle,
singing songs descriptive of their hap-
piness. One pities the poor young
Russians a little at this point, but the
wedding day is not long delayed. The
last evening of the courtship is enliv-
ened by the presentation of the gifts of
the bridegroom, which must in-
clude brushes, combs, soap, and per-
fumery. On receiving these, the
bridesmaids instantly carry the bride
away and wash her, dress her hair,
and perfume her pocket-handker-
chief. Thus touched up, she returns to
the company, and the bride's father
gives his future son-in-law the mar-
riage portion, which he takes home
with him in a neat bag.

The next morning he returns for the
lady herself. She receives him with
her hair unbraided and flowing down
her back. They are married by the
ceremonies of the Greek church, and
the old folks never go to the wedding
dinner. Those eternal bridesmaids,
whom they must hate by this time,
are there, however, still on duty, and
the evening closes by the bride kneel-
ing down and pulling off her husband's
boots to prove her intention to be an
obedient and submissive wife.

Good-natured bridegrooms gener-
ally hide jewelry or money in their
boots, which the bride may take pos-
session of as a part of her prize. Af-
ter the wedding day the parents be-
gin to give feasts, and keep it up a
week, and it is not until all this is
over that the "young couple" see those
blessed bridesmaids take their depart-
ure. They are then compelled to
kiss them, thank them, and give them
each a present. How would you like
to be courted in the Russian way, my
dear?

A Headless Woman.

Louisville comes to the front with
perhaps the most remarkable case of
human pluck and endurance on record
in any of the scientific books or
works of fiction. It is that of a woman
living and enjoying good health,
almost without a head. John Platte,
when he went home from work on the
2nd of April, found his wife sitting
near a hot stove with her head lying
on the top of it. One side of her face
and head was burned to a crisp, and
she was insensible, but breathing. She
was treated, and regained conscious-
ness, and although the flesh came off
and the bones crumbled and tumbled
out she resolved to recover. Then
crystal was set in and threatened her
life, but this finally yielded to treat-
ment, and the woman was more than
ever resolved to triumph over her
afflictions. So she has lived on, a ghastly
sight, but enjoying good health.—
She can take nothing but liquid food,
but relishes that and still thinks life
worth living.—Missouri Republican.

Romantic Marriages.

The Atlanta *Sunny South* says:—
There lives in North Carolina a fam-
ily notable for nothing, as far as is
known, but an indiosyncratic fond-
ness for being married in unheard of
and absurd places. The wedding of
the youngest daughter is just an-
nounced in a cliff near Cove Creek, one
hundred and fifty feet in the air, the
place being, old tradition says, an In-
dian refuge. The father and mother
of this romantic young woman took
upon themselves the holy bonds of
matrimony in a balloon, which, by
the way, became unmanageable before
the bridal party came to earth, so that
they barely escaped with their lives,
passing the bridal night tossing about
in a bank of very wet clouds, the bride
being deathly sea-sick. The eldest son
of the family kept up the tradi-
tions of his house by wedding his
bride in a diving bell although in tak-
ing a second wife he contented him-
self with a simple marriage by tele-
graph. Another son here home his
blushing consort from a marriage in a
railroad car, and still a third brother
contrived that his wedding should
come in as a part of a performance
of amateur theatricals, no one beside
himself, the bride and the magistrate
who performed the ceremony being
in the secret. What bizarre antics the
next generation will devise it is
difficult to imagine, but at least the
fool catcher need not consider his oc-
cupation gone while any of the fam-
ily remain at large.

Rapid Growth Of A Tree.

In the old Rogers burying ground,
in this county, an oak tree has grown
on a grave, in which a person was
buried seventy-five years ago, and the
tree is now five feet in diameter. This
growth seems incredible and yet is
vouched for by old persons who know
whereof they speak.—Chatham Rec-
ord.

The dome of the West point, N. Y.,
observatory is to be made of paper. It
will weigh 1,000 pounds.

Guiteau, The Assassin.

Charles Jules Guiteau was born in
Freeport, Ill., September 8, 1841. His
father was cashier at the Second Na-
tional Bank of Freeport from the time
of the bank's organization until death,
at the age of 70, in 1880. After gradu-
ating Charles joined the Oneida com-
munity in New York. He lived
among them several years, then left
and went to Chicago. There he stud-
ied law and was admitted to the bar
and practiced in partnership with his
sister's husband. He fell into disre-
pute in Chicago, owing to loose char-
acter, and next turned up in New
York city, where he opened a law
office. He was arrested for embezzle-
ment and confined for some time in
Ludlow street jail, and afterwards
commenced libel suits against the
New York *Herald* and *Chicago Times*.

The next his brother heard of him
he was lecturing through the country
as Hon. Charles Guiteau. In reply to
Ingersoll he appeared in 1879 and 1880.
He was a poor lecturer, and a person
who remembers it says the lecture was
rambling and disconnected, such as
an insane person might deliver.

He swindled hotel men and others
and large printing firms who pub-
lished his "Life of Christ." He called
on his brother when in Boston, and
the latter implored him to abandon
his reckless career. Charles was still
obstinate and angered that his brother
should advise him. He was ejected
from his brother's office, which was
the last seen of him in Boston. His
brother and sister, Mrs. Geo. Scoville,
are his only relatives.

When at school he was bright, but
obstinate and egotistic. His brother
says his self-conceit was a perfect in-
sanity with him. His brother also
says: "You may deny authoritatively
that Guiteau is the so-called visionary
or insane person who has haunted
public men with schemes of Utopian
cities and grand scientific achieve-
ments. This is not the same man. He
never had any mechanical taste what-
ever, was not visionary, but was an
egotist of the highest plane; wicked,
thoroughly abandoned and without a
good trait."

He came to Washington in February
last and has remained engaged, as is
supposed, in an effort to secure the ap-
pointment of United States consul at
Marseilles, France.

In appearance he is a man about
thirty years of age, and is supposed to
be of French descent. His height is
about five feet five inches. He has a
sandy complexion and is slight, not
weighing more than 135 pounds.

He studied law in Chicago, and after
completing his studies went to Eu-
rope, where he traveled several years,
imbibing socialist and other eccen-
tric doctrines.

A few years ago he returned to this
country and lectured on the second
advent of Christ. He published a
pamphlet on the subject, in which the
egotism of the man was plainly shown.

He spoke of himself as a messenger of
God to announce His coming.

Guiteau is well-known throughout
the West and has always been a worth-
less, slyster lawyer and hotel beat.—
He wanted to be appointed to a fore-
ign mission and because he had been
disappointed he planned and carried
out the shooting of the President
probably for revenge. He belongs to
a respectable family, but was long ago
discarded because of his utter worth-
lessness.

The following is an extract from a
letter dated March 30th, 1873, from the
father of the assassin to John W. Gui-
teau, his brother in Boston, Mass.:

"I have been ready to believe him
capable of almost any folly, stupidity
or rascality. The only possible ex-
cuse I can render for him is that he is
insane. Indeed, if I was called as a
witness upon the stand I am inclined
to think I should testify that he is ab-
solutely insane and is hardly respon-
sible for his acts. My own impression
is that unless something shall stop
him in his folly and mad career he
will become hopelessly insane, and a
fit subject for the lunatic asylum."

"Before I finally gave him up I had
exhausted all my powers of reason
and persuasion as well as other re-
sources, in endeavoring to control his
actions and thoughts, but without
avail. I found he was deceitful and
could not be depended upon in any-
thing; stubborn, willful, conceited and
at all times outrageously wicked, ap-
parently possessed of the devil. I saw
him once or twice when it seemed to
me he was willing to do almost any-
thing wicked he should happen to take
a fancy to."

"You will remember perhaps at the
last conversation we had about him I
told you to keep clear of him and not
have anything to do with him. Should
anybody ask about him now I should
be compelled to say to them that I
thought he was insane, or at least a
monomaniac, and should there leave
it and say no more about him. His

insanity is of such a character that he
is as likely to become a sly, cunning
desperado as anything.

"Could I see him I might possibly
make nother and vigorous effort to
change the whole channel of his
thoughts and feelings. If I could not
do that I should have no hope what-
ever of being able to do him any good.
I made up my mind long ago never to
give him another dollar in money un-
til I should be convinced he was thor-
oughly humbled and radically chang-
ed."

"I am sometimes afraid he would
steal, rob or do anything before his
egotism and self-conceit shall be
knocked out of him, and, perhaps,
even all that will not do it. So you
see I regard his case as hopeless, or
nearly so, and, of course, know no
other way but to dismiss him entirely
from my mind and leave him entirely
in the hands of his Maker, with a very
faint hope that he can be changed
either in this world or the next."

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

PHANTASYS.

History and biographies, to be read
and admired, must have a dash of fiek-
shun in them.

Man waz sent into this world to
work, to grin, and bear it; he will have
plenty of time in the next to set
around and view things.

The best friend and at the same
time the worst enemy a man haz iz
himself.

Industry clothes a man decently,
and gives him leisure; indolence cov-
ers him with rags, and keeps him biz-
zy patching them.

Base ingratitude—these two words
express an anathema more bitter than
any other in the language.

Mankind are not apt to learn inno-
cence from experience.

It iz eazy enuff to make munny, but
to know how to hang onto it and when
to spend it looks like genius.

The ingratitude of the world iz
akountable for fully one half the other
sins in it.

Borrowing and begging are haff
brothers, both av them tramps on the
road to the almshouse.

Our best thoughts are conceived by
instinkt and perfected by reason.

A man's brains are hiz real capital;
all other aids are mere auziliaries.

A jest iz often a very karless and
kruel thing; at best, it iz but the saw-
dust of humor.

Two may keep a sekret, provided
one of them iz—dead.

There iz no slavery so imperious az
fashion; even common sense kaa be
often seen—serviley shouting in its
train.

There are more people who gro bet-
ter than there are who gro vicious az
they pass through life, but this may be
owing to a change ov constitushun az
much az to a change ov heart.

There iz no excuse for lying, and
the only semblance ov an apology iz
that the grate mass ov lies have more
ov vanity in them than malice.

There iz no substitute for kindness,
but politeness cums the nearest to it.

Men seldum find time to repent
while they are in good luk.

My dear boy, don't emulate the
monkey, yer kant beat him in hiz
line, and what the world simply laifs
at, sooner or later; they will dispize.

If you wish to reason a man out of
a phoolish whim, commence by bring-
ing to reason him deeper into it.

Intelligence without virtue iz a hed
without a heart.

Satire iz a kruel weapon, but in mal-
lish hands the handle iz more dan-
gerous than the blade.

Immitashun often excel the origi-
nal, but never kan equal it. This par-
agraph looks like a mistake, but it
ain't.

The real value ov a reputashun kon-
sists more in what we think ov our-
selves than in what others think ov
us.

All reproof iz just until it iz proved
to be otherwise.

A Natural Bridge of Snow.

On the east fork of the Yuba river,
about five miles above Downville,
Cal., is a snow slide, which complet-
ly covers the river for a distance of
several hundred feet. This slide
formed a year ago this winter and was
then perhaps seventy-five feet deep.—
The summer sun of last year failed to
melt it and it is now, with some of the
winter's snow at least forty feet in
depth, the old snow being as hard as
ice almost. The river has worn its
way through and the arch is as regular
as though formed by human hands. It
lies in a gorge where the sun strikes it
only a few hours in the day.

CUPID'S WORK WITH AN EGG

An odd Means of Beginning a
Very Tender Acquaintance.

THE HAPPY OUTCOME OF A MESSAGE
SENT FOR FUN IN A BARREL FROM
TENNESSEE AND READ BY A
PRETTY GIRL IN A WIL-
LIAMSBURG MARKET.

"Yes, it is true," said Mr. James
Lynch, yesterday, as he stood in front
of his produce market at 152 Grand
street, Williamsburgh. "An egg was
the cause of it all, and it's the first
time, I guess that an egg ever acted
as a match-maker. I don't mind
telling you the circumstances, but I
prefer not giving the name of either
the girl or her intended, for I know
that they would not like it, and the
facts are just as interesting without
them."

"It was on Saturday night, I think
about two months ago. There was a
great rush of customers, and our girl
who is very handy, came down stairs
to help us in the store. She often
did this, for the upstairs work, which
she is employed to do, is not very
heavy, and most evenings she is at
leisure. Well that day I had bought
five barrels of eggs from a commis-
sion house on Duane street, near
Greenwich, New York. They had
come from Tennessee. One barrel
was used up when the girl came
down, and I had just opened another.
She began to sell from this barrel.—
About five minutes later I heard her
laughing, and saw her holding an egg
to the light. She looked at it so in-
tently that I drew near and asked her
if it was bad.

"Oh, no," she answered. "It's too
good."

"She handed me the egg, pointing
to some words written upon it in a
clear, business like hand. They were
as follows:

"Will the young lady in whose
hands this egg may fall open corre-
spondence with _____, County
Tennessee?"

"I read it aloud, and a lady who
chanced to be present said, 'How
romantic!' I thought so, too, and we
all had a good laugh over it. After
the shutters had been put up I told
the girl, just for the fun of the thing
to comply with the request on the egg
and send a letter to Tennessee. Before
going to bed she did so. She is well
educated, and writes an excellent
letter. She was brought up in a con-
vent in Ireland. She said she had no
idea that she would get an answer,
but I guess that she anxiously watch-
ed for the postman during the follow-
ing week. At the end of five days a
letter came directed to her and post-
marked Tennessee. It didn't take
her long to open it, and I'm pretty
sure she read its contents as quickly.

A reply was sent, and other letters
came and went. Photographs were
exchanged before three weeks had ex-
pired. The girl after this refused to
show any more of her letters, and we
began to imagine that matters were
becoming serious and teased her a
great deal about her correspondent.—
Well to make a long story short, he
proposed by letter, and was accepted.

On Thursday last he arrived from
Tennessee and saw her for the first
time. They were mutually pleased
and the wedding day was set for some
time the middle of August. It is a
good match, and I hope they will be
happy together."

"Is our friend from Tennessee in
good circumstances?" asked the re-
porter.

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Lynch, "I
forgot to tell you. He owns consid-
erable land and is quite well-to-do.
He is also a large shipper of produce
and just out of fun he wrote the mes-
sage on the fatal egg. He knew the
eggs would be shipped to New York,
but they might have been sent from
this city to Europe, or anywhere else.
He was so pleased with the answer to
his message that he made up his mind
to marry the girl who had written it,
if her appearance pleased him. It
would have been strange if it had not,
for she is a remarkably handsome
girl, and not yet 20 years old, with a
fine complexion, large brown eyes
and a graceful figure. She is also as
amiable as she is pretty. He is a fine
looking man about 30 years of age and
they make a handsome couple, I can
tell you."

"Is the girl still living at your
house?" the reporter inquired.

"Yes, and she will remain with us
until the wedding takes place, when
she will go to Tennessee with her hus-
band, probably over the same road
that brought the egg through which
she got her lover."

May is one of the unlucky months
for marriages. The other unlucky
months are January, February,
March, April, June, July, August,
September, October, November and
December.

Sumptuary Nonsense.

People who style the prohibition
law a sumptuary law, talk nonsense,
and show an amazing ignorance of the
meaning of words. There are laws to
prohibit druggists from selling poison
without the prescription of a physi-
cian. They might as well call these
sumptuary laws. They say you shall
not dictate to us what we shall eat or
drink. No dictation of that kind is
proposed. There is not a word, line,
sentence or clause in the prohibition
act which by the most violent strain-
ing can be so construed. The act does
not say you shall not eat or drink
what you please, it simply says that
the manufacture and sale of ardent
spirits in this State shall be stopped—
that is all. Let this twaddle about
high-sounding sumptuary law cease.
It is nonsense.—Charlotte Observer.

The Seven Ancient Wonders of the World.

1. The Pyramids of Egypt.
2. The Pharos of Alexandria.
3. The walls and hanging gardens of Babylon.
4. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus.
5. The Statue of Olympian Jupiter.
6. The Mausoleum of Artenaisia.
7. The Colossus of Rhodes.

The Seven Wonders of Medieval or Modern Times.

1. Coliseum of Rome.
2. Catacombs of Alexandria.
3. Great wall of China.
4. Druidical Remains (Stonehenge).
5. Leaning Tower of Pisa.
6. Porcelain Tower of Nankin.
7. Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople.

A YOUNG LADY.

President Garfield and Prohibition.

The President says he feels morti-
fied about the course pursued by the
Republicans in North Carolina, and is
gratified to know that many of the
leading Republicans of both races have
refused to recognize the action of the
Committee and have repudiated it.—
His position is rendered the more dis-
agreeable because he is committed to
the temperance cause in Ohio in the
present campaign, and must do some-
thing in North Carolina to show his
Ohio friends that he is sincere in his
expressions in favor of temperance.—

An Ohio Girl's Foot.

An Albany shoe factory has receiv-
ed a diagram of a foot from a trust-
worthy correspondent at Sandusky,
Ohio. The girl placed her bare foot
upon a sheet of paper and a pencil
mark was drawn close around the out-
line. This foot, as shown by the dia-
gram, is exactly 17 inches long, 7 1/2
inches wide at the widest part, and
could take a No. 26 boot, though a No.
30 would be just the thing. The ball
of the foot is 19 inches around, instep
18 1/2 inches, and the heel measures 22
inches. The ankle measures 16 1/2 inches.
This immense pedal adorns the
person of Miss Mary Wells, of Sand-
usky, Ohio, whose weight is 100
pounds, and she is but seventeen years
old.

Griscom's Fast.

The world was astonished last year
at Dr. Tanner's forty-day's fast, but
even that wonderful fast has been ex-
ceeded by a man in Chicago named
John Griscom, who on last Tuesday
completed a fast of forty-five days'
duration! This seems utterly incredi-
ble, and yet it is no doubt true. At
the conclusion of his forty-five days
Griscom was in better condition than
was Dr. Tanner at the end of his forty
days fast.

In Lexington there is a very pleas-
ant darkey. He is noted for his fre-
quent and long prayers. He also car-
ries the mail from the cars to the post
office, which is some distance from the
depot. At a meeting recently he was
praying with his usual vehemence,
when a mischievous boy imitated the
whistle of the engine. The pious old
darkey hearing the sound, and think-
ing he was behind time, stopped in
the midst of his prayer and said,
"cuse me, O Lord, I must go and
carry de mail!"—Winston Leader.

We don't wish to get up a reputa-
tion for telling "terrapin tales," but
are compelled to tell two more. In the
year 1818 Mr. Phillip Kerner owned a
piece of land near the depot. While
clearing this land, he caught a terrapin
and put his name upon its back. In
the year 1853, Mr. J. S. Harmon was
employed in this same field, and
found the terrapin with Mr. Kerner's
name and the date 1818 written upon
its back. Mr. Theo. Kerner found
one the other day with J. S. Harmon
written upon its back, date 1851.—Ker-
nerville News.

What Could a Poor Girl Do?

"It was late last night when you re-
tired!"
"Yes, papa," I said with a yawn
Behind my fan, "for the horrid man,
He just talked on and on."
The more I hinted the more he stayed;
I knew you were waked, too,
And I told him so; but he would not
go—
And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was very late when you retired!"
"Yes, papa!" I frankly said,
"For the many, you see, just talked to
me,
Though I yawned off my eyes were
red;
And I went so far, when the clock
struck twelve,
As to count the strokes all through;
But—the stupid—he just wouldn't set
And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was worse than late when you re-
tired!"
"Why, I tell you, papa!" I cried,
"If I hinted once to the tiresome dunce
That was a hundred times beside!
Why, I even said you'd been in bed
For at least five hours I knew;
But he tipped his chair, and still sat
there—
So what could a poor girl do?"

Well, the Jezebel's gosh! was you up
all night?"
"Why, papa!" I humbly plead,
"Don't thunder so! there's a man be-
low;
And he's sent you his card, and said
That the reason why he stayed all
night
Was, that he wanted to see you, too;
That he might ask for the hand I
gave—
For what could a poor girl do?"

An Editor's Dream.

An editor sat in his office chair; his
boots were patched and his coat
threadbare while his face looked won-
ry and worn with care. While sadly
thinking of business debt, old Mor-
pheus slowly found him creep, and be-
fore he knew it he soundly slept and,
sleeping, he dreamed that he was
dead, from trouble and that his spirit
had fled and that not even a new-bell
toll for the peaceful rest of his own
hide sole. As he wandered among
the shades, and smoke and scorch of
iron door that creakingly swung on
hinges ajar, but the entrance was
crossed by a red hot bar, and Satan
himself stood peeping out and watch-
ing for travelers therabouts, and thus to
the pensive editor's eye and with
growing voice the echo woke: Come
in my dear, it shall cost you nothing,
and never fear; this is the place where
I took the ones that never pay their
subscription sums, for though in life
they may escape, they will find, when
dead, it is too late; I will show you
the