The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Gold.

Man's evil passions gave to gold
The mighty charm it claims to hold
Vice and gold in this kind co-mind
Reverence the homage of the kind,
While simple virtue's honest face
Can find on earth no resting place.

Saints and sinners sigh and pray,
The price to gold—gold always;
They jostle jostling from place,
And yet this is the idol god of love
Pass the streets of humanity
With social rule, accursed gold.

Gold! it rends the church's stoles,
Gold that builds sure states piles,
Gold for love, gold for lady,
Gold for purple, gold for state
Gold for sickness, gold for health
Gold for life, gold for death!

Gold! that bids the murderer's hand,
Gold that breaks the captive's chain,
Gold that turns young hearts to stone,
Gold that lights where reason's gone,
Gold for honor, gold for soul,
Gold for Heaven, gold for hell!

—*H. H. Boyesen, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE CANDELABRA.

A FIGURATIVE STORY.

It is surely more blessed to give than to receive. Arthur is decidedly of that opinion. I would give you his entire name and the name of his friend, the general, but you will readily see why I had better omit them. Arthur is highly discontented. Poor Arthur! The general and the general's wife and Arthur are as much one as the fingers of the hand. Whoever sees one invariably sees one of the other two almost immediately after.

The general's wife is 28. Such a beautiful age! With her intimate acquaintances she answers to the charming name of Genevieve. As her birthday was near at hand the general took his friend Arthur aside and said to him: "My young friend, if I do not prevent it you may perpetrate the same folly this year that you did last year, by remunerating my wife in a senseless, extravagant manner. That would be highly disagreeable to me. We are on too friendly terms for me to hesitate to speak my mind plainly to you, are we not? Last year you gave my wife a magnificent vase, set with rubies, valued by connoisseurs at 2,500 francs, at the least. That is too much."

"But my means warrant——"

"Something handsome, but not extravagance."

"I assure you——"

"As an intimate friend of the house you have a right to remember a birthday with the usual conventional politeness by some substantial gift. I consent to that willingly. But I do not understand how it comes that you should repay tenfold the little dinners and suppers you have received at our house."

"And the kindness and affectionate consideration that surround one in your house? Do they count for nothing?"

"My dear boy, that is given freely. You would not want to pay us for that? But in a word, I do not wish you to spend more than 300 francs for my wife. That is a reasonable amount."

"You put me in a very embarrassing position. Nothing respectable can be had for that amount. It is a beggarly sum."

"Bah! I never spend more for my sister, and what is good enough for her will do for my wife."

"Let me go as high as 600 francs, at least."

"No!"

"Five hundred then?"

"No! No!"

"Four hundred and fifty?"

"Four hundred, that is the utmost; if your present costs 450 francs I will return it. If it costs 500 francs, I shall be angry. If it costs more than that, it will be the end of our friendship."

***

Genevieve continually discovered new failings in her husband. She had long had a consuming desire to possess a beautiful little bronze candelabra that cost 1,800 francs. Indeed, her husband carried his authority a little too far. What right had he to meddle with her private matters? Did she trouble herself about the payment of the soldiers in his brigade? No! Then why did he not observe a similar discretion in regard to her affairs? Was she not old enough to decide what she should receive and refuse? On this ground she paid no attention but dealt with her friend as if her husband had treated her wishes in the most congenial spirit.

"Do you remember what I said to you last year when you gave me that exquisite little present? 'Dear Arthur, you go beyond all reason.' These were my very words, were they not? I have been afraid you would repeat that folly, and so I have in view something more modest, that you could present to me if you are bent upon doing something."

"This thoughtfulness was entirely unnecessary. My friendship——"

"Your friendship needs no proof of that kind."

"Genevieve, O Genevieve!"

"Arthur."

"Tell me what you have in view."

"Well, my friend, after long search, I found at last a little candelabrum at Barbizon's; a candelabrum, mind, and it is a superb piece, Louis XV. style. And, just think, it costs only 1,800 francs. You see my husband's interference was unnecessary. I am reasonable myself; but, if I do not mistake, the general went still further. He fixed the limit for you, did he not?"

"Yes, 400 francs."

"That is certainly modest, but—more than enough."

Arthur declared that he would revolt against the general's order, but she would not hear to it. However, he held to his resolution in spite of her opposition. Finally they came to an agreement. It was settled that he should send the candelabrum to his dear Genevieve, but should assert and maintain to the general that it did not cost over 400 francs.

***

When Arthur made his call of congratulation on the birthday of the general's wife he was angrily received by the general.

"You seem to have forgotten our recent conversation entirely."

"Why, what is the matter, general?"

"Ah! And this candelabrum?"

"Well, what of it? Perhaps you don't believe. This candelabrum did not cost a sou over 400 francs."

"Nonsense!"

"It is as I tell you. It cost me trouble enough, though, to find them; I swore at you not a little."

"Impossible, where did you take up such a fabulously cheap thing?"

"At—but it is of no importance."

"It is pure curiosity. Where?"

"At Barbizon's."

"And yet people say that Barbizon is the dearest bronze dealer in Paris. Four hundred francs! Incredible!"

"You could not doubt my words?"

"So little that within an hour I shall order one like it at Barbizon's. For four weeks I have nearly split my head trying to think of something to buy for my sister's christening anniversary. Now I have it. She will dote on the candelabrum."

***

Arthur entered Barbizon's breathless.

"Sir, yesterday morning you sold me a Louis XV. candelabrum for 1,800 francs. Do you remember me?"

"Certainly, Herr Baron."

"A gentleman is coming to you who wishes to order one like it. You must tell him that you have no more in the store."

"Impossible, sir; we have three for sale."

"How unfortunate! But listen. I have a request. You must render me a little service. A singular circumstance, which I have no time to explain, compelled me to declare to this person that the candelabrum bought here cost only 400 francs.

"And he believed it?"

"Strong reasons you hear, very strong reasons force me to conceal the truth. If he wishes a similar candelabrum do not charge him more than 20 louis d'or. I will pay the difference."

"That is satisfactory."

***

Ten minutes later a gentleman entered the store and wished to buy one of the three candelabra. Faithful to his agreement, Barbizon asked only 400 francs. The purchaser looked very much astonished. "Four hundred francs! Please send me two." Barbizon trembled at this unexpected order, but he remembered Arthur's anxiety, and wrote down the order in his book. Fifteen minutes later the general entered the shop with his sister. "One of my friends bought a candelabrum of you yesterday. I see you have more of the same kind. My friend told me he paid 400 francs for it. Is that right?"

"Superlot!" thought the dealer. "I have got myself into a nice fix. The purchaser who was just here was not the baron's man. So much the worse for him. How could I know?"

"Yes, sir," turning to the general after this brief monologue. "It is right. The candelabrum cost 400 francs."

"Wonderful! Very wonderful! Will you have the goodness to send one of them to my sister? She will give you her address."

"Yes," said the lady, much pleased, "and I will take the other two with me into the country."

"The other two, madame? They are sold," replied Barbizon.

"There is no hurry. I have time. If you can have them in five months it will do. By that time you can get some more."

"We wish to present them to our friends, Herr Barbizon," added the general. "The French industry must be encouraged. You can safely order five or six. I pledge myself to take them."

"But—at that rate the order stands seven candelabra for the Herr General and two for madame. Have I understood you correctly?"

"To make an even amount I will say ten; that makes only 4,000 francs."

***

Poor Arthur! During the following weeks he went back and forth between the general's hotel and Barbizon's shop oftener than ever. The orders fairly poured down. The story cost him not less than 35,000 francs.—*From the German.*

A Singular Motor for Vessels.

A 100-foot boat with a singular motive power is building in a Brooklyn ship-yard, the design of Mr. Townsend, foreman of the yard. A little ten horse power steel engine will be placed in her hull and used to compress air, 500 pounds to the square inch, which will then be stored in a vessel similar to those used in soda water fountains. It will then be mixed with vaporized crude petroleum, which forms an explosive to be fired by an electric spark through cylinders leading to holes in the side of the vessel. This causes a powerful concussion on the water and gives the motive power. There are two holes on either side, twelve feet from the stern, which run almost parallel with the sides. These are used for forward propulsion. Two more, nine feet further forward, at right angles with the sides, will stop the boat by a simultaneous discharge or turn her by a single discharge. By experiments already tried it has been demonstrated that seventy-five explosions a minute can be obtained, each one with force enough to blow an ordinary flagstone eighty or ninety feet. It is said that any kind of vessel afloat, either sailing or steam, can be altered in a very short time and the necessary engines put in. The boat when launched will be rigged as a schooner and the trial will then take place.

Calchax a New Stimulant.

"Do you see that pale, emaciated young man leaning in a half-dazed condition against the lamp-post over there?" said a prominent physician to a reporter, in answer to the query, "Any thing new?"

"Why, yes, he seems to be recovering from a prolonged spree. Is he much addicted to it?"

"Nothing of the kind. I doubt if he ever touched a drop in his life. He is a calchax root eater."

"A what?"

"Why, an eater of the root of the calchax, a small shrub that grows on the tablelands of Mexico, and is found nowhere else. It is a species of opium, and almost unknown, at least to the medical profession, until a short time ago. It is a deadly poison, and prolonged indulgence is certain extermination. The effects are something like that of an opiate, except that it is by far more powerful, half a grain being sufficient to cast one into a sleep that bears the closest resemblance to death. A pallor spreads over the features, and the heart beats imperceptibly. The limbs grow still and cold, and the whole body assumes the appearance of a corpse. It beats cigarette smoking, don't you think?"

A Woman's Search for Gold.

Mrs. Mallen lives all alone in a little cabin on the top of a mountain in Colorado. The house is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea and over 3,000 feet above the nearest town of Buena Vista. They call the mountain Gold Hill because there are veins of gold in it, and Mrs. Mallen works with pick and shovel to get the gold out. She built the house herself, cut the timber with her own brown hands and made the furniture from designs of her own. Two soap-boxes cut into the shape of chairs serve as a seat, the bed is made of a swinging interlacing of pine branches. Mrs. Mallen has lived all alone in this cabin for two years, and fiercely resents any intrusion on her privacy. She carries water from a spring nearly a mile away, and on Saturdays carries up the steep mountain path a load of supplies that would stagger the strongest man. She supports herself by doing odd jobs about the village, and when she has earned enough to live for a week she goes back to her cabin and makes sallies from there, pick in hand, to search for gold. Mrs. Mallen is a robust, but not particularly handsome woman.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Not Much of a Job.

Bagley—Don't try to bully me, sir! I won't have it! Who are you, anyhow, to put on airs around me?

Blowhard—I, sir? I am a self made man, sir and I want everbody to know it.

Bagley—Everybody does know it, sir, and everybody considers you a very poor workman.—*Call.*

MADE HIS PILE QUICKLY.

A Story of the Pennsylvania Oil Fields.

A Transaction by Which One Man Became Wealthy in a Minute.

The man who grew rich in an hour is not for an instant to be compared with the Western chap who accumulated a handsome fortune in the short and fleeting period of sixty seconds, says a Bradford (Penn.) correspondent who continues: Two hours after he struck the oil country he was hurrying out of it as fast as the lumbering stage would take him, and he never came back again either. He was not at all piggish. He simply knew when he had enough.

It was in the early days, when the great petroleum industry was still in long dresses, that the incident in question happened. The year was 1865, and the theatre of operations the then red hot city of Pithole. With the simple aid of a twig of witch hazel, Thomas H. Brown, whose ancestors were among the early settlers of New York city, located the well which ushered into its brief but exciting career of deafinous existence the phenomenal Pithole oil district. Mr. Brown's rod of witch hazel made Thomas Holmden, the owner of a bleak and sterile farm, one of the richest men in the State. The Frazier well, which was the Pithole pioneer, was finished on Jan. 8, 1865. The 250 barrels of oil it poured into tanks during the first and subsequent days of its existence was worth $8 a barrel at the well, but in those days it cost the consumer only $5.75 a barrel to place the stuff in the New York market.

Every commercial traveller who has ever visited Erie, Pa., knows the sneeze and the patriarchal white beard and bald head and suave manners of Col. F. H. Ellsworth, for many years proprietor of the Ellsworth House and later of the Reed House. The Colonel was not always a hotel man. He was one of the earliest operators in the region, and at several periods in his career was worth a great deal of money.

It happened that the Colonel, who was one of the early birds, came into possession of a sixty acre of the famous Holmden farm. Several wells had been drilled on the tract, and all came in as money makers. The Colonel's patch was not considered as choice as the rest. A well was started, and the drill began its search for oil. At this time hundreds of strangers, with fat pocketbooks or big bank accounts, roamed over the field in quest of desirable locations. Thus the land, once valueless, became immensely valuable. Landowners executed a tearful big lease, and, besides, got one-eighth of all the oil the wells produced. The average bonus on leases was $4,000 an acre, although the price in several instances ran up to $7,000. Among the adventurers who flocked the country was a tall, lean, lank and hungry looking chap from Illinois. He had heard that fortunes could be made in a day, but the thought never for a moment entered his noble head he was destined to grow rich in a minute. While looking around he ran across Col. Ellsworth, who was watching the drillers at his well, which was about 900 feet deep. The stranger entered into an animated conversation with him. When he went away he carried a slip of book paper upon which the Colonel had written in pencil this:

"I hereby agree to sell three-fourths of well No. — Holmden Farm, for $15,000, payable within three days.

F. H. Ellsworth."

The tall Westerner was not yet out of the Colonel's hearing when he was accosted by a well-dressed stranger, upon whose spotless piece of linen dashed a diamond as big as a horse chestnut.

"Do you know where I can buy a good piece of oil property?" eagerly inquired the man of the diamond.

"I'm your huckleberry, stranger," said the Westerner, adjusting his slouch hat rakishly on the side of his head. "I've got an immense bargain here for the right kind of a man. You see that well over there? Well, I own a three-fourth interest in it and also in the land surrounding it. The well is 900 feet deep, and is within a few rods of all the gushers. It will be a big well, no doubt."

"What will you sell out for?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars will buy me out slick and clean and put you in possession."

"It's a bargain," said the stranger, and he pulled out a long pocketbook, which was nearly bursting with its load of greenbacks.

A neighboring stump served as a desk.

"There you are, now give me the papers," he remarked, as he handed over a stack of bills. The Westener counted the money, and found that there were seventy-five $1,000 bills.

All this time Col. Ellsworth stood not ten feet away. Had he strained his ears he could have heard the shrewd Westerner drive his bargain, but he did not know what was happening, and the chances are that he was not enlightened until several years afterward.

The Colonel was somewhat surprised when the man from the West placed in his hands the purchase money. This done, the stranger was introduced and the bargain was settled. The well turned out only a moderate producer, and the stranger lost money.

In one minute the Western adventurer had cleared $57,000 in hard cash. The next stage carried him out of the country. He was never seen again in Pithole or any other oil town. He had made his pile and was satisfied.

A Formal Call in Persia.

From the paper in the *Century* by S. G. W. Benjamin, who has just returned from the court of Persia, where he was U. S. minister, we quote the following: "The manners of the courtly occupant of this Peacock throne are guided by an etiquette that is indeed 'a law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not.' The visitor sends notice an hour or two previous to calling. If the visit is one of importance, notice is sent the previous day. You will go in a fashion suited to your social position and the rank of the host. Whether on horseback or in a carriage, you will be accompanied by a number of mounted attendants. As you approach the house, servants, mounted or on foot, come forth to meet you, and one returns with speed to announce your coming. A dozen attendants escort you to the reception-room. According to your relative rank, the host meets you at the foot of the staircase, at the door, or at the upper part of the room. The question of seats is one also requiring the utmost circumspection in observing the various shades of rank. If your rank is superior to that of the host, you are invited to occupy a sofa alone, at the upper corner, while the host sits on a chair or on the floor at your right. The left is more honorable than the right in Persia. If of equal rank, he occupies the sofa with you, but if you are inferior, then the positions are reversed. The upper corner of the room is in any case the most honorable position. If a number are present of various rank, each one knows his place at a glance. The passing of refreshments is also a matter of understanding strictness, the number and quality depending upon the time of day and the character of the guest. The kalyan or water pipe, offers a fine opportunity for a display of Persian manners. According to precept and custom, a Mohammedan cannot smoke the same pipe with a Christian, and, except on rare occasions when the host is a man of progressive views, a separate pipe is furnished for a European visitor. But among Persians it is the custom for the highest in rank to receive the pipe first, offering it to each in turn before smoking himself. For an inferior to accept the offer is an incredible offense against good manners. But each in turn after this ceremony takes a few whiffs at the pipe, all taking care to get the smoke from the bowl before offering it to the next. The attendants on such an occasion leave their shoes at the door and retire backwards."

No Beggars in Bavaria.

The kingdom of Bavaria, which next to Prussia is the largest constituent part of the German Empire, has, says a Boston *Transcript* correspondent, an area about equal to the principal part of the State of Michigan, known as the Lower Peninsular, and on this a population subsists without distress, numbering as many as that of the whole State of New York, the city, Long Island and all, but setting aside only the city of Brooklyn. This statement of the area and population Bavaria leaves out of account that detached fragment of the kingdom known as the Rheinpfalz, separate from the main body of the country by 100 miles and lying on the Rhine. The soil of Bavaria is made productive only by constant attention to its chemical needs and by careful cultivation but wherever in the country you see them, the people appear to be well fed well clothed and contented. Three times in my life I have gone through the length or breadth of Bavaria, and I have never seen a beggar anywhere within its borders, in town or country. Outside the cities, the land of Bavaria is divided among half a million proprietors, in lots of from five to thirty acres, though a very few have forty to fifty. Around the cities the holdings do not average over an acre or two but these afford a living for a family in the growing of vegetables for market, its members finding time for labor elsewhere, also, and no matter how small the holding it is a freehold.

OUT ON THE PICKET LINE.

A Soldier's Incidents of the Civil War.

Swimming the Rapidan After Tobacco. The Two Cavalrymen's Fate.

Thomas J. Murray, in the Washington *Republican*, gives the following incidents:

When our command was in front of Washington, and the vicious system of picket firing had been put an end to, I frequently met on the picket posts many of my college mates from Georgetown University, who were in the Union ranks. They used to twit me for deserting my companions, for I used to wear the red, white and blue cockade when at college, but I got even with them one evening when a section of my company pounded upon whole lines of Federal pickets. That was on the occasion when General McClellan held a grand review of his troops beyond Arlington Heights, and I presume the Federal government was made aware by telegraph or telephone to ascertain whether General McClellan was preparing an immediate onset on our lines. At any rate I can say it now, although it was absolute neglect of duty as sergeant of the guard who had charge of the prisoners the same night, I connived at the escape of my old schoolmates, and perhaps some of them now living in the city recollect the matter well. When I had become more seasoned and disciplined in warfare they would not have escaped so easily. Then I would have held my own father if he had been opposed to our cause.

A funny incident that I recollect as incident to the topic herein taken of occurred on the Rapidan river in 1863 when the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia were face to face. At that time, having full confidence in the strategy of General Lee, we believed that we would invariably win the fight. Not that was in spite of the fact that rations were getting awfully low. But the pickets on either side of the river thought there was a dearth on the opposite side of the chicken and on the other side of the river, and in spite of the official orders they determined to exchange commodities. Strict orders had been issued by the Confederate generals against any intercourse between the opposite armies, but, in a measure, the chief was properly regarded. But it happened that a young fellow belonging to a Federal regiment stripped off his clothes and swam across the Rapidan to exchange with the rebels on the next beat. He had nearly got through with his errand when the brigadier-general of the Confederates came along and the Yank hid behind a clump of bushes. The general knew his men and their practices, and, forcing his horse behind the bushes, he uncovered the discomfited Federal. The Confederate general agreed to release the fellow trader on the condition that he would "do so no more." But apart from that there are tragic circumstances brought to my mind. I have seen many episodes in the war between the states, but I have never seen one that enlisted my sympathies more than the incident I will attempt herein to describe.

On a cold night in the latter part of December, 1862 the writer's company was picketing on the banks of the Rappahannock, some lately at the point where Barnside's lower pontoon bridge was laid. The river here is two or three hundred yards wide, swift and deep up to the bank. Two Federal cavalrymen came down to the opposite bank and shouted to us that they had lots of coffee and cigars which they wanted to trade for tobacco. They were told to come over as they said they had a boat. They came across, and after the trade was completed they started back. Now the men were dressed in their heavy overcoats, with capes and high cavalry boots and spurs. The boat was a small plank scow, and we saw when they come over that it was leaking badly. They bailed it out before they started on their return trip. When within 40 yards of the opposite bank, in spite of the frantic efforts of the men to paddle it to shore, it went down under them, and, dragged down by their weight of clothing, they sank like plummets of lead in full view of their comrades, who were unable to render the slightest assistance, having no other boat.

Proverbial.

"Now, John," said the keeper of the cigar store at closing up time to his boy, "take the Indian figure from the door and lay it down behind the counter."

"Hadn't we better let it stand behind the counter?" said John.

"Why so?" asked the employer.

"Because figures never lie, you know."—*Boston Courier.*

A Spinning Song.

The wheel goes 'round, the wheel goes 'round,
Without a pause, without a sound,
And she sits spinning, spinning, spinning
Her life thus just beginning.
She'll make it bright, she'll make it fair,
She'll make it pure as her eyes are,
For she is happy, she is spinning,
This world of life not seeming.

The wheel goes 'round, the wheel goes 'round,
Without a pause, without a sound,
And she sits spinning, spinning, spinning,
While the sunset is weaving and throwing
Her golden shade o'er her fair face and form,
As she bends to her work in the sunshine warm.
Long hours a maiden she sits and spins,
Dreaming of days of her life that begins.

HUMOROUS.

A swell affair—The soap bubble.

An artist in black—A designing widow.

The force of Greece is constantly increasing in the kitchen.

Gustavus Pancake has been appointed postmaster at Omega, Ohio. He is very popular with lasses.

An old lady was recently heard to observe, on taking up a paper, "I wonder if anybody has been born that I know."

Shakspeare was not a broker; but does any one know of another man who has furnished so many stock quotations?

"A change of apartments is talked of at Vassar college." Of course it will be a long-felt want; chairs enough to hold two.

Patrick Sullivan, of Shenygan, is said to have such a large mouth that, had he been in Jonah's place, the Biblical whale tragedy would have been reversed.

All doctors agree that to enjoy good health the mind must be kept in a cheerful condition. But no doctor can give a man points that will make him cheerful when his collar don't fit.

A poet says: "There is always sunrise somewhere." This is comforting. To the man who is just going to bed there comes the happy consolation that somebody has got to get up and go to work.

Young housewife (consulting with cook about the dinner for a party)—"As a second course we will have eel." "How much shall I get, ma'am?" Young wife—"Fancy about ten yards will be sufficient."

Jim Lewis says that for thirty years he has worn an ordinary silk hat with nearly 300 holes through the top. This seems reasonable. The hat is probably pretty well worn out, but the holes are probably in as good condition as ever they were.

Facts About Fisheries.

Everybody knows that fishing is one of the important industries of towns on the coast, but it is a question if any have a definite idea of what a bountiful one the fisheries are. The Dominion of Canada is particularly noted for its great fisheries, and the value of the fish taken from the waters on its coast in one year is about $12,000,000. This does not include seal taken from the waters of British Columbia, Manitoba or the Northwest. If these be added nearly $20,000,000 will be the total. The annual catch by American fishermen is about the same. In these figures the yields from all branches of fisheries are given. Splitting it up into items, the largest we have is cod, the yearly yield being about $6,000,000. Nova Scotia alone secures $2,500,000 of this and $1,500,000 worth of mackerel. The cod is as far ahead of the mackerel, as that fish is ahead of all the others. The cod is an inhabitant of the temperate zone. He is found in great abundance off the Cape of Good Hope, where he nibbles freely at the baited hooks dropped from the sides of ships by sailors between on their way home from the East Indies. He also exists in Australian waters, but his chief homes are the Banks and Cape Breton shore and some portions of the Bay of Fundy. He is not particular about the bottom. His chief care is to allay the cravings of a capacious stomach, which is ready to accommodate itself to anything that turns up without much discrimination. He lies close to the bottom, usually awaiting his prey, but dart back and side scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding rock, and darts like a flash upon any of the smaller fry that are so unfortunate as to come within his reach. If herring and similar foes are scarce he searches among the gravel for crabs, clams, and other shellfish.

Knew What to Tell.

Judge (to small witness)—Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath?

Small Witness (doubtfully)—N-no sir.

Judge—Do you know what you are to tell?

Small Witness (doubts cleared away)—Oh, yes, sir. That baldheaded old lawyer over there told us what to tell.—*Life.*