The Chatham Record

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Life's Roses.

Through smiles the roses are climbing,
Climbing textbelz over her face;
They gather in beautiful clusters,
Tinting softly each dimple and space.
Her love weaves enclosing of roses
So dainty getin' the tinting steals o'er,
That I'm lost in deep odorst on
Of the roses that bloom at the door.

Her eye full of sun's scintillations
Softly flashes and her sweet smiles;
And countless the roses that cluster,
Quickly gathering and blooming the while
Her welcome is not in words given,
Yet it seems from the dear heart to pour,
Midst wing enchantment of roses—
The roses that bloom at the door.

The rose leaves are ever lovingly falling,
Softly, so sweetly, and pure
While rosebuds are springing around us,
The sweet treasures of home that allure.
'Tis true that our cottage is humble,
In the world of goods I know, we are poor,
But that does not rob us of the beauty
Of the roses that bloom at the door.

Yes our home is lovable and lovely;
By the fields where I labor each day,
Cheer is by attending the croppings!
That we in our comfort repay:
The plants grow and bloom in abundance,
In fair season they ripen they store,
Yet the charm of it all is the roses,
That bloom when she came to the door.

I follow the plow in the furrow,
Turning over the earth in rare earth,
While green vine grows swaying and floating,
As rejoicing with me in its mirth;
The birds sing to me and with blessings,
While Pan's dog to rare fruits outpour:
Rich fulness of treasure surround me
Midst the roses that bloom at the door.

The sunset of evening comes glowing
With its gorgeous coloring and shades,
And filling my heart with to beauty,
Over I am, my cup overflows with goods.
The lessons to learn from the roses
Be contented! Cheerful grow up,
Be brilliant, be sweet and charming
With the roses that bloom at the door.

Dreams of the roses while sleeping,
They come clustering as angels above,
The buds and the flowers of God's keeping,
To be gathered in heaven this night love.
I know that these roses are real,
That they climb and entwine even me,
Making me entwine roses being,
With the charms they have wrought at the door.

—[A. Sanders, Pattern Current.

A VALENTINE.

"Go and stay all night with old Mrs. Fairfax? Indeed I can't go. I'm in a hurry to get my things together," declared Patty Ann Bunting, as she put the finishing touch to the chick of pinks and blue 'nine patch' she was piecing.

"And I've got the kitchen and back porch to scour, and some ironing to do before Sunday," cried Adaline. "No, it's out of the question for me to go."

"Well, I shan't go either," asserted Penelope, the youngest Miss Bunting, tossing back her turbulent braids and frowning ominously. "If Cecil Fairfax chooses to go courting that hateful, stuck-up Priscilla Pinkham, he can get somebody besides me to stay with his mother. I can tell him."

"But poor Mrs. Fairfax," demurred Patty Ann, "she won't hear to anyone's going."

"There comes Vincy Farron in the gateway," cried Adaline. "I'll go let her in, and not tell her Cecil's gone away. It'll be a good joke."

"Yes," assented Penelope. "It'll serve her good right. She was sitting her cap for Cecil all summer, till that Pinkham girl come home and caught him."

"Pooh! He didn't give a snap for Vincy, anyway," said Patty Ann, getting red in the face. "But she can't refuse to go, and I'd like to see the mischief."

Vincy Farron was one of the Bunting girls. She lived with her brother and his wife in a little log cabin, on a rocky farm adjoining that of her Uncle Bunting.

Tom Farron and his wife were poor as church mice themselves, but they got their sister a home, and she helped to eke out the slender income by knitting socks for the village store at forty cents a pair, and by "taking in" sewing whenever she could get it.

"Come, Vincy, do come, some be scared coffee," said Vincy, coming in fresh and rosy from the frosty winter air.

"Yes, to be sure," echoed Adaline, more cheerily than she felt inclined. "And, Vincy, would you mind going over to old Mrs. Fairfax's to-day? She wanted some one of us to come, but we all so busy."

And with a little dimpling of the pink in her cheeks, Vincy gave the required assent, and trapped away with her hood in a trice, while the three cousins burst into a hearty laugh at the success of their plan.

"She thinks Cecil will be there," said Penelope, maliciously. "Won't she be miedy fooled, though?"

"Come in, my dear. I am so glad to see you!" said old Mrs. Fairfax, as Vincy appeared, with her cheeks and a fringe of curling, light brown hair peeping from under her scarlet hood. "You'll stay all night, won't you, Vincy?" said the old lady, placing a chair for the visitor close to the sparkling hard wood fire that was glowing on the hearth.

"I didn't expect to stay so long," said Vincy, the dimpling coloring in her bright cheeks, "but I can, if you want me."

And she thought of the pleasant time she would have, chatting with Cecil at supper, and afterward, with the firelight dancing brightly on the hearth, and lighting up the pleasant, cosey sitting-room, with its bright rag carpet, its spider-legged chairs and claw-footed mahogany table.

"I'd be glad to have you stay," said Mrs. Fairfax, stirring up the fire with a long hickory poker, "for Cecil's gone to the city, an' I'll be alone all night."

Vincy's heart, which had been as light as a tuft of thistle-down, sank like a bit of lead in her bosom at this announcement.

"He's been a wanting to go to the city fur some time," said the old lady, taking out her knitting and settling herself for a pleasant chat. "I s'pose he'll call an' see Priscilla Pinkham while he's there. I wish he hadn't took such a notion to that girl," she added, confidentially, as she looked sharply through her glasses at Vincy's blushing cheeks. "But, there, we needn't bother about that now. I'm real glad you'll stay with me, Vincy; and I'll have some cakes and raspberry sass for tea. I know what young folks like," she added, kindly.

"I must say, Priscilla, it's nice you found something to do!" said Miss Melissa Pinkham, sharply, to her youngest sister. "You spent all our spare dollars for trips to the country this fall, and left your situation for it, and here we are, getting poorer every day. I tried to make a little something running some, but nobody seems to look at 'em over, and something's got to be done!"

"Oh, don't worry, Melissa!" Mr. trip to the country, that you grumbled about so much, is a superb idea. And wait till Cecil Fairfax comes! I'll manage to bring him to the point, or at least—" And when Lyra Pinkham entertained all in vain!

"Humph!" snuffed Melissa. "I don't believe in having to bring a man to the point! And besides, if your Mr. Fairfax was to see you now, I don't think you'd find it so easy to do it," she added, with a glance at her sister's soiled dress, rough, untidy hair and crippled feet.

"Oh, he wouldn't see me this way!" said Priscilla Pinkham. "I shall frize my hair and wear my crimson cashmere and my beaded sixty when he comes."

At this very moment a knock sounded on the door, and opening it hastily, Priscilla beheld—Cecil Fairfax.

He could hardly conceal his surprise at the prospect which met his eyes, for Miss Priscilla, just from the pink of neatness—during the few weeks he had known her, her and Cecil had all a man's horror of a slovenly woman.

Priscilla, on her part, was confused and embarrassed, and was glad when the interview was over.

"That's the end of your speculation," cried Melissa, sharply, when the guest had departed. "And mark that your pretty apparel has tumbled about your ears. I hope you'll be satisfied for a week."

"Who would have thought she was such a slouch?" exclaimed Cecil, as he started for the depot to take the first train for home. "Little Vincy Farron, in her calico dress and check aprons, is worth a dozen of Miss Pinkham, in her sack."

Miss Fairfax and Vincy were just sitting down to the tea, homemade cakes, raspberry sass and fragrant Oolong tea, when the door opened and Cecil appeared.

And as Vincy met the pleasant eyes with love, she only, while Miss Fairfax went away during the things, and the bright firelight flashed over the cosey room, and Cecil watched Vincy's fair face, with a look of deep admiration in his handsome eyes.

"Here's something for you, Vincy," said Tom Farron, handing his sister a large yellow envelope, plainly addressed to "Miss Evina Farron."

Vincy opened it carefully, and out dropped a gold ring, which was attached by a thread to the handsomely decorated valentine inclosed in the envelope.

Within a beautifully designed wreath of orange blossoms was the couplet:

"Be thou will be my Valentine,
Accept this ring and I am thine."

And under the lines was the name "Cecil Fairfax."

Adaline Bunting, who was at her cousin's at the time, beheld the valentine, with a mixture of feelings.

"We didn't make much by sending Vincy to stay with Mrs. Fairfax that day," she informed her sisters. "For Cecil came home the same night, and he's sent Vincy a valentine, asking her to marry him."

"Well, I must say! What fools we are!" cried Patty Ann, much provoked. "But it's too late now, the mischief's done."—[Helen W. Clark.

Defying the Mercury.

Congressman Tillman, of the Edgefield, South Carolina, district, belongs to the anti-exercise brigade, of which Hannibal Hamlin is the general. When the mercury is cuddling into cup at zero he walks to the capitol with his sack coat unbuttoned, and tallies his heavily wrapped colleagues on their effeminacy.

He has not worn an overcoat in thirty-five years, and never lows fire in his room in the coldest weather. He is 60 years old, but there is not a more athletic man in Congress. Mr. Tillman tells with pride that he has never made the professional acquaintance of a doctor.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Hints to Rheumatics.

If I were now to guess at the life histories of those matronly ladies who lean as gracefully as they can on their silken umbrellas, I should say that their trouble, if not hereditary, arose from dietary errors and want of sufficient exercise. They have been busy people, perhaps—busy at some kind of business which took up all their time; they did not require exercise, they thought, being always on the move, one way or another—with only the walk to and from church on Sunday to count for relaxation of mind. They forgot, or they did not know, that moving around in the duties of business is not exercise in its proper sense; that exercise must be pleasurable to be of any avail, that mind and body must both have a change. Probably the digestion began to fail before a twinge of rheumatism took place; they had little appetite for breakfast, except for that cup of tea and toast. They often felt weary before the day was half over—*tired*. I emphasize the word "tired" because this feeling is felt at the outset of chronic rheumatism. Sometimes their bodies ache in so weary a way that even appetite was interfered with, and depression of spirits caused them to take very gloomy views of life, indeed. Cordials would be suggested. All these symptoms, what a deal of anxiety they have to account for, to ring but temporary relief, temporary relief, taken oftener, and still more often, as the habit of them becomes a habit, injuring the digestion, producing irritability of temper and restless nights, they never fail to increase the troubles they are meant to quell, and disorder life itself.—Cassell's Magazine.

Health Hints.

A window open a slight distance both top and bottom, and a chimney draught also open, are the only safe ways of keeping pure air in a sleeping room whose doors are closed.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horse radish prepared, the same as for table use to the temple, when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

When a child's clothing becomes damp from exposure to the weather, it is best to change it immediately. Rub the skin with a dry, hard towel until the body is in a glow all over; but if it is impossible to change the garments, exercise moderately so the enough heat may generate in the system to dry the skin and clothing without a chill.

Apples, stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and laxative, far superior in many cases to the abominable doses of salts and cream usually given in fever and other diseases. Raw apples and dried apples stewed are better for constipation than liver pills.

To cure chapped hands take common starch and rub it into a fine, smooth powder, put in a clean tin box, and every time the hands are removed from dish water or hot suds, rinse them carefully in clean water and while they are damp, rub a pinch of starch over them covering the whole surface.

A saucerful of sliced lemon may be preserved for twenty four hours, with the thermometer in the room at 90 F., if the following precautions are observed. Put the saucer containing the lemon in a soup plate and cover it with another. Place the soup plates thus arranged on a good heavy pillow and cover with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. An old jack plane set deep, is a most excellent thing with which to shave ice. It should be turned bottom upward and the ice shoved backward and forward over the cutter.

How Lightning is Kindled.

It is no uncommon thing for the electrical force emanating from a cloud to make itself felt in attractions and repulsions many miles away. Clouds resting upon the remote horizon frequently produce perceptible effects at distances from which the clouds themselves can not be seen. An electrical cloud hanging a mile above the ground acts inductively upon that ground with considerable power. When in summer time the temperature of the earth's surface is very great, the ground moist, the air calm and the sky clear, very copious supplies of vapor are steamed up from the ground under the hot sunshine.

Clouds, however, begin at length to gather in elevated regions of the air out of the abundance of the supply. The free electricity which has been carried up with the vapor is at first pretty evenly spread through the clouds; but after a time, as the electrical charge becomes more and more intense, a powerful repulsive force is in the end established between the spherules of the mist, and a very high degree of tension is at last produced at the outer surface of the cloud, which is enveloped by invisible air, until in the end the expansive energy there becomes strong enough to overcome an outward force the load. The escape of the redundant charge then appears to an observer's eye as a flash of lightning issuing from the cloud, such, in its simplest form, is the way in which lightning is kindled by the form cloud.—[Science for All.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Foolish Friends.

In the depths of a forest there lived two sheep, who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language:

"It's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "as you please dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"That is not difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out, why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one picked two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're mine, and I'd say they're mine, and we will quarrel, and fight, and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and losing his love.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

So they gave up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again.

Legend of the King's Dream.

Once upon a time there lived a great and famous king, who, although he had everything that he possibly could desire, still found reason for dissatisfaction and unhappiness. He was not content with possessing the love and admiration of his people in the present, but wished to be remembered by them long after, when he would be dead.

"The time," said he, "just now my subjects love me, and my name is known and feared in many lands; but in a few short years I shall be gone, and who will then remember me?"

At last he joyfully thought of a plan by which his memory would always remain fresh and green.

He would build a church; a church so magnificent and so vast, that in all the world there would be none to equal it.

In order, therefore, that the glory should be all his own, he gave strict commands that no one should contribute towards the erection of the building.

So, in time, a splendid cathedral arose, and the king looked upon it with feelings of pride and pleasure, for was it not a fitting monument?

When the gorgeous edifice was completed, he caused his name to be inscribed upon its walls in golden letters upon a marble tablet, and that night he laid his head upon his pillow, content at last.

As the king slept he had a strange dream. He dreamed that he saw an angel come and rub out his name upon the marble, and write another there in its stead. Three times that night he had the same dream. When morning came he summoned his court and bade them seek throughout the kingdom for the owner of the name the angel had written. Very soon the messengers returned, having found a poor widow of that name, who waited in fear the king's command.

"Bid her enter."

The trembling woman was brought before the throne.

"Now," said the monarch, "what best thing have you done towards the building of my church? Speak the truth."

"Most gracious king," was the reply, "I gave nothing; for I am poor and have nought to give except my prayers, else would I have offered more. Each night, indeed, I raised a blessing for thee and for thy work, and once—but once—I gave a wisp of hay to one of the poor horses who drew the stones along the road."

The king was silent awhile, then he spoke.

"Go," said he, "erase my name from the marble tablet, and place thereon the name of this good woman. Rightly am I rebuked. Self-glory was my sin; what she hath done was done for love of God alone."—[Little Folks.

Counterfeit Coins.

The late Captain Walter W. Hall, of the United States Secret Service, shortly before his removal to St. Louis, is said to have been investigating a gigantic counterfeiting scheme by which alleged rare, costly and unique coins were being put upon the market as genuine. In 1885 a Philadelphia coin dealer advertised an auction sale of his superfluous coins, including an 1804 dollar, only six of which are known to have been coined before the issue was recalled. But the value of one of these dollars is $500 or more, and so great interest was excited in the sale. A well-known connoisseur who attended discovered that some of the coins were not genuine, and on the collection being sent to the mint it was found that a large number of the coins had been made within a year. The government officials are now convinced that some of the shrewdest counterfeiters in the country are making fortunes in this business.

The wish falls often warm upon my heart that I may work nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in Heaven.—[Richter.

AN OLIVE GROVE.

How Olive Raising Has Become a California Industry.

The Fruit of the Mediterranean Now One of America's Products.

From ancient writings, including the Holy Scriptures, it can be ascertained that the olive is one of the oldest known fruits. The Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, is famous in history. Long before butter was known olives oil was used in the preparation of food. Large quantities of the oil and fruit have from time to time been imported here from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, whence most of the product has been obtained. The climate of California, not being unlike that of the Mediterranean, was considered suitable for the growth of the olive, and an experiment was made which has proved successful. The tree itself is pretty and ornamental. In spring time it is covered with a profusion of white flowers, and in winter has an evergreen foliage. When ready for the harvest it is so prolific that the branches bend under the weight of the fruit. Olive wood is also beautiful, and was chosen as part of the ornamentation of the splendid and magnificent Solomon's temple. The oil is considered by many as something sacred. As such it is used in consecrations and coronations. The ancients used the sprays of olive leaves to crown their great men, as it was believed to be an emblem of purity and peace. It was considered the highest honor to be crowned with olive leaves. In time of war an olive branch borne in the hand was a token of peace, and is even now spoken of as such.

The olive tree lives for a long time. Some of the trees on the Mount of Olives, in Judea, are said to be fifteen feet in diameter and over two thousand years old, while that in the Vatican at Rome has a record of over a thousand years. The olive is very hardy, and will endure treatment which would kill other fruit trees. If infested with insects the entire head can be cut off and thrown away, while the trunk will sprout again with renewed vigor. In Southern California it has prospered beyond expectation. Being sensitive to excessive heat or cold, its home is in the semi-tropical belt represented to the Pacific slope of the United States. It prospers best near the sea, but can be cultivated a short distance inland. With ordinary culture the olive in Europe will produce over twenty gallons of oil per acre, besides allowing a large quantity of the fruit to be used for eating. Although yet in its infancy in this country, experts have said that the oil produced in California is equal to any which has been imported. Growers say the Californian coast, from Point Conception to San Diego, is equal to that between Genoa and Naples for the production of olives. The importations amount to a large sum annually, and if the best olive oil can be it is claimed, be produced here and in sufficient quantities, that product will form an addition to the wealth of the United States. So far as the curing of the fruit is concerned, experience is likely to teach the proper treatment, as it has with the raisin crop. The cuttings of two trees planted in 1870 yielded well in 1884—the ordinary time required for bearing being ten years. The crop of these two trees was about seventy-five gallons of fruit, which sold readily at $1 per gallon after being prepared for the table. When taken from the trees the grower realized seventy-five cents per gallon. The same trees were loaded down with fruit this season, and in February will produce a large crop that can be readily sold at the price of growth at eighty-five cents per gallon. The trees are planted on hillside, about thirty-five or forty feet apart, to allow for expansion, as they will live and produce for centuries. An acre of ground will hold about 40 trees. The small fruit is used for oil, while the large or green olive is pickled for eating.

Olive trees can be planted on rocky lands, also on the sunny south hill, and the cost of planting the former is about one-third of the latter. The trees are men only get a million grapes, while the north but 90 gallons of olive oil is about enough to produce wine. The sweet pickle can be bought much cheaper and with less cost than the pickle made of other varieties of the vine. Being so prolific it becomes sooner profitable to the grower, and each year after bearing the olive tree produces a good crop until it reaches its full development, when it pays a much larger revenue than a vineyard, bearing a crop of from 30 to 40 gallons of fruit per tree. The olive tree is also not so much affected as the vine by drought. From the experiments already made and their results it is believed that the American olive grove will in a few years become successful rivals to that of the Mediterranean.—[Cincinnati Commercial.

Ambiguous.

South (with affection)—Hello, Brown, is that you? I heard you were drowned.

Brown (with sadness)—No, it was my brother.

South (thoughtlessly)—What a pity.—[Washington Critic.

Recuperative Power.

The resistance, active and passive, of the physical system to destructive agents is wonderful. Have wounds healed up and leave nothing but a scar. This is true not only of the external portion of tissue, but of the internal organs, including even the brain.

A large part of a brain may be taken out, and the bone grow again. Deadly poisons may be swallowed, and the various eliminating organs will go to work to destroy their power, and often fully succeed. Millions of persons transgress nearly every law of their physical system, and still live on half their days, because of the unceasing struggle of that other law of the law of recuperation to undo the mischief, or to reduce it to a minimum.

A bullet has been extracted from the brain, or in some large bone, or muscle, for years without appreciable injury. In such cases, nature builds a bony wall around the intruding object, thus preventing further friction or the solution of the lead and the absorption of the poison into the circulation.

The following cases, the full details of which are given in a recent Lancet, strikingly illustrate the tolerance and recuperative power of the system.

A soldier was badly wounded in the knee by the explosion of a mine. After he had lain in the hospital six months, during which time the joint contained a sequestrum, and was swollen, inflamed, open with the knife, the wound healed up. He became able to do his work as a messenger, and suffered no inconvenience from the injury for seven years. Then an abscess formed, which discharged for some eight years, when the surgeon succeeded by removing a small portion of the bones, including the tibia, and bits of lead from the knee. The abscess remained open, occasionally discharging small portions of bones, lead and gritty matter for the next nine years, or until the summer of 1884. At that time, the surgeon at the hospital where then took charge of the case, succeeded in tracing the sinus, or opening, down to a lead object in the opposite side of the joint. Laying open the flesh at this point, he found and removed the ball, lying entire, which was somewhat oval, flattened and mushroom pointed. In a few weeks the patient was able to walk with little inconvenience, and resumed home with the prospect of perfect recovery. Even in the case, longest on record, the bullet, the cavity, which was about an inch in diameter, was filled with the cicatrix, expelling the foreign substance.

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No Humor in His Soul.

"Hermann, the magician, is mighty clever, isn't he?" said a Clark street gossiper. "He has made a good deal of money. He is extravagant, sometimes to excess, and sometimes finds it necessary to deal with his creditors. I think he has been rather in bad lately, though I understand that in both cases he settled upon a plan rather than be subject to the payment of sums which he did not publicly owe. If there is any one of all the intimate acquaintances that is off his way. The last time Hermann got into a scrape at this kind was, I think, in Buffalo. One day, while exercising in the corridor, he thought he would have some fun with the guests, and so he began to perform feats the effect of which upon them was to make them think he was entirely out of his mind. He would sometimes come out of his room in his underwear. In the most unexpected places he would stop and take the grip of some one, and then backing home would disappear.

"Now, what do you think of your friend Hermann?"

"After that poor Hermann must go more exercise in the corridor, and I watched as closely as I dare, lest he should carry out the sentence of death."—[Chicago Times.

Long Sentences.

"Sentences should not be long, nobody long winded. The old Roman Senate, when Cicero was a member, used to have a calendar hung up in the hall to remind members.

"Yes, but I don't think any of his own compare in length to a sentence that I heard in Judge Brady's court last week.

"What was it?

"Twenty five years."—[Chicago Tribune.

One as Good as the Other.

Stranger (to Rube)—"Well, I don't know you do look hungry."

Tramp—"Not half as hungry as I was yesterday. Can't you spare me a dollar somewhere?"

"Well, no. I have no small change here, but I'll give you a few stocks and you can hunt up a fool out there and sell it."

"No, thanks; I've got a piece of my best leg left."—[Puck.

Caught a Throbbing.

First Small Boy—"Say, you want fellers down the Sunday-skool last Sunday, didn't ye?"

Second Small Boy—"Yaas."

"Ketch anything?"

"Nuthin' I wot hoeing and mercifull."—[Philadelphia Call.

A Use of Memory.

Why should I think of dragging clouds
Of dreary, dragging clouds of gray,
When I have seen them floating light,
Above mountains blazing soft and bright
Or shiny feathers faint and white,
On many a bright sky?

Why should I think of sighing winds,
Of sighing winds that shake the pane,
When I've felt breezes fresh and clear
That sang lovely past my ear,
And breathed of summer drifting near
Over clover field and grain?

Why should I think of days like this,
Days like this all dark and wet,
When I've known days so grandly bright
Full of fresh life and delight,
That thoughts of after-life were slight,
Lost in the present?

—Woman's Journal.

HUMOROUS.

Cold weather, shivering.

A [illegible] The plum pudding.

Plenty for other people of family [illegible]

Much ado about nothing—The pattering of the sleet.

What kind of cookery is not discovered? A [illegible] of course.

Although [illegible] the prodigal [illegible] yet [illegible] the fatted calf [illegible] to return [illegible]

There are some people who always carry [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [