

## HEALTH.

### The Lemon.

*Citrus Limonum* is the common lemon of commerce. It is of the orange tribe. A native of Asia. Introduced to Europe during the Crusades. In point of usefulness and universal consumption it stands very high among the tropical and semi-tropical fruits. Not only is it a great favorite for beverages and various culinary preparations but it is believed to possess important medicinal qualities. Without venturing for the truth of all that is claimed for the lemon in this respect we cheerfully give place to the following from various sources on what are claimed as the curative qualities of the lemon: Lemons are an antidote for scurvy and other skin diseases contracted on sea voyages and otherwise from the use of pork and other salted provisions. They are good in sea sickness.

Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know how it is more than doubled by taking it at night also. The way to get the better of a bilious system without the use of pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as the appetite craves, in as much water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising, or half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humors and bile with mild efficacy, without any weakening effects of calomel and Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear. The powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive, infallibly produces inflammation after a while, but diluted so that it does not burn the throat, it does its full medicinal work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food has abundant opportunity to work on the system thoroughly.

A free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough.

Lemon juice used according to this recipe will sometimes cure consumption: Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil; boil slowly until all the juice is extracted; and sugar to your taste and drink. In this way one dozen lemons a day. If they cause pain, or loosen the bowels too much, lessen the quantity and use five or six a day until you are better, and then begin again with a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold on to the lemons, and still use them very freely for several weeks more.

Lemons eaten raw are excellent for rheumatism, and are recommended for this troublesome ailment by many of our best physicians.

Another use for lemons is for a refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, and the preparation keeps better.

A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should be renewed night and morning.

The family doctor claims that lemonade is the best drink in fevers and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of squills or other nauseous medicines in many cases of cold or cough.

The Lemon, like all acid fruits, should be used carefully and judiciously in all cases of gastric derangement as too strong an acid is liable to cause irritation of the mucous membrane.

The Lemon, on account of its strong acid, is not much used as a table fruit, but it serves important uses in the preparation of pies, puddings etc.

The Lemon tree is a beautiful evergreen attaining a height of from 12 to 20 ft. The external rind of the fruit has an essential oil used for perfume. The juice contains a large proportion of water, gum, citric and malic acids. The finest lemons are those of smooth skin.

### Home Remedies.

Here is an old auntie's prescription for fever and ague which, for forty years, has proved a cure when taken according to direction: Blow out the dust from whole mustard seed, either black or white, and take a tablespoonful before breakfast every morning for three successive days; then omit it three mornings, and again take it three successive mornings. Before the patient has taken the ninth dose he will wonder what has become of his chills. The seed should be swallowed whole, and are easily taken with water.

Mustard seed taken the same way as described above, but in teaspoon doses, is an excellent remedy for dyspepsia.

An old-fashioned and very good cough syrup is made of sunflower seeds as follows: Put half a pound of the seeds in a bag and pound them until they are broken, then add a quart of water and cook them well, after which strain them and add a pound of loaf sugar and a teaspoonful of New Orleans molasses to the juice. Boil it down until quite thick and add half a pint of the best gin, then bottle for use. Take a teaspoonful of this several times a day, according to the severity of the cough.

A syrup much used by our grandmothers for colds and whooping-cough is made of equal quantities of flax seed, licorice root, boneset and slippery elm bark. To these add cold water to cover well, and let the mixture boil slowly for an hour, then strain it and add half a pound of loaf sugar and a pint of molasses.

A remedy for coughs recommended by many of the best doctors is made by steeping flax seed and straining it through a tin strainer before it gets too thick. Add an equal quantity of lemon juice, and enough loaf sugar to make a syrup. This should be taken freely.

For a chronic cough get a bottle of strained honey, one of olive oil, and one of home-made wine. Two or three times a day take a mixture composed of one teaspoonful of the honey and two each of the oil and wine. When children are threatened with croup, cut raw onions in slices, put them in a saucer and sprinkle them freely with brown sugar, then give the juice that forms in teaspoon doses.

A raw onion sliced and placed in a sick-room is a good disinfectant, as it absorbs poison rapidly. For that reason it should be burned twice a day and replaced by a fresh one.

Try cold hop tea for the nervous invalid who cannot sleep, and make a pillow of hops for him to sleep on.

A most excellent remedy for diarrhoea is

made as follows: Brown half a pint of rice in a spider as our mothers used to brown coffee, taking care that it does not burn; then grind it in a coffee mill and make it into coffee. Drink this freely using only a little milk in it. It has cured severe cases of winter cholera.

For hemorrhage of the lungs give powdered resin and loaf sugar until a physician can be procured; or if you happen to have a bottle of Pord's Extract in the house, give that in teaspoon doses. This is recommended by a doctor.

When you are sure a child is troubled with worms, pour a little boiling water on a tablespoonful of clean hard wood ashes. When cool carefully drain off the water, and taste it to see that it is not too strong, then give a teaspoonful of it.

When you burn your tongue apply a little essence of peppermint. It gives immediate relief.

An excellent poultice is made of stewed pumpkin.

For an attack of biliousness, drink half a cupful of cold boneset tea before breakfast for two weeks. The tea should be made strong. Gather the blossoms of the boneset before the frost touches them, as they are better than the leaves.

For hoarseness beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add the juice of one lemon, two teaspoonfuls of pulverized sugar and half a teaspoonful of glycerine. Take a little every half hour until relieved.

For sore throat bind on a piece of salt pork so that it will reach well up to the ears. It is best to sew it to a strip of cloth so that it will keep in place. Change it as often as once in six hours, and be sure to burn it when removed. Keep the patient quiet in bed if there seems to be no danger of diphtheria, and place a hot soap-stone or a bag of hot sand at his feet. Make a cap for the head of doubled linen; and keep it wet in cold water, and give bits of ice to allay the thirst. Blow a little dry sulphur into the throat occasionally, and if there is a fever, bathe the patient often with warm water taking care not to expose him to a draught of air. This treatment will cure light attacks of diphtheria, and should be followed in all cases of sore throat, as it is much wiser to be too careful than not careful enough, especially in a country where diphtheria is prevalent.

I have treated scarlet fever successfully as follows: Mix together several teaspoonfuls each of liquid tar and turpentine. Mix it on a shovel and burn it over a pan in the room where the patient is lying, closing the doors and windows so he must inhale the fumes. All fancy articles must be removed before beginning the operation. Bathe the patient in warm water to allay the fever, rubbing him thoroughly with olive oil after each bath. M. J. ASHTON.

### Startling Experiences at Sea.

The account given by the occupants of the second boat of the Liverpool-bound barque *Speranza*, which was sunk by collision with an iceberg, shows that the poor fellows, four in number, had a marvellous escape, being almost dead from starvation and thirst when rescued. The boat drifted about for twelve days. The sufferings of the four men were terrible from hunger, thirst, and the intense cold. They were really awaiting death when the barque *Foyland* rescued them. The men were utterly prostrate, and had to be carried on board. Another extraordinary experience is reported in the case of the steamer *Portia*, which had a narrow escape from being overwhelmed by an iceberg. The *Portia* put into St. John's on the 2d inst., and reported that off Foggo Head an iceberg was sighted about 600 feet long, and as the steamer was passing it the leviathan broke in three pieces, each of which disappeared under the surface of the water with a roar like a peal of thunder. One piece sank immediately by the steamer, so near, indeed, that it first raised her by the stern and then the stem. The water, too, from a perfect calm was soon in a state of great commotion, and it was as much as the steamer could do to steam clear of the ice. So thankful were the passengers at their escape that they presented the captain with a testimonial for their safety.

### Number of Stitches in a Shirt.

The following singular calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt has been made by a Leicester seamstress: Stitches in collar, four rows, 3,000; cross ends of same, 500; buttonhole and sewing on button, 150; gathering neck and sewing on collar, 1,204; stitching the waistband, 1,228; ends of wristband, 68; buttonholes in waistbands, 148; hemming slits, 264; gathering sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1,468; stitching on shoulder straps, 1,880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3,050; sewing up side seams of sleeves, 2,554; cording bosom, 1,104; "tapping" the sleeves, 1,520; sewing all other seams and setting side gussets, 1,272; total number of stitches, 20,649.

### Imperial Rides in China.

The emperor, empress and empress dowager of China take daily rides in the handsomely furnished first-class carriages on the little railway round the Nan-hai (Southern sea), adjoining the new palace of the empress dowager. No locomotive is used, only coolies being employed to pull and push. At the Kwenming lake on the occasion of the late imperial visit the emperor got up steam in the little steam launch, but for fear of an explosion his father had to advise him to desist, and in consequence a rowing barge has been ordered for his majesty.

### Disinfecting Candles.

Of late, owing to its germicidal power, the vapor of bromine has come into use as a disinfectant. One of its compounds can be dissolved in any desired quantity in the fat or wax of candles, before they are run into the molds. The result is a candle or night light which in shape and appearance resembles an ordinary candle, but differs from it in that when burnt it produces free bromine vapor, at the same time emitting the usual amount of light. Hygienic iodine night lights are also made, which, on burning, liberate iodine vapor in any required quantity, in the same way as the bromine lights liberate bromine.

### He Wanted to do Something for His Money.

Drummer—"What to you mean by pounding on the door at this hour in the morning? I gave no order to be waked up." Colored Porter—"I knows dat, boss; but I spees yer ter gib me half a dollar when you leavs de house, and I wanted to do sumfin to earn de money, so I jes' pounded on yo' do' to make yer feel yo' wasn't bein' robbed."

## FULL OF ENTERPRISE.

### Mr. Bowser Invests in Valuable Patent Gate Springs, Etc.

I don't know just exactly how many inventions are brought out weekly in this country, but I do know that Mr. Bowser would buy each and every one of them if he had an opportunity. When we first set up house-keeping he had churns, washing machines, cultivators, boot-jacks, apple parers, wagon jacks, spring locks, gate latches and so on to the extent of a wagon load, and he has added to the collection ever since, when he could do so without my knowledge. One day about a year ago an express wagon unloaded a model of a patent gate at the barn, and soon thereafter Mr. Bowser came home in an excited and enthusiastic state of mind and said to me:

"Don't scream, or faint away, or fall over anything and break an arm, but be calm and collected."

"Mr. Bowser, what do you mean?"

"Be calm—be calm. Mrs. Bowser, we are worth a million dollars."

"W—what?"

"Keep cool. Don't let the good news unbalance your mind. Yes, we are worth a cool million, and perhaps two or three."

"Has some one left you a legacy?"

"No; I have made it with my own wit and foresight. Money can be left to a fool, but it takes a sharp man to make money for himself. Come out to the barn."

I followed him out and when he had placed the model in the alley and arranged certain parts to his satisfaction, he said:

"This is the Climax farm gate, covered by three different patents. I have bought the right to the State for \$500. You see the idea? This rope leading out on either side of the post is to be pulled by any one wishing to pass through. See? Farmer doesn't have to get down off his load of hay, just gives a yank—gate opens—drives through—gate shuts—goose hangs high."

"But—but—"

"There's no but about it, Mrs. Bowser. Let's figure a bit. We'll say there are 30,000 farmers in the State. Each one wants five of these gates, making 1,500,000 gates in all. Each gate can be put in for \$8, and the profit is \$5. This gives me \$1,250,000. We'll allow \$50,000 for bad debts and we have a cool \$1,200,000 to put into our pockets. Isn't that a good margin on \$500?"

"Do you know that the farmers will buy this gate?"

"Buy it! Why, they are crying for it all over the State! I expect to be at least a thousand orders behind, the best I can do."

"Well, I hope it will be a success, but—"

"There you go! Always ready to throw cold water on any of my enterprises! If I brought you a solid chunk of gold you'd do your best to make out that it was nothing but a brick!"

An hour later a couple of sturdy old farmers came up at Mr. Bowser's invitation to see the patent, and I sneaked out to one side to hear what they might say. Mr. Bowser exhibited the gate, went over the figures and then asked what they thought of it.

"What's it for?" they asked.

"Why, to save a farmer from getting down off a load of hay or off his wagon."

"Um! Yes!"

"Isn't it a good thing?"

"Mebbe."

"But it must be. Can't you see the convenience at a glance? The farmer doesn't have to get down."

"No, I see he don't and he's a durned idiot! He'd better git down a thousand times than to pay \$8 for that gate. What's he there for but to git down? He's got lots of time to git down and climb up again."

In about ten minutes they knocked the under-pinning away and let Mr. Bowser down with a dull thud. He didn't let go altogether, however, until after he had taken the model to the hay market and secured further opinions. One of the last farmers to examine it turned to Mr. Bowser with:

"It ye want to catch the farmer invent sunthin' that will foddle the stock and feed the hogs afore daylight on a Winter's morning. Might make the same invention bring wheat up to \$2 a bushel, do his plowin', run the cider mill and pay off the mortgage on his farm."

It wasn't long after this before Mr. Bowser invested in a patent farm fence. The model showed three boards and two lines of wire to a section, and he bought six county rights at about \$100 each. He came home on a trot, brimful of enthusiasm, and he took me out to see the model.

"Has any farmer seen it," I asked.

"Not yet, but three or four of them will be up pretty soon, and I have no doubt that every one will order a mile of it."

Three solid looking agriculturists put in an appearance after a while. They gave the model a careful looking over, and then one of them took out a pencil and said:

"It's a purty mighty fence, and it will stand, but let's figger a little on the cost."

The result of the figuring proved that it would take about the value of an average farm to fence it with that sort of fence, and the model is up stairs in the barn to day.

Among Mr. Bowser's more recent investments was a patent gate spring. He brought the sample home under his arm, having bought the State right to manufacture and sell, and he was hardly in the house before he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, will you have the kindness to make some figures for me? Put down 1,428,260. Now multiply that by 60. The total is cents, and you will divide by 100 to get it into dollars."

"It's over \$850,000," I replied.

"Exactly, but call it an even \$800,000."

"What for?"

"To represent the sum I shall make within the next year on this patent gate spring. I figure that there are 1,428,260 gates in this State which need springs. This spring can be sold for \$1, and the profit is sixty cents. Just like rolling off a log. Mrs. Bowser, we've struck it!"

"I—I hope so."

"I know it! I feel it in my bones! In a year from now we'll be able to walk on diamonds!"

Three days later Mr. Bowser had discovered that out of the 1,428,260 gates in the State, only the owners of about 109,099 thought it necessary to put on springs, and that a twenty-five cent spring worked just as well as a dollar one. He came home sick and laid abed all the afternoon, and towards night, when I asked him for \$2 to get some notions, he roared out:

"Two dollars! Two dollars! You want two dollars?"

"Yes."

"I never saw such a woman to want money nor to spend it so extravagantly! Mrs. Bowser, you let 'em rob you right and left!

You don't seem to have any idea of values. You have got to make a change or I'll do all the buying myself. They know better than to try any trickery on me, an don't you forget it!"

### A French Officer's Marriage.

When an officer desires to marry, he must inform his Colonel, who sends the information to the War Office, and the facts are at length put before the Minister. The first thing then to be done is to find out if the young lady concerned fulfils the requirements of the law, which is to the effect that she must have an irreproachable character, and a marriage portion bringing in a yearly revenue of at least ten thousand francs (£400). The young officer's application begins to descend the ladder of officialism until it reaches the officers commanding the gendarmerie in the district where the officer's fiancée resides. It is then passed to a gendarme, who is commissioned to inquire into the young lady's character. He must proceed as cautiously as a detective, for too little or too much zeal will be severely punished. Should he happen to know the father of the demoiselle indicated he goes and sees him; if not, he must obtain his information from the neighbours. He will even follow her when she goes out to theatres or entertainments. Having finished his investigations, he draws up a report on strictly police-court lines, wherein he talks of the young lady, not as mademoiselle, but the young person. So-and-so. Off goes the document on its way upward through the bureaux and red tape, until it gets to the War Minister. Should the conditions be fulfilled the officer is permitted to marry. If not, he must renounce his intentions. If the fiancée has a good character, but not money a sufficient dowry must be raised before a union is sanctioned. Though not actually allowed by the regulations, an officer in love will often provide the necessary dowry for his betrothed; and this is settled upon the bride for her own use and benefit.

### Women Poisoners.

Some of the more modern historians distrust the stories of the Roman prisoner Locusta, and of the women who in Italy sold aqua to fana as the best means of satisfying jealousy or hate or greed; but the Hungarian tribunals are trying a case which makes all those legends possible. No less than ten women in the little town of Mitrovitz are charged with poisoning their husbands with arsenic obtained from fly papers, and they are only a section of the women originally arrested or suspected. They were all apparently taught by a single woman, Esther Sarac, a local witch or herbalist, who deliberately instructed at least one disciple, and probably many more. The poisonings, some sixty in number, were done with little precaution, and cover a space of more than ten years, during all which time a vague suspicion has been floating about. The evidence against the women under trial is said to be overwhelming, and most of them have saved trouble by pleading guilty. They are all peasants, and probably of a low order of intelligence; but the revelation throws a strange light on the true value of much of modern "progress." In Hungary, at all events, it does not prevent epidemics of crime, though, no doubt, the improvement of chemical analysis helps the authorities in detecting and punishing the guilty.

### Valerie's Love Song.

A surprise which was prepared by the Emperor and Empress for the Archduchess Valerie on the eve of her wedding is now being talked of in Vienna. Our correspondent there tells us that Baron Bezeany, the Director of the Court Theatres, was asked to invite a famous Vienna quartette to come to Ischl on July 30, and to tell no one of their coming. From the station they were taken to the house of the master of ceremonies, put into a room alone and given four copies of a love song and accompaniment. The song, which bore neither the name of the poet nor the composer, they were asked to study. An ample repast was sent them, and they were directed to remain there until they were sent for.

At night, when the fires on the mountains were extinguished and the moon shone a light over woods and hills, they were led to the imperial villa and placed under a group of trees opposite the front terrace. At a signal agreed upon they were to begin their song. They heard talking in the apartment which opens out upon the balcony. Presently the Empress appeared with her arm round her daughter. Close behind them followed the Emperor with the bridegroom. As they stood silent on the balcony gazing at the truly beautiful scenery, Prince Hohenlohe gave the signal and from beneath the trees rose sweetly the notes of the tender love song, the words and music of which had been composed by the young bride. Her eyes overflowed with grateful tears as she looked from her father to her mother. The Emperor afterwards went below and gave each singer a handsome diamond scarf-pin, thanking them at the same time for their rendering of the song.

### Buying Her First Shirts.

"Good morning, madam?"

"I wish to see some men's shirts."

"For yourself?"

"Men's shirts."

"For your brother?"

"The size is thirteen and a half."

"Young man?"

"About my age."

"Of course I would not dare—"

"Nineteen."

"What kind of a shirt does your brother want?"

"Oh, something that sets up well around the neck—something jaunty."

"Jaunty? For your brother?"

"I know what I want—I mean, what he wants."

"I think this chevrot will about fit him."

"You guarantee this fit?"

"Well, if you would like to—that is if your brother would like to try them—why—"

"Wrap it up?"

"Anything else?"

"Yes, a four-in-hand—blue?"

"How does this strike you?"

"Do you think it would go well with this dress?"

"Ah!"

"Pshaw!" [Exit.]

A snowstorm visited the neighborhood of Calgary, N. W. T., last week.

The most important line is, of course, the line of life—that line sweeping around the base of the thumb from the wrist. Long, clear, direct in its course and well colored, it denotes long life, good health and a good character and disposition. Pale and broad, it indicates ill-health, evil instincts and a weak, envious disposition. Thick and red, it betrays violence and brutality. The ages at which events have happened may be told by the points at which they have marked the line. The shorter the line the shorter the life; and (this is rather startling) from the point at which the line terminates in both hands may be accurately predicted the time of death. A break in the line is always an illness; if in both hands, there is always a grave danger of death, especially if the lower branch of the line turns in toward the thumb. Rays across the hand from the base of the thumb always denote worries, and the age at which they occur is always shown by the point at which the rays terminate. The "line of head," which is the next great line in the hand—it extends from between the thumb and forefinger across to the third finger—should be clear and well closed, without fork, break or ramification. Pale and broad, it indicates feebleness or lack of intellect; but if it is long and strong, it denotes self-control. The third line is the line of the heart—the line sweeping from the forefinger across the hand. If it goes right across, it indicates excessive affection, resulting in a morbid jealousy. If it is chained, the subject is an inveterate flirt. Very, very thin and bare, it is the sign of murder. The fourth great line in the hand is that of fortune, which rises through the whole hand from the wrist to between the second and third fingers. If it starts from the line of life, it shows that one's fortune results from one's own deserts; rising from the wrist, it is always a sign of good luck. Twisted or ragged at the base, it indicates ill-luck in early life. The line of health comes from the base of the line of life. Clearly traced, it seldom exists in a hand; but, when it is found, it is a sign of good health, gaiety and success. There exists, of course, in every hand lines which do not come under any of these rules; but the expert in chirography has no difficulty in reading such by reference to their position with regard to the principal lines.

### Sea Ravages at Scarborough.

On Sunday morning, about eight o'clock, considerable alarm was created in the vicinity of Castle Hill, at Scarborough, by a loud reverberating noise accompanied by considerable earth tremor. The cause was not far to seek, for it was at once apparent, to those on the North Cliff at least, that the whole of the north-east corner of the Castle Hill consisting of many thousands of tons of earth, had disappeared into the sea, carrying with it the flagstaff used for danger signals when the military shooting practice is in progress, as well as the iron mantlet which safeguarded the outlook, and a tract of land at the top of the hill which was in cultivation as a kitchen garden. Moreover it is seriously apprehended that a further downfall is imminent, and adequate precautions for the protection of human life have been taken. A strong argument advanced from time to time in favor of the construction of a road round the Castle Cliff, is that the hill is rapidly being washed away by the action of the sea, and it is beyond doubt that the plateau on the top of the hill has diminished in size to the extent of three and a quarter acres within the last half century. The Castle Hill is a prominent feature in the attractions of Scarborough, and inasmuch as both the picturesque appearance and comparatively mild climate of Scarborough during the colder months of the year are in a great measure dependent on the Castle Hill, it is to be hoped that measures for its protection will be taken. It should be added that the hill is the property of the War Office authorities.—*Glasgow Herald*.

### Cleaning Carpets.

Perhaps the most thorough way to clean a carpet, especially a Brussels carpet, is to lay it on a clean grass plat, face down, and beat it as it lies there. After being beaten thoroughly, it can be dragged by the corners over the grass, which will brush off all adhering dust, and the carpet will be cleaned in the most approved manner. To beat a carpet on a line is but an imperfect way, and the work is not as well done, unless by the most patient beating, besides not being as easy as the first-mentioned way. The so-called carpet-beating machines in use in this country are barbarous in their treatment of choice floor coverings. With perhaps, twenty others, our carpets are tumbled about in a great cylinder, until they are folded in a thousand ways, and returned, instead of the stiff, firm carpet sent out, soft, limp articles, that have lost half their wearing qualities.

In England, Ireland, and Scotland, the prudent housewife compelled the carpet-beaters to discard the rotary carpet destroyer, and automatic beating machines are now used, which beat carpet as near like hand work as is possible for machinery to do it. If living in a city it will pay to employ men to take carpets out into the country and beat them, as above described. After comparing results carpets will never be beaten by machinery again.

Again, don't let carpets be cleaned on the floor, as is being practiced in some cities. That slimy compound that is brushed on the carpet is only soft soap, nothing else, colored and perfumed, perhaps, with sassafras. It is true that it makes the carpet look clean, but it is well known that more or less of that soap stays in the back of the carpet, having worked its way through, along the sides and in the corners. A physician, or any one versed in chemistry knows that this soap which stays in the carpet is resolved into common grease, attracting myriads of flies, carpet bugs, and insects of all kinds, besides decomposing and filling the rooms with gases, from this disgusting compound of grease, wool and dirt.

### Nothin'.

"My dorg kin lick your dorg, Tommy Bodkins."

"He can't do no sech thing. Pstey Mac-intyre; I ain't got no dorg."

"Well, my pa kin lick yourn."

"Can't, neither; ain't got no pa."

"Well, my ma kin lick yourn."

"Bet she can't; ain't got no ma."

"What hev yer got, anyhow?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, jes' yer come over here, an I'll take that out o' yer."