

Miracles.

An egg a chicken I don't tell me, For didn't I break an egg to see? There was a thing inside but a yellow ball. With a bit of moulage round it all— Nor the neck nor bill, Nor the nose nor quill, Not even a feather. To hold it together; Not a sign of life could any one see, An egg a chicken! You can't fool me.

"An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick Up the very shell that had held the chick, So they said, and didn't I work half a day To pack him in where he couldn't stay? Let me try as I please, With squeeze upon squeeze, There is scarce place to meet, His head and his feet. No room for any the rest of him—so That egg never held that chicken, I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man, Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mothers can: Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round; "Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this sound shell?" Faint and low, tap, tap; Soft and low, rap, rap; Sharp and quick, Like a pris-ner's pick, "Hear it peep, inside there!" cried Tom, with a shout: "How did it get in, and how can it get out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell. Mamma smiled as she said "All's well that ends well. Be patient awhile yet, my boy." Click, click, And out popped the bill of a little chick. No room had it lacked, Though snug it was packed. There it was all complete, From its head to its feet. The softest of down and the brightest of eyes, And so big—why, the shell wasn't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mamma, now I see That an egg is a chicken—though the how beats me. An egg isn't a chicken, but I know and declare, Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof of it there. Nobody can tell How it came in that shell; Once out, all in vain. Would I pack it again. I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine, As much as that of the water and wine."

Mamma kissed her boy; "It may be that we try Too much reasoning about things, sometimes, you and I. There are miracles wrought every day, for our eyes, That we see without seeing, or feeling surprise; And often we must Even take on trust What we cannot explain. Very well I again, But from the flower to the seed, from the seed to the flower. 'Tis a world of miracles every hour."

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS;

OR,

The People Loved Her Much.

CHAPTER VII.

BENEATH THE VEIL.

There is a sound of wedding-bells down at that prettiest of Surrey churches that stands on a beautiful piece of ground where churchyard merges almost imperceptibly into vicarage garden at Weybridge. The rich Mr. Lepell's daughter Marian is to be married this day to the rising London surgeon, Mr. Annesley—the son of a man who bore a high professional reputation, and won much social esteem in and around Walton and its neighborhood while he lived.

Matters have not gone altogether smoothly between Robert Annesley and his betrothed, or rather the family of his betrothed, of late. They have, none of them, taken graciously to what they call his "Irish folly," and he, on his side, has not taken their inquiries and investigations and general carping at and tilting against the plan well. He has neither looked grateful nor gratified when his future father-in-law has expressed an earnest desire to go over himself, with a competent English lawyer on whom he (Mr. Lepell) can rely, and look into the leases and agreements held by the different tenants on the Darragh estate.

He has even gone so far as to definitely refuse to tell any of them—even Marian—what sum he has paid for the property, and this contumaciousness of his has been productive of much gloom hanging over his relations with the Lepells.

But it must be granted to him that during these few months, since Darragh has been his own, Mr. Annesley has not neglected his practice or let slip a single chance of forwarding his professional career in London. He has worked nobly and well, early and late, worked as one who loves his fellowmen as well as himself, and he has won his reward! A splendid practice among those who suffer more from a superfluity of the good things of this world rather than from privation is his, and his name as their best guide and friend physically is on countless self-indulgent sufferers' lips. On the whole, when Marian reflects on the long list of his fashionable clients, she is inclined to be well satisfied with the position she will have as his wife in Cavendish square.

But latterly he has propounded some startling views, which nearly shatter his engagement and entirely destroy the Lepell's faith in his good sense. He takes a partner in, but as he only does this for a handsome consideration they look upon his surrendering the supreme power in the practice leniently. But their wrath knows no bounds when he announces that for the future he shall transfer his sphere of usefulness from the West End of London, where there are thousands of men as able as himself, to the West of Ireland, where sickness and suffering, caused by gaunt want and neglect, claim his sympathy and skill.

He is a bright-hearted, easy-going man, and up to this juncture the Lepells have no idea of the steadfastness of purpose he can oppose to their united disapprobation of his project. They put before him eloquently that he will damage the interest of his unborn family by taking this step, and that he will be condemning Marian to a life of desolation, perhaps of danger! His answer to this is that he has incurred responsibilities toward the living which he considers have a higher claim upon him than those he may never be called upon to undertake toward a family that may never exist; and that if Marian has a proper affection for him, she will find her highest pleasure in aiding him to do his duty toward those for whose welfare he has become surety by his purchase of the land on which they live! Hints to the effect that, under these peculiarly painful circumstances, he

must not be surprised if the engagement is broken off till he comes to his senses are met by him with the assurance that "whatever Marian may elect to do he will not blame her, however deeply he may regret the step." Altogether he is impracticable, and as Marian sees no immediate chance of making a better match and is really fond of him, in a way that is perhaps more lasting than a more demonstrative affection might prove, the engagement continues, and is about to come to an end happily in Weybridge Church on this cold, clear January morning.

It is six months since the purchase of Darragh has been completed, and though it has not been convenient for Robert Annesley to receive any of his rents—or rather though it has not been convenient for his tenants to pay them—he regards himself as a happy and prosperous man this day, for he is the owner of a beautiful unincumbered estate, and is enabled by the sale of his share in the West End practice, and one or two other things, to settle ten thousand pounds on his bride.

There does not seem to be the least difficulty in his doing this, and only Dolly knows that her ten thousand is floating about somewhere, quite out of her jurisdiction and control, and that Robert has promised to restore it to her soon, "before the Mackivers begin making terms."

For it has come by this time to a regular engagement between Dolly and Ronald Mackiver, the young soldier, who has not much besides his pay, and who is regarded by his parents as a great prize in the matrimonial market.

Though it is January, it might be June to judge from the quantity and beauty of the flowers which deck every inch of the bride's way to-day. The hot houses have been stripped for the sake of the house, and banks of roses, gardenias, camellias, red and white, drooping white lilies, and masses of Russian and Neapolitan violets rise in the hall, on the staircases, and in every reception-room. The breakfast has been arranged by Gunter for upward of two hundred guests, and the wedding-cake is as colossal as its ornaments are unique. In place of the usual monster vase of flowers and cupids in white sugar is an exquisitely moulded harp, with groups of shamrock springing up around it.

"In compliment to my son-in-law, who has large estates in Ireland," Mrs. Lepell explains graciously to some of her guests, carrying out her resolution to make the best of what she regards as rather a bad business.

Of course the Killeens are at the wedding. Darragh, in fact, is one of the twelve bridesmaids in ruby plush and ivory-white silk. And the Mackivers are here in right of Dolly, and Arthur Thynne, because that "dear little Mrs. St. John" made a point of his being asked. Mrs. St. John has written an ode on the auspicious event, which is printed on white satin and laid before each guest,—a sweet and judicious set of verses, in which she describes the virtues and talents and general graces of the bride's parents in terms that rather surprise some of their oldest friends. As for the bridegroom, he comes in for rather a curt mention; in fact, he is merely cautioned to take care of the precious treasure confided to his care by those who have the royalty of real parenthood stamped upon their lofty, loving brows. The ode goes on to describe Mr. Lepell as an Agamemnon of commerce, and Mrs. Lepell as a queen among mothers and women! Altogether, Mrs. St. John may be fairly said to deserve the hundred-pound note which is sent to her anonymously on the evening of this glad day. It is notorious that after this event the little mistress of popular fiction speaks of Mr. Lepell as her best and dearest benefactor and friend—next, of course, to sweet, clever Mrs. Lepell, who must always have the foremost place in all well regulated hearts and minds. After a time "the ode," and some of the reflections it awakes, is a thorn in good Mrs. Lepell's flesh, for men do not win the title of "best and dearest of benefactors" to impecunious genius of either sex without some outlay. Mrs. Lepell has hedged her husband in effectually from the sordid advances of his own cousins, aunts, nieces, and nephews, but from this sweet stranger, who never addresses either of them save with the most honeyed words and the most sunny smiles, she cannot fence him off, and her own vanity will not permit her to say that Mrs. St. John's adulation is interested.

The old Mackivers, cautious Scots who, having a little money of their own, are keenly alive to the value of it in others with whom they may be connected through Ronald's marriage, are shocked into silence during the banquet by the vainglorious display.

All the pomp and circumstance of the event strikes them as "just wicked waste," and when they reflect on the possibility of Dolly being tempted to waste a portion of her own ten thousand pounds in a similar marriage spectacle, they shrink with horror from the alliance, and determine to point out the drawbacks of it pretty plainly to Ronald.

In the meantime they enjoy the glory and goodness of it all quite as heartily as the rest of the guests, and at the same time revel in a sense of superiority on account of the way in which they "condemn" this reckless waste to each other.

Old Mrs. Mackiver ranges up alongside of Dolly, when they are all standing in the hall in two long lines, through which the bride has to pass in triumph on her way out to the carriage. As Marian passes along, leaning on her father's arm, in her golden brown plush and sables, for which she has exchanged the bridal robe of white velvet and Meahlin lace, Mrs. Mackiver whispers to her son's choice:

"I hope to see more sensible gowns on your back on your wedding-day, Dolly. Your brother's wife has the worth of one of his Irish farms on her back at this moment."

"I hope not," Dolly laughs, unconcernedly. "Robert and I hope that our speculation means more than a few rich suits of velvet and fur, a fear—" then she pauses in confusion, remembering that Robert has counselled her not to tell the Mackivers of her share in the Darragh business yet.

"Your speculation! I hope you haven't been crazy enough to put any of your money into Irish land?" the old Scotch lady asks, sternly. "Remember that it isn't yours to play fast and loose with, now that you have promised yourself to my son, and bear in mind that you'll want all you have for yourself and the children God may give to you; it's due to Ronald now

that you consult him about everything you do."

"I shall always render his full due to Ronald," Dolly says quietly, but she does not feel called upon to tell Ronald's masterful mother that for a time her brother has the use of her capital. She will tell Ronald how things are when money matters are discussed, but up to the present time he has not broached them.

"Dear old boy! I'd trust the wealth of the world to him if I had it," she thinks, as her brother approaches her to bid her good-bye, and to remind her that she must be at Darragh to receive them, and have all ready for them by the middle of February.

"Get Miss Thynne to stay there with you, dear: it will be dull for you alone till Marian and I come home, and Miss Thynne, with her enthusiasm for the place and the people, will be a wonderful help to you."

"I don't think Miss Thynne likes me," Dolly says hurriedly; "she seems to keep both Ronald and me at a greater distance than she does other people."

"Nonsense!" is all he can find time to whisper, for a dozen or more people are about him now, shaking his hands, clapping him on the back, and showering rice and good wishes upon him. It is astounding to find what a number of people who knew nothing of him before this supreme moment discover him to be an uncommonly good fellow now. Even Mrs. Mackiver's grimness relaxes as she tells him in moderate language that she trusts he "may never repent of what he has done to-day," and his five sisters-in-law wreath themselves round him like one woman, and adjure him passionately "to take care of Marian, and to have them over soon to stay with him" in Galway. It has come to their knowledge that certain regiments are ordered into Galway city from the Curragh, and these younger members of the house of Lepell are still innocent and unworried enough to like "officers," though it has been persistently borne in upon them that the genus is a penniless one and unworthy of cultivation. The prospect of unrestricted intercourse with some of the bright but withal tabooed beings from the village-ground of their brother-in-law's place in Ireland, with no paternal eyes upon them, and no paternal forbodings sounding in their ears, seems good to them. So they lavish much sisterly affection with artless openness upon Robert Annesley, and persuade him that if he wants to make his wife really happy he will soon ask several of her sisters to be her guests.

There are only two discordant chords struck in the gay melody to which all things seem to set themselves this day. One jays peal on Mr. Lepell's ear, the other on the ear of the bridegroom.

"It's not true that things are not looking well at 'The Bullion,' is it?" an old gentleman, a brother director and extensive shareholder on the mighty assurance office he names, asks Mr. Lepell in the course of the after-dinner chat, when the havoc and splendor of the marriage feast are matters some hours gone by.

"You ought to know as much about it as I do," Mr. Lepell says, smiling, confidently. "My dear sir, the credit of The Bullion can no more be shaken than that of the Bank of England; there is nothing to prevent The Bullion lasting while the world does. I, at least, ought to know, and I can affirm that much."

"I hope you will be able to affirm that much to-morrow, when you are likely to hear more about it," his friend responds dolefully; and a painful feeling of doubt of that of which he has hitherto been so proudly confident assails Mr. Lepell's heart, and makes his daughter's wedding-day one of the gloomiest he has known.

The other discordant note is struck by old Mr. Mackiver, and falls on Robert Annesley's ear just as he is about to follow his bride into her carriage.

"Good-bye," Ronald's excellent, prudent old father says, clapping Mr. Annesley on the back in token of the utmost good-will and confidence; "I shall be writing to you soon about my boy and Dolly; my lawyer has got all out and dried, and you'll find he has put it down all pleasant and fair for both parties—"

"All right! good-bye," Robert Annesley shouts out; but a little demon of care gets into the carriage with him, who is not easily exorcised.

They have a dance to wind up with in the evening, and one or two fashionable papers have an account of the wedding and of all appertaining to it in a few days, with a list of the presents that "were worthy of a royal bride," and encomiums on the "princely munificence and magnificent hospitality of the following day tell a widely different and far sadder tale. The Bullion has exploded, and Robert Lepell has fled from the country a broken-hearted bankrupt.

Fortunately for the newly married pair they have a few days of sunshine before this dire calamity is made known to them through the medium of newspapers abroad and letters from home. It is an appalling blow, and it hits them both with cruel severity. Marian's first feeling is one of anguish for herself; she has been so proud of the perfect independence which her father has promised to secure to her. Now her promised fortune will be swallowed up with the rest. Her second thought, to do her justice, is for her mother and sisters.

"Oh! mamma, mamma, tell me at once, girls," she sobs, "Robert, tell me? You will let them share my home, if you love me?"

"There's a silver lining to every cloud indeed!" Robert Annesley thinks, as his wife exhibits unselfishness and loving anxiety for her mother and sisters when the shock of this home trouble first falls upon them. The Bullion may have exploded, but he has found real gold, he flatters himself, in the heart of his wife.

"Poor papa!" Marian says this a dozen times during the first day or two after the sorrowful news reaches them. Occasionally she wonders where he is, and expresses a fervent hope that he will soon ask some of his old wealthy friends to help him out of his difficulties, and make things comfortable for him again! It does not occur to the daughter of the late millionaire that these difficulties are utter ruin and commercial disgrace. Individually, Mr. Lepell has done nothing dishonorable, but his name has been on the direction of a fraudulently bankrupt company, the liabilities are limited, but Mr. Lepell will never hold his head up in England again.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE MACKIVERS'.

After her brother's marriage, during the brief interval between the wedding and the news about The Bullion becoming public property, Dolly Annesley makes an effort to carry out her brother's latest instructions by asking the Honorable Miss Thynne to be her guest and companion at Darragh. Dolly is staying with the Mackivers, for the house in Cavendish Square has been let partially furnished, and though the Mackivers' menage is not a very bright or pleasant one, Dolly is perfectly happy in it, for Ronald runs up from Aldershot to see her three or four times a week.

The situation of the house is against it, for it is on the sunless side of Russell Square, and the internal decorations and furniture are more against it still. Everything in it is solid, handsome, and heavy; the dining-room is horse-hair and mahogany, the drawing-room in rosewood and drab damask, and the breakfast-room in everything that is not wanted in any other room in the house. A few pictures are skied on the walls of the two principal rooms, a couple plaster statues hold gaskets in niches on the staircase, and a few huge Japanese and Chinese vases and bowls are standing about, containing a fragrant mixture of dried rose-leaves, bay salt, and herbs that are more highly perfumed in death than in life. These constitute the whole art decoration of the Mackiver mansion, and amply express the whole art-feeling of its occupants. "Everything for comfort and nothing for show," is the motto, they tell Dolly, and sometimes they express a hope that when she enters the family she will follow its example.

The family is not a large one. Mr. and Mrs. Mackiver, their son Ronald, and their daughter Mary are the sole members of it. That they have kept their family within such moderate dimensions is one of the many traits of which Mr. and Mrs. Mackiver are perhaps a little unduly proud. They are religious people, leaving everything to Providence verbally; but they do think harsh things of any people who, being poorer than themselves, presume to have more children than they are satisfied with.

The household arrangements move on like clockwork. Mr. Mackiver has long since retired from business, and is merely a sleeping partner in the "house" which he made by his energy and perseverance. Mrs. Mackiver dislikes any interruption to the daily routine, which has been strictly observed ever since they came to live here, twenty years ago. And Mary is a "daughter who is like unto her mother," as the Scriptures declare a daughter shall be.

Mary Mackiver is endowed with many admirable and likeable qualities, but she is not a lovable woman. There is nothing soft about her externally. When she says a kind and generous thing she says it in a tone that takes the warmth out of the kindness and the grace out of the generosity. Her voice is harsh, deep-toned, with a rasp in it that is probably due to the effects of the bitter blasts up in the North where she was born. But this voice is never heard in unjust condemnation, nor in propagation of scandal, nor in the utterance of idle and malicious words. She is not demonstrative; she never deigns to be tender or winning, but she is essentially trustworthy, and to be relied upon in any emergency, as she is not carried away by what other people say or think, but is influenced solely by her own knowledge of what is right or wrong.

It is this quality which has made Ronald regard her as his best and wisest friend from his boyhood. And it is to this wisest friend he goes for counsel when, on arriving home one day, he finds that Dolly has gone to call on Darragh Thynne.

"What has taken Dolly there, Mary?" he asks; "there has never been anything like friendship or intimacy between those two girls. Why should Dolly go to Miss Thynne now?"

"Dolly knows of no reason why she shouldn't obey her brother's wishes. Do you?" Miss Mackiver asks, looking Ronald straight in the eyes in the way that she has always made him feel he would be weak indeed to attempt to deceive her.

"What have her brother's wishes to do with her calling on Miss Thynne?" he says unhesitatingly; and she tells him.

"Earnestly Mr. Annesley asked her, just as he was going away on his wedding day, to get Miss Thynne over to Darragh, as she would greatly help them getting to know the people on the land."

"I'm sorry," he says, shortly. "Then, after a moment or two, he adds, 'But it can't be helped if Miss Thynne accepts the invitation. I hope she won't, for I'm ordered to Dublin and I hoped to have seen a little of Darragh—the place I mean.'"

He flushes as he says what he means, and his sister asks him—

"And you don't want to see Darragh, the person—is that it Ronald?"

"That's it."

"Is it because you don't like her?"

He shakes his head.

"It's not because you like her too well, I hope?" she says, harshly; but he knows that the harshness is only in the voice, and that he may safely trust her now as heretofore.

"I do like her too well to wish to see much of her; I love Dolly too well to care to run any risk of becoming interested in Darragh's wild, beautiful, visionary ways. She's a dangerous girl, with her mixture of native impulse and cultured repression, and I don't want to be led into making a study of her—perhaps to the neglect of Dolly."

"She's a dangerous girl if she has made you false in your heart to Dolly, who wouldn't break faith with a dog, much less with a man," Miss Mackiver replies; and then her brother assures her that his heart is as true as steel to Dolly, that he is delighted that his honor is irrevocably pledged to her, but as he would be dazzled by a gorgeous sunrise, attracted by a shooting star, fancy-bound by a strain of fairy music, so is he dazzled, attracted, and fancy-bound by the Irish girl, whose violet eyes hold all that is best of dark and bright—of pathos, poetry, and pain, seen through a smile that is like a sunbeam.

"Does she know you are such a weather-cock?" Mary asks.

He does not like the epithet, but he wants her opinion and her help, and he knows from experience that she will give both to him, but that she will do it in her own way. Accordingly, he does not resent the imputation, but answers straight to the point—

"Hasn't an idea of it, I should say; I

have never said a word—"

"Stop! have you looked a meaning?"

"I think not," he falters.

"Then you have, if you only think you haven't! Ronald dear, check your thoughts, hold them in with a good man's strong will for fear you become a traitor in them to both these young ladies. Dolly is your love and I hope she'll be your wife, and you must never look on Miss Thynne's face again, till you can do so as you wouldn't mind any man in the world looking on Dolly's face; resist the temptation. If you knew that looking at a gorgeous sunrise would dazzle you so that you must fall over a precipice and be broken to pieces, you wouldn't look, would you?" If you knew the shooting-star would lead you into a morass from whence you'd never extricate yourself, you'd shut your eyes rather than follow its course; and if the fairy music dulled your ears to the voice of truth and honor, you'd sit out of hearing of the strain? I'm sure you would, and you will do so now."

She is a plain young woman with dull yellow hair, freckles, and a figure that has more of the rigidity of iron than the suppleness of steel about it. But her brother almost worships the true womanly element in her as she speaks thus, and the devil who has been tempting him with unconscious Darragh is so nearly exorcised that Ronald believes that it has ceased to tempt him.

"I think Darragh—Miss Thynne, I mean—may go with Dolly, if they both like it, Mary; when I go there when Robert comes home my little love's sweet brown velvet eyes shall hold a greater spell for me than sunrises and shooting-stars. My folly is past, Mary, and thank God neither Dolly nor Darragh knows anything of it."

"Are you sure? And they're both women! It seems to me, that if I were Dolly or Darragh I'd have known fast enough," Miss Mackiver says, thoughtfully; and then Ronald wonders, as he has occasionally wondered before, whether his sister ever had a lover's looks levelled at her or listened to a lover's tones. "She seems hard and uncompromising enough on the surface, but she understands the real thing, and no mistake," the young man tells himself. But before he can hazard a question on this point, his mother comes in and tells them that it "is time for them to begin expecting Dolly home." Mrs. Mackiver is one of those rigid punctualists who have a time for everything, even for beginning to expect anything that it is in the order of things will happen.

"And before she comes, your father wants to speak to you, Ronald," the old lady goes on; "he has seen something in the paper that will make a great difference to the Annesleys' worldly prospects, I'm afraid."

So prepared for something bad, but not for the worst that it seems possible can happen to "Mrs. Annesley's people," Ronald goes into the arid, cleanly, light little morning-room, where everything seems to be asserting that it is meant for utility, and not for show, and hears from his father the story of what has befallen The Bullion and Mr. Lepell.

"Robert Annesley will be shackled with the whole family, and it will be well for you if he doesn't impoverish himself, and come to his sister by and by for help," the old gentleman says, emphatically. "For Dolly's sake you will do well to hasten your marriage while her money is untouched."

"Her being married won't make much difference if she wants to lend any money to her brother," Ronald says, speaking and feeling magnanimously, as it is the custom for the most exacting, self-asserting and mercenary man to speak before the woman becomes his wife, and her money his goods and chattels, and as it is not possible for the most single-minded and unselfish man to feel after he and the woman become one, and their interests are indivisible.

"I hope it will make a difference, a very considerable difference, too," old Mackiver says, heavily; and Ronald promises himself that if Robert Annesley ever commits the misdemeanor of wanting to borrow money of Dolly, he (Ronald) will not go to his father with a confession of his folly in permitting his wife to lend it.

To be continued.)

The Twenty-four O'Clock Theory.

The majority of the railroad superintendents who have been approached on the subject decidedly object to the projected mode of numbering the hours of the day from one up to twenty-four. They take the ground, and with a good deal of reason, that such an innovation here would breed endless confusion. We do not wonder that they feel strongly on the subject. There are enough railroad accidents in the country without adding to the number by the introduction of any new cause. Think of saying thirteen o'clock, and then, in order to understand what it means mentally calculating that it must mean twelve o'clock plus one. Talking of mean time, we should call this very mean time indeed, which had to be comprehended by incessant arithmetic. The advocates of the twenty-four hour o'clock system are less reasonable than the phonetic enthusiasts who want to break up entirely the present mode of spelling. What is called a reform is sometimes an offence. It is certainly an offence when it increases the chance of accident and introduces inextricable confusion. It seems to us that the old-fashioned A. M. and P. M. are good friends who do not deserve to be summarily kicked out of the house. Besides, though we know a day is twenty-four hours long, it does not really seem so long when we ingeniously break it up into two little days of twelve hours each.—New York Telegram.

A Man Who Rose Early.

Old Mr. S— came sauntering down to the front gate a night or two ago and interrupted a long conversation between his daughter and a very intimate male friend.

"Why, ps," inquired the damsel, "ain't you up late?"

"Just got up," said the old gentleman, shortly; "I'd come out and see the sun rise!"

And then the son rose from the rustic bench and sadly bled him homewards.

—An equine paradox—Two horse doctors —Policemen (to group of small boys)— "Come, now, move on. There's nothing the matter here." Sarcastic boy—"Of course there isn't. If there was you wouldn't be here."