THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

Journey in Palestine to the Site of Ancient Hebron.

Difficulties in the Way of Riding—Some Apochryphal Locations—A Desolate Land—Inaccessibility of the Supposed Spot of the Patriarch Abraham's Burial—A Sacred Place.

A person hardly wants to climb the great pyramid or journey to Hebron, if he is in search of a pleasure excursion, says a letter from Hebron to the Salt Lake *Tribune*. Only courageous travellers, who are determined to see the Holy Land thoroughly, and not often ladies at that, endure the tedious jolting for twenty-four miles and back in order to see where the cave of Machpelah is, without seeing the cave. For this very reason, however, a letter from this very ancient city ought to be doubly interesting.

At half-past 2 o'clock one May morning Mr. Floyd and I ate our breakfast at the Hotel Feil in Jerusalem, and half an hour latter were in the saddle, with our faces set toward Mamre. The night air was quite raw, and I was glad to pull the carpet out of the saddle bag and wrap it around me. It was well to start thus early, however, for if we were now shivering under the burden of extra clothing, we would soon be panting under the vertical rays of a tropical sun. We were fortunate in having Mr. Floyd's own horses, magnificent animals, almost too spirited, but as brave and sure footed as any horses ever were. Inexperienced readers must not think of an American horse in this connection. No American horse could be induced to perform the feats that our faithful beasts were continually required to perform. Now for a mile the trail lay over huge boulders, amongst which the horses picked their way with mysterious ease. Now flat, slippery rocks lay in our course Anon we descended steeps that made me shudder, and anon urged our horses up ascents so precipitous that we had to wreathe both hands in the horses' manes and hold on for dear life; as, should the belly girths burst, the saddles would surely fall off behind. More than once did I actually decline for the moment to follow where Mr. Floyd led, so impossible did it seem to force a passage through. But the worst riding of all was over smooth, round stones, about the size of a cocoanut each; and not a little of the road was thus paved. At such times one depreciates the dangers of travel by rail and by sea, which are relatively as nothing.

We first descended into the valley of Gihon, crossing near the lower pool of the same name, where Solomon was anointed king. We then skirted the hill of Evil Counsel. To the right were the twenty-five substantial stone houses and hospital of the Jerusalem German colony. To the left, on the summit of the hill, was an old ruin, said to mark the site of Caiaphas' country house where the Jews took counsel together that they might "take Jesus by subtlety and kill him." I do not understand that this means that palace of the high priest to which Jesus was led immediately after he had been seized as a malefactor, and where Peter disavowed his discipleship in a fit of weakness. That palace manifestly stood on Zion near the Coenaculum and tomb of David, somewhere near the ruin which is to day pointed out as the place. Naturally the chief priests and scribes and elders of the people would select a more retired place for consultation over the nefarious business in which they were about to engage. At any rate, that is the popular idea, and the hill has received its name from this tradition. Beside this ruin stood a lonely, curious-shaped tree, which was pointed out to me as the traditional tree upon which Judas hung himself. As the tree appeared to be about twenty years old, I regard this as a highly probable supposition. Does not the second chapter of Acts state that it was in the Potter's Field that Judas suicided?

Two miles further on we came to an old cistern, where, it is gravely averred, the star appeared the second time to the wise men who were hunting for the Redeemer's birthplace. You will see that all these biblical incidents have been endowed with realism by hoary-headed tradition, and that not a few embellishments have been added, the sole merit of which consists in their delicious originality.

Taking the road to the right we were soon treading ground that had not only been trodden by Christ and the apostles but also by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph David Solomon, Saul, Samuel, and most of the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament. Fraught, indeed, it was with sacred associations. Over on the opposite side of the valley as we left Rachel's tomb was the modern village of Beit-jela, the most attractive one I have yet seen in this country, a town of some 4,000 inhabitants, all Christians, and the majority Latin and Greek patriarchs. It is worthy of mention merely as being the Zelzah of 1st Samuel x. 2, and the Zelah of Joshua xviii. 28. Thither Saul was sent by Samuel after his remarkable anointment, with the assurance that he should there receive information concerning his father's asses that had been lost.

Amidst the present desolation there were traces of former prosperity. The ledges on the mountain sides were unquestionably the remains of terraces once cultivated. The hills, which now look so sterile and rocky, were then doubtless covered with earth, which the rains of time have washed down into the valleys. Even where the land is cultivated to-day, it is choked with stones, despite the fact that in clearing it enough were removed to build the walls, ten feet thick, around the field. One would think it hard for seed to fall anywhere else except on stony ground in Palestine. The watch towers, near the few cultivated spots, also told that a crop or a vineyard are no safer to-day from the hands of vandals than in Bible times.

We paused to water our horses at a point where the miserable train passed midway between two places of scriptural interest. These were the modern village of Hulhul, half a mile to the left, and the ruined tower of Beit Sur, about the same distance to the right. Hulhul represents the Halhul of Joshua xv. 58. It is a miserable village that clusters about a mosque on a lofty hill. I think it is the only village between Beit-jela and Hebron, a distance of twenty miles. Owing to its elevated position it was visible for many miles before we reached it. The tower of Beit Sur unquestionably marks the site of the Beth Zur mentioned by Joshua; and its name is manifestly a corruption of Beth Zur.

may be worthy of record that I have only seen one or two modern villages in the holy land that I did not at first take for uninhabited ruins. The tumble-down aspect of things is universal.

Of course the cave of Machpelah is the principal attraction to tourists in Hebron; and yet nothing could be more inaccessible than this same cave. Backsheesh, that all conquering power, has opened the mosque of Omar, the Coenaculum and other biblical places of interest that are in the hands of the Moslems; but this wonderful cave is forbidden to the infidel Frank, despite all solicitations. This is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as it is at once genuine, while Golgotha, the Bethlehem manger, Gethsemane and the rest are only approximately or doubtfully known, and also boasts of an antiquity far out-dating the Christian era. In order to reach the place from this establishment we ride along a stony lane through vineyards for two miles, and then through the narrow and almost pitchy dark streets of Hebron for some ways further. The city has a population of nearly 10,000 inhabitants. The people are the most bigoted and intolerant in all Palestine, as their seclusive regard for the cave would indicate. We were repeatedly insulted on the streets in Arabic, and those Jews who deigned to confer with us were called dogs by the populace. The principal business seemed to be the manufacture of rude glass trinkets and water skins. I invested a cent in glass rings and got enough to flood the market in America when I get back.

The cave is covered with a huge mosque 200 feet long by 115 broad. The foundation stones are some of them twenty feet long, and bear the ancient Jewish bevels. Two tall minarets make the mosque the most conspicuous feature of Hebron in distant views of the town. I shall not attempt to describe what I think no living Frank has inspected, the cave itself way down beneath even the basement. This is studiously guarded even from the indiscriminate gaze of Moslems. The accounts published from hearsay are confused and contradictory. Sooner or later Mohammedan fanaticism must yield, and then will there be some important revelations in the way of discovered antiquities? There are monuments of display which I believe some honored celebrities have been permitted to view; but that is exactly the satisfaction enjoyed by every pilgrim, the privilege of seeing where the caves are not. These nominal sepulchres were erected when the church, then called St. Abraham, was in the hands of the Franks. It is believed that there are two caves in reality, as the word Machpelah means double, and that large numbers of Israelites have been here entombed.

I always wonder, when I read that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with their wives, Sarah, Rebekah and Leah, are here buried, why it was that Jacob or some one else in the family didn't see to it that Rachel's bones were also brought here to rest. Certainly that touching story of Jacob's arduous courtship would justify a feeling that Rachel should have been preferred above Leah.

The Jews love the very dust about this spot, and repair to the stones in the venerable walls to weep, chant, lament and deposit written Hebrew prayers in the deep seams between the rocks, just as they do at the famous wailing place in Jerusalem. I secured one of these prayers as a souvenir, and then passed around to the rear of the mosque to view some subterranean cavities above and around the real Machpelah.

How characteristically oriental was that negotiation between Abraham and the Hittites for the cave! Ephron protests against receiving anything, although all the while expecting liberal compensation; Abraham barters him out of his fictitious generosity; the trees, cave, and all things on the ground are separately specified in the deed; mediators were employed to conduct all the negotiations; and finally the contract is publicly sealed in the presence of all the people that went in at the gate of the city. The same thing in all its details might happen here to-day or to-morrow; and no other method would be viewed as orthodox. We went down to the lower pool of Hebron, every important town has its pool, and saw where David hanged the murderers of his rival Ishbosheth, 2 Samuel ii. Then we were invited to pay a backsheesh and go to see the red earth from which Adam was made, the precise spot where Cain slew Abel, the tombs of Abner and Jesse, and some other attractions of the same sort, at which our faith stumbled.

The remaining attraction of Hebron is Abraham's oak. This curiosity is in the front yard of our so-called convent. It is a gigantic, rambling tree, twenty-three feet in girth, and covering an area of ground ninety feet in diameter. The life has pretty much departed out of the main body of the tree, only the ends of the great branches being tipped with foliage. There are a few other small oaks to be seen, but this is the only conspicuous reminder of what was doubtless once a forest. I picked some of the leaves, which are as eminently small as those of our own oaks are large. Doubtless this oak has a very great antiquity, but I do not suppose it is the identical tree beside which Abraham dwelt. If the site has been accurately marked it cannot be more than a scion of the original tree. The Russians, who have possession, have put a low wall around the roots and propped up the venerable wide-spreading boughs.

It is now settled, I believe, that the phrase "plain of Mamre" in Genesis xiii. 18, ought to have been rendered "oak, or terebinth, of Mamre."

Well, here dwelt Abraham, it is pleasant to suppose, on that eventful day when he was startled by the announcement that Sodom had been plundered, and his nephew Lot was a captive; and from here he set out in pursuit of the enemy with his 318 servants and his allies, the Amorites. Here while he "sat in the tent door in the heat of the day," a few years later, the angels of the Lord appeared unto him with that wonderful promise.

Hebron is doubtless the oldest city in Palestine, perhaps as old as Damascus in Syria. It was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt, we read in Numbers xiii. 32; but alas, no one will tell us when Zoan was founded. Hebron is mentioned again and again in the Bible. I have collected a few of the more important references, which may be helpful to others. This was the first capital of David, and here he reigned seven years and a half. From here he went up to Jerusalem, over the same road which we travelled, and took the city from the Jebusites. Hebron was first allotted to Caleb (Joshua x. 36, xiv. 6-5 and xv. 13 14); but was afterwards made the city of refuge for Judah, and given over to the Levites. Jews, Romans, crusaders and Moslems have in turn owned the city. Here Abden was buried, and David bitterly lamented over his bier, fasting for the rest of the day. It was but two or three miles south of here, presumably, that Saul met the Philistines in the valley of Elah, and plucky little David won undying fame for himself by slaying his ten-foot tall opponent, the boastful Goliath. This, too, was a distinctively oriental conflict. The Bedouin tribes frequently battle to-day by chosing champions, and then abiding by the result of a personal encounter. This is certainly a little less sanguinary than the Occidental method, and therefore more humane. The Anakims, the giant race which formerly dwelt here, mentioned in the sixth chapter of Genesis, are much talked about by the natives to this day. With characteristic Eastern exaggeration Abraham is referred to as of the size of forty-seven ordinary men. Og, the King of Bashan, was so tall that the waters of the deluge only reached to his ankles, etc. This is more than Genesis requires us to believe.

A THIEF IN A COFFIN.

Novel Plot of a Band of Mexicans to Rob a Cathedral.

The City of Mexico, the scene of many peculiar crimes, is just now agog over the performances of a thief, which are generally admitted to surpass anything on record. A few days ago several men went to the priest in charge of the Santa Cruz Church in this city and asked permission to hold funeral services over the remains of a deceased friend at 4 o'clock the next morning. The priest gave his permission, agreeing to be present. The men then said they would like to leave the corps in the church over night, and to this the clergyman also assented. Some time after dark the men appeared at the church bearing a coffin, which they carried up the main line and deposited in front of the altar. About midnight the sacristan was awakened by the barking of his dogs, and feeling that something must be wrong he dressed hastily and stepped from his room into the chancel. A dim light was burning near the altar, by means of which he could see a figure moving slowly on the other side of the channel. Making up his mind that robbers were in the church he ran quickly to his room for a pistol, and then made a search of the church. No one was to be seen. On the altar he found everything safe, but when he came to examine the images of the saints he soon saw that the costly jewels with which they had been ornamented were gone. He then redoubled his efforts to find the thief, but after half an hour passed in searching every nook of the great edifice he was more mystified than ever. Just before he determined to give the alarm he thought of the corpse lying down below the channel rail in the shadow, and the idea came to him that perhaps there might be something wrong about it. Lighting a candle he stepped softly to the bier and peered into the face of the supposed dead man. As he looked he noticed that the eyelids of the "corpse" twitched nervously under the light, and at the same instant his own eyes fell on so m of the glittering jewels which lay bes de the man in the coffin.

Overjoyed at finding the thief, the sacristan thrust his revolver into the face of the "corpse" and ordered him to get out. The cold steel on the man's forehead convinced him that the order must be obeyed, and a most extraordinary resurrection took place then and there. When the man had gained his feet the sacristan, still covering him with his pistol, gathered up the jewels and then marched the culprit to the priest's house, where he was turned over to the police.—*Mexico Despatch.*

Two Natural Wonders.

The Sandwich Islands boast of two natural wonders, the largest extinct and the largest active volcano in the world. The former is located on the Island of Maui, the summit being nearly 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the crater over 48 miles in circumference. One can look down into the crater 2,000 feet, the sides now terraced and covered with scandal-wood, giant ferns and a wonderful profusion of tropical flowers and shrubs. The active volcano is situated in the Island of Hawaii. The crater is on a spur of Manua Loa, 4,000 feet above sea level. The crater is not a cone, but a great pit on a level bench, nine miles in circumference. You go down, down over this almost perpendicular wall of 800 feet, and stand on the floor of the crater. This is the place of eternal burnings, the house of everlasting fire of Hawaiian mythology. The area at the bottom of the crater is not a liquid mass, but for miles and miles all around there spreads a scene of unearthly grandeur. Five or six lakes of fire lie to the left and right; the floor beneath is so hot one can scarcely walk over it; lava oozes up through the fissures. Huge cones 20 or 30 feet high, made by bubbles of lava, rise through the seams and are cooled by the air.

Dividing the Baggage.

They were going off on a journey.

"Which shall I carry," he asked—"the baby or the dog?"

"You had better carry the baby," she replied, "and I will take charge of Beauty, dear little fellow. I wouldn't have anything happen to him for the world."—*New York Sun.*

The times are out of joint when gates are off the hinges.

M. Pasteur has been voted 60,000 francs by the French Chamber to enable him to continue his researches on hydrophobia.

Count Herbert von Bismarck has been appointed Minister to The Hague. The appointment is exciting considerable comment, on account of the annexing proclivities of Germany and extinction of the male heirs to the crown of the Netherlands.

A passenger on the wrecked steamship Amsterdam alleges that the steerage passengers robbed those of the cabin, and that the Sable Island officials assisted the thieves.

ROUNDING UP.

How the Western Cowboy Does His Work.

Mr. James Vance, a ranchman, who resides in Southwest Dakota, who has worked in the mines, hauled thousands of pounds of machinery through the Black Hills, served his apprenticeship as cowboy and "rounder up," was yesterday corralled by the lariat of a *Sun* man and induced to stand and deliver up some interesting matter on the subject of stock raising, which is becoming to be the great and money-making business of the western prairies. "Tell us about your round-ups. What are they and how are they managed?"

"The roundup is the great event of the stockman's year. It's his Fourth of July, and generally lasts a month and a half. The Territorial paper publishes such a notice as this," said Mr. Vance, taking a slip of paper from his wallet: "Roundup No. 5.—Laramie Plains Roundup will meet at the Lower Bridge, near McGillis ranch, on the Big Laramie River, on June 1st, and proceed to work the country between the river and the Black Hills divide as far south as Red Buttes; from thence it will work in two divisions as far south as Twin Mountains; thence back to Diamond Peak, working up Boulder and intermediate creeks up to the source of the Big Laramie River."

"That," proceeded the gentleman, "is an official announcement to all the stockmen, and they combine and join in together. The ranges are generally about ten miles in extent, though some of them are thirty."

"What's a roundup party

"That's an expression we have, and means about ten waggons and as many cowboys, a cook going with each waggon, and every cowboy has a string of about six or ten ponies. The 'out' comes off at 3 o'clock in the morning, under the charge of an experienced foreman. Everybody is on horseback, and the foreman operates something in this manner: He sends one party out on the divide as out pickets, and other parties along the canons and gulches, with orders to drive the cattle up to the roundup centre—a point previously agreed upon."

"The boys will be gone several days?"

"Oh, no. A good cowboy will ride from 30 to 40 miles in a morning, coming up to his pony herd and taking out another one of his ponies, just as he needs them. Sometimes a cowboy will ride down three or four ponies a day. When the foreman 'covers his dog,' as it's called, the cattle are gathered in the prairie in small herds, and then comes the fun. On the wiry, little, fleet-footed Indian ponies, who'll dodge and back and stop in a twinkling, the cowboys rush into the herds, and shouting, yelling and swearing, separate the herds, and drive out those having the brands of the different owners."

"Then every man has his own brand?"

"Most assuredly. There are no two brands alike. Some are slits, some letters, some holes and some figures. In fact, there is every conceivable form of mark. When a man wants a brand he gets it up and has it recorded in the office of the county clerk in a book that is especially kept for the purpose. All the cowboys are not engaged in "cutting out"—that is, getting the cattle that have the same brand altogether. Others are busy in holding the herd to prevent a stampede. Thus all the herd is worked out."

"What's done with those that are left?"

"Those where the owner is not known are called estrays, and calves that are away from their mothers are called 'mavericks.'"

"What do you do with these?"

"These mavericks are branded with the mark belonging to the largest female herd in the neighborhood."

"How and when is the branding done?"

"Always at the windup of the roundup. The cattle are all driven into a corral, where a fire is burning and the branding irons heated. A cowboy rides in, and swinging a lariat over the head of a calf or around his hind legs, secures the hand end of the lariat to his saddle pommel. The calf is quickly thrown and his legs wallowing on the ground. The brand is either burned into his side, or his shoulder or rump, or perhaps the ear is slit, and it's done in a second, quicker than I'm telling you. There's a great noise made, but very little confusion. They have the business now systematized so that everything goes like clockwork."—*Cincinnati Sun.*

Powder and Bangs.

Chantilly is the coming lace.

Bonnets grow smaller, hats larger.

Shot silks will be worn another season.

The fall fabrics show spotted and sprigged designs.

It is said that trained dresses will be worn again in the fall.

Fastidious women declare that lace is becoming too popular.

There is a decided preference for yellow flowers at the moment.

Woollen braid rosettes and bands trim many pretty seaside hats.

Colored muslin and lawn toilets rival white for August wear.

The Mother Hubbard bathing suit is suitable for slight figures only.

Spanish laces are to be set aside for rea old Chantilly, revived for fall wear.

Dark-blue serge remains the favorite fabric for yachting and mountain suits.

Pearl-gray and mushroom-colored mohair dresses are popular at seashore resorts.

All little girls' dresses are made now with skirts that reach well below the knees.

The baby waist is worn by nine-tenths of the young ladies at Saratoga this summer.

The Marie Antoinette fichu of lace or muslin, elaborately frilled with lace is revived.

The Ear-Ring out of Date.

Women are beginning to abolish the ear-ring as one of their personal adornments, although it will take a long time to wholly banish this favorite but barbarous ornament. The recent æsthetic movement in dress, which introduced, along its absurdities, some truly sensible ideas, has much to do in educating women to a better standard of taste regarding personal adornments. The most exclusively fashionable women do not now wear ear-rings in the daytime, and only those with jewels or rare stones in the evening. Finally, they may be discarded altogether, and the money spent for diamonds in this direction will be invested in brooches, pendants and bracelets.—*Hartford Times.*

THE MONKS OF CHINA.

Life in the Windowless Pagodas of Rest.

Wong Chin Foo, formerly editor of the *Chinese American*, is a contributor to the columns of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Of a Chinese brotherhood of ascetics he says: In the Flowery Kingdom men get tired of life, of society, of the endless struggle for existence and retire to some retreat where they can pass their remaining days in quiet study and benefaction. These retreats (mi-au) correspond to the monasteries in Christian lands. They are invariably long, brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests. Around the building is a windowless wall, symbolic of the busy life forever shut out from view. In the grounds and upon the surrounding land nature is assisted, but never interfered with. The flowers bloom and die, the trees grow gnarled and crooked, the weeds and creepers thrive until sometimes it would seem as if no human being lived in the vicinity. Closer examination will show that every plant producing beautiful flowers or wholesome food and fruit is carefully watched and watered, and every resource of vegetation in supplying human wants husbanded to the last degree. This also is a symbolism of the brotherhood who tenant these retreats. To them the useful flower and tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds, the evil. The duty of a true manhood is to add and develop those who are righteous, but not to injure the wrong doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy. These retreats do not belong to specific orders as in the Western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons for the simple sake of rest. The forms and ceremonies of admission amount to nothing. Any person who has failed in life, who has lost those he loved, who has sinned and repented, who is old and unable to work, is eligible. He presents himself, giving his name, address and history, transfers to the brotherhood all he possesses, promises obedience to all lawful commands of the Brother Superior, loyalty, friendship and sympathy to his fellow-members, and devotion and aid to all human beings in sickness or distress. He is then admitted, given a new name and a new costume, assigned a room, instructed as to his duties, and the initiation is complete. From now on his life is fixed. Study and conversation, the cultivation of the field and garden or the improvement of the retreat and the instruction of brothers who have been less favored, are his daily duties. At times he is sent out to obtain subscriptions for the common fund or to nurse the sick or feed the starving, but these occur infrequently. The government of these brotherhoods is a pure autocracy. A Brother Superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor; if the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, omitting the element of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectuality, charity and humanity are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine, stimulant or narcotic permitted except for medical use; no quarrelling, loud conversation, game of chance, indelicate or vulgar talk is allowed. Disobedience is punished by reprimand, suspension, temporary ostracism or expulson, according to the degree of the offence.

SUNSHINE AND THE CROPS

A Very Interesting Piece by the New Editor.

There can be no doubt that the singular excellence of this year's wheat in Michigan is to some appreciable degree owing to the unusual prevalence of sunny days while the crop is growing. It would be safe to go a step further and say that the quality of grain—the plumpness and sweetness of the berry—is always and everywhere largely dependent upon the number of hours that the sun shines upon it.

Fruit crops of all kinds are peculiarly affected by the direct rays of the sun. No good strawberry can be ripened in cloudy weather. Its flavor is made up of sunshine. An apple which happens to hang in the shade of a cluster of leaves is almost worthless. A leaf resting upon it marks a space void of color, without any flavor within. Grapes require a high temperature for perfect growth and ripening. as any one who has been to Put in Bay and the neighboring islands the latter part of the summer can testify; but the grape crop of 1875 in France was much inferior to that of the succeeding years, although the temperature was higher. A study of the meteorological phenomena of 1875, 1876 and 1877 failed to show any reason for the inferiority of the vintage of 1875 except that during that season the number of hours of sunshine was much less than in the following seasons. The clear, sunny weather which so largely prevails in Michigan is to be credited with a great influence in the production of grain and fruit of such excellent quality. In most parts of the State fogs and mists are a rarity. Perhaps there is not another city in the country so free from vapors as Detroit. Strangers coming here notice the clearness of the air and the high average of sunny days in the course of a season.

With all the blessings that can come upon us in the way of weather, there is after all nothing like the light of the sun to cover the earth with the fruitage of beauty and plenty.—*Detroit Post.*

A Considerate Husband.

Mrs. Blank—"Here is a funny item which says that a married man can be distinguished by the way in which he carries an umbrella over his wife, carefully shielding himself and leaving her exposed to the drippings."

Mr. Blank—"It is not true, though."

Mrs. Blank—"No, it is not. You never do it. You were a good deal more awkward at carrying an umbrella over me before we were married than you have been since."

Mr. Blank—"Ah!"

Mrs. Blank—"Yes; I had several bonnets and two dresses ruined by the drippings in those days. But you have become so much more careful.

Mr. Blank—"Yes, indeed. I have to pay for your things myself now."

Logan is said to be 61 years old.