Two Sinners.

There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that is running riot?
And the boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And a man's the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And the Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before;
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand,
And the world strewed their pathway with flowers abloom,
Crying: "God bless lady and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden went astray
In the golden dawn of life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond love led—
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from her sin,
But no door opened to let her in;
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in heaven.
For this is the law of the earth we know,
That the woman is scorned, while the man may go.
A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Commonplace Woman.

We have read, as you know, for ages and ages,
Of a willowy maiden devoid of a spine,
A fabulous, pre-historic young person,
Who on white of an egg and a cracker could dine.

But I write to you now of a commonplace woman,
Who's shockingly healthy and fearfully fat,
Who never has headache or nervous prostration.
Commonplace! what could be more so than that.

She doesn't do Kensington cat-tails or rushes,
Nor has she a screen with a one-legged stork,
She doesn't adore Charlotte Russe or blancmanges,
But prefers unromantic, commonplace pork.

She hasn't a quilt of crazy silk patchwork,
Nor the tiniest bit of crocheted macreme;
She cannot perform Beethoven's sonatas,
Nor sing but the most commonplace little lay.

She hasn't a gift for the art decorative,
Pasting Japanese monsters on Yankee stone jar,
That stands in a corner to look so æsthetic,
But that grieves to the soul the old household Lar.

She never paints song birds nor crickets on china—
To be drowned every day in our teacups, alas!
Or ferns, cabbage-roses of ribbon or velvet,
And naught did she know of the much-hammered brass.

She cannot write poems that glow like a furnace,
Nor sonnets as cold as the Appenine snow;
For if she chops up her ideas into meter,
There's a rush in the ebb, and a halt in the flow.

She doesn't believe she was born with the mission,
Unless, it may be, to be happy and well;
Nor does she at all understand protoplasm,
And looks upon women who do as a "sell."

But there's worse to be told of this commonplace woman,
Who owns neither bird, nor dog, nor pet cat;
They say that she's really in love with her husband.
Commonplace! what would be more so than that?

And when we all stand at the last dread tribunal,
Where great and where small are assigned each a part,
May the angels make room for the commonplace woman
Who knows naught of literature, science or art.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

An Abundance in the Red-Headed Girl's Veins Prevents Her Tanning.

A red-headed girl, I believe, never turns brown. That, I understood from a learned physician, is because she has too much iron in her blood. It is the iron that gives the fine Titian hue to her hair. If she had less iron in her blood her hair would probably be brown or chestnut, or perhaps blonde. The varying degrees of redness that you see in different red-headed girls is due to the different proportions of iron in their blood. A girl with glossy, brownish hair that shows red in a strong light has only a fair share of iron in her blood, but a bricktop, if I may be permitted the expression, a bricktop is full of iron. The doctors know of no way of neutralizing the effect of the iron. Perhaps they wouldn't resort to it even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes red-headed girls so strong and hardy and good-natured. It also is the cause of freckles, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that mosquitoes never bite red-headed girls. So you see, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red-headed girl has many advantages over her dark-haired sisters.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Cure For Insomnia.

"So many cures have been advocated for sleeplessness that I am tempted," writes a correspondent, "to propound my own recipe, which, if it may appear somewhat impracticable and far-fetched, has at least the advantage of simplicity. It is merely this: when you have tossed and tumbled about one bed until your pillow seems to be on fire and your sheets red-hot, turn into another—I mean another bed. You will find the sheets and the pillows refreshingly cool, and it is probable at all events that you will go to sleep. The recipe is not at all infallible, and it is of course necessary to have another bed to turn into, which is not always possible. But when practicable it is worth trying; and if it fails one can always fall back on the undoubted fact that there is no universal cure for sleeplessness. What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

False Economy.

Wife (reprovingly)—The great trouble with you is, John, you buy a good many things you don't need, simply because they are cheap. That is very false economy.

Husband—Here is a lady's watch I bought to-day for $20 that's worth every cent of $30.

Wife—Oh, thank you, John; why, it was a real bargain!

After the Musicale.

Miss Screecher—Well, dear, how was my voice to-night? Did it fill the room?

Miss Veracity—At first it did, but afterward——

Miss Screecher—Well?

Miss Veracity—It emptied it.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Beautiful Apartments of Queen Victoria at the Quaint Palace of Holyrood.

A CHILD WITH NINE GRANDPARENTS.

The Queen's Edinburgh House.

Although Queen Victoria had visited Edinburgh before, she did not reside in the palace of Holyrood until August, 1850. She had, meanwhile, selected the rooms to be fitted up for Prince Albert, herself, and their children, and they have remained ever since very much as they were first prepared. The suite selected was that corresponding to those of Mary Stuart and Darnly, in the northwest corner, the Queen's being in the southwest corner. Even the little turret chamber, in which Mary Stuart was at supper with Rizzio the night he was torn away and stabbed to death has its counterpart in a similar little tower room, opening into a splendid room known as Prince Albert's drawing-room. According to the ground plan of these towers, which is the same, this drawing-room corresponds with Queen Mary's bedchamber in the other corner, and there are two of these little rooms, as there are two towers flanking each side of the room. Mary Stuart used her other tower room as a dressing-room, but in Prince Albert's drawing-room they are mainly cosily fitted up with modern luxury.

The first room of the suite is called the Queen's breakfast-room, and is by no means the small apartment which usually does duty as a breakfast-room. Most of the rooms in this suite are large, and the breakfast-room is none of the smallest. The walls are paneled with oak half way up, and the mantel-piece is also of oak, finely carved. The prevailing tints in furniture and wall decorations are green and gold, and the furniture is thoroughly modern and comfortable. Next to this is a little square, oak-paneled room, apparently used for nothing at all. The only remarkable thing about it is a very ornamental roof, representing a blue dome and being studded with silver stars. Next to this is Prince Albert's dressing-room—a fine, handsome apartment, with some superb panel paintings. It is furnished in green and gold. Prince Albert's drawing-room is one of the most splendid in the suite. It is nearly fifty feet long, and here are the two little tower rooms opening into it. It has an exquisitely worked ceiling, with the monogram of Victoria and Albert inserted in numerous panels, and has handsome furniture and hangings of red and gold. The Queen has two drawing-rooms, besides a throne-room. Her bedroom is hung with artistic tapestry, and over the mantel is a modern painting of Venus rising from the sea. The state drawing-room contains some of the ornamentation of the two Charleses, and the cipher "C. R." is seen in many places on the walls and ceilings, especially in the Queen's drawing-room. The oak paneling in this room is beautiful, and the ceiling, a delicate green, with the monogram of Victoria and Albert, the Scotch emblem of the thistle, the rose and the shamrock, is much admired. Besides this room, there is what is called the evening drawing-room, which was the Queen's favorite apartment. This is in red and gold, too, but the walls are heavy with tapestry brought from Buchingham Palace, and there are other reminders of her English home.

The throne-room is the most imposing of the suite, and there the Queen held her levees. Its proportions are very nearly sixty by thirty. It is hung with crimson damask, and the royal arms are plentifully sprinkled about. At one end is a throne, which was made for George IV., when he made his celebrated visit to Scotland in 1822. A portrait of the first gentleman in Europe in Highland costume, and painted by Sir David Wilkie, hangs on the walls, beside numerous Hanoverian portraits. There is but one Stuart represented among those portraits, and that is Mary, the wife of William of Orange.

A Baby With Nine Grandparents.

Effie Webster, the little 16-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Webster, of Reading, Mich., is a representative of the fifth living generation—having father and mother, grandfather and grandmother on both sides, great-grandfather and great-grandmother on both sides, and great-great-grandmother on the side of the father—nine grandparents. The great-grandparents on the mother's side have thirteen great-grandchildren and twenty-three grandchildren.

She Came Down Like an Angel.

California has a petticoated balloon jumper. Her name is Mrs. Van Tassell; she is young, handsome and blonde, and she weighs 165 pounds. She made her first jump at Los Angeles the other day. The Chief of Police sent detectives to prevent her getting into her husband's balloon, from which she had advertised to jump; but she escaped from them, made the ascent, and, when she was a mile above the city, dropped. She landed, feet foremost, safe and sound.

She Picked Out Six Damsels for Him.

One hundred and thirty-six Peking carts were to be seen outside a gate of the Nanhai Palace at Peking, China, on the morning of July 9th, each containing a fair candidate for the Emperor's harem from mandarin families of the Manchu, Mongol and Chinese banner population. The Empress held a fresh inspection on thrt day and selected for the youthful Emperor of fei-pin six damsels of the lower rank of kungnu, 20.

Florence Nightingale at 69.

Miss Florence Nightingale is now a confirmed invalid, and is a patient at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Her services during the Crimean war injured her spine, and she has never recovered from the effects thereof. This illustrious philanthropist is nearly 69 years old.

Queen Victoria and Her Pearls.

Queen Victoria has a great fondness for pearls, and has taken care that each of her daughters shall have splendid ropes of them. One of her first purchases, after the birth of each child, has been two or three very fine pearls, and on every succeeding birthday she added one or two very perfect and carefully selected ones to the string, so that it was completed by the time they were ready to "come out." These necklaces are very well known in England, and they have been worn frequently this season. The young daughters of the Princess of Wales have them, too, thanks to their grandmother. The English papers even have commented upon this rivalry and say: "It is surely a blunder that our Princess should have lent her countenance to a custom worthy only of glorified pork-packers and millionairesses from the other side of the Atlantic. They admit that, though London is the great diamond market, New York is her biggest customer, the sales here being estimated at something like $50,000,000 a year, and two large firms of this city carrying a stock valued at $1,500,000 each. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts' pearls have been the most splendid seen in London this season. She has three strings of three sizes, which hang around the neck apart from each other. She also has a ruby pendant, with seven large stones of the true pigeon's blood color, and these are set amid very fine diamonds, the whole attracting much attention whenever she has worn them in London. Another one of her jewels commented on by the society papers there is a lizard with a ruby head, emerald body and diamond legs."

A Singular Test of Strength.

In a recent issue of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* we find an account of a novel contest of human against brute strength. Two residents of Dearborn county, Indiana, Wm. Liddle, a merchant, and Jesse Crim, a blacksmith of the village, laid a wager that they could outpull any two horses in the township. Steven Cook, a farmer, who owned a fine team, accepted the bet, and not long ago, in the presence of a concourse of neighbors and friends of the respective contestants, the trial of strength was made. Liddle and Crim lay flat on their backs with their feet firmly braced against an immovable structure arranged for the purpose, and with their heads pointing from the horses, that were hitched a distance of 40 feet away to a piece of timber held firmly in the hands of the prostrate men.

The test was to be decided by the horses either pulling the timber from the hands of the men, or else pulling them from the ground to their feet. Three trials were to be made, each of three minutes' steady pulling. The excited farmers and villagers crowded around the parties to witness this singular feat of strength and endurance. The horses were twice whipped into pulling their best, but with distended muscles and swelling veins that told of the terrific strain upon them the prostrate men held the horses to their position. At the third trial the excited farmer lashed his horses to force them to their utmost, when, by a sudden jerk, the timber in the hands of the resisting men, and to which the horses were hitched, snapped in two pieces. The end of one piece struck Crim in the side as it broke, and rendered him unconscious for nearly an hour. He was supposed to be dead, but finally recovered, and is out of all danger of serious results from the blow.

What a Man's Ear Shows.

In China long ears are considered an indication of wisdom, and common people think they are the Emperor's chief characteristic.

Pliny says: "When our ears do glow and tingle some do talk of us in our absence."

Mollinaeus, an ancient writer, says: "If his ears tingle 'tis a sure sign that others speak of him."

In "Much Ado About Nothing" we read: "What fire is in my ears?"

Herrick alludes to the ear superstition:

"One ear tingles; some therebe
That are snarling now at me."

An earlier writer (1598) says: "If their ears tingle they say it is a sign they have some enemies abroad that do or are about to speak evil of them."

An old writer says of the superstitious man: "When his right ear tingles he will be cheerful, but if his left he will be sad."

In popular weather lore, when the ears ring at night a change of wind is at hand. Forster, an old meteorologist says: "Singing in the ear portends a change of weather."

It seems formerly to have been a form of endearment to bite one's ear. We read in "Romeo and Juliet:"

"I will bite thee by thine ear for that jest."

The ear was in Egypt a hieroglyph of obedience. The saying "walls have ears," is very old. Chaucer says: "The heldf hath eyen and the wood hath ears." The phrase "to set people by the ears" had its origin in a pot-house custom of stringing pots by the handles or ears, and clashing them together in carrying them.

The Scotch ask: "Right lug, left lug, which lug lows?" So in Hull, England, it is said that slander is talked about you if the left ear burns; but if the right, men speak well of you. In Lancashire this is reversed. The Dutch say that some one is praising you if the right ear itches, but if the left he calls you names. In the latter case bite your little finger and the evil speaker's tongue will suffer accordingly. In this country it is said that people talk well of you if the right ear tingles, but evil if the left.

The Empress's Monument to Her Husband.

The choice of the monument which the Empress Victoria is about to erect over the grave of Frederick III. is another instance of the delicate consideration which distinguishes the actions of the widowed Empress. During their stay at Toblach the Emperor and Empress were much interested in the small old church of "the Holy Grave" at Innishen, which has often attracted the attention of visitors to the Puster valley by its peculiar architecture. The Emperor himself went over the church, and the Empress made sketches of various parts of it. At present two prominent German architects are at Innishen, making plans of the church, an exact copy of which is to be built as a mausoleum over the remains of the Emperor at the Friedenskirche.

Asking Too Much.

Old lady (to druggist's boy)—"What does the proprietor do, boy, when he gives arsenic for somethin' else?"

Boy—"Well, I dunno; sometimes he does one thing an' sometimes he does another. You can't expect, ma'am, a $3-a-week boy to keep track of the boss all the time."

An Inaccurate Definition.

Teacher—"You may tell me, Willie, what a ruminating animal is." Willie—"One that chews its cubs."

THE CREWS OF BIG SHIPS.

It Takes a Good Many Men to Manage the Ocean Racers.

The crew of a big ship like the City of New York numbers a good many more persons than some regiments of soldiers, says the New York *Sun*. The New York is commanded by Capt. Frederick Watkins, and his right-hand man, the chief officer, is S. F. Barff. To help these two to navigate the ship six deck officers are provided, and three of them are constantly on deck when at sea. In addition to these, in what may be called department of seamen, there is boatswain and his mate and 36 sailors, of whom 12 men are called quartermasters, who are detailed to steer the ship and stand on lookout. There is also a ship's carpenter, who is generally as handy aloft as with the saw and adze. In charge of the machinery are a chief engineer, Mr. McDougall, and 27 assistant engineers, beside two electricians and their three assistants who look after the electric lights; three donkey men, 31 leading firemen, 54 firemen, 63 trimmers and one blacksmith. The donkeymen are foremen in charge of the boilers; the leading firemen are also called greasers, and it is their duty to keep the machinery oiled and cleaned. The 54 firemen shovel coal into the furnaces, and see that it is spread just right to burn as hot as possible, and when a furnace needs cleaning they do the work. The trimmers shovel the coal from the bunkers into the stoke hole. Mr. McLeod, the chief steward, is assisted by Mr. Finlow, formerly steward of Jay Gould's yacht Atalanta, and by 146 other people, of whom seven are women and eight are boys in their teens, called bellboys. Mrs. McNichol is the chief stewardess, and four women help her in the first cabin. The second cabin and the steerage have one stewardess each. Of the other people in this department 36 are table waiters, 16 are bedroom stewards and attend to keeping staterooms in order, 10 are occupied in the pantry, 16 are cooks, 6 are porters, 5 are messroom stewards and wait on the officers, 14 are in the second cabin, 16 are in the steerage, 4 are bakers, 3 are butchers and 5 are storekeepers, and this term includes the bartenders and the men in immediate charge of the rooms where provisions, etc., are kept. While this completes the list of the three great departments into which a ship's company is divided, there is yet a purser, who is a keeper of accounts, besides having a lot of other important duties to attend to, and the ship's surgeon, who has one assistant. The number of stewards carried varies with the passenger traffic. The total number of the crew of the City of New York when she sailed was, according to the purser, 394.

"The Field is the World."

There are 75 Episcopal churches in New York city, and 44 of them are entirely free.

There is some idea of holding the next Pan-Anglican Council in the United States. The American bishops have made the suggestion to the English prelates.

Cardinal Lavigeris, who is trying to suppress the slave trade, was, before he left London, cordially received by the Prince and Princess of Wales and by Lord Salisbury. While in England he was elected a member of the Anti-Slavery Society. In the prosecution of his mission the Cardinal intends to visit all the capitals of Europe.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen recently entertained at Dollis Hall 350 of the residents of the homes for working girls in London. Among those present on the occasion were Dr. George Macdonald, the novelist; Captain Sinclair and a large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in benevolent enterprises and the reformation of the masses.

There has been much discussion of late regarding the relative merits of Christianity and Mohammedanism as a religion suitable to the African race. Rev. Isaac Taylor and the traveller Johnstone contend stoutly for the superiority of Mohammedanism. A new opinion has been advanced by Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, now in Scotland, who, while preaching at Oban a few days ago, expressed his conviction that God had used Mohammedanism as a means of preparation for Christian missions.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, in an address to the University Extension students at Oxford, described novels as the "prose poems of the day." Novels, he said, were no longer looked at askance or read in secret as they once were. It was now no uncommon thing for clergymen to put one another through a course of examination to find out which was best up in his "Pickwick." The novelist had latterly entered the domain of theology, as he had already fraternized with art and science. "Novelist, preach on, if you will lift me higher," said the bishop. "We have tried to do all in our power. God speed you! We are brothers in one common end." Professor Jowett complimented the bishop, and stated that he seemed to have the power beyond any of his contemporaries of adapting the religion of Christ to the wants of the nineteenth century.

In recent times laymen have not been privileged to any extent to preside in Presbyterian assemblies. It was considered a rare example when, a few years ago, Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle, a licensed preacher, but never in charge of a congregation, was elected moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod. His brother, Sir George Bruce, who is an elder in the Church, is now named for the chair. The suggestion is creating some difficulty. Dr. Walter Morrison, of Westbourne, London, writes to the effect that to elect a layman to the moderator's chair would be unconstitutional, besides being out of the order of succession. Dr. Burns, of Kirkliston, gives an account of the American assemblies and makes special mention of the efficient manner in which a layman this year discharged the duties of vice-moderator. Dr. Burns thinks the Americans are moving in the right direction and recalls the fact that John Erskine, of Dun, a layman, was six times moderator in the Scottish Reformative Assembly, and that the honorable office was held also by George Buchanan.

It is only 60 years ago this month that the first stage carrying the United States mail westward passed over the Allegheny mountains. The road taken by the stage was from Cumberland, Md., to Wheeling, a distance of 130 miles.

A DASHING EXPLOIT.

How Forty Daring Englishmen Captured 400 Beloochees.

The recapture of Mone from the rebel leader Twek-nga-lu in the beginning of May is a good example of what rapid and determined action will do with a semi-civilized enemy. The relieving party under Col. Sartorious, of the 1st Beloochees, started at daybreak, in a downpour of rain, from a village in the hills to the west of Mone. About two miles from the town Mr. Scott, the assistant superintendent of the Shan States, with Lieut. Fowler, of the Beloochees, and six men of the Ride brigade, mounted on officers' ponies, went off from the main column to make a dash on the palace. Mr. Scott had been in Mone several times before, and was able to take the party by a jungle path round the south of the town. From there they galloped straight on the palace, disregarding the armed men in the streets. The eastern gate was fortunately ajar, so that it was not necessary to dismount. The clatter of the hoofs brought Twek-nga-lu to a window. Mr. Scott knew him by sight, and, with the assistance of a soldier, had the rebel tied to his own bedpost within two minutes of entering the palace inclosure, which is over a hundred yards square and full of detached houses. Twek-nga-lu had a repeating rifle loaded with sixteen cartridges lying by his bedside, but had not time to seize it. The four gates were then closed and guarded by one man each, and another guarded Twek-nga-lu. Mr. Scott and Mr. Fowler, with the corporal of the party, then went to meet the body-guard of twenty men, all armed with guns. Mr. Scott demanded the name of the leader, who proved to be Twek-nga-lu's chief fighting-man. He then announced who he was and called on them in Shan to sit down, advancing all the time. Kun-sang, the leader, refused, whereupon Mr. Scott promptly knocked him down, seized the gun of the man behind him, and shouted out that he would shoot any one who did not sit down immediately. The corporal and Mr. Fowler each covered his man as he came on. Before the Shans could realize the situation, five had been disarmed, and the rest then gave in. Messrs. Scott and Fowler collected all the guns and swords, the corporal kneeling in the Hythe position ready to fire. In five minutes the palace was completely in their hands and the main column was heard firing to the north of the town. A quarter of an hour later they marched into the palace and found everything settled, Twek-nga-lu bound and his chief leaders under guard. When it is considered that the town was held by 400 men and that the force inside the palace outnumbered the capturing party by nearly ten to one, the affair may be considered as successful an example of prompt daring as is to be found out of a lady's romance. The capture of Twek-nga-lu is likely to have the most satisfactory results. The disturbances which broke out in the southern Shan States in April were mainly due to his advance and his intrigues, and now that he and his chief leaders have been captured, the complete establishment of peace may be anticipated.

—*St. James' Gazette.*

The Main Spring Broke.

The folding bed is apparently unknown in Virginia.

The other day a tall and rather verdant F. F. V. arrived in town, on a Government office bent, and took quarters in a Washington boarding house.

As it was the dull season the Virginian was quartered in a large front room where the bed folded silently up, like Longfellow's Arab tent.

It so happened that the Virginia boarder met some friends from Alexandria during the evening of his first day in Washington, and when he reached home the hour was late.

Reaching his room he fell on the bed, boots and all, and the springs being worn the structure began to close up.

The elevation of his feet, however, did not trouble the new boarder in the least; he was already slumbering peacefully, and the bed, of course, did not close tightly. In the morning the absence of her new boarder from breakfast troubled the landlady to such an extent that she went with the maid to investigate. The Virginian's door was open, the room undisturbed and the bed apparently closed. The maid, however, discovered his hat on the floor, and then in sepulchral tones called attention to the feet protruding from the top of the bed.

The terrified women pulled the bed slowly down, and the new boarder, awakened by the motion, crawled out in a rumpled state.

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion, but his Virginian politeness quickly getting control, "I was feeling a little peart last night and sat down rather hard on the bed, and I—I reckon I busted the mainspring."—*Washington Cor. New York Press.*

Women Getting off Cars.

Woman, lovely woman, will wilfully persist in getting off street cars backward before they stop, despite conductors' cautions. A young woman fell flat on Niagara street a day or two ago because she jumped off while the car was moving, and that same night the writer saw an elderly woman saved from a like fate on a Main street car by the conductor's seizing her just as she was about to leap. Of course the innocent creatures think that if a man can jump off a moving car with impunity, they can. But no man can get off at right angles with a car, putting down first the foot on the side toward the horses without spilling himself promiscuously on the pavement. If women won't wait until the car stops, they should remember these simple rules: First, face the same way the car is going; second, pull skirts clear of the car; third, put the outside foot well forward and brace the body back; fourth, hold on with both hands until the driver stops the horses; fifth, step off.—*Buffalo Express.*

Had Him There.

Countryman (to celebrated Hindoo Snake Charmer)—I s'pose you know a good deal about snakes, Mister? Hindoo Snake Charmer—Snakes, sir, have been the study of my eventful life. I know all about them. Countryman—The hull business? Hindoo Snake Charmer—Yes, sir. Countryman—Well, I wish you'd tell a feller where the body leaves off an' the tail begins.—*New York Sun*