

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD—A LEGEND OF THE WAR.

Off I linger at eve by wild Rapidan's stream,
Ere the shimmer of sunset has melted away
From the swift-flowing waters that back to its
Till the shadowy gloom shuts the portals of
day.

While the opaline tints slowly fade from the
hills,
And the voices of nature are hushed and
serene,
Then I love to review a fair vista that thrills
Every chord of my heart as I gaze on the
scene.

'Tis a spot in whose tranquil repose one may
And forget for a season the tumults of life.
Yet it marks in its space where humanity's laws
Have been cast in the vortex of vengeance and
strife.

There grim legions opposing in combat were
drawn,
And the greensward was strewn with the shat-
tered and killed,
In the fight that raged fiercely from midnight
till dawn,
When the river ran red with the blood that
was spilled.

Then the vanquished were fled, and the victors
remained,
But to gather the wounded and bury the dead
Or of friend or foe, while sweet Mercy con-
strained.

The stern hearts that before by Destruction
were led,
But at eve all were gone from the Rapidan's
side,
Where was garnered the terrible harvest of
death,
Save one spent in the contest, whom none had
descried.

As he lay by the river-marge gasping for
breath,
In the cause he upheld none more noble than he
Met the women who left him to perish alone,
With no balm for his anguish, nor witness to see
How a brave heart could suffer with never a
moan.

Though he uttered no plaint his sad fate to be-
wail,
There came one in the beauty of maidenhood's
form,
From her home that was nigh to the death-
stricken vale.

To weep o'er the scene of War's merciless
storm,
While the gentle girl grieved for the havoc she
found,
Yet she moved, as if led by a hand from on
high,
To the dell where yet living, but prone on the
ground,

Was the form of the soldier so youthful to die.
Though the soil of the battle begrimed his
face,
Though unstanch'd was the wound that bled
in his side,
With that pity that rocks not of person or place,
Sprang the maiden to do what she might ere
he died.

Quick with water caught up in the sash she had
worn,
From the river that smiled on the deed while
it flowed,
She lav'd and refreshed the young soldier for-
lorn,
Till his eyes were relumed with a wonder that
glowed.

"Art thou come from yon heaven, sweet angel
below?"
By degrees his faint voice found the language
to say,
"Let me bless thee, dear soul, for the joy that I
know,
Ere thy presence of loveliness passes away."

"Nay—no angel," she said, "but a weak, timid
maid,
Who is glad to behold that your life is still
spared—
Rest content, injured youth, while I hie me for
aid,
That your hurts may be tended and refuge
prepared."

"Lo! he dwells in the vale, though long years
have passed by,
Since the light at the ford where wild Rapidan
flow'd—
For the soldier once succored, who thought but
to die,
Has returned to requite what his gratitude
owes."

And the maiden, no longer a maiden, is there,
Still a guardian whose tenderness days but
increase,
Who rejoices in him whom she saved from de-
spair—
Whom she crowns with her love in the con-
quests of peace.

—Oscar B. Harper.

Miss Wickersham's Romance.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

It was an old, old house. Teddy looked up at the many gabled, moss-grown roof, and the faded red-brick walls with feelings of both anger and sorrow.

He was the only heir. In the natural course of events Wickersham farm and the old ivy-grown mansion, built in Colonial times, would be his own, providing he did nothing to offend his aunt, the present incumbent.

Teddy groaned inwardly at the recollection. For two and twenty years Miss Wickersham had been a mother to him. If some people declared that Miss Wickersham had no heart, and was proud and overbearing in disposition and hard to please—her nephew at least had never been made to feel that side of her nature until now.

Some six months previous Maj. Willis had returned from Europe with his daughter, and settled down quietly at Fern Fields, a tumble-down old manor house, which report said all those left to him of the once great Willis fortune.

The Major had lived abroad the better part of his life. His child had been born on a foreign land, and his wife was buried there. Still, for some unknown reason, he had gathered together the remnants of his once splendid fortune; and, coming home to Fern Fields, was now Miss Wickersham's nearest neighbor.

From the very day of the Major's return to the home of his boyhood, Miss Wickersham had persistently ignored him. Fern Fields, she said, was nothing to her—she wanted nothing whatever to do with the people who lived there, and cautioned her nephew, upon pain of her displeasure, never to have the slightest intercourse with the Willis family. All went smoothly for a short time, when, in some unaccountable manner, Teddy and the Major's daughter chanced to meet, and Ted fell head over heels in love with her at first sight. What was his consternation to find, upon acquainting his aunt with the turn of affairs, that she suddenly flew into a violent passion and ordered him never to speak to the young lady again. It was all very easy for Miss Wickersham to execute such a command, but it was simply impossible for Teddy to obey it.

There were stolen interviews and long walks by the riverside, and many an hour was spent in company with the Major himself, when Ted found it impossible to inveigle the young lady out of doors. Of course there could be but one ending to the affair. Recklessly Ted proposed, was accepted, and the Major gave them both his paternal blessing.

Proud and happy the young man went home to his aunt and told her plainly what he had done, not doubting

but that she would accept the inevitable, with tolerable grace at least, when she found it was to be. But he was appalled at her manner.

"If you marry that girl, Teddy, not a cent of my money shall you ever have!" screamed Miss Wickersham at the top of her shrill old voice. "I detest the whole family, root and branch, and there shall be a dollar's worth of my property ever go to benefit one of them in any way if I can help myself, and I guess I can."

Teddy's face fell. It was a bright, handsome, young face, framed in with a lot of yellow hair, that was his aunt's especial pride—though she was too much overcome with rage now to pay any attention to his good looks.

"Just to think," she went on, in her thin, high-quivering key, "that of all persons in the world, you should select Nellie Willis to be your wife. And you know very well, Teddy, what my opinion is of the Willis family—a poor, proud, shiftless set, to make the best of 'em."

Teddy grew very red.

"If rumor is true, Aunt Wickersham, you did not always rate the Willis at such a low figure—particularly the Major," retorted he, indignantly.

The pale pink that yet lingered in Miss Wickersham's delicate old face turned suddenly to a vivid scarlet. She choked, and hesitated an instant.

"This from you, Teddy," said she reproachfully.

Directly he had the grace to feel ashamed of himself.

"Forgive me, aunt," he cried. "I am a brute."

"Say no more," said she coldly, motioning him to leave the room, the delicate color in her face having now faded entirely out, giving place to a dull, leaden hue, not pleasant to see.

Once alone she went to a foreign cabinet that stood in one corner of the apartment, and, unlocking the drawer, took therefrom a small parcel.

It seems strange how the folly of my youth yet clings to me in my old age," she mused, bitterly, turning the package over in her still white and shapely hands.

"I will burn these things. Perhaps forgetfulness will come the more readily," she uttered to herself, undoing the parcel, and dropping a bunch of withered roses on the desk.

Still, she hesitated, a thousand memories of a bygone time, struggling through her mind, and a suspicious moisture dimming the brightness of her proud, dark eyes.

"She would only break his heart," she cried at last, impatiently. "They are coquettes, all—father and daughter alike. Teddy shall not have his life spoiled by her—the false daughter—of an unworthy parent."

An instant later and she had flung the little packet into the grate. There was a sudden light puff and a strong perfume from the burning roses, filled the room. The parlor door was thrown open. "Maj. Willis," announced the servant. The room seemed to swim around her, for a moment. She could not have been more astonished to hear a clasp of thunder from a clear heaven.

A feeling of anger brought back her usual self-possession.

"To what am I indebted for this visit, Maj. Willis," she asked with freezing politeness.

"To be frank—various causes. I am here, principally, in behalf of the future well-being of our young people," replied the Major, bravely.

"If you are trying to negotiate a marriage between those two, you may as well know, first as last, that I shall never consent to it," said Miss Wickersham, ignoring the fact that her visitor was still standing, hat in hand, before her.

The Major bit his lip.

He glanced critically at his obdurate hostess, as she, too, rose to her full height and confronted him, her face pale, her eyes flashing, and her white ringed fingers tightly clasping the edge of the old cabinet he remembered of yore.

It was thirty years since he had entered that house for the last time, as he supposed. He was a young man then, gay and handsome, and very much in love indeed, with the angry lady before him. Thirty years. It was a long time, and yet, how well he remembered even the smallest detail of the room. Nothing was changed now, he thought with a cynical smile, save himself and the little old lady who so ungraciously received him. Unconsciously the Major fetched a deep sigh.

It was evident that, if Miss Wickersham had unhappy memories of the long ago, the doctory Major also had a few that were not so pleasant as they might have been.

"It seems a great pity," said he, recalling himself with an effort, "that two young lives should be made miserable because of a mere whim. I called to-day to speak to you about the settlements I shall make my daughter on the occasion of her marriage. I am not rich, still she will have no mean dowry."

"We will not discuss the subject of your daughter's marriage, as it concerns me not the slightest. I have this to say, if my nephew persists in making Miss Willis his wife, I shall execute a will cutting him off with a paltry dollar. My determination is unchangeable."

There was the least little bit of an angry sparkle in the corner of the Major's eye.

"Miss Willis will not marry for money," said he, quietly shifting his position a little, and resting his elbow on the low mantle piece. "My daughter's happiness is my only consideration."

Miss Wickersham noticed—indeed she could not well help it—that a fine looking man the Major was, in spite of his fifty years. Her heart throbbed a trifle faster as she thought of days long gone past.

"But for her dear sake," continued the Major, "I should not again cross the threshold of this house, Rebecca."

"That is like a man," remarked Miss Wickersham, with a biting sarcasm. "But I let it pass. My nephew is of age, and will undoubtedly do as he likes in this matter."

The Major leaned a little more heavily on the mantle piece, his elbow dangerously proximity to an old, discolored plaster bust of Franklin. He glanced at it casually, and then remem-

bered with a pang the last time he had looked upon it—thirty years before.

"I shall be sorry to have Ted lose his inheritance for my daughter's sake," said the Major presently, putting his hand to his eyes as if to shut out the sight of the room, and the memories it recalled. "But there seems to be no help for it. This being the case, perhaps it might be as well to bring this interview to a close."

Miss Wickersham bowed stiffly. Cold, proud, relentless, she stood there waiting for him to go.

"I might argue as successfully with the Sphinx," thought he, bringing his hand down forcibly on the mantle.

The next instant the plaster cast toppled over and fell crashing against the old-fashioned brass andirons, and lay shivered in a hundred fragments on the floor.

Miss Wickersham gave a little hysterical shriek and flew to the rescue.

Cursing his carelessness, the Major stooped down to help gather up the pieces.

Could he believe his eyes? Right there, with unbroken water, was a letter he had himself written, long, long ago.

Miss Wickersham picked it up wonderingly, as she saw her own name on the face of it.

"It is strange how this note ever came in here," said she, breaking the seal slowly.

The Major had not gone soldiering all those years to no purpose. His military experience had taught him wisdom, and not only wisdom, but patience as well. So he waited quietly until she finished reading the yellow old love-letter.

Miss Wickersham was crying now very softly—very softly, indeed—but the wary Major saw it and took courage.

"You must have known how much I loved you, Rebecca, in that past which seems now so far away," said he, recovering his voice. "After months of hope and fear and anxiety and doubt, I determined to know my fate. I called upon you one day with the intention of telling you all this, but you were not at home. Feeling that further suspense would be unendurable, I wrote that note, here in this room, and, placing it on top of that old plaster bust of Franklin, went away, expecting shortly to hear from you. Weeks went past and yet you did not reply. You know the rest. Hurt and angry, I went to Europe, enlisted, was wounded and sent home to die. I was nursed back to health by a gentle girl, the mother of my daughter Nellie, and I came here, on the death of my wife, to pass the remainder of my days."

"And I have lived all these years believing you had amused yourself by winning my heart only to throw it away," sobbed Miss Wickersham.

"Never!" ejaculated the Major with energy. "It has been a terrible mistake all round, from first to last."

"That plaster-cast had a crevice in the top of it. The note must have slipped into it in that way," said she, meditatively.

"Well, Rebecca, I have waited a long time—thirty years for your reply. I must have my answer," he persisted.

"But we are old now," objected Miss Wickersham, her heart in a flutter.

"The older, the better," said he, blandly. "My dear, true love is like wine, improved by age."

"But what will Teddy say?" cried she, faintly, quite willing to be persuaded, when the persuader was the lover of her youth.

"Teddy gives his free consent, and wishes you a long life, full of happiness, in the bargain," said a voice from the doorway. "And we'll be one family, after all, won't we, Major?" cried Ted, embracing his aunt.

"Thank God, we will indeed," replied the Major. And they were.—Chicago Ledger.

Tall Men and Short.

Fair men may derive some satisfaction from being told, on the authority of Sir Rawson and the anthropometric committee," represented by him at the meeting of the British association, that the greater number of criminals are of dark complexion. But dark men may triumph in their turn when Sir Rawson goes on to say that lunatics are for the most part fair; a truth which the late M. Fletcher had probably in view when he determined to present Hamlet in a wig.

Tall men, again, will be interested to hear that criminals and lunatics classed together are two inches shorter than the rest of the population; and against this there is nothing in the way of consolation to offer short men except—that in most cases they already knew—that the people of Spain, Italy and France are shorter than those of the northern countries. That tall men, however, are not absolutely perfect is suggested, if not absolutely proved, by the fact as alleged by the spokesman of the anthropometric committee, that among the tallest people in Europe are the Irish. The tallness of the Irish is out of harmony, moreover, with the argument that the shortness of short people is to be accounted for by their having been insufficiently fed, clothed and housed when young.

Facts and figures put forward by the anthropometric committee are very confusing; and no reasonable conclusion can be drawn from them. This confusion would be "worse confounded," if, instead of dealing with races the anthropometric committee were to deal with selected individuals. The German Emperor, Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke are all tall, and many of the superior officers of the Prussian army are giants. The Duke of Wellington, on the other hand, was rather below the middle height, while Nelson and Napoleon were decidedly short.—St. James' Gazette.

Won't He Laugh.

A little grandson of Mrs. Andrews was attempting to build a three-legged stool, when he looked up to her and said:

"Grandma, does God see everything?"

"Yes, my son," she replied, "God is everywhere and sees every act of our lives."

"Well, by jingo," said the boy, "won't he laugh when he sees this stool?"—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

Cesar's Dream.

A queer old Dutchman by the name of Y. A. H. Cesar, who lived in New Albany, used to come to our part of country (Lawrence county, Ind.), buy cattle and drive them to New Albany and Louisville. On a certain occasion he bought some cattle of Ari Armstrong, who lived some eight or ten miles from Bedford. Cesar, in taking away his drove, let one of Armstrong's calves follow the cattle off. Armstrong sued the Dutchman and made him pay a very big fine for the calf. Armstrong being a member of the church and a very wealthy farmer, the old Dutchman being poor, had few friends; and could scarcely speak English so as to be understood, it was an easy matter to get judgment. After this, it appears that Armstrong sold the Dutchman some mules, and on delivery swindled old Cesar out of \$450. Cesar sued Armstrong, and, seeing how he fared in his former suit, he employed one of the most influential attorneys at the bar, who took a great deal of pains to have justice done to his client. Cesar was not so big a fool but what he could see the prejudice in favor of the rich man, but his lawyer made out his case in spite of the prejudices, and Armstrong was obliged to pay over the \$450. Cesar wanted to rebuke the court and the church for trying to shield a rich man; so, on meeting a neighbor of Armstrong, whom he knew would tell Armstrong, church and court, he said:

"What you dinks, Mr. Tanshill? I had a dream! I dream I been dead already, and I go straight to Paradise. Mr. Obossle Beter come and say: 'Who be's here a coomin' into Paradise?' Und I say: 'Yohannes Atam Haller Cesar, catties-buyer fon Ni Albany.'"

"What do you want, Mr. Cesar?"

"To be angel and haf vings." Und I goes right in to get my vings. But Mr. Obossle Beter say:

"Stop a bit, Mr. Cesar, we haf a charge to you."

"Mr. Obossle Beter bring der big pook, und look him up unt read out loud:

"Yohannes Atam Haller Cesar, catties-buyer fon Ni Albany, steal one calf fon Ari Armstrong, wort felle toller. Mr. Cesar, you no haf any vings."

"I say: 'Mine Got in Himmel! What I do?'"

"I dream some more right away. I dream Ari Armstrong be dead too, und he come to Paradise, und Mr. Obossle Beter say:

"Who be's here a coomin' into Paradise?"

"Und Ari say:

"Ari Armstrong, rich farmer and member of the church fon Lawrence county."

"Mr. Obossle Beter say:

"Walk right in, Mr. Armstrong." I say: "Stop a bit, Mr. Obossle Beter, und bring out der big pook und I look him und read out loud:

"Ari Armstrong, rich farmer, cattle raiser and member of the church fon Lawrence county, steal mules fon Cesar wort \$450." What you dinks o' dot, Mr. Obossle Beter? He say:

"Oh, dot's all right; walk right in, Mr. Armstrong."

"I say, 'Tunder and blixen! How is dot, Mr. Obossle Beter?' Mr. Ari Armstrong's liddle calf he fines my cattie outd und he goes mit my cattie off mit himself, und I see dot calf not yet, und I bay Ari Armstrong felle toller for dot calf und for dot I haf got notings. Ari Armstrong steal mules fon Y. A. H. Cesar wort four hunnet und fiftie tollers, und you say, 'dot is all right, dot is all right; walk right into Paradise.'"

"Mr. Obossle Beter say: 'Mr. Cesar, dot man dot do a pig peemis is held in dis court in the udmoot respect!'"

"I say: 'Mine Got in Himmel! What I do, dot I may haf vings?'"

"Py shimminy! I goes pack und steal all der catties in Hoosier, und dat makes me respectable!"—Cor. Los Angeles (Cal.) Recreation.

Perry's "Singing Birds."

Perry was a rich planter in the Patuxent valley, with a broad vein of humor. The broad, deep Patuxent afforded an excellent cruising ground to the British fleet after it had landed the British troops. One day, while the British ships were lying in the river, Perry got a well-filled hornet's nest, plugged up its openings, put on his working clothes and rowed up to the flagship. In the uncouth local dialect he offered the gray ball to the young officers as a nest full of rare singing birds of remarkable voice, of unusual intelligence and warm attachments. The officers clubbed together and offered a guinea for his birds. This he gratefully accepted and then handed the nest to the unsuspecting young men. He suggested to them that it would be well not to open the nest till he got to shore, inasmuch as the affectionate little things might follow their old friend. This was an excellent suggestion. To make sure the officers took the nest into the cabin and shut the doors, leaving a marine on deck to catch Perry's signal. As soon as Perry felt sure of his retreat on the shore he gave the marine the signal. At the word the officers opened the nest, and without any unnecessary delay, the cabin door also. With somewhat undignified haste, officers, marines and seamen swarmed to the bulwarks, and then over the side, in comical confusion, closely followed by Perry's affectionate little singing birds. Perry laughed till he cried, as one by one the Britishers sought the cool shelter of the placid Patuxent.—Washington letter.

Mexican Table Customs.

During eight months' residence in Mexico, I have not seen a bit of butter, potato, egg cooked by itself, chop or steak, tea, sauce, cake, pie or pudding, or those ordinary vegetables which we consider indispensable. Napkins are rarely used; each person wiping his on her face and hands on that portion of the table-cloth which is nearest, and afterward patronizing one of the before-mentioned corner wash-stands. Eating with the fork is not at all according to etiquette, but the knife or spoon must be used—or more properly a tortilla. Mexicans manage the latter with as much dexterity as the Chinese does his chop-sticks, curving it between the fingers till it forms something like a spoon, and scooping up the food with it, eating spoon and all. The very old people and the lower classes use tortillas altogether, instead of knives, forks, or spoons, the latter being of comparatively recent introduction. It requires considerable practice to successfully manage the tortilla scoop, as I have learned from sad experience.

After the meal is finished, and at intervals during its progress if one feels so inclined, the month is filled with water from the goblet, rinsed with more or less emphasis between the teeth, and then spurted upon the floor. In this process all become expert, from the lady of the house to the smallest child. When fresher water is required that in the glasses is carelessly tossed upon the dirt floor, where it does no harm.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Literary Pseudonyms.

The subjoined list of noms de plume of authors will be found interesting:

Pseudonyms and real names.	Born.	Died.
Algeron Sidney—Gideon Granger.	1767	1822
Amy Lethrop—Miss Anna B. Warner.	1825	1893
Amelie—Miss Anne Thackeray.	1793	1850
Artemus Ward—Charles F. Brown.	1836	1887
Barry Cornwall—Bryan Waller Procter.	1790	1852
Boswell—Charles Dickens.	1812	1870
Christopher Crowfield—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.	1812	1870
Chrysos—Orestes—Sir Wm. Halliday.	1817	1883
C. L. O. (Olio)—Joseph Addison.	1713	1719
Cornelius O'Dowd—Chas. Jas. Lever.	1806	1872
Country Parson—Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.	1825	1880
Currer Bell—Charlotte Bronte (Mrs. "Nichols").	1815	1855
Delirich Knickerbocker—Washington Irving.	1783	1859
E. D. E. Elliot—Mrs. Emma E. D. (Nevels).	1818	1888
Edwards Search (2)—Abraham Tucker.	1715	1774
Edwards Search (1)—Wm. Hazlitt.	1778	1839
Ellis—Chas. Lamb.	1775	1834
Ellis Perkins—Matthew D. Landon.	1818	1872
Elizabeth Welchell—Susan Warner.	1818	1883
Ellis Bell—Emily Bronte.	1818	1848
Ettrick Shepherd—James Hogg.	1773	1835
Fanny Fern—Sarah Parton.	1811	1872
Farmer Prout—Francis Mahony.	1805	1865
Figaro—Mariano Jose de Larra.	1809	1837
Gail Hamilton—Miss Abigail Hamilton.	1838	1893
Gath—George Alfred Townsend.	1833	1893
Geoffrey Crayon—Washington Irving.	1783	1859
George Eliot—Mrs. Mary Ann Evans.	1819	1880
Geowey Cross—	1820	1880
George Mizzoodle—Wm. Makepeace Thackeray.	1811	1863
George Savage—Miss Dudman.	1804	1876
Grace Greenwood—Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott.	1825	1895
Horace Hornem—George Gordon, Lord Byron.	1789	1824
Howe Biglow—James R. Lowell.	1819	1855
Ik Marvel—Donald Grant Mitchell.	1823	1871
John Galt—Henry W. Longfellow.	1807	1883
Jedediah Cleishbotham—Sir W. Scott.	1871	1882
Jennie June—Mrs. J. C. Croly.	1840	1883
John Chalkin—Isaac Walton.	1593	1683
John Lytton—Edward Bulwer.	1801	1873
Josh Billings—Henry W. Shaw.	1818	1885
Joshua Coffey—Henry W. Longfellow.	1807	1883
Junius—Probably Sir Philip Francis.	1740	1818
Laertes—G. A. Townsend.	1833	1883
Lancelot Langstaff—William Irving.	1766	1821
Lancelot Langstaff—James Kirke Paulding.	1780	1860
L. E. L.—Letitia Elizabeth Landon.	1802	1839
Little Thomas—Thomas Moore.	1779	1852
Lizzie Muhlbach—Mme. Clara Mendt.	1814	1871
Malachi—Sir W. Scott.	1871	1882
Malachi Malagrowther—Sir W. Scott.	1871	1882
Malakoff—Samuel Johnson, Lth. D.	1709	1794
Marlow—Mary Y. Hawley.	1815	1885
Mark Twain—Samuel L. Clemens.	1835	1910
M. Quad—Chas. B. Lewis.	1835	1885
Malacoth—B. P. Shillaber.	1834	1884
Old Bachelor—George W. Curtis.	1834	1884
Oliver Optic—William Taylor Adams.	1822	1882
Olton Meredith—Edward R. Bulwer.	1811	1881
Lord Lytton—Edward Bulwer.	1801	1873
Paul Cretton—John T. Trowbridge.	1817	1887
Parson Lot—The Rev. Charles Kingsley.	1812	1875
Saxe Holm—Miss Ruth Ellis.	1838	1887
Theophilus South—Edward Chitty.	1807	1887
Timothy Tibcomb—J. G. Holland.	1819	1881

They Walked.

Jim Lee and Ned Fox, two pious merchant travelers, were going to their rooms on the fourth floor of the hotel, and in the elevator was a great big Texan and his bride. They were quite raw, and the elevator boy and the M. T.'s got on to it, and just at the second floor, Fox got over to the rope and stopped the elevator.

"Hello," said the Texan, "what's busted in the machinery? Is the engine off the track?"

"No, no," replied Lee, "only a cog come loose in the racket. It happens that way every now and then."

"How long does she hang fire?"

"Can't say; the last time we waited four days before we got up."

"Four days? Thunderation, Sal, we can't stand that. We've got