

A NIGHT OF ACCIDENTS.

Through the twilight and slush Harrison Herford, with his traveling bag in his hand, was rushing to the train, having missed the only railroad hack, in his little town. He now must walk, or rather run, if he had any hopes of keeping his word to be with his dear, rich, old aunt on that evening.

A blaze of light caught his eye from a window. He stopped short and took a second look. Yes, a Japanese lantern, a lace curtain and a flame of fire.

He turned and ran up the steps. Without stopping to ring he tried the door; it opened. He rushed into a large hall where eight expectant, excited little children were waiting. He scarcely noticed them, his only thought being to extinguish the fire and catch his train. He sprang to the door of the burning room; it was locked. While demanding the key he put his shoulder to the panel and burst into the room, the children, in the meantime, flying with many wild screams.

His arrival was none too soon: the lace window-curtain was in flames. Pulling it to the floor and throwing a rug over it, the fire was soon extinguished; then, catching up his bag, his only idea was to reach the station.

But the frightened children, being ignorant of the fire, had fled through the house, saying a strange man had burst into the dining room; and as Harrison Herford was rushing for the street door, a maiden whose eighteenth birthday was being celebrated by these festivities, sped down stairs, and with the courage of a lion clutched his coat, crying, "Thief! Burglar!"

For one second he gazed into the loveliest blue eyes he had ever seen; then, wrenching himself free, he rushed through the door, his train being still uppermost in his mind. Bounding down the steps and almost knocking over two men, he flew through the slush and darkness, reaching the station just in time to miss the cars.

With a groan of disgust he telegraphed his dear rich old aunt: "Missed connection: will take 2 a. m. train."

With wet feet and saturated trousers, the next question was how to pass the dreary hours. Dreading the loneliness of a country hotel, he determined to put in an hour or two by calling on his only acquaintance in this little town.

This time there was no difficulty in getting the village hack, and away he drove, bringing up at one of the most pretentious mansions of which the town could boast.

His card being sent in he was invited into what seemed to him, in his wet, desolate condition, a room of indescribable cheerfulness, and the welcome of his friend, Jack Gibbs, warmed his heart.

Jack was making an elaborate toilet, as that evening a coming-out party was to fill the house, and he had agreed to lead the german.

Harrison's soaked shoes and bedraggled trousers were soon changed for a dress-suit of his friend's. But, alas! the fit, or rather lack of fit made him resolve never to show himself in that condition, till a bright idea struck him, and it was agreed that he should be allowed to act the part of assistant waiter.

The guests began to arrive, and Harrison Herford carried out his part, though with some embarrassment, still with considerable amusement to Jack and himself, the former taking great delight in heaping commands and reprimands on his defenseless head.

Jack had been informed of Harrison's adventure in extinguishing the fire, and had duly appreciated the scene in the hall, of the beautiful girl with the blue eyes clutching the flying coat tails.

Harrison was doing fairly well in his new profession till, while bringing in a tray of ices, he suddenly observed among some late arrivals the beautiful girl with the blue eyes. With a crash the dishes, with perfect accord, slipped from the tray, while he abruptly retired covered with cream and confusion.

As the hours went by the old-fashioned clock on the stairs prevented the amateur waiter from forgetting the 2 a. m. train. It also attracted his attention to the fact that the beautiful girl with the blue eyes sought the cool, shadowy retreat of the winding steps whenever an interval in the dance occurred, when she was generally surrounded by what seemed to Harrison a lot of supremely uninteresting young men; or as occasionally happened, it was still more annoying to see that she seemed particularly happy and bright when sitting with only one pallid washed-out dude.

From bits of conversation among the guests, Harrison understood that a diamond robbery had been committed in the little town that evening, and his interest in no wise abated on learning that "had happened at the home of the beautiful girl with the blue eyes."

Finally, the german being over, the dancers gathered on the stairs, and begged her to tell them all the story of the robbery.

In a charming embarrassed manner, she hesitatingly consented.

"Well, you see, I don't know exactly how to begin, and I've already told it to so many of you that it is impossible now to make it new enough to be interesting, unless perhaps, I tell it as it really happened. Well—oh! you see, last summer Uncle Dan promised if I'd be real quiet this winter—that is, not spend three months in New York as I did last year—he promised to give me a lovely pair of real big solitaires on my birthday. Then, of course, he had to promise the same to Cousin May, and then Aunt Rachel could be content with nothing less than a diamond bracelet; then of course the children all set up a cry for diamonds, and the number of scarf-pins and studs and rings he promised to buy would stock a bazar.

"Well any way we knew that our solitaires were all right, for he took Aunt Rachel when making the purchases, and though I've never seen them—and" with a tremor in her voice—"never expect to now, still, I know they were just too lovely."

At this point words of sympathy came from the young ladies in the group, and the pallid, washed-out dude attempted to get in a few words of consolation, which seemed to add heightened color to the pink cheeks of the charming reciter.

"Well, all Uncle Dan's presents were in a little traveling bag. He intended giving them to us just the last moment before dinner, and the bag was locked in the dining room. They saw the burglar, or 'cracker man,' as the Sheriff called him—what 'cracker man'—all right, cracker man; you know we've had the Sheriff and the town marshal, and the watchman all at the house this evening laying plans to catch the thief, and they say he must be one of those real expert burglars

from New York. No doubt he saw Uncle Dan making the purchases and 'shadowed' him. I think that is what the town marshal called it; that is, just followed him all the way from New York. Anyway he was awfully smart—the burglar, I mean—and oh, girls, how handsome he was! You ought to have seen his eyes—and such a lovely moustache!" (At this point another tray of dishes was heard to collapse.)

"Well, let me see; you know, he evidently knew just what he was doing, and selected the time, at twilight, before Uncle Dan or any of the boys had come home, and Richards was in the dining room. While all the children, my little nephews and nieces, were playing in the front hall, they heard a man run up the steps, and thinking it was Uncle Dan, unlocked the door, and in rushed this awful burglar, who ran right to the door of the dining room and commenced to break it open, saying something about a fire. Of course the children were awfully frightened, and all run, some flying to me. As soon as they could explain their excitement, those diamond solitaires were my first thought, and I rushed right down stairs, just in time to see the robber with that bag in his hands running for the street door. I have an impression I clutched at him; anyway, he turned and gave me just one look, and he wasn't a bit wick-d looking. He had great, big, brown eyes, and I remember hearing the door slam. The excitement probably gave me a momentary faintness, for the next thing I knew Uncle Dan had his arms around me. You see, the burglar almost ran into them—Uncle Dan and our boys—on the street steps. Just as soon as the matter was explained, they rushed out, but the darkness concealed his flight.

"The Sheriff says he must be a real expert, and no doubt his picture is in the Rogues' Gallery. You know he attempted to set fire to the dining-room in order to conceal the robbery. He pulled down the window drapery and a Japanese lantern, and tried to make a conflagration. And the Sheriff and the watchmen are all hunting for him, and they've telegraphed his description to New York, and Uncle Dan has offered a reward of three hundred dollars. And there now you all have the story, and I've talked so much I'm almost aying for a glass of water."

Harrison, who had been listening to this flattering description of his exploits from a back corner of the hall, rushed forward without a moment's thought and passed a glass to her as she sat above him on the stairs. On taking it from his hand she looked down on his upturned face. Their eyes met. For one second she seemed paralyzed. The glass dropped; then, with a shriek, she sprang to her feet, crying, "The robber! the burglar!"

The amount of confusion, excitement, and noise consequent upon this outcry would have filled a contract for an ordinary Fourth of July, but before a single man in the party could gather his presence of mind the desperate burglar had quietly retired to a seat in a corner of the drawing-room.

Now this was very discouraging. Here was a number of young men who saw a great opportunity to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the fair, but the bold burglar was so self-possessed, and, aside from an air of well-feigned amusement, was so dignified, that it was really rather embarrassing.

Now, if he had only done as any well-meaning burglar would naturally do—on the stage; if he had only jumped on the table, and, while swinging a chair around his head, drawn two or three knives from his pocket, at the same time filling the perfume air with strange oaths—if he had only done something of that sort, the course would have been clear.

As it was, it seemed particularly awkward to go up to this quiet, self-contained, gentlemanly man, and haul him all over the floor. But the men felt that they must assert themselves in some way. Just then the pallid, washed-out dude—who was prominent in the rear of the group—raised his voice to the effect that someone ought to shoot the desperate villain. At this remark about shooting, the beautiful girl with the blue eyes came to the front, and in a quiet, unostentatious way, proceeded to quell the irrepressible dude for his bloodthirsty suggestion.

Then Mr. Herford calmly arose and attempted to explain affairs; but it was of no use in the absence of his friend, who had gone to escort a young lady home. A dozen of the men seated themselves so as to fence him securely into the corner while waiting for the Sheriff, for whom they had sent.

Then the pallid dude once more distinguished himself by referring to a trip he had recently made to New York, where, among other places of interest, he had visited the police headquarters, and had been shown through the inspector's private rooms, filled with criminal curiosities, and his penetrating gaze had studied every photograph in the Rogues' Gallery. "And," added the dude, with an air of victory, pointing triumphantly at Herford, "that burglar's photograph was there. No. 6911! I remember it just as well as can be, and he was described as one of the most dangerous in the business, and, I think—"

But at this moment came a violent ringing at the street door. The young ladies, who had occupied themselves in doing more or less fainting, came out from the end of the room, where they had all huddled, to see the new-comer. The massive form of the pompous Sheriff filled the door. Once more Mr. Herford attempted to explain, but he realized his helplessness in the absence of Jack. In reply to the Sheriff's request, the burglar's traveling-bag was brought into the room—a leather valise of the shape and style commonly used by gentlemen. The beautiful girl with the blue eyes was then asked if she recognized it. Reaching toward it with a little cry of joy, her eyes encountered those of the hunted man, then with a start she suddenly drew back, saying, "No, no, I'm not sure."

But other members of her family came forward claiming that they could recognize Uncle Dan's valise among a thousand.

The officer proved to be a gentleman of limited education, limited experience, but unlimited pomposity. Finding the valise locked, he turned, and in a some and language not calculated to soothe, ordered the hitherto quiet and placid prisoner to hand over the key. This caused a transformation scene. In one second Herford was through the ring of men who had hitherto supposed they were holding him from escape, and, seizing the officer by the collar, was just laying down the law, when another violent ring at the door was heard, and in rushed Uncle Dan followed by Jack.

Of course, everyone tried to talk at once—everyone, at least, but the triumphant burglar, who now felt willing to await developments, particularly as he noticed that Uncle Dan held in his hand a traveling bag of exactly the same style as his own. The dude was excitedly talking about 6911 and the Rogues' Gallery.

The Sheriff, still held down in a chair by Herford's unrelenting grip, managed to gasp out, "Mr. Loring, I've got—you—burglar; I claim—the—" But Uncle Dan, with a big laugh, a real, bighearted laugh, that seemed more like music to Herford than anything he had heard that night went up to the ex-burglar, and, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said: "Ladies, allow me to present to you Mr.—Mr. '6911,'" chimed in the uncrushable dude. "Harrison Herford," prompted Jack.

"—the man who, by his courage and energy, saved our house from being a heap of ashes."

After the introduction, in reply to a hundred excited questions, Uncle Dan explained that, after examining the dining-room, it should have been evident to the most stupid observer (here he gave a careless glance at the Sheriff) that the stranger had extinguished rather than started the fire. "Be got—here," said he, opening his bag. "The bag was simply misplaced; that is, that little eight-year-old nephew of mine, in one of his mischievous fits, simply pushed it under the sofa."

As soon as Herford could free himself from the apologies, introductions, and congratulations he hurried to look at the old clock. There was still time to get the train.

"Don't mind that ancient timepiece," said Jack; "why, dear boy, that clock has not been right these ten years, and your train left three-quarters of an hour ago."

Just then a soft hand was laid gently on his arm; a pair of lovely blue eyes, shaded by a golden haze, looked up to his, and a sweet low voice tried to make an apology for the discomfort he had endured. She added, "To prove that 6911 forgives me, you must dine with us to-morrow and help me to lead the german in the evening."

Emperor And Subject.

The undertaking of Emperor William to control the discontented, turbulent and revolutionary spirits in his kingdom, while granting them freedom of speech and freedom of the press will be watched with interest if not solicitude by the civilized nations of the world. The task is doubly difficult because of the fact that during the past twelve years the Socialist leaders have shown no change in character, being now as then enemies against society and social order, and the significant fact that during the past twelve months the Socialistic movement has gained ground at a rate hitherto unprecedented. Speaking of their gains since the beginning of the present year, a contemporary remarks:

"Never before has the latter displayed such activity, monopolized so much of public attention, and given such manifestations of its influence and power. Socialist congresses are the order of the day. There is to be one at Halle in Germany ten days hence, and likewise one at Calais at about the same time. Others have been held during the last eight months at Jolimont in Belgium, in Italy, in Holland, in England and at Christiania in Norway. Moreover, the Socialists have actually secured a couple of seats in the upper house of the Danish Legislature, and have succeeded in forcing the German, the Spanish and several other legislatures to adopt a distinctively Socialist tendency for the amelioration of the condition of the masses. The year 1890, therefore, deserves to occupy a prominent place in the annals of Socialism."

With such a series of successes to stimulate and encourage it is not likely that the Socialists will become less exacting and aggressive. On the contrary, they may be expected to make larger demands and manifest a growing indisposition to brook control. If, therefore, in the face of these difficulties the young ruler succeeds in guiding his ship of state into quiet and safe waters he will have gained beyond a peradventure the title of great statesman. Meanwhile he is but entering the contest, and we can but wait for the result.

England and Portugal.

European dispatches convey the information that the relations between England and Portugal have lately become greatly strained, and that serious trouble between the two countries is imminent. The months that have elapsed since the Serpa Pinto episode in Africa do not appear to have lessened the popular hatred of England and all things English. It is stated that in every possible manner this feeling is displayed, Major Serpa Pinto going so far as to use a spittoon in the form of an Englishman's head. Such pettishness, however, England can afford to despise, but when it comes to an unwillingness to carry out her treaties and to make redress for injury done to the property of British subjects; when Portuguese gunboats assay to bar the entrance of the Zambezi river so as to prevent English boats from entering, the case is greatly altered and the justification for plain speech becomes apparent. In view of these discourteous and hostile acts, it is not surprising that the British Government should have decided to issue its ultimatum. A powerful nation can afford to be magnanimous, but there may come a time when patience ceases to be a virtue.

The statement sent out a few days ago from the Department of Agriculture that the class of immigrants who came to Canada during the past season were an improvement on former years, most of them being provided with means to settle, indicates a state of things much more desirable than our neighbors have to report. According to the immigration returns of the United States for the year ending June 30 last, the number of immigrants from Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, and Switzerland was 48,000 less than during the previous year, while there was an increase of 69,000 in that from Hungary, Poland, Italy, Russia, Southern and Eastern Europe, and Asia. In view of these facts it is not surprising to learn that the authorities of that country are feeling some anxiety seeing that the change is largely a substitution of undesirable in the place of desirable immigrants.

Yellow and lilac flowers are mixed for millinery, dress garniture, and table decoration.

Before Death Comes.

Ob, if you'd speak a kindly word,
Do not too long delay it,
But let it by our ears be heard—
We fain would hear you say it.
Offendily cheer our hearts have need
Of long life's pathway dreary;
Remember we shall never read
Our own obituary.

If there's a deed which you can do
To ease our yoke of sorrow,
Oh, do it with a purpose true!
Nor wait for the to-morrow,
Make all our hearts with joy to laugh;
While we are with you love us.
We'll ne'er peruse the epitaph
You'll kindly write above us.

If you have loving gifts to make,
Do not too long withhold them;
But give them now that we may take
And in our hearts enfold them.
Oh, crown us with a wreath to-day!
Our hungered spirits ask it,
We'll never see the rich bouquet
You place upon our casket.

A Woman's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's love?
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing?

As a child might have asked for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?
You have written my lessons of duty out;
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee!

You require your bread should be always good,
Your socks and your shirts should be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars
And pure as heaven your soul!
You require a cook for your mutton and beef—

I require a far better thing:
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirt—
I want a man and a king!
A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first
And say, It is very good!

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my ark on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride!
I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this, a laundress, a cook
You can hire with little to pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's love
Are not to be won that way.

A Quaker Law Suit.

The common remark concerning the disagreement of doctors has an application that extends further than the medical profession, reaching even to the most eminent interpreters of law. Were the latter all of one mind a young man in New York would be \$5,000 richer or a young man in Kentucky \$500 poorer than he is to-day. According to the New York Herald an old lady living in Kentucky had agreed to give her grandson five hundred dollars if he would quit smoking for a specified period. Before the end of the time she died, but the young man kept the agreement and then demanded the money from her executors. They refused to pay it; he sued, and the highest court of the State held that his claim was a good one. The same authority cites the case of a New York uncle who promised his nephew five thousand dollars when he became of age if he would not drink, smoke, play cards or billiards in the meantime. On his twenty-first birthday the young man notified his uncle that he had lived up to the bargain and demanded the five hundred dollars. The old gentleman replied that he should have it. Before it was paid over the uncle died, and the young man sued the executors for it. The Supreme Court rules that there was no valid contract, but a mere promise, which could not be enforced, and hence that the young man had no legal claim to the money. Which decision was the more just we leave the reader to settle for himself, presuming that in a case of this kind he would prefer dealing with Kentucky's highest court.

The Unhappy Czar.

The ruler of the Russias, though nearly one hundred and ten millions of earth's population acknowledge his sovereignty, is far from being happy these days. With uneasy head he passes the nights and daily takes his food with fear, lest those who love him not should have concealed death in the pot. To prevent such a triumph on the part of his enemies, and believing that the life of a subject is less precious than his own, the Czar has revived the long-abandoned eastern custom of having the food tested before placing it on the table. He seems to be suspicious of every one around him, and admits none but Cabinet ministers to an audience without the presence of an officer of the guard. Since the recent attempt to wreck the train which he was supposed to be on his terror is said to have greatly increased. That he will be greatly pitied is hardly to be expected. On the contrary many will look upon his present alarm as a just retribution for the indifference with which he views the suffering whom his tyranny has reached. Now he feels the scourgings of a guilty conscience than which no suffering is greater.

Almost simultaneously with the report that nickel in paying quantities had been discovered in Nebraska, comes the information that gold quartz has been found in Sudbury, the region which hitherto largely supplied the Continent with the former metal. Says a correspondent: "It is reported here that Mr. J. R. Go-don, the well-known prospector of the Sudbury region, has discovered in the Township of Creighton three veins of quartz carrying gold in paying quantities. Assays are said to have shown most encouraging results." Should these expectations be realized, this region will lose none of its interest or value to Canadians, notwithstanding the fact that the nickel industry, owing to the competition which the new mine will bring on, may not be pushed with as great vigor as formerly.

THE HAND OF GOD.

The Fate of Thirteen Men Who Ate "The Last Supper" in Drunken Mockery.

A few days ago, says a correspondent writing from Birmingham, Ala., under date of Oct. 9th, a man was found dead here in the gutter. Even in death there was a mute look of terror in the blood-shot eyes, and the bloated face had grown pale and haggard at the coming of the grim destroyer. "Drink!" said the coroner's jury, but an old man who came and looked for a long time on the pale, dead face, said, with a shudder, as he turned away, "It was the hand of God." This man who died in the gutter was the last of a fated thirteen, and in the death of each and all of them the Christian will read the vengeance of an insulted Deity.

At the leading hotel in a Southern city, in the summer of 1865, thirteen men, wearing the uniform of Confederate officers, sat down to a dinner. Every man in the party belonged to a grand old Southern family, and many of the names are illustrious in the history of the country. Every man was a cavalier. They were flowers of the Old South, representatives of the chivalry of the sunny land, then enveloped in the gloom of defeat and despair. Every man there had been a gallant soldier in the Confederate army. They had returned from the field of defeat to find their homes destroyed, their slaves free, their wealth gone and many of their nearest and dearest relatives and friends dead. The meeting at this hotel was a chance one, but talking over the situation in which they found themselves, they resolved to forget the horror of it for a while to drown their sorrows in drink. They sat down to dinner, and round about round drinks were ordered. Soon the bloody scenes of war, the visions of ruined homes, were all forgotten. First they became merry, then reckless.

"Let us call this the last supper," suddenly exclaimed one of the party, and the suggestion met with instant approval. They might never meet again, so "the last supper" would be a fitting name for the feast where reason had fled. More drinks were ordered, every man filled his glass, the lights were turned low and the thirteen men declared themselves Christ and his twelve apostles. A young man who had commanded a regiment acted the role of our Lord and, for the occasion, each man assumed the name of one of the apostles. There was a wrangle as to who should impersonate Judas, but more drinks were ordered, and then a young Lieutenant agreed to act the character of the betrayer of his Saviour.

In was midnight, but peals of drunken laughter awoke the echoes in every nook and corner of the old house. Again and again the decenterers were passed around, and the blasphemous mockery of the last supper went on. A Bible was called for, and the young officer who was impersonating the Saviour turned to the New Testament and read aloud the solemn words therein contained. The reading was interrupted now and then by some coarse jest or ribald laughter, while expressions like "Judas, pass the bottle," would excite the mirth of the drunken men to a point that completely drowned the voice of the reader. At the proper point in the reading bread was passed around, and the wine was represented by glasses filled to the brim with brandy.

"He that drinketh from the bottle with me shall betray me!" exclaimed the mock Christ in a tragic manner, and placed a decanter to his lips he swallowed a quantity of brandy, then passed it to Judas across the table. This was greeted with peals of laughter, and again the other mock apostles yelled, "Judas, pass the bottle!"

All night long this awful mockery went on, and when morning came the thirteen men were in a drunken stupor. It was several days before they all recovered from the effects of that night's debauchery. Then they separated. That supper had indeed been their last; they never met again. From that night the vengeance of God followed those thirteen men. Everything they undertook failed. Apples of gold turned to Dead Sea fruit in their hands. One by one they went to the dogs, and every man of them met a horrible and disgraceful death. Repeated failure in business drove some of them to desperation and crime. One of them was lynched in Texas for murder. The young man who had impersonated the Saviour was drowned in the Brazos River while fleeing from a vigilance committee on a stolen horse and his body was never recovered. Another, while in a drunken stupor, was caught in a burning building and perished in the flames. One was stabbed to the heart by a woman he had betrayed, and still another was murdered in a low brothel in a Western city. So far as can be learned, not one of them ever received Christian burial, and their graves are unmarked and unknown. The man who died in the gutter and was buried in the potter's field was the last of the thirteen.

Wages and Saving in Different Countries.

The testimony of one who has had actual trial of that whereof he speaks, and who is without intelligent and veracious ought to count for something. A man of this class has lately been giving his experience as to the matter of wages and possibilities of saving in the various countries in which he has lived, and which include Russia, Germany, Belgium, France, Sweden, and the United States. From his carefully kept record of wages and cost of living this result is summarized.

| | Per day | Per w ^k | Per w ^k of liv. sav. ing., | Per w ^k Cost Net of liv. sav. ing., |
|---|---------|--------------------|---------------------------------------|--|
| Russia—St. Petersburg, 70-72, surgical instruments, | \$0.44 | \$2.64 | \$1.10 | \$1.54 |
| Systerback, 72-74, tool-maker, | .77 | 4.62 | 1.65 | 2.97 |
| Germany—Achen, 1876, surgical instruments, | .90 | 5.76 | 3.12 | 2.64 |
| Belgium—Lutich, 76-78, surgical instruments, | .80 | 4.80 | 3.00 | 1.80 |
| France—Paris, 78-80, surgical instruments, | 1.80 | 10.80 | 5.20 | 5.60 |
| Sweden—Sto Kholm, 85-86, machinist, | 1.22 | 7.32 | 2.70 | 4.50 |
| United States—Philadelphia, 88-90, machinist, | 2.50 | 15.00 | 7.00 | 8.00 |

His Truthfulness Discredited.

Lawyer—Well, sir, we won the victory, but it was a pretty narrow victory.
Client—Yes, I thought the other side had us until you showed that their principal witness was a fisherman.

Caught.

He—"Will you marry me?"
She—"Not if I know it."
"Then you will."
"How do you make that out?"
"I have already arranged it with your father."