THE EASTON STAR
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.
TERMS.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid within the year. Three if not, Two Dollars in advance.
No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months. Subscriptions out of the county, if in advance, which increases prepayment of postage.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square—six times—One insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.
Advertisements inserted to the amount marked the number of times to be inserted, will be charged for and continued accordingly, and a Subscriber wishing to change an advertisement must give notice to the publisher of his intention.

The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES.—EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1883.—VOL. XVIII.—NO. 30.

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SASH,
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
BALTIMORE.

TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR.
50,000 WHITE PINE PEACH BOXES.

We have always on hand a full supply of MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE, and HEMLOCK Timber, with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.
Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices

We have also BUILDING HARDWARE and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.
W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,
TUNIS' MILLS, MD.
January 14, 1883-1yr

LUMBER!
--AND--
Building Materials,
Shingles, Laths,
Lime, Hair, &c.
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.
and Mill Work generally.
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

My long experience in the Lumber trade should be a guarantee to purchasers of my ability to suit them both in quality and prices.
Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.
Principal office in Easton and Yard at Easton Point connected by Telephone.
Deliveries made on navigable water free of freight.
Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.
ROBERT B. DIXON,
Dover Street, EASTON.

GO TO THE NEW
FURNITURE STORE
OF
R. H. T. COUNCELL,
In the STEWART BUILDING, adjoining Masonic Temple,
Where you will find it filled, besides his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions. Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.
UNDERTAKING!
Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Glove Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me in person. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.
House and Sign Painting and Paper Hanging.
Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:
J. F. Coleman, G. O. Neeff, Thos. K. Robson, C. F. Eastman, J. R. Jarrett, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. Philip F. Thomas, Thomas K. Robson, Peter Stevens, W. D. Roberts & Sons, Builders. M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Chaplain, Antonio DeFranzale.
I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.
R. H. T. COUNCELL.

Miscellaneous.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Jaundice, Biliousness, Chronic Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fevers and Ague, Colic, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.
SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath, Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general feeling of depression; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with a sensation of having neglected something; a yellow appearance of the eyes and skin, sometimes with pain in the shoulder, mistaken for Liver Complaint; urine high colored and scanty; a yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin; spirits low and despondent, and although knowing that exercise would be beneficial, yet you can hardly muster up fortitude to try it. In fact, disease every moment. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.
It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.
Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Dyspepsia, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.
If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.
Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!
For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.
IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.
A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. E. Brown, Governor of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.
"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
F. M. Hamer, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.
Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT
is composed of Herbal and Balsamic properties, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the morbid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A total of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy heretofore known proved that it has prompt beneficial effects. TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose relieves the tickling, stops the inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant portable shape, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family. 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS
ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.
Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and make Irregularities. If you do not find Tutt's Pills will stimulate the torpid system, apply to your druggist for them.
A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:
Dr. Tutt—Dear Sir: For ten years I have suffered from Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. During your pills were recommended to me, I took them but with little faith. I am now well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained twenty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.
Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
DR. TUTT'S VENA VITÆ (Tutt's Hair Dye) PRODUCES A GENUINE BLACK.

DISEASE CURED OR NO CHARGE MADE
"WILSONIA"
Magnetic Appliances
Have cured, in 90 cases out of 100, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, disease of the Liver and Kidneys, Piles, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neuralgia, Tumors, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility and all diseases of the Nervous System, Chronic Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, etc. Thousands to day are rejoicing in RESTORED HEALTH through "WILSONIA." By the peculiar construction of our Appliances, mild, continuous magnetic currents are conveyed to the blood, which, in every person out of health, is DEFICIENT IN MAGNETISM. Thus the nerves receive tone, the muscles are strengthened, and the whole system is invigorated.
TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE has proved the "WILSONIA" to be the most scientific, economical and effective appliance. Many have attempted to copy the principle, but failing, the inventors offer Appliances.
Beware of worthless imitations. The genuine stamped on each Appliance.
Our Consultation Manual (new ed.) will be sent free always upon receipt of your address. Your address may save your life. Or may be the means of your being cured of a chronic and worthless ailment, by now being cured, which confines no medicine. We will send a written GUARANTEE to each purchaser, if CURE IS PAID. References by permission: National Park Bank, N.Y. In writing, give your age and full address.
Wilsonia Magnetic Clothing Co.,
25 East 14th St. (near Broadway), New York.
Agents wanted in all cities where we are not represented. Liberal discount to trade.

LANDRETH'S
SUPERIOR
Garden Seeds
The Best Varieties of Seeds
ONION SETS
For sale at
HAYWARD & BRO.'S.

WARNER C. GREENWOOD,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
RESIDENCE AT THE EASTON DEPOT.
Contracts for all kinds of Carpenter's work, and guarantees to give satisfaction in price and quality of work.
Veterinary Committee.—In the matter of the Estate of Harriet A. Hack, deceased. Hayward & Hack.

POETRY.

DANIEL GRAY.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

It shall ever win the home in heaven,
For whose sweet rest I humbly pray,
In the great company of the forgiven,
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his weight of gratitude,
And was not called among the gifted,
In the prayer-meeting of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Locked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes,
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit and his silver hair,
And hear the language of his devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded
The loftier aspiration of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him,
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up on the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous word for sin of any kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked together in his honest mind.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him,
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him,
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer;
He thought is some strange unlooked for way,
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit,
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if ever I win the home in heaven,
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven,
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

SELECT STORY.

MATCH MAKING.

"Oh! Miss Edith!"
"Miss Edith!"

With these exclamations, Ruth and Blanche Weldon bounced into the room of their governess, a young and beautiful lady, whose garb of black and saddened look betokened her recent bereavement. It was scarcely two months since Edith Melvern, by her father's death, had lost the only parent she had ever known, her mother having died while Edith was yet an infant. And it was under these circumstances that she came as a governess into the family of Mrs. Weldon, a wealthy widow with two young daughters, whom it was high time to put into training.

"Oh, Miss Edith, we've had such news this morning!" cried Ruth, her face aglow and her eyes dancing.

"Brother Harold's coming home!" broke in Blanche. "He'll be here to-morrow."

"And what heaps of fun we'll have," shouted Ruth, clapping her hands with glee.

"And what stories he will have to tell!" added Blanche.

"He's the best and dearest brother in the world!" asserted Ruth, with a positiveness that defied contradiction.

"And the handsomest, too," affirmed Blanche. "I hope you'll like him, Miss Edith."

"She can't help it," exclaimed the enthusiastic Ruth, "when she sees his face, and his eyes, and—and his whiskers!"

There's no telling the extent to which the perfection of this paragon of brother's would have been dilated on, had not Miss Melvern turned the subject to geography.

Next morning at the breakfast table Edith received a distant introduction to Mrs. Weldon's step-son, who had arrived by the early train.

The brief glance Edith stole at the time of changing salutations forced her to acknowledge that Ruth's and Blanche's encomiums on their brother's personal attractions was not much overstrained, and there was something in the look the young man returned which proved that the appreciation was not all on one side.

[illegible] Edith's mother's [illegible] had married a [illegible] Edith [illegible] to fall into a [illegible].

Mrs. Weldon had set her heart on a match between her step-son and Hester Torry, niece of her's fully two years [illegible] one could hardly call a failing—at any rate they did never dream it could Weldon.

It was at this juncture that Hester Torry came by invitation to pay a visit to her aunt, and from that day poor Harold had scarcely an hour he could call his own. Miss Hester [illegible] If he stole out to Edith's side in the [illegible] Hester [illegible] Harold [illegible] through the open [illegible] door she saw the book, as it [illegible] turned and beneath it a [illegible].

But these interruptions often Edith heard a knock at the door, and opening it found herself in the presence of Mrs. Weldon and Hester Torry, both of whose faces wore a look of severity and displeasure.

"As I came up Mary has informed me," Miss Torry, stiffly, [illegible] from my room."

"I went to bring a book, I needed," she [illegible] and finding the door open, and no one present, I took the liberty of entering and taking the book which I saw lying on your table. Had I seen you afterwards, I should have apologized for the intrusion."

"Is the book all you took?" asked Hester, in a tone coolly insolent.

Edith's cheek burned and her eyes flashed.

"What do you mean, by such a question," she returned, mastering her feelings with an effort.

"Simply that a ruby tie bracelet left on my table is missing."

The color on Edith's cheek gave place to an ashy paleness. She tried to speak, but her indignant remonstrance. Her hands trembled so violently in her lap all she was holding dropped from her fingers to the floor.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Weldon quickly.

"The key of my writing desk," replied Edith, regaining her speech.

"You have apparently just been locking it."

"I have," replied the governess, "but you are at liberty to use the search you will."

Mrs. Weldon at once took the key and opened the desk, and there down in a corner, lay the missing jewelry.

Edith staggered and almost fell. Then remembering the tones of scorn and triumph turned upon her, pride and indignation gave her courage to speak.

"In spite of appearances I am no thief!" she exclaimed.

"Who dares call you such?" fiercely demanded Harold Weldon, appearing suddenly on the scene.

Methodically the prosecuting attorney, Mrs. Weldon summed up the case.

"And yet I would stake my life on that lady's innocence!" was Harold's answer. "There is a gross mistake here, which must and shall be cleared up."

Just then the impetuous Ruth came romping in.

"O, I see you have found your bracelet, cousin Hester," she cried. "Blanche and I were acting a play up here in Miss Edith's absence, in which I was queen, and wore your bracelet as part of my regalia. When the luncheon bell rang I dropped it in Miss Melvern's writing desk, which stood open, intending to return it afterwards."

Ruth was puzzled at the look of joy that sparkled in her mother's eyes, and of the tears that filled those of Edith Melvern.

In the walk that Harold and Edith took that evening their path was crossed by no intruder, and they returned looking so contented and happy that next morning Hester Torry packed her trunk and ended her visit.

Are You a Man?

One day a young man was teasing a little girl, when she, becoming tired of him, exclaimed impatiently:

"If I wore as big clothes as you do, I'd be a man."

Her mother, overbearing her remark, called her away, and chided her for being so saucy, but soon the lesson caused by the rebuke were brushed away, and the cause forgotten by the little girl. A few years later the same girl, then a young lady, was returning home from school, and in making some changes of the train was obliged to stop at a hotel over night. A rising and popular lawyer of the place showed to see her name upon the register, and at once called upon her. As soon as he greeted her he said:

"I called to thank you for what you have done for me."

She replied:

"You must be mistaken about my help; for although I do remember you as a clerk in my father's store when I was a child, I cannot recall one single favor I ever did you, or in fact, remember that I have seen you since then."

He then referred to the impatient remark before quoted, and added that he resolved to be a man, and from that time honestly tried to make something of his life. He also said he had never been tempted to do a mean thing without hearing the warning, "I'd be a man."

A Napoleonic Story.

When Napoleon ascended the throne very little money was made in France unless by himself or with his permission. This Ouvrard found out. Ouvrard, who, born of humble parents in 1770, died worth 40,000,000 francs in 1850, was a creditor of the government for 70,000,000 in 1812, and was ruined in 1832.

He was a rival to the Emperor in the affections of Mlle. Georges, and one evening had an interview with her in the room of him at his villa of Rueuil, when he received an invitation equal to a command—from Napoleon. Ouvrard's reply was that she would find a check for 100,000 francs under her napkin at supper that evening if she accepted with him, whereupon she invented a fabrication and left Napoleon over.

Next morning Ouvrard was summoned to the Tuileries.

"How much profit have you made out of your army contract this year?"

"Four millions of francs, sire."

"That is too much. You will pay half of it back into the treasury. Good morning!"

And thus M. Ouvrard's margin to an actress cost him 500,000.

[illegible] and was eating soup vigorously, when a little old lady seated next another one of those busy bodies ever anxious to be pleasant, sniffed and sharply exclaimed:

"Vermin!"

"No" said the other, in quick passing, "Unitarian; I'm from Boston—are you?"

One of these grand old Beethoven laughs [illegible] that round the table.

Gen. W. Comm[illegible] Mich., [illegible] in my family and consider it an excellent medicine.

Kindness gives birth to kindness.

Raleigh's Last Letter.

A PATHETIC PAGE FROM ABLE AND UNFORTUNATE MAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

You shall now receive, dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you that you may keep it warm. I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave and be buried with me in dust. And seeing it is not the will of God that I shall ever see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself. First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet the debt is nathless, and pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, by the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself in grief many days, but seek to help the miserable fortunes of our poor child. Thy mourning cannot fall me; I am but dust. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose and loved you in his happiest time. God is my witness, it is for you and yours I desired life; but it is true I disdain myself for begging for it. For know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death and all his misshapen and grizzly forms. I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I made the time when all asleep, and it is time to separate my thoughts from all the world. Beg my dead body, which living is denied thee, and either lay it at Shelbourne or in Exeter, by my father and mother. I can write no more. Time and death call me away. The everlasting God, infinite, powerful, incomprehensible, the Almighty God which is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true light and life, keep thee and bless thee, have mercy on me and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false witnesses, and send us to meet again in His tomb. My own true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me, and let the good God find you both in His arms. Written with the dying hand of some time thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown. Yours that was, but not my own,
W. RALEIGH.

The Conduct of the Corpse.

Not long ago a widow stood at the side door of a baggage car watching the stowage of her husband's corpse. As she turned away, another lady, also in mourning, appeared with a dog, which was entrusted to the care of the baggage master. Several times as the train stopped at stations the owner of the dog approached the car with solicitous interrogatories about the brute's condition, until the patience of the baggage functionary was about exhausted. At length the widow sidled up to him and asked if the poor dear was all right.

"Yes, confound him!" growled the baggage-master, without looking around. "And another time you ship your poor dear over this road he goes by freight. I don't mind helping a woman, but I won't have no a Iron colored beast of obscure ancestry spewing around the floor of this car and howling for—"

Just then he turned and saw his blunder.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he continued, at mastering. "I thought yours was the dog. I like it—I think, ma'am. The corpse has acted like a perfect gentleman."

A Twilight Idyl.

Fashion in education is having its effect, as witness the following which occurred the other day over the Potrero: Two sisters went to one from boarding school to assist at the marriage of their brother. Twas twilight, and silence brooded over the room in which the family had gathered after the evening meal.

"Sister!" suddenly remarked Miss Jane, "why do you look so solitary?"

"I—, sister, I do because I feel so primitary!" simpered Susie.

"Have mercy on my soul!" piously exclaimed the good lady, "how I do love to hear my darters talk that grammary!"

Silence once more threw her mantle down, the gloaming deepened without and the old Puritan's dim eyes stared at the fire on the hearth, while his mind went wandering back to the time when the "gals" were noted than Jilts as they are in these days.

Great Institutions.

"O, yes," said the eminent legal man, "corporations are great institutions. You have heard the story about two boys who formed a corporation?"

"No," replied his friend.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," resumed the legal gentleman. "There were two boys who had a cent each, and they wanted to buy a two-cent cigar. Neither could buy it alone, and the idea of that we associated that they form a partnership, of which he was to be president, and the other treasurer, for stockholder. The cigar was purchased and the president began to smoke it, when the other thought of a practical joke he in just would come, but the president consumed one-half, and then two-thirds. 'Look here,' said the stockholder, 'I'm going to have a dividend.' 'Don't see it,' replied the great man. 'But, will, I'm going to get for my share.' 'Well, said the president, 'I guess you can suit.'"

A Bishop Compliment.

The story is told of Bishop Philander Chase, who, on a different occasion, "was once in a country inn, and was mistaken for a horse-jockey. Being in his shirt sleeves, he was asked by a fellow-lodger, who was a horse-jockey, "whether he was, or was not the Bishop?" "I am not Judge, either," replied the Bishop. "Well, then, Bishop." "What do you call me a Bishop? How do you know that I am a Bishop?" "Why, I know you are a horse-jockey, because I know you are a horse-jockey, because I know you are a horse-jockey, because