

THE RIOT TEST CASE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

From the Harrisburg Patriot.

On the 29th ult., before the supreme court in this city, was argued an important case from Beaver county in which the county of Allegheny was plaintiff in error (and defendant below) and John, Gibson Sons & Co., defendants in error (and plaintiff below), being the most important as a test case, growing out of the late riots at Pittsburgh upon the decision of which many others involving in the aggregate some millions of dollars will depend. By legislative enactment of May 31, 1841, responsibility was imposed upon the county of Philadelphia for damages of a specified nature occasioned by riots in that county. In 1849 that enactment was extended to Allegheny county. This suit was brought under the acts of assembly mentioned, by Gibson, Sons & Co., vs. Allegheny county for the value of sixty barrels of whisky destroyed by the mob at Pittsburgh in July, 1877. The plaintiff in error was ably represented by the following distinguished lawyers: Daniel Agnew, George W. Biddle, S. H. Geyer and George Shiras, Jr.

The argument prepared by these gentlemen was arranged with great care, and laid the entire subject open before the court. Its salient points were: That as no person can be entitled to the benefits of the acts of 1841 and 1849, if his improper conduct has caused the destruction of his property; that therefore the plaintiffs below had no remedy, for the reason that the Pennsylvania railroad company was their bailee and that the company by acts of its own had "occasioned the riot and was responsible for the consequences, and was guilty of improper conduct within the meaning of the statute."

That the outbreak was not such a mob or riot as the statute contemplated, but owing to the wide extent of its range, took more of the character of an insurrection, and was far without the scope of power held by Allegheny county to quell or subdue it. That the state authorities had undertaken before there was any destruction of property to abate it, and that this action on the part of the state relieved the county.

That the whisky was in transitu from Cincinnati to Philadelphia when destroyed, and "was not property situate in the county defendant, within the meaning of the act of assembly given in evidence.

And the 7th section of the act of May, 1841, is in contravention of the federal constitution, and also in violation of the constitution of Pennsylvania, and therefore is void.

We cannot pass this cause without a special reference to that branch of the exhaustive argument of ex-Chief Justice Agnew referring to the bearing of the new constitution of the state upon the act of 1841. The position taken by the eminent jurist was that the act, though constitutional at the time of its passage, is inconsistent with the present fundamental law and is accordingly no longer valid for the purpose of its enactment. The reasons in support of this position were, because it discriminated between different counties of the state subjecting them to different liabilities; because, under it the debt of a county might be increased to a sum far in excess of the constitutional limit (viz.: seven per centum); because it is inequality of taxation; because its enforcement would infringe upon those rights of private property which the constitution guarantees to protect; and because, it is inconsistent with the 10th section of the 9th article. It declares that "Any county, township, school district or other municipality, incurring any indebtedness, shall, at or before the time of so doing, provide for the collection of an annual tax sufficient to pay the interest and also the principal thereof, within thirty years." In this connection he said: "Now, if we consider the indebtedness as fixed and ascertained by the several judgments for the damages, and there is no other means of determining how much or what sum shall be provided for under the 10th section, it is impossible to comply with the mandate of the section. The liability is unknown until the destruction of the property, and the loss is unknown until determined by the judgments of which there may be many. It is impossible, therefore to provide for the collection of the annual tax. To pay either interest or principal, either before or at the time of increasing the indebtedness." The reasoning of Judge Agnew throughout his brief argument was clear and exhaustive. The ingenious manner in which it was woven convinced all who heard it that it emanated from the mind of a great lawyer. And the power with which it was presented at the bar of the high court, whose ermine he once so honorably wore and with so much eminent ability, could call but for one conclusion—that he is equally superior as the practitioner as he was superior as the judge. The bar of Pennsylvania has every reason to be proud of a man like Judge Agnew who brings to it from the bench a well-stored intellect commanding all respect. Such men are few and must always stand as models for emulation.

"TWENTY years ago," said a colored philosopher, "niggers was wuff a thousand dollars apiece. Now dey would be deah at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishin' how de race am runnin' down."

WHOLESALE CORRUPTION.

WHAT THE INVESTIGATION OF THE STATIONERY AND OTHER SUPPLIES OF THE HOUSE DISCLOSES.

HARRISBURG, May 28.—The report of the committee that investigated the stationery and other supplies of the House of Representatives but faintly outlined the gross negligence, the profligacy, the waste, the favoritism, the wholesale plunder and petty stealing that has prevailed about the Capitol for years. The testimony shows that almost everything furnished cost from one to five hundred per cent. more than it was worth. The bill for toilet soap for the House for January, February, and a few days in March last year was almost two hundred dollars. The towels used in the Senate bath room cost \$7 each, and supplies of every kind in proportion in quantity and cost. The old carpets and chairs are shown to have been parcelled out among officers, members and outsiders. Samuel Adams swore that Charles Salter and J. J. Monaghan, of Philadelphia, each got a carpet last year from the committee rooms; that the House carpet was divided up and given away; that Dr. Shurlock got four chairs, and that chairs and every other moveable thing were stolen and carried off by unknown persons. The alpaca draping put up in the House at the time of the death of Mr. Newell, of Philadelphia, which extended clear around the hall and cost sixty cents a yard, was stolen, much to the chagrin of Adams, because he wanted it himself when it was taken down, as he had promised it to women for dresses. Adams swears that it would take a log chain to hold anything fast in the House and keep it from being stolen. He says, in his guileless way: "There always was a bad lot of fellows on the hill." Dr. Shurlock, Chief Clerk, testifies that members were given all the stationery they wanted for themselves, their wives and their children, and when any one would bring in one of his constituents he was supplied. Charles Ciley, the young man who had the stationery in charge, never received for it when he got it nor made any memorandum of what he issued. He gave it to everybody, and more especially to those who were friendly. Adopting the language of "Pinotore," Ciley says in his testimony that he gave to members, their wives and children and cousins and uncles and aunts. He further states that nearly every boy who writes letters in Harrisburg uses the official stationery. A. C. Neall, representative from the Twenty-eighth (Philadelphia) district, swears that he got out ten or twelve packages of stationery every year, and supplied the clubs, and societies and organizations in his district with it. He thought he had a right to do it, and gave his constituents the benefit of it. While the value of the amount drawn by Mr. Neall would probably not be more than his share of the \$25,000 and upward charged, but few members get more than one or two of these packages. These are but a few salient points of the testimony. The following tabulated statement will show the expenses of the House of Representatives from 1870 to 1878:

Contingent, Stationery, Fuel, Repairs, Supplies	1870	1871	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878
	\$7,453.00	\$4,250.21	\$775.25	\$716.50	\$4,043.90	\$5,200.00	\$3,948.82	\$700.00	\$600.00
	\$2,500.00	\$2,341.73	\$38.00	\$258.85	\$7,594.05	\$7,294.05	\$2,497.23	\$4,903.50	\$4,474.67
	\$174	\$13,709.54	\$7,325.55	\$68.00	\$9,500	\$17,725.54	\$5,000.00	\$4,828.26	\$7,725.00
	\$175	\$17,091.06	\$6,645.83	\$12.11	\$7,585.24	\$18,710.02	\$6,982.44	\$3,810.73	\$1,900.00
	\$178	\$13,282.34	\$2,587.31	\$29.75	\$3,500.00	\$3,600.00			

To correct these abuses the committee recommended the following changes to be made in the law governing the matter.

First. All supplies, when delivered, should be examined by a competent officer, who should see that every contract is honestly complied with, and that no goods are paid for that are not delivered in kind and quality, and who should keep them in his possession until they are required.

Second. Everything needed in the House should be drawn by the Clerk, on written orders, and a strict account kept of all property passing through his hands.

Third. No stationery, or other public property, except what may be needed in the transaction of official business, should be delivered to the members without receipts, or other vouchers being required.

A Chinese Deacon.

Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, Ah Ching, a Chinaman twenty-five years of age, was ordained as deacon in Trinity church, this city. The ceremony was of more than ordinary importance, being the first instance of the kind in this country. The religious Chinaman, who has taken the name of Walter C. Young, has been a resident of this country for fifteen years, most of that time being spent in the Eastern States. For the past two years he has been a resident of this city and has been a student under the care of Trinity church. Rev. Dr. Beers, in his address, referred to the ordination being the first one in which a native of China, in that connection, had been admitted to the orders of the Church. He added that the young man who was now admitted to the Order of Deacons had passed a far better examination than the majority of those who had been candidates for the priesthood. Right Rev. Bishop Kip officiated at the ordination, and a part of the service was read in Chinese by the newly made deacon. The young man has discarded the costume peculiar to his race and wears his hair short.—*San Francisco Call.*

A BABY in arms is a tyrant in the household, but when it grows older it is overweaning.—*Puck.*

SENATOR WALLACE'S SPEECH.

From the Pittsburg Post.

Senator Wallace made a lengthy and remarkably strong argumentative speech in the senate on Thursday, addressing himself mainly to the question of the revival of John Adams federalism in the claim put forth by Hayes and the stalwarts of the right and power of the federal government to dominate over state elections, by troops and deputy marshals. The Senator took the bold, strong ground that the federal government has made and can make no voters. It cannot add to or take from the qualification of a voter as prescribed by the state save in protecting him from discrimination on account of race. When it asserts the power to create and hold national elections or to regulate the conduct of voters on election day it tramples under foot the very basis of the federal system and seeks to build a consolidated government from a democratic republic. This is the plain purpose of the men now in control of the federal government, and to this end the teachings of leading republicans now are shaped. This position the Senator maintained by a constitutional argument of great power, supporting it by authorities from all sources. We shall publish this argument as soon as received in *The Record*. The telegraphic summary is of little value, and merely hints at the line of the Senator's speech. While we have differed from Senator Wallace on matters relating to the organization of the democratic party within the state, and firmly adhere to the opinions heretofore expressed in *The Post*, yet we have no disposition to detract from the ability he shows in the Senate chamber in discussing political and constitutional questions. This is his legitimate sphere of action, and one in which he can do credit to himself and important service to the party.

A Deed of Heroism.

James Brandt, or, as he was better known, "English Jimmy," was a Montana stage driver. Many years ago he took the reins on the route between Butte and Deer Lodge and served the public faithfully. Jimmy's horses loved his affectionate pat and stroke about as much as they did their oats. He rarely used the whip, carrying it, indeed, for the purpose of playing tunes with the lash in the sharp mountain air. On the morning of the 6th instant, Jimmy's four horses jolted out of Butte with a coach load of men, women and children. A passenger sat with him on the box. The stage swept along the road at a right good gait and soon the first relay, Girard's, was reached. There the horses were changed. Jimmy remarked that the new horses were not his old friends, but strangers to him. He directed the stableman to arrange the harness carefully, as the team was evidently spirited. When all was ready a mischievous boy called out, "Now you go, Jimmy!" at the same time slapping one of the leaders with his hand. The leader reared and shot headlong away. The four horses sprung immediately into a dead run. Jimmy threw his every muscle into the lines. He called out, "Steady, down there!" for the benefit of the passengers, gritting his teeth and bent to his task. The horses dashed on at the top of their speed. They were crossing a level plain and making dead for a narrow gully, down which the road ran before it crossed an insecure, unvalled bridge. Jimmy fixed his eyes on a farm house in the distance and on his route. He knew that if he could rein in his horses through several piles of soft grass shocks near the house he could save the passengers. He told the men to be ready to jump as they ran through the grass. "Take the babies," said he, and as the coach swerved under his powerful arm and ran in among the shocks the passengers leaped or rolled out, some bruised but none badly hurt. A few minutes later Jimmy's body was picked up under the bridge from which the coach had been thrown to the rocks below. The poor fellow's legs and arms were broken. The Montana *Miner* says that he uttered one sentence: "Girard, this is Jimmy's last ride, but he did his duty." He died in an hour.

Our Uncle Samuel Kissing Babies.

Ex-Governor Tilden went on board an European steamer to see Horace White and his party off. The *New York Sun* describes the incident: Mr. Tilden looked extremely well, was dressed in black broadcloth, and spoke with such evident good humor that he was surrounded by a merry party of listeners. In saluting the members of the party, who sat along the first and second tables on the port side of the steamer's dining saloon, he shook hands along the line of ladies until he came to last couple. This was the maid and the baby she carried. Mr. Tilden hesitated, but only for a second. Then he bent over and kissed the baby. The vigorous and chubby infant misinterpreted the action. It supposed the ex-Governor intended to let it play with his gold eye-glasses, and it looked extremely displeased when they swung back to his waistcoat as he straightened himself and walked away with them.

"BUT I will not linger upon this point," as the speaker said when he sat down on the carpet tack.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

LAMBREQUINS.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, dropping in upon me for a morning's call, "what an extravagant creature that young Mrs. Harman is! why, just as I was coming through the back yard I happened to glance up, and I declare, if there to all her kitchen windows didn't hang the most beautiful lace lambréquins I ever set my eyes on!"

"Lace lambréquins at her kitchen windows! you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not, and if you don't believe it, just go and see for yourself." I did so; and there, sure enough, were hung what appeared to be elegant lace lambréquins.

"She'll ruin that husband of hers," continued Mrs. Brown. "I must say it makes me angry to see such doings, Mr. Brown is worth twice as much as her husband, and I never thought of having any but green paper curtains at any of my windows."

"Well," I remarked, "I think myself it is a very extravagant move. Young persons, when starting in life, should be economical, if ever, and look out for a rainy day."

"Have you called?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"No, but I should like to."

"Then supposin' you slip on your bonnet, and we will step over. Those lambréquins have made me kind of curious."

I assented, and in less than five minutes we stood at the door of a pretty cottage.

"Good morning, ladies," said Mrs. Harman, appearing at the door in a neat calico dress, "walk in," and she ushered us into a cool, shady room, whose windows were draped with curtains of white dotted muslin.

She was very social, and we fell at once into a pleasant chat. At last Mrs. Brown introduced the topic of domestic economy.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Harman. "I know something of economy. Harry and I are just starting in life, and I feel we ought to save in every way we can, without infringing on our real comfort. He wanted me to keep a girl, but I said no; that I had much rather do my own work, and I find it very pleasant, too. Through the hot weather I arise bright and early, and get all the baking and sweeping away before breakfast; then I have plenty of leisure to sew. Yesterday I finished those curtains (pointing to the window), I didn't think they would do so well. I made them out of a couple of old white dresses that I had thrown aside—"

"You ought to have put your lace lambréquins in here," said Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Harman looked puzzled.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, them beautiful lace things you've got hanging up to your windows. I couldn't think of such extravagance in my house."

Mrs. Harman broke into a hearty laugh.

"Won't you step out and look at them?" she asked.

"Well, I never! if I ain't beat!" uttered the amazed Mrs. Brown, as we surveyed them. For lo and behold, they were nothing but newspapers, cut and notched in imitation of lace pattern.

Mrs. H. kindly showed us how to fold the papers and cut them, so we both walked home and hung lace lambréquins at our kitchen windows. Try it.

Prices in England and this Country.

From Newark Daily.

England was once considered a very cheap country to live in, but it is no longer. An American family of three was found there during the war sustaining life on a shilling a day for food; now it would be difficult to do that and not resort to beggary. How could it be possible for food to be cheap when most of it is imported? House rent is lower than in New York, but not much if any cheaper than in the suburbs of New York. Coal is about \$5.60 the ton of 2,000 pounds, but is really much dearer than that, when we consider that two tons of anthracite would outburn three of bituminous. There ought to be a splendid opening for American coal and stoves. Meat is higher, ranging from eighteen to thirty-five cents a pound. Bread is three cents a pound and is inferior in quality. The English do not know how to make good bread. Eggs—mostly like the "barrel" eggs here—are thirty to thirty-five cents a dozen; butter twenty-five to forty cents, and poor at that; cheese eighteen to twenty-five cents; milk ten cents a quart. Potatoes are sold by weight, but would average \$1.25 a bushel. As to fruit, most of it is a luxury beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers. On a thoughtful consideration, people generally will come to the conclusion that this country is a very comfortable place to live in.

MISS C. L. WOLFE, of New York, 35 years old, the richest single woman in the United States, has arrived at Newport, R. I. She is worth over \$10,000,000, and has just returned from a two years' visit to Europe. Oh! won't she have the beaux—if she'll have 'em.

A WRITER in one of the London papers says that while lying in bed the wheels of life are oiled and eased. It is terribly hard work, nevertheless, for some persons to get their wheels to move in the morning.

A COUNTRY MERCHANT'S TRIALS.

Noah's N. Y. Sunday Times.

"What's butter?" she exclaimed in a shrill voice. "I mean good butter, none of your nasty hair-streaked stuff, but number one gilt-edged creamery, fit for General Grant or Henry Ward Beecher, or—here she paused to see why that "pesky man didn't bring it in." During the pause the proprietor, whom long years of experience had made shy of elderly iron-clad females, edged out and suddenly remembering that something needed fixing in the store-room, sent his clerk, an oily-tongued youth to the tender mercies of the butter-maker. By the time the change was effected the weaker half appeared bearing a firkin of aromatic something that caused the clerk to think of "Araby the blest."

"Set it right there, Jotham, so that the boss can look at it, though I don't presume he'll care about examining anything that I bring."

"Heavens, no," ejaculated the clerk in an undertone, "a smell is enough."

"Where's the old man," now broke from the old lady, who perceived for the first time the metamorphosis. "I want to deal with men, not with boys who don't know good butter from lard; trot out your boss, bub, if you want to truck with our family."

"The proprietor is engaged—"

"I don't care if he's married. I guess he can tend to first class customers."

"But, madam, you did not allow me to finish; the proprietor is engaged in watching at the bedside of a dying child to which he was summoned a few minutes since."

"Heaven bless that boy," murmured the "boss" from his position at the keyhole of the store-room door; "heaven bless him, he will be an honor to me before he leaves my roof."

"Young man if what you say is true, and you seem too young for a deliberate liar, I'll try and get along with you; now just tell me what you can give me for that butter and return the firkin."

The young man nerved himself, lifted the cover, and beheld a mass of streaked stuff in a partial state of decomposition.

"I can give you—"

"Don't think I'm a hog and want you to give me fifty or sixty cents a pound, for my neighbors know that I never asked over thirty cents, even if I could have got thirty-five for it in Chicago; and I sha'n't ask you any more, so if you want it for thirty cents take it along, and sling down some prints for me to examine."

"Really, madam, I don't believe we could give thirty cents; the market is flat on butter."

"But they don't get such butter as that every day."

"That's so, madam, neither do we; and they don't know down there how to appreciate such butter when they do get it."

"Well, what can you give me, twenty-four cents?"

"No, ma'am; owing to the unusually crowded state of the market, the large quantity of oleomargarine now manufactured, the depression of the hog market, and the poor prospects of an eastern war," ("I'll advance his wages," murmured the old man,) "I can offer you but five cents per pound, and you throw in the firkin."

"Five cents a pound and me give you the firkin!" Young feller, I wouldn't sell you the firkin for that; you peaked-headed ape, you had better go off somewhere and hate yourself to death; you pug-nosed, thick-lipped fool, you—Jotham bring that butter here this mornin' and don't stand there with your mouth open from ear to ear, hearing your own lawful wife abused by this white-livered, counter-jumper, who don't know how to treat a lady who is respectfully connected and whose only fault is being too willing to stand everything before saying anything." Jotham patiently lifted the firkin and started for the door, when the old lady, seeing that the clerk didn't act as though he intended to try to stop her, spoke in a milder tone.

"See here, my youthful, maybe your ma died when you was young and you failed to get brought up right, and come to look at you again, I believe I have seen peaked heads than yours, so don't feel angry and I'll throw off the four cents and make it straight twenty cents. What do you say?"

"Madam, you are in error as regards my maternal ancestor; she is living at the advanced age of eighty-four years, and I can safely say that I never suffered from a 'bringing up'; she always brought me up, sometimes very suddenly. With reference to the cone-like shape of my head, I assure you it was caused by the odor of prize butter like yours, which invariably lifted me, and the central portion of the top part of my cranium being more liable to distention."

"Oh, you little fool, don't stand there lengthening your barn-door of a mouth with your long-winded abuse of a lady whose shoes you ain't worthy to take off."

"A feat I don't care to try," said the thoroughly aroused clerk.

"What's that you are saying about my feet? If it wasn't for the law I'd let you feel the moral suasion they contain, but I won't waste words with a knock-kneed tad-pole like you. Jotham, jerk that butter out just as soon as you can." And Jotham staggered out bearing his odoriferous burden, while the old lady, with many a snort and jerk, followed!

As soon as the merchant saw that the danger was over, he emerged from the

store-room; hurriedly shaking the clerk's hand, he exclaimed:

"Holy Moses, but you are a brick. I would have had to give into that old vampire and taken her butter *notens volens*. I'll double your salary, and you can come and see my daughter any time; yes, go now, marry her if you want to; a man that can get rid of an old woman who is determined to sell a firkin of such stuff can marry my mother-in-law, if he wants to. Now go." And the young man went.

Bald-Headed Lovers.

No one who looks down from a gallery in a church upon a devout and god-like congregation, can fail to notice how very prone the Christian is to the loss of his hair. Piety and bald-headedness seem to go together, that the head of the believer might be a shining light, a city on the hill. And yet if one goes to a godless theater the same thing is observable. Worldliness is as bad as piety. The bloated capitalist and the horny-handed son of toil are equally liable to bare-footedness on the top of the head. And this, too, in the face of the fact that proud science has long wrestled with the problem, and inventions innumerable announce themselves as causing a luxuriant growth of hair. Bald-headedness, however, does not impair a man's value in the ordinary affairs of life. He can buy or sell, insure, run a bank, or accept an office, with not enough hair on his head for a first class eyebrow; but when it comes to making love to a girl it is very much in the way. There is a great deal of capillary attraction in love. Girls adore a handsome suit of glossy hair. It is lovely. And when a lover comes to woo her with the top of his head shining like a greased pumpkin, he is at a disadvantage. Just as the words that glow and the thoughts that burn begin to awaken in her bosom a sympathetic thrill, she may happen to notice two or three flies promenade over his phenological organs—and all is over. Girls are so frivolous. She immediately becomes more interested in those flies than all his lovely language. While he is pouring out his love and passion, she is wondering how the flies manage to hold on to such a slippery surface.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's cases or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, look heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-sheet for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayst understand. Thou shouldst not delude thyself with the thought that thou hast saved a few cents when thou has secured a dead-head copy of his paper, for whilst the printer may smile and say it's all right, he'll never forget thy meanness.

On a quiet day in leafy June, when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair, so was the maid; they walked and talked beneath the shade, with none to harm or make afraid. Her name was Sue, and his was Jim; and he was fat and she was slim. He took to her, and she to him. Says Jim to Sue, "By all the snakes that squirm among the bush and brakes, I love you better'n buckwheat cakes." Says Sue to Jim, "Since you've begun it, and been and come and gone and done it, I like you next to a new bonnet." Says Jim to Sue, "My heart you've busted, but I always gals mistrusted." Says Sue to Jim, "I will be true; if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two." Says Jim to Sue, "Through thick and thin, for your true love count me in; I'll court no other gal ag'in." Jim leaned to Sue, Sue leaned to Jim; his nose just touched her jockey brim; four lips met—went ahem! ahem! And then—and then—and then—then! O girls, beware of men in June, and underneath the silver moon, when frogs and crickets are in tune, lest you get your name in the paper soon.

In a congregation of colored folks, after they had sung the hymn, Pastor Gardner arose and said: "Brudder, if it wasn't for de wheels on a wagin de wagin wouldn't move. When de wheels am on, den what?"

"Grease!" solemnly exclaimed an old deacon.

"K'rect!" whispered the pastor, softly rubbing his hands together.

"We hez de wagin an' de wheels. We will now pass de hat for de grease."