

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1854.

VOL. I—NO. 30

TERMS:

The DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Thursday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Pa., at \$1.50 per annum, if paid in advance, if not \$2 will be charged.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz:

1 square 3 insertions	\$1 00
Every subsequent insertion	25
1 square 3 months	8 00
" " 6 " "	15 00
" " 1 year	30 00
1 column 1 year	18 00
Business Cards with 1 copy of the Democrat & Sentinel per year	5 00

Letters must be post paid to secure attention.

Original and Select Poetry.

Written for the Democrat and Sentinel.

"Must all Things Fade and Die."

Must all things fade and die,
Which heaven to earth hath given,
Must all things neath the sky,
By time's rude hand be riven?

The rose upon the stem,
Will bloom but for a day,
And then, like hopes of men,
'Twill wither and decay.

The scenes of smiling spring,
Bring gladness to our hearts,
Till birds their requiem sing,
And Spring again departs.

When youth and love are past,
And fame's bright dreams are fled,
The grave appears at last,
And all are with the dead.

But faith, the poor man's treasure,
Is given from above,
For to fulfill the measure
Of never ending love.

And the stroke to mortals given,
Is by a loving hand,
For to replenish heaven,
With a pure angelic band.

Cambria Co., Pa. AMMOX.

WOMAN.

Who in this world of care and strife,
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life
As friend, companion, and as wife,
'Tis Woman.

Who, by a thousand tender smiles,
By looks endearing and by wiles,
Our bosom of its grief beguiles,
'Tis Woman.

From whence do all our pleasures flow;
Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,
And makes the heart with transport glow?
'Tis Woman.

Who of a nature more refined,
Doth soften man's rude stubborn mind,
And makes him gentle, mild and kind,
'Tis Woman.

When hours of absence past we meet,
Say, who enraptur'd runs to greet,
Our glad return with kisses sweet;
'Tis Woman.

Who in a word, a touch, a sigh,
The simple glancing of her eye,
Can fill the soul with ecstasy;
'Tis Woman.

Eden she lost ensnared by vice;
But well has she repaid its price;
For earth is made a paradise;
'Tis Woman.

From the Okaloosa Herald.

THE PRINTER'S TOIL.

Blow, ye stormy winds of winter;
Drive the chilly, drifting snow;
Closely housed the busy printer,
Heeds not how the winds may blow.

Click, click, his types go dropping,
Here and there upon the case,
As he stands for hours, popping
Every letter in its place.

Heaven send the useful printer
Every comfort mortals need;
For our nights were dull in winter,
Had we not the news to read.

Sad would be the world's condition,
If no printer boys were found;
Ignorance and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.

Yes, it is the busy printer,
Rolls the car of knowledge on;
And a gloomy mental winter,
Soon would reign if he were gone.

Money's useful yet the printers
Fill not half so high a place,
As the busy, toiling printers,
Fing'ring type before the case.

Yet, while type they're busy setting,
Oft some thoughtless popinjay,
Leaves the country kindly letting
Printers "whistle for their pay."

O, ingratitude ungracious?
Are there on enlightened soil,
Men with minds so incapacious,
As to slight the printers toil?

See him how extremely busy,
Fing'ring type before the case,
Toiling till he's almost dizzy,
To exalt the human race.

Long live the art of printing,
Here on happy Freedom's soil,
And with joys that know no stinting,
Here's reward the Printer's toil!

Tales and Sketches.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

THE MANIAC; Or, the Longest Night in a Life.

CONCLUDED.

They parted; the door was locked outside; the key taken out; and Miss Stirling, standing by the window, watched her friend cross the narrow black path, which had been swept clear of snow to make a dry passage from the house to the pavilion. A ruddy light streamed from the hall door as it opened to admit its mistress, and gave a cheerful friendly aspect to the scene; but when the door closed and shut out that warm comfortable light, the darkened porch, the pale moonlight shimmering on the shrouded trees, and the stars twinkling in the frosty sky, had such an aspect of solitude as to cast over her a kind of chill that made her half repent having consented to quit the house at all, and let herself be locked up in this lonely place.

Yet what had she to fear? No harm could happen to her within the chamber; the door was safely locked outside, and strong iron stanchions guarded the window; there could be no possible danger. So drawing her chair once more to the fire, and stirring it into a brighter blaze, she took up a little Bible which lay on the dressing table, and read some portions of the New Testament.

When she laid down the book, she took out the comb that fastened up her long, dark, silken tresses—in which, despite her five and thirty years, not a silver thread was visible—and, as she arranged them for the night, her thoughts strayed back to the old world memories which her meeting with Mary Atherton had revived. The sound of the clock striking two was the first thing that recalled her to her present life. By this time the candles were burned down almost to the socket, and the fire was dying fast. As she turned to fling a fresh log into the grate, her eyes fell upon the dressing-glass, and in its reflection she saw, or at least fancied she saw, the bed curtains move.

She stood for a moment gazing at the mirror, expecting a repetition of the movement; but all was still, and she blamed herself for allowing nervous fears to overcome her. Still, it was an exertion, even of her brave spirit, to approach the bed and withdraw the curtains. She was rewarded by finding nothing save the bedclothes tucked neatly down as if inviting her to press the snow-white sheets, and a luxurious pile of pillows that looked most tempting. She could not resist the mute invitation to rest her wearied limbs. Allowing herself no time for further doubts or fears, she placed her candle on the mantelpiece, and stepped into bed.

She was very tired, her eyes ached with weariness, but sleep seemed to fly from her. Old recollections thronged on the memory, thoughts connected with the business she had still to get through, haunted her; and difficulties that had not occurred to her till now arose up before her. She was restless and feverish; and the vexation of feeling so, made her more wakeful. Perhaps if she were to close the curtains between her and the fire she might be better able to sleep—the flickering light disturbed her, and the moonbeams stealing between the window-curtains cast ghostly shadows on the wall. So, she carefully shut out the light on that side, and turned again to sleep. Whether she had or had not quite lost consciousness she could not well remember, but she was soon thoroughly aroused by feeling the bed heave under her. She started up, and awaited with a beating heart a repetition of the movement, but it did not come. It must have been a return of the nervous fancies which had twice assailed her already that night. Laying her head once more on the pillow she determined to control her groundless terrors.

Again she started up! This time there could be no doubt; the bed had heaved more than once, accompanied by a strange gurgling sound as if of a creature in pain. Leaning on her elbow, she listened with that intensity of fear which desires almost as much as it dreads a recurrence of the sound that caused it. It came again, followed by a loud rustling noise as if some heavy body were dragged from under the bed in the direction of the fire. What could it be? She longed to call out for help, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and the pulse in her temples throbed until she felt as if their painful beating sounded in the silence of the night like the loud tick of a clock.

The unseen thing dragged itself along until it reached the hearthrug, where it flung itself down with violence. As it did so she heard the clank of a chain. Her breath came less painfully as she heard it; for it occurred to her that it might be nothing worse than the house dog, who, having broken his chain, had sought shelter beneath the bed in the warm room. Even this notion was disagreeable enough, but it was as nothing to the vague terror which had hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that if she lay quite quiet no harm would happen to her, and the night would soon pass over. Thus reasoning, she laid herself down again.

By-and-by the creature began to snore, and it struck her feverish fancy that the snoring was not like that of the dog. After a little time, she raised herself gently, and with trembling hands drew back an inch or two of the curtain and peered out, thinking that any certainty was better than such terrible suspense. She looked towards the fire-place, and there, sure enough, the huge creature lay: a brown hairy mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so fitful was the light, and so strangely was it coiled up on the hearthrug. By-and-by, it began to stretch itself out, to open its eyes, which shone in the

flickering ray of the fire, and to raise its paws above its hairy head.

Good God! these are not paws! They are human hands; and dangling from the wrists hang fragments of broken chains!

A chill of horror froze Ellen Stirling's veins as a flash of the expiring fire showed her this clearly—far too clearly—and the conviction seized upon her mind that she was shut up with an escaped convict. An inward invocation to Heaven for aid, rose from heart, as with the whole force of her intellect, she endeavor to survey the danger of her position, and to think of the most persuasive words she could use to the man into whose power, she had so strangely fallen. For the present, however, she must be still, very still; she must make no movement to betray herself; and perhaps he might overlook her presence until daylight came, and with it, possibly help. The night must be far spent; she must wait, and hope.

She had not to wait long. The creature moved again—stood upright—staggered towards the bed. For one moment—one dreadful moment—she saw his face; his pale pinched features, his flashing eyes, his black bristling hair; but, thank God! he did not see her. She shrank behind the curtains; he advanced to the bed, slowly, hesitatingly, and the clanking sound of the broken chains fell menacingly on her ear. He laid his hand upon the curtains, and, for a few moments fumbled to find the opening. These moments were all in all to Ellen Stirling. Despair sharpened her senses; she found that the other side of the bed was not so close against the wall but that she could pass between. Into the narrow space between, she contrived to slip noiselessly.

She had hardly accomplished the difficult feat, and sheltered herself behind the curtains, when the creature flung itself on the bed, and drawing the bedclothes round him, uttered a sound more like the whinnying of a horse than the laugh of a human being.

For some little time Miss Stirling stood in her narrow hiding-place, trembling with cold and terror, fearful lest some unguarded movement should betray her, and bring down on her a fate she dared not contemplate. She lifted up her heart in prayer for courage; and when her composure had in some degree returned, it occurred to her that if she could but reach the window, she might from that position, possibly attract the attention of some passers-by, and be released from her terrible duress.

Very cautiously she attempted the perilous experiment; her bare feet moved noiselessly across the floor, and a friendly ray of moonlight guided her safely towards the window. As she put out her hand towards the curtains, her heart gave a fresh bound of terror, for it came in contact with something soft and warm. At length, however, she remembered that she had flung down her fur cloak in that spot, and it was a mercy to come upon it now, when she was chilled to the bone. She wrapped it round her and reached the window without further adventure, or any alarm from the occupant of the bed; whose heavy regular breathing gave assurance that he was now sound asleep. This was some comfort, and she greatly needed it. The look-out from the window was anything but inspiring. The stars still shone peacefully on the sleeping earth; the moon still showed her pallid visage; not a sight or sound presaged dawn; and after long listening in vain for any sign of life in the outer world, she heard the steady clock strike four.

Only four!

She felt as if it were impossible to survive even another hour of terror such as she had just passed through. Was there not any hope? None.

She tried to support herself against the window-frame, but her first touch caused it to shake and creak in a manner that seemed to her startlingly loud; she fancied that the creature moved uneasily on its bed at the sound. Drops of agony fell from her brow; as minute after minute wore heavily on; ever and anon a rustle of the bed-clothes, or a slight clank of the manacled hands, sent a renewed chill to the heart. The clock struck five.

Still all without was silent. Suddenly, a man's whistle was heard in the court, and the driver of the mail-coach, lantern in hand, crossed the yard towards the pavilion. Would to God she could call to him, or in any way attract his attention; but she dared not make the slightest sound. He looked up at the window, against which he almost brushed in passing; and the light he held flashed on Miss Stirling's crouching figure. He paused, looked again, and seemed about to speak when she hastily made signs that he should be silent, but seek assistance at the house. He gave her a glance of intelligence and hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could he have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and more restless; he was rising from the bed—he was groping round the room. They would come too late, too late!

But no! steps in the courtyard—the key turning in the lock—the door opens—then with a yell that rang in Ellen Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding-place dashed the slight window-frame to pieces, and finding himself balked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bars outside, turned, like a wild beast, on his pursuers. She was the first on whom his glance fell. He clasped her throat; his face was close to hers; his glittering eyes were glaring at her in frenzy; when a blow from behind fell him.

"A few bows! A lifetime, Mary! But Heaven be thanked, it is past like a wild dream!"

It was not all past. One enduring effort remained, ever after to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew her, the event of that long night. Such had been her suffering, anxiety and terror, that in those few hours her hair had turned as white as snow.—*Household Words.*

A Great Show.

ONE OF HIS CAGES.—There was a great commotion in Broadway about 11 o'clock Monday night last, and the reason for it—a wild animal was out of his cage. Such a crowd, shouting, hallooing, shoving, pushing, pulling, talking, running, as we ran into on our way up the sidewalk on the west side, somewhere near the Broadway Theater, where our reader may recollect seeing a very large cotton sheet, upon which is painted an elephant, apparently about six feet high, towing about sundry lions and other small animals, such as a rhinoceros of about three tons weight together with the bipeds, mixing the whole up into "one grand menagerie."

Whether the whole are tied together with a knot of sea constrictors, we do not now recollect, but it is a terrible picture, and sundry passengers have grown very nervous for fear one of these voracious "huminals" should walk out of the picture and eat up all the people who were left after the great stupor in that street, which fully equalled one of the same sort in the elephant's native land.

It did appear that this fear was about to be realized the other night, for the cry was "The Rhinoceros is out of his cage." There were hundreds of men, each one trying to get a look down the open cellarway to see what would be the result, whether the Elephant would eat the Rhinoceros, or whether he would pick him up with his trunk and throw him out of his underground gas-lighted apartment among the crowd in the street. Nobody seemed to anticipate that the Rhinoceros, ugly as he is, was going to hook the Elephant to death, in a fair fight; yet every one who could get near enough to see seemed to think there was a great fight going on down there, because there was a great noise, and those who could see said that great beast was out of his cage, and there was a great fuss generally.

"What if he should come out into the street?" said somebody.

"Let him come," said somebody else—and pretty soon he did come, right out among the crowd, and started off up Broadway as fast as a horse could walk, the great ugly beast; and then such a shouting and running away of the people; it was decidedly the richest wild-beast show we have ever seen.

Hurrah, said everybody.

"And no body hurt; did he kill nobody?"

"No, ma'am, not a soul."

"Oh dear, that was clever. Was he gentle?"

"Yes ma'am, entirely. He never kicked while a hundred men with ropes pulled him out of the cellar into the street and on to a drag."

"Dear me how gentle. And what became of him at last?"

"Cannot say ma'am, though a boy said, (let her be a very bad boy, with a great big black bushy head, with a cigar in his mouth, and not to be believed,) that they were going to take him to a Bologna-sausage manufactory up in Dogtown."

"Oh laugh! Was he dead?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, dead as Crystal Palace stock; and sold to Barnum, who declares that he can galvanize more life into his dead carcass than he can into that. He has his thick hide off before this time, and done up with forty pounds of arsenic, and somebody is picking his bones, and a few months hence you may see him in the Museum just as good as new, and a great deal more durable. Viva la Rhinoceros. A bas Bologna sausages!"—*New York Tribune.*

A Flat-Headed Candidate.

The following is the card of a candidate for justice of the peace in Palestine, Texas:—
Fellow-Citizens—With the assurance of this sheet is unfurled to the breeze, whether in temper or calm, my name before you as a candidate for the office of Chief Justice of Anderson county, at the ensuing August election. I do it from choice, not from solicitation. I do it, for the office is honorable and profitable. I feel myself competent to discharge the duties of the office.—I claim no superior merit or qualifications over any one else who may choose to run against me. I would like to run the race solitary and alone; but if any one desires, let them pitch in—it isn't deep. I stand flat-footed, square-toed, hump-shouldered upon the platform of free rights and true republicanism. In politics, I am opposed to the present Legislature—in favor of Texas and her citizens. Opposed to telegraphs, i. e. on the time extension scale—a right up and down all over railroad map; but not at all of the twenty section stripe. Finally, fellow-citizens, if you elect me your Chief Justice, I will make the very welkin ring in loud huzzas! huzzas! for the sov's of Anderson county! If defeated, I will retire with dignity and perfect good humor, remembering a most beautiful little song which I will sing remarkably well, called "I'm afloat, I'm afloat," &c. I hope ere long to see you face to face.

A. G. CANTLEY.

The new Catholic Church in Lancaster was dedicated by solemn and interesting ceremonies on Sunday last, by the Rt. Rev. Mr. Neumann, Bishop of the Diocese.

Excuses are the pickpockets of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water, or his boots, but gets up at once.

Horstmann's Factory.

Of all the great manufacturing cities in our land none present stronger evidences of the importance of American manufactures, their rapid progress and generous appreciation, than our sister city, Philadelphia. As one of the most prominent landmarks in the march to industrial independence, we have the pleasure to present our readers with the accompanying beautiful engraving so skillfully executed by our artist, Mr. Devereux. The establishment of the Messrs. Horstmann is, without exception, the largest, most complete and ornamental structure ever erected in our country for manufacturing purposes—exhibiting the perfection to which brick architecture may be brought.

The fronts on both streets.—Fifth and Cherry,—are seventy-two feet high, faced with pressed brick, and erected after designs, and under the direction of the architect, Mr. I. C. Hoxie. Over the main stairway rises a tower one hundred and twenty-four feet high above the side walk, built of brick, and quite ornamental. The fronts are handsomely constructed, with projecting awnings, corbel courses, deep recessed and circle headed windows, that give to the building a bold and effective appearance.

Nearly two millions of brick were used in its construction. The walls are twenty-eight inches thick, and no plaster is used on them—they being finished as smooth on the inner as the outer side. The steam engine is on the vertical, low pressure trunk system, and is capable of being worked to one hundred and sixty horse-power.—The interior of this great structure is supplied with all the conveniences and improvements of modern science—in lighting, heating, and ventilation—for the comfort of the five or six hundred persons therein employed. The cost of erection has exceeded \$1,000,000. The Messrs. Horstmann have been long celebrated as extensive importers of millinery goods and passe-marchés, and business having been carried on since 1815. They also manufacture carriage laces and trimmings, tailors', curtain, upholstery and blind trimmings, and quilted cloak bindings, etc. The capital employed in their business is about half a million of dollars.—*Gleason's Pictorial.*

A Holy War.

Russia is using every device to give the character of a holy war to the hostilities, and the soldiers are told they are on the way to rescue Christ's Sepulchre from the Infidels. The Patriarch of Moscow had issued an address to the sixth corps, on leaving for the Danube, of which the following is a translation:

"Children of the Czar, our father, and of Russia our mother! our brothers of the army! the Czar, the country and Christianity call upon you. The prayers of the church and the country accompany you. Russia is again provoked by an enemy who was vanquished under Catherine II, under Alexander I, and under Nicholas I. Already have your brothers revived the old habit of beating him by hand and by sea. If it be decreed by Providence that you are to see the enemy before you, recollect, then, that you are fighting for the most pious of Czars, for your dear country, for the holy church, against the persecutors of Christianity, against the profaners of the holy and venerated cities, which have seen the birth of the passion and the resurrection of Christ.—Now, if ever, victory, glory, benediction and eternal benediction are but to those who give their life for their faith in God, for their faith in their Czar and their country.

"By faith you will gain victory." (Hebrews, chap. ii, 13.) You likewise, will conquer by faith. We bid you farewell, with our prayers, and with the symbol of our faith. Carry with you and recollect the warlike and victorious speech of the Czar Prophet, David: 'Salvation and glory is in God.' (Psalm 41st.)

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.—The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are these:

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 988 feet; elevation 627 feet; area 32,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles; its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 587 feet; area 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 574 feet; area 20,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation 555 feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; greatest breadth 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; 6,000 square miles.

The total length of all five is 1,585 miles, covering an area altogether of upward of 90,000 square miles.

A preacher in the "far west," gave out for his text a certain chapter and verse in *Clover*. The Deacon arose and told him it was *Timothy*. "Oh yes," replied the Divine, "it's *Timothy*; I knew it was some kind of grass."

It is generally allowed that there is more of what is called chiselled beauty in America than in Europe.

A fellow who chopped off his hand the other day, while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

The man who is "a stranger to the finer feelings," propose to have an introduction.

JUMMORS.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN WAXINATED?—There was much puzzling of strange voters at the polls. At one of them a new comer or a Patience presented himself to exercise his suffrage. He was shrewdly suspected of not being "right" by a man who winked at a "challenger," who "thrust then" interposed:

"Are you naturalised?"

"Yes, I w-a-a-a."

"When?"

"A spell ago—an' more."

"How long have you lived in the country?"

"Anan."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Goin' on eight months."

His consecutive answers proved satisfactory to the inspectors, and he was advancing to the polls to deposit his vote, when a wag with a face as "clerical" as Holland's inimitable comedian, planted himself before him, and in an under tone, but in a very significant manner, said—

"Pat, I'm your friend—look out! Have you ever been waxinated?"

"I never was."

"Then you can't vote! It's bigamy—State's Prison!"

And the incipient voter was led off like a lamb.

Goon.—A young lass who went to camp-meeting and came back full of the revival which they had, and who did nothing the following week but sing.

"Shout! shout, we're gaining ground!"

She had the tune so pat, that all she said was but a continuation of that song, and not unfrequently the rhyme was too long for the tune.—Old Jowler slipped in and took a bone off the table, and just as he was making for the door, she sung out—

"If you don't go out I'll knock you down, Halle, Halle, Halle!"

You nasty stinkin' fop er'd hood, O, Glory, Halle, Halle!"

Our Tommy believes this to be dog-er-d.

Tailors.—Two tailors, who were thieving and trying to undersell each other, one day met and thus accosted one the other, who had still the upper hand:

"I steals the stuff to save my pelf,
And then I makes them up myself,
So cannot think though oft I try,
How you can cheaper sell than I."

"I'll tell you friend," the other said,
'I steals my cloths really made."

A Kentucky paper says it is getting to be very fashionable in that quarter to enclose a dollar with marriage notices, when sending them to the printer. A good custom that ought to prevail everywhere.

Six dollars to printer and priest,
No sensible man could refuse:
Five dollars to render him blest,
And one to publish the news!

A Yankee and Southerner were playing poker on a steamboat.

"I havn't seen an ace for some time," remarked the Southerner.

"Wall I guess you haint," said the Yankee, "but I can tell you where they are. One of 'em is up your coat sleeve there, and the other three are in the top of my boots."

"John, how does the thermometer stand?"

"Against the wall, dad?"

"I mean how is the mercury?"

"I guess it's pretty well, it hasn't complained lately."

"You little rascal, is it colder than yesterday?"

"I really don't know, dad, but I'll go out and feel!"

Some crusty old bachelor, having been jilted by his bright particular star, in a fit of desperation, wrote the following horrid slander upon "female women" in general:

The girls are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's not one true in seven.

"Ma, didn't the minister say last Sunday that the sparks flew upward?"

"Yes, my dear, how came you to be thinking of it?"

"Because, yesterday, I saw cousin Sally's spark stagger along the street and fall downwards."

"Here, Bridget, put this child to bed, she must be getting sleepy."

"Ah, doctor, does the cholera sweep the highway awdow?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans.

"No," replied the M. D., "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately."

The fellow sloped.

Meeting a negro on the road, with a craps on his hat, a traveller said:

"You have lost some of your friends, I see."

"Yes, Massa."

"Was it a near or distant relative?"

"Well, patty distant—'bout twenty-four miles I guess," was the reply.

"Mr. Schoolmaster, do you know algebra?"

"No, but I know his father, Col. Bray, and the girls too."

This is a cousin to the man who didn't know mathematics, but knew Jim Matics like a book.

"Goodness me!" cried a nice old lady the other day, "if the world goes to an end next year what shall I do for sun?"