

# The Fairfield Herald.

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## THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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### Horror of the Sea.

The Straits Times of the 16th of November contains the affidavit taken at the British Consulate Batavia, of five men, the survivors of one boat's crew of the ship *Euxine*, which left North Shields on the 11th June last with coal for Aden. When she was less than two months out, after she had encountered a heavy storm her cargo of coal was found to be on fire, and, after several days of gallant but unsuccessful struggle with the flames, the captain, officers and crew, in all thirty men, had to confess themselves vanquished, to leave the ship and to take to their boats in the open sea. The fate of two of the boats is as yet unknown, but those in the third suffered almost incredible agonies. The second mate, James Archer, after describing the sufferings of their boat's crew of seven men from August 9, when they left the ship, says: "On August 30, our thirst and hunger were intense; we commenced to drink salt water August 30, Miller drinking more than any of the others. On the 31st of August, Miller got delirious; this was probably brought about by his drinking so much salt water. He declared that he offered his body as food for the others, and entreated them to kill and devour him. We did not heed him. After a time the man Manus Schutt proposed that they should cast lots, who should fall as a sacrifice for keeping the others alive. To this we all consented. Having no other means to make a lottery we hit upon using small sticks of all sizes, deciding that the one who drew the smallest should be the victim. After having made the sticks ready, I held them in my hand while the others drew. On comparing them, together we found that the Italian, Francis Shufus, held the smallest stick. Having also agreed that the lottery should be three repeated, and that when it should then prove that two or three of us had drawn the shortest stick, these should cast lots among themselves, so that the victim might be singled out, we found that the same man had for a second time picked out the same object. Francis Shufus, when his turn came for the third drawing hesitated to join and would not draw, upon which the man Sandstrom proposed he would do it for him. This he did, and the shortest stick was found in Sandstrom's hand. Shufus bore it with great calmness, and showed the utmost resignation. He was left alone for some two hours, while he now and then eagerly looked round the horizon to see whether a sail could be perceived or any help would come. We stood upon the thwarts. Shufus prepared himself to meet his fate by praying and speaking in Italian. He gave us no parting message to be sent to his friends, most probably as he hardly knew more English than to say yes and no. His bearing was that of a man whose mind was made up. Seeing we were past help, and feeling that our hunger and thirst had grown beyond further endurance, we saw ourselves driven to sacrifice Shufus. He laid himself down, but before that August Muller had told him that he would take his place, and die for him. This Shufus refused, and laying himself down in the bottom of the boat, gave himself up to be tied, then one man held the empty bottle, in so as to catch in the blood. Muller, on saying that now some one must die for the others, passed the knife around the man's throat. He did not scream or struggle. The blood was drunk by us all."

Muller then cut out his liver, and heart. These we cut into small pieces, and ate them mixed with the blood, and salt water. At last the moment of Shufus, I was in the helm. The head and feet were thrown away, the trunk and the limbs were put into one of the air-tight tins of our lifeboat, which we had opened. We continued on our way. It might have been 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the man Shufus died. Some three hours after a ship was seen, which, on perceiving the boat, made for us. On nearing the vessel we threw away the remains of the corpse. In our exhausted state we were helped on board. The vessel was two Java Packet, Captain C. Treppen, master of Amstedam, from that port to Batavia. This was on the 31st of August. We were well treated, and on 2d of November the vessel arrived at Batavia roads.—*Sun Francisco Chronicle.*

The increase of population of the city of San Francisco during the past year was 25,000, and more than 2,000 new buildings were erected.

### A Lunatic in a Pulpit.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, writes to that journal January 20th: On Sunday morning the service at Irvington Cathedral at Albany, near Gaillard—a building which was erected at a cost of £60,000 by the late Mr. Henry Drummond—was interrupted in a somewhat alarming manner. The service had proceeded to the reading of the prayers, when Capt. Symes, a member of the congregation, was observed to seat his coat. He at once ascended the stairs and entered the pulpit. Closing the door, he stretched forth his hands and addressed the congregation. He said he was commissioned by God to deliver a message, which would not be heard with favor. At this juncture several of the church officials rushed up the pulpit stairs, and begged the gallant captain to desist. The request was met by the captain drawing a sword from a sheath, which was concealed under his coat, and waving it above his head, he said that, if any person interfered with him in the delivery of his message, he would run him through to the heart. A precipitate retreat was made by the officials, and in the meantime Captain Symes proceeded to address the congregation, warning them that it was his duty to tell them that perdition was their fate if they continued in their present faith. Mr. Armstrong, a barrister at law, and an intimate friend of Capt. Symes, left his seat, and, running up the pulpit stairs, begged him to come down. The captain raised his sword, and striking Mr. Armstrong across the hand, nearly cut off one of his fingers. The alarm caused by this extraordinary conduct was very great. The ladies of the congregation screamed, and many of them fainted. The male portion of the congregation left their seats and assembling in knots in knots in the aisles of the church, called to Capt. Symes to come down. One gentleman undertook by the injury inflicted on Mr. Armstrong, ascended the pulpit stairs, expostulated with the captain. The only reply he received was the presentation at his head of a loaded revolver. Hearing the "click" of the weapon, he slid down the stairs on his back and hid behind the staircase. During this scene the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who are regular attendants of the church, left their seats. The Duchess fainted, and was carried from the church by her attendants. Capt. Symes had now full possession of the pulpit, and, striking the sword on the table, he proceeded in a loud tone to deliver what he termed his message, amidst the screaming of the females and vociferous calls to "come down" of the males. The officials of the church had by this time armed themselves with long poles, and with these they went into the pulpit, and, after a tremendous struggle, succeeded in knocking the sword and revolver out of the hands of the captain. They then laid hold of him and dragged him down the pulpit stairs. As the captain violently resisted, a rope was procured, and with it he was bound hand and foot, and tied to one of the pillars of the building. He was subsequently given in charge to the police, and on the following day was brought before a magistrate. On the certificates of two surgeons he was removed to a lunatic asylum.

### A Queer Document.

A friend has enclosed us what he calls *Verbatim, et Literatim, et punctatim*, copy of a letter sent to President Grant, by Wm. H. McKinney, of McDowell county. The old man, our friend writes us, is an amissionary Baptist minister, and replied to P. S. White, in Shelby, during the tour of the latter through North Carolina, in 1851. The following is the letter:

Dated *Carrollville* McDowell county North Carolina to Mr. Wm Grant President of the United States Dear Sir walk in the ways of thy hear; and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into Judgment and I shall be there to bear the trial.

W. H. McKinney

N. B., I request you to lay this under your head every night for one month if God should spare your life that long.

W. H. McKinney

Chester Beats It.

The Yorkville Enquirer of last week rises and brags over the fact that only \$3,000 of the taxes of that county are unpaid. The books of the Treasurer of Chester county show that all but \$1,300 of the tax levy of this county has been paid. So that, if there be any virtue and any praise in the prompt payment of taxes, the Chester "banditti" are entitled to their share.—*Reporter.*

Of the forty-two millions of passengers carried over the railroads in Massachusetts last year, only a single one was killed and but seven were injured.

### The Bills of the Bank of the State.

The Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives presented on Friday, a bill to provide for the redemption of the Bills of the Bank of the State, which bill is said to have the sanction of Governor Chamberlain and the Attorney-General. The general provisions of the bill are as follows:

The Governor is directed to appoint, before the first Monday in April next, a commission of the competent citizens of the State, who shall ascertain, as far as practicable, the whole amount of bills issued by the Bank of the State, the amount issued in aid of the rebellion, the amount outstanding, and the amount of the bills that are valid and subsisting obligations of the State. Such of the bills as shall be found to be valid obligations of the State shall be stamped "legal" by the Commission. The Commission shall have power to send for persons and papers, and are required to render a final report to the General Assembly on or before the fourth Tuesday in November next. The Attorney-General is required to attend the sessions of the Commission, for the expenses of which the sum of eight thousand dollars is appropriated.

The bills that shall be stamped as legal by the Commission are made receivable for taxes, as follows: First, for the redemption of forfeited lands, second, for taxes past due at the date of the passage of the act, provided that the bills shall be tendered on or before the first day of January next. In all cases where taxes shall be levied for the support of the free schools and for the payment of the interest on the public debt, it is made the duty of the County Treasurers to receive, in payment of such taxes, from each person paying the same, one-fifth of the amount of his taxes in the bills of the Bank of the State stamped and attested, as before mentioned. All bills so received shall be stamped by the County Treasurers, "Received for Taxes," together with the date of the receipt and the name of the person or persons from whom received, and the County Treasurers are directed to report to the Comptroller General the number and amount of such bills so received. An annual tax of one and a half mills is levied for the purpose of redeeming the said bills, and the County Auditors are directed to include this tax in their annual levies for the next five fiscal years. The proceeds of the levies are appropriated to the redemption of such bills as may be received for taxes.

The State Treasurer is directed to demand from the Receiver of the Bank the sum of \$46,538.81 in bills of the Bank, bearing the amount taken by W. C. Courtney, Receiver, in payment of notes discounted before the assets of the said Bank became a fund in equity; also, any other bills which may hereafter be paid into the hands of the Receiver in the said cause. These bills are to be cancelled in the presence of the Comptroller-General. The holder of any of the bills who may be aggrieved by the action and decision of the Commission concerning the same, is given the right to proceed by mandamus, and, in the event of obtaining a favorable decree, the bill shall be approved by the Commission. All the bills not presented by the Commission before the first Monday in November next are declared invalid, so far as any act of the General Assembly may make them so.—*News and Courier.*

And now we have it that the Republicans in Congress propose to revive the iron-clad test oath, in order to prevent fifty-three members of the next Congress from taking their seats. This is one of the desperate devices suggested to prolong the miserable existence of the Radical party and prevent a reform which is inevitable. It is the old story about Mrs. Partington over again. Sydney Smith tells us that there was a great storm at Sidmouth. A great flood had set in upon the town, the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible scene, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the window of her house, mop in hand, trudging her mop, squeezing out the sea water and vigorously pushing back the Atlantic Ocean. The spirit of Mrs. Partington, "She was excellent at a mop, or a puddle," adds the great reformer, "but she should not have meddled with the tempest." The moral applies to Congress as well as it did to the British Parliament. Mrs. Partington will be again beaten.

Germany has adopted a law by which the holder of a railroad ticket may stop at any point on his journey for any period, the ticket remaining good until used.

### A Discouraged Boy.

Crabapple's boy had read that cheering Thanksgiving story about the chap who ran away from home when a boy and went to sea and was not heard of for years and years; and how on Thanksgiving day the mother sat at a plate for the wanderer and kept a seat at the table, and now the gray haired sire, when he offered a blessing, prayed for his wayward son—prayed that he might return in safety to the paternal roof.

And then one Thanksgiving day when they had about given him up for dead, although the plate and seat chair told the story of a mother's undying hopes, just as the family had sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner, there came a rap at the door. "Come in!" cried the sire, and in bounced the boy in a sailor jacket and a tarpaulin hat just home from a whaling voyage. Such rejoicing as there was in that house. How his father shook both his hands, and how his mother wept over him and embraced him, and how all the brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins hung around his neck and tugged at his sailor jacket.

It was worth braving the dangers of the sea to meet with such a welcome on his return. He sat at the seat in the chair that a mother's fearless love and hope and recollection had always placed for him, and never was there a happier Thanksgiving since that cheri had anniversary was invented.

Crabapple's boy wept over that story every time he read it, and he got to wondering whether such a case would be made over his should he run away from home and then turn up again some Thanksgiving day.

He thought about it so much that he finally determined to test the business, anyhow. He would see how the people would act when he played the prodigal's return. So about a week before Thanksgiving he ran away from home. He didn't go to sea, because the sea was too far off, and he couldn't make much of a voyage in a work, anyhow. He got a job in a tan yard, grinding bark, which answered all the purposes, for he could imagine his bark was on the sea; as he rode the old horse around the circle. He called the mill the world, and imagined himself sailing around the world at every revolution.

With a beating heart he approached the paternal mansion. He looked in at the window and saw the folks just sitting down to the Thanksgiving supper.

A chill of disappointment swept over him as he saw there was no vacant chair and there wasn't an idle plate on the table. He listened at the door as the blessing was asked, but although several prophets were honored with a flattering notice, his name wasn't mentioned. This was a little hard on the boy who had run away from home and was liable to turn up on any succeeding Thanksgiving day.

Recollections of him didn't seem to cluster around the hearthstone to any very great extent. Representing a chilling foreboding that a use in his breast, he lunged over the door, rushed into their midst and exclaimed—"Father! Mother! 'is I, Sammy Crabapple!—home again! home home!" and then threw himself on his father's breast sobbing convulsively.

What did that father say? Did he hug him and sob tears over him, and call him his long lost boy-to-be? Not much. He took him by the collar, led him into the woodshed and worked over him more than an hour with a barrel-stave, his brothers and sisters dancing around on the back stoop in an ecstasy of delight while his mother screamed, "That's right, Ambus; give it to him! Learn him better to run away from home again!"

Then he went to bed without any Thanksgiving supper at all, and threatened with being deprived of both Christmas and New Year's dinners.

### Bankrupt Matters.

"Sambo, what's your opinion of de bankrupt law?"  
"Tink dat us-rate, Pompey."  
"I imply for the appellation myself. Jd explain yim's principles."  
"Why, you see here, now, just lend me dat half dollar you got for white-washing."  
Pompey hands him the money, and Sambo deliberately puts it into his own pocket.  
"Dora den, now, I owes de shoemaker three shilling, and you half a dollar, besides the grog shop bill. Now dis half dollar am all de property I got. I divide with him according to de debt."  
"Sambo, I takes dat half dollar back."  
Sambo, with amazement. "You tink dis ohile green? You gite your share wid de oder creditors."  
Sambo was quiet as honest as some others.

### How Long to Sleep.

How much sleep is necessary to re-constitute the exhausted energies of the brain, and fit it perfectly for its work must be determined by individual experience; but as to children it is safe to say they ought to be indulged to the extent of their inclinations. They require more sleep than adults, and old people, if their slumbers are sound, incline to sleep at shorter intervals than persons in the prime of life. The difference in individuals in this respect is very great. Dr. Coeh mentions a man who sleeps only fifteen minutes a day and enjoys good health.

Blaine, in his "Medical Logic," speaks of some missionaries in Cuba who reduced their sleep to a minimum, that they might pursue their labor with the least possible interruption. When forced to rest they threw themselves on a couch with a brass ball in hand over a brass basin. The moment they lost their consciousness the ball dropped from their fingers, and ringing on the basin, waked them; and this sleep they found afforded. Smeaton declares that Macenas passed three years without sleeping a single hour, and Boerhaave affirms that he passed six weeks at one time without sleep; but neither of these statements is credible.

Blaine was informed by Gen. Prebeger that during his active campaign in Holland he never for a year slept more than one hour in twenty-four; and the same is reported of Charles XII. of Sweden, during his wonderful career. Jeremy Taylor, during part of his life, slept only three or four hours in the twenty-four; and Napoleon slept only four or five hours during his military career; but he was able to fall asleep at any time in the midst of his work when he felt drowsy. John Hunter, the great surgeon, slept four hours at night and one after dinner.

Sir John Sinclair gives the history of a man who had reached the advanced age of ninety-one, and all his life had slept but four hours in the twenty-four. Sir Walter Scott said that he was not entirely himself unless he passed seven hours in total unconsciousness. Southey required ten hours, going to bed at ten and rising at eight. Sir William Jones laid down the rule of life for students in the couplet,—

"Seven hours to books, to pleasant numbers seven,  
Ten to the world's allot and all to heaven."

### The Diving Bell.

M. Tosselli states that he has been making experiments with his submarine vessel, or "marine mole," as he calls it. He is struck with the responsiveness of many of the phenomena to those observed in ballooning, and considers that it is at the bottom of the sea that the problem of aerial navigation will be solved. In a light mass which is still the machine moves quite well in obedience to the screw propeller, which is driven by the hand. But if the vessel meets a current, it is vain to think of contending with it. Another difficulty, as in balloons, is orientation. Once a balloon has got some distance from the earth, it becomes impossible to tell the direction in which it is going. The needle is useless. And, similarly, in the "marine mole," when it is only 939 of an inch under the surface, and nothing is seen in motion but the fish, the compass is found of no use. To go to a certain point, an artificial meridian has to be arranged outside. M. Tosselli remarks, too, on the great distinction with which sounds are heard. At a depth of 110 feet, the screw of a steamer passing about 600 yards off, sounded in the (hermetically closed) mole as if directly overhead. The contrary use of Mr. Tosselli, affording, as it does, a novel opportunity of observation, may furnish some instructive data in physics.

### How to Win a Woman's Affections.

"One who professes to understand this difficult matter says:—'Don't talk about going to work to win a woman's affections; it can't be done in that way. The more you go to work the more she won't like you. Push her into a dark passage, and pull her out by the hair. If you are afraid to do this, jump in yourself and let her pull you out. Lend her money or borrow some from her, make her believe that she has deeply wronged you, and then forgive her. Deeply wrong her and don't ask to be forgiven. In short, contrive to place her under a lasting obligation to you or to lay yourself under a lasting obligation to her. It does not matter a headless pin which, so far as the result is concerned.'"

As Laxendar, the other day at dinner, gazed intently into his plate, he remarked: "Only a woman's hair! It's very sentimental, no doubt, but somehow it gets away with my appetite."

### Frozen Mines.

The remarkable frozen mines of Colorado are described by Mr. R. Weiser, of Georgetown in that territory, in a communication to Silliman's Journal. One of them is the Stevens mine, at a height of twelve thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, in Clear Creek county. At a depth of from sixty to two hundred feet, the bed or vein of silver ore, as well as the surrounding rock, was found to be frozen solid. There are no indications of a thaw summer or winter; the whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard massive rock, and the ledge itself is as hard and solid as the rock. The miners being unable to excavate the frozen material by pick or drill, to get out the ore, found the only way was to "kindle a large wood-fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and thus thaw the frozen material, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the mode of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over two hundred feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost; it seems to be rather increasing." The writer cannot account for the occurrence of this frozen mass so far underground, except on the hypothesis that the frost penetrated to that depth during the glacial epoch, and has remained there ever since. It could not have found its way thither from the outside while the region was subject to any such climate as now prevails there.

### Chased by a River.

Hanging up my barometer to see it a few minutes to settle, I occupied myself in collecting resin from the pitch pines, which were found in great abundance. One of the principal objects of the climb was to get this resin for the purpose of smearing my boots, but I had with me no means of carrying it down. The day was very hot, and my coat had been left in camp, so I had no lining to put on, but it occurred to me to cut off the sleeve of my shirt and tie it up at one end, and in this little sack I collected about a gallon of pitch. After taking observations for altitude, I wandered back on the rocks for an hour or two, when, suddenly, I noticed that a storm was coming from the south. I sought a shelter in the rocks, but when the storm burst, it came down as a flood from the heavens—not with gentle drops at first, slowly increasing in quantity, but as if suddenly poured from an immense basin. I was thoroughly drenched and almost washed away. It lasted not more than half an hour, when the clouds swept by to the north and I was in the sunshine again.

In the meantime I discovered a better way of getting down, and started for camp, making the greatest haste possible. On reaching the bottom of the side canon I found a thousand streams rolling down the hills on every side, carrying with them red sand, and these all united in the canon below in one great stream of red mud. Travelling as fast as I could run I soon reached the foot of the stream, for the rain did not reach the lower end of the canon and the water was running down a dry bed of sand; and although it came in waves several feet high and fifteen or twenty feet in width, the sand soaked it up and it was lost. Wave followed wave and was swallowed up, and still the floods came from above. I found I could travel faster than the stream, so I hastened on to camp and told the men there was a river coming down the canon. We carried our camp equipment from the bank to where we thought it would be above the water, and then stood by to see the river roll on to join the Colorado.—*Major J. W. Powell, Scribner's February.*

Salmon Press: A little boy slipped and fell on the ice on Salt Street, spilling a basket of eggs that he was carrying, and broke them all. Gathering up his basket, he told another boy, as he started off, that there would be ten at home when he got there, but he didn't think he would be able to enjoy it.

Sarah Yates, of Abingdon, has always been a strong minded girl, and opposed to matrimony. Recently however, she received an excellent offer of marriage, and compromised with her principles in this style:—"Mr. Bates, I have reflected upon your proposition, and have concluded to submit to the humiliating demand of consulting the physician."

The campaign in New Hampshire is fully opened. The election occurring early in March, the 1875 state gave a majority of 268; and in 1874, the democracy had a plurality of 1,465.

A school-mistress in Fresno, by the dexterous manipulations of a friend in Consolidated Virginia has realized \$300,000 from \$500. That ought to alter her condition in life.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

### Scrips.

Edgefield is tranquil. Judge Mackey straightened out things generally. Court adjourned in Columbia, Saturday, after a satisfactory term of three weeks.

The State tax will probably be higher this year than last. And this is reform!

The libel suits of Bowen against the News and Courier will be tried before Judge Reid at an extra term in April.

Cadet Melton was expelled from the Naval Academy for thrashing the colored Cadet who had insulted his class.

Frank Moses is said to be running a Faro bank in Columbia. His mansion will be sold under mortgage. It contains about \$25,000 worth of furniture, none of which is paid for.

The private calendar has not yet been reached in the house, and there is no telling when the legislature will adjourn. Legislation is impeded because there is no acknowledged leader in the legislature.

A new election has been ordered in Lancaster to fill vacancies caused by the conviction of the chairman of County Commissioners for drunkenness and the resignation of the probate judge on being indicted for the same offense.

Some time since, the County Commissioners of York issued bonds payable in twenty years for the benefit of the Chester and Louisa R. R. A bill has passed the legislature to pay those bonds in six years. A deputation from eastern York has gone down to petition the governor to veto the bill.

A colored man went to consult one of the most "high-toned" lawyers in Boston, and, after stating his case, said: "Now, I know you're a lawyer; but I wish you would please, say jess toll me de truff 'bout dat matter."

The town council of Rock Hill, for the present year, has fixed the retail liquor license at three hundred dollars, and the quart license at one hundred and fifty dollars.

In Philadelphia, the Baptists have 51 churches, and 16,507 members; the Presbyterians 72 churches, and 22,035 members; the Methodists 75 churches, and 19,770 members; and the Episcopalians have 79 churches and 18,125 members.

The Marquis of Ripon, previous to his conversion to Roman Catholicism, had begun the building of a large church for the Church of England. He has had the edifice finished, and has presented it to the obsequious he intended it for.

An interesting discovery of a life-sized female bust in pure silver has lately been made at Herculaneum. The work, according to an account given in the *Patrie*, is in a state of excellent preservation, and is the only specimen of its kind which has been found during the course of excavation.

A young woman in Detroit, charged with assault and battery, upon being asked her occupation, said she was an artist. The evidence conclusively proved that she had been painting a man's eye, using a soda water bottle for a brush.

One of the streams running into Lake Superior from the North is called Temperance River, because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the lake that has no bar at the mouth of it.

The snow drifts in some parts of Scotland about the beginning of the year were twenty-foot in depth. The thaw has caused the rivers to overflow their banks in all directions, and vast tracts of land are under water.

It now comes out that Hon. J. R. Doullitt was the manipulator by whose magic power the contest for United States senator in Wisconsin terminated so suddenly last week in the choice of August Cameron as Matt. Carpenter's successor. Judge Doullitt spent a day or two at Madison as a peace maker and compromiser, and it was he who consolidated the opposition elements on Mr. Cameron.

On account of the paralyzed condition of the newly elected governor of Nevada, the inauguration ceremonies were performed at his bedside by the joint convention of the legislature, who marched to his room and there administered the oath of office.

"Pretty bad under foot, to day," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street the other day. "Yes, but it's his overhead," responded the other. "I've enough," said the first, "but they've very few going that way."