

Our Ship at Sea.
Dear heart, we two have waited
For many a weary year
The ship we launched at sea,
Freighted with hope for you and me,
And carrying never a fear.

We watched them sail away,
As we stood on the shore,
And sweetly we did dream,
With true love for our theme,
When their voyage should be o'er.
We said, "When they return to us,
O'er the ocean's briny foam,
We'll build a kingdom heavenly fair,
With love and faith dwelling there—
We'll call our kingdom home."

Love was wrecked on an angry shore,
On the rocks of worldly gain,
And oh! the saddest sight to me,
Faith was lost in a dismal sea
Of slander, doubt and pain.

Yet o'er the dark and angry waves,
Hangs the bow of promise fair;
It tells of that bright and better land,
With love and faith, an unbroken band,
Up there, dear heart, up there.

HUMOROUS.

Goes against the grain—The reaper.
If there is any one who should be
"rapped in slumber," it is the man who
snores.

Bees can predict the weather. Com-
bine a bee and a small boy and they can
produce a squall.

"I don't see the point, but I realize its
force," said the man when the bees settled
on the back of his neck.

A man who advertised for a perma-
nent position, where salary was no ob-
ject, was advised to try the cemetery.

A new game of cards is called "matrimo-
ny." If the man wins, he takes the
girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.

The difference between two great po-
litical parties is easily explained to for-
eigners, one gets the offices the other gets
left.

The discovery of a scarlet snake is re-
ported by an Ontario paper. The man
who discovered it had in all probability
been painting the town red.

An Ohio man claims to have invented
a machine that will continue to run with-
out stopping until it wears itself out. It
is evidently an infringement on a book
agent's tongue.

Lady to small boy—"Then you never
had educational advantages?" "No,
mum not that I know of, I've had
airy siplas. If what you said is worse
nor that, I don't wanter catch it."

"Mary, I wish you would be a better
little girl," said a father we wot of to
his little girl. "You have no idea how
sorry I am that mamma has to scold you
so much." "Oh, don't worry about it,
papa," was the reply; "I'm not one of
those sensitive children. Half the time
I don't hear what she says."

Character in Handwriting.

There are people who claim to read
men's characters from their handwriting.
As the writing of every nation is dis-
tinguished by strong national peculiar-
ities, it is easy for an expert to decide to
what nation a writer belongs. Having
settled that, certain large characteristics
which are common to all men, but in
different degrees, can be seen in every
handwriting. A certain number of men
are calm, even-lived, sensible and prac-
tical. Men of that class are almost cer-
tain to write plain, round hands in which
every letter is distinctly legible; neither
very much slanted forward, nor tilted
backward; no letter very much bigger
than its neighbor, nor with heads much
above or tails much below the letters not
so distinguished; the letters all having
about the same general uprightness, and
the lines true to the edges of the paper,
neither tending upward nor downward.
Exact business-like people will have an
exact handwriting. Fantastic minds
revel in quirks and streamers, particu-
larly for the capital letters, and this
quality is not infrequent in certain busi-
ness hands, as if the writers found a relief
from the prosaic nature of their work in
giving flourishes to certain letters. Firm,
decided, downright men are apt to bear
on the pen while writing, and to make
their strokes hard and thick. On the
contrary, people who are not sure of
themselves, and are lacking in self-con-
trol, press unevenly, and with anxious-
looking, scratchy hands. Ambitious
people are apt to be overworked; they
are always in haste and either forget to
cross their t's, or dot their i's. They
are also apt to run the last few letters of
every word into an illegible scrawl.
Flurried, troubled, and conscience-
twinged persons have a crabbed and un-
even handwriting.—*St. Nicholas.*

An Extra Tea.

Major Johnstone is very particular
about the spelling of his name. He is a
very proud man on general principles.
Nothing exasperates him more than to
be mixed up typographically or other-
wise with the common herd of Johnstons
without a t. He was about leaving a
hotel in Dallas. He had asked for his
bill, and when it was handed him by
the clerk he scowled fiercely.

"Is there any mistake in the bill?"
asked the clerk.

"There is, sir; you have spelled my
name without the t."

"Ah, I see," replied the clerk, "you
should be charged with an extra t.
Fifty cents more, if you please."—*Texas
Siftings.*

GREAT MEMORIES.

**Phenomenal Powers Devel-
oped by Some Men.**

**Ordinary Abilities joined to Extraordinary
Strength of Recollection.**

If "all great people have great mem-
ories," Sir Arthur Helps declares in his
delightful book entitled "Social Pres-
sure," it by no means follows that all
those who are possessed of great mem-
ories are "great people." Many an in-
stance might be cited to show that men
of very moderate intellectual capacity
may be endowed with a power of mem-
ory which is truly prodigious. In ad-
dition to this, there are plenty of well-
authenticated examples of the extraor-
dinary power of memory displayed even by
idiots. In the Memoirs of Mrs. Somer-
ville there is a curious account of a most
extraordinary verbal memory. "There
was an idiot in Edinburg," she tells us,
"of respectable family who had a re-
markable memory. He never failed to
go to the kirk Sunday, and on returning
home would repeat the sermon, saying,
"Here the minister coughed; here he
stopped to blow his nose." "During the
tour we made in the Highlands," she
adds, "we met with another idiot who
knew the Bible so perfectly that if you
asked him where such a verse was to be
found he could tell without hesitation and
repeat the chapter." These examples are
sufficiently remarkable; but what shall be
said of the case cited by Archdeacon
Fearon in his valuable pamphlet on
"Mental Vigor?" "There was in my
father's parish," says the Archdeacon,
"a man who could remember the day
when every person had been buried in
the parish for thirty-five years, and could
repeat with unvarying accuracy the name
and age of the deceased, with the mourn-
ers at the funeral. But he was a com-
plete fool. Out of the line of burials, he
had but one idea, and could not give an
intelligible reply to a single question,
nor be trusted to feed himself."

These phenomenal instances may be
matched by the Sussex farm-laborer
George Watson, as we find recorded in
"Hone's Table Book." Watson could
neither read nor write, yet he was wont
to perform wondrous feats of mental cal-
culation, and his memory for events
seemed to be almost faultless. "But the
most extraordinary circumstance," says
Hone, "is the power he possesses of re-
collecting the events of every day from
an early period of his life. Upon being
asked what day of the week a given
day of the month occurred he immedi-
ately names it, and also mentions where
he was and what was the state of the
weather. A gentleman who had kept a
diary put many questions to him, and his
answers were invariably correct."

Of a similar kind is the memory for
which Daniel McCartney has become
famous in the United States. The
strange story of this man's achievements
is told by Mr. Henkle in the *Journal of
Speculative Philosophy*. McCartney, in
1869, declared that he could remember
the day of the week for any date from
January, 1827—that is, from the time
when he was 9 years and 4 months old—
42-1-3 years. He has often been tested,
and, so far as Mr. Henkle's account goes,
had not failed to tell his questioner what
day it was, and to give some informa-
tion about the weather, and about his
own whereabouts and doings on any one
of the 15,000 or more dates that might
be named. When Mr. Henkle first met
this man or marvelous memory he was
employed in the office of the Hon. T. K.
Burkenbrod, editor of the *Salem Republi-
can*, where nothing better could be
found for McCartney to do than "turn
the wheel of the printing-press two days
of each week." On the first formal ex-
amination this man underwent, his an-
swers were tested by reference to the file
of a newspaper which gave the day of
the week along with the date. In one
case his statement was disputed, for the
day he named was not the same as that
given by the paper; but on further in-
quiry it was found that the newspaper
was wrong, for the printer had made a
mistake. Shorthand notes of the
conversation were taken at subsequent
interviews. The report of these is very
curious reading. Take the following as a
sample. "Question—Oct. 8, 1837?
Answer (in two seconds)—Wednesday.
It was cloudy and drizzled rain; I car-
ried dinner to my father where he was
getting out coal. Question—Feb. 21,
1829? Answer (in two seconds) Saturday.
It was cloudy in the morning and clear
in the afternoon; there was a little snow
on the ground. An uncle who lived
near sold a horse-beast that day for \$35." And so
the conversation ran on for hours
ranging over forty years of McCartney's
personal history. Dr. Henkle tells us
that if he went over some of the dates
again after a few days' interval, the an-
swers, although given in different terms,
were essentially the same, showing dis-
tinctly that he remembered the facts,
and not the words previously used. Mc-
Cartney's memory is not confined to
dates and events; he is a rare calculator,
can give the cube root of such numbers
as 30, 819, or 571, 787, etc., can repeat
some 250 hymns, and start 200 tunes; has
a singular extensive and accurate

knowledge of geography, and never for-
gets the name of a person he has once
seen or read of. With all this singular
power of memory, however, he is not a
man whose general grasp of mind is not
at all noteworthy.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Tree-climbing Cray-Fish.

To show how a flood or over-supply of
water will at certain times alarm these
little creatures, a gentleman residing in
Freeport, Ill., informed me that not
many months ago they had some very
heavy rains, that greatly increased the
volume of the little river running
through the town. The water gradually
rose until numbers of quite large trees
were submerged, and the stream was al-
most twice its ordinary width. Such an
unusual occurrence naturally attracted
considerable attention, and my inform-
ant and a number of others visited the
trees several times, and when the river
was at the highest they presented a
strange appearance from a little dis-
tance. Their trunks seemed to have
changed color from the water up to the
branches, and on closer inspection it
was found that they were completel-
y incased with cray-fish, which covered
every available space, crowding upward
by hundreds, clinging to the bark and
to each other, in some spots packed one
upon another four and five deep; every
moment added to the throng, new ones
emerging from the water, while those
above, urged on, crept out upon the
branches, and completely covered them,
presenting a novel and interesting sight.
The animals in many cases retained their
positions for several days, and did not
seem to be affected by their stay out of
water. The occasion, however, was
taken advantage of by the people, who
came with buckets and brooms and
swept them from the trees by hundreds,
storing them up for future use. The
cray-fish in certain portions of the west-
ern country is a pest to the agriculturist,
and the work of these little creatures of-
ten greatly increases the labor and ex-
pense of breaking up land, especially af-
ter the burrows or mounds have stood for
many years, the vegetation that has
grown upon them often increasing their
size to mammoth proportions.—*Popular
Science Monthly.*

The Throne of Lilies.

This name is applied to the throne of
France because of the old French Na-
tional emblem—the fleur-de-lis, a species
of lily. The story of its adoption is as
follows: When Clovis, King of the
Franks, married the Princess Clotilda,
of Burgundy, in 493 A. D., she was a
Christian, but the King, like the most
of the Frankish nation, was a heathen.
The young queen earnestly desired the
conversion of her husband, but her
arguments had little effect on him.
However, in 496, the king, when en-
gaged in battle with the Allemanni
(German), at Tolbiac, near Cologne, was
hard-pressed and in his necessity called
upon the God of the Christians, vowing
that should he obtain the victory he
would himself become a Christian. The
Allemanni were routed, and on Christ-
mas day of the same year Clovis and
several thousand of his soldiers were
baptized. Thus far we have veritable
history, but we must regard as legendary
the conclusion of the tale, that on the
eve of his baptism an angel from heaven
presented King Clovis with a blue ban-
ner embroidered with golden fleurs-de-
lis, which he was to adopt as the banner
of France. Probably sweet Clotilda her-
self embroidered the lilies and personat-
ed—as she well might—the angel.
However this may have been, from the
time of Clovis to the French Revolution
the Kings of France bore as their arms
an indefinite number, and latterly three
golden lilies on an azure field.—*Inter-
Ocean.*

Graveyard Geography.

There have been numerous reasons
given to account for the fact that the
north sides of churchyards are so often
devoid of graves. In the west of Eng-
land there is an idea that the north side
was not consecrated, but was left for a
playground for the children. Then, some
again say it is from the tradition that
Jesus, when dying, turned His head to
the south. Another reason given is that
the south is the sunny side, and the side
where the church door commonly is
placed, and where, consequently, most
people pass. The commonest reason ap-
pears to be that formerly murderers, ex-
communicated persons, stillborn children,
etc., were wont to be buried on the north
side, and some rustics say that ghosts
always choose the north side for their
peregrinations. There is, however, an
ecclesiastical reason. The east is God's
side, where His throne is set; the west
man's side, the Galilee of the Gentiles;
the south, where the sun shines in its
strength, is the side of angels and spirits;
the north, the devoted region of Satan
and his hosts, the lair of demons and
their haunts.—*Chicago Tribune.*

What Did He Mean?

Site—"Why, Charles! How can you
call Miss James plain? I wish I was
half as good looking as she is!"

He—"You are, Hattie, and you know
it."

At last a divorcee was endeavoring
to decide whether she ought to be pleased
or offended at the compliment.—*Boston
Transcript.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Latest Society Freak.

The antique lantern that shed its
dim rays out upon an almost unperceiv-
able space of darkness to the satisfaction
of our forefathers is the latest fashio-
nable relic of antiquity for parlor decora-
tion on the market to-day," said the
head of a Union square silver house to a
reporter of the *New York Mail and Ex-
press*. The reporter gazed upon the
ancient-styled fire bug with interest for
some minutes, and concluded that it was
not an unsightly ornament for the parlor
after all. Its square in shape, and is
made of a dull silver-like material. Each
side is perforated and is adorned with
three large opals and agates of various
colors. With the lights streaming
through the hundred little holes and the
illuminated glass eyes the scene is effec-
tive. Where it differs in point from the
old lantern is that it derives its light
from a small oil lamp, though the candle
can be used if preferred.

Married or Single.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's humor-
ous presentations in *Harper's Magazine* of
the difficulty in continuing a woman's
identity with her maiden name, after it
is merged in that of her husband, calls
attention, incidentally, to a real difficulty
in deciding when a woman is to be ad-
dressed by letter, as to whether she is
married or has been married. This will
be recognized as having often occasioned
embarrassment, and sometimes ludicrous
and even awkward results. A charming
young lady of this city not long since,
who had hardly reached her teens, found
a letter in the post-office directed to her
with the address of B. Hobart, Esq. (we
do not, of course, give the real surname).
The greatest difficulty in the matter is
that single women are often offended in
having it supposed that they are married,
and married women are in a worse state
of mind, if possible, at the suggestion
that they are in a state of single blessed-
ness. The *Springfield Republican* sug-
gests that it is allowable and proper for
every woman, in addressing a stranger,
to sign herself with her proper title in
parenthesis before the name. It holds,
indeed, that to omit it, in fact, is hardly
proper. Time will be required to edu-
cate women to the point of realizing this,
but it will be an aid to others and
may save themselves some mortification
if they take this course.—*Boston Herald.*

The First Woman's Club.

The first club composed of and designed
exclusively for women was founded in
London ten years ago by a clergyman's
widow, who saw the need of such an
organization for her sex. Its members
now number 200, including the March-
ioness Abergavenny and the Countess
Bective and Guilford, who are sufficient
to give it tone in England. The initia-
tion fee and annual dues are each two
guineas; members having the privilege
of introducing kinswomen by blood or
marriage at a guinea a person. It is
considered quite aristocratic, scrupulous
care being taken to look after anteces-
sents, but not the private morals, of all
applicants. The Alexandra is another
fashionable club, which men are never
permitted to enter, even as guests or
visitors. Those women only are eligible
who would be admitted to the queen's
drawing rooms. It began with 200 mem-
bers, and now has 500. Initiation and
dues are two guineas. The Alexandra
has bedchambers, where members may
make their toilet for the evening or may
stay for a limited period at a stipulated
price. It is two years old, and flourish-
ing. The Somerville is a club for work-
ing women; annual dues, five shillings;
no initiation. Lectures, debates and
other entertainments occur every week,
when all subjects, except theology, are
discussed. It is eight years old, has
1000 members, and is exceptionally pros-
perous. It is said to have done a great
deal of good, and will do much more.

A Knitting Industry.

Miss Augusta Jane Gould, Kingston,
writes to *The Irish Textile Journal* with
respect to the knitting industry which
she has established on her late father's
estates in the County Limerick. "It
has been, on the whole," she says, "very
successful. I began the industry in the
summer of 1894, being desirous of pro-
viding some remunerative employment
for the cottier women, who had a good
deal of idle time on hand, and whose
ragged apparel betokened habits of un-
tidiness as well as poverty. I was
anxious to give them regular occupation
in some kind of needlework, and after
inquiries in Limerick as to what was
likely to obtain sale, I set them to work
upon handknit socks. They were greatly
delighted at the prospect of earning some-
thing, and flocked in to get the
work. Their first efforts were decidedly
primitive, but after a little while they
began to improve; and although the first
consignments of socks sent to Messrs.
MacBirney, of Limerick, were not very
well shaped, yet they all sold off, and
the manager, who was much interested
in my attempt to establish a cottage in-
dustry, gave further orders. I took
great pains to teach the poor women to
knit carefully, impressing on them that
to obtain custom they must make their
work worth purchase. By degrees they
became quite expert, and by dint of
much instruction, and constant superin-
tendence of their work for seven months,

they attained a degree of proficiency
which was most creditable. They soon
began to take the greatest interest in
their employment, and their intelligence
and enthusiasm enabled them to improve
so rapidly that the Athne wares have
now attained a high reputation. The
knitters can make various articles, but
they excel in socks and stockings, for
which there is more sale than for caps,
shawls, or jerseys.

In an English Kitchen.

Just outside the gate and across the
way from the shop of the potato and
pork merchant's there stands, as it has
stood for a couple of centuries, the old
Falstaff Inn, writes Catherine Cole from
Canterbury, England, to the *New Or-
leans Picayune*. We went in under the
sign through a low doorway, overgrown
with ivy. At the end of the hall was a
lovely old kitchen with a floor of cool
tiles and a gorgeous dinner service of
purple, red, blue and gold displayed in
wide racks against the wall. A bright
fire was burning, the red coals glowing
between the bars of the grate, and a vast
deal of cooking was going on. The ket-
tle was boiling with a fussy effusion like
that of a comfortable, home-keeping,
good-hearted, motherly woman, bustling
about to get things ready for her good
man and the children. A leg of lamb
was roasting before the fire. A string of
thin iron chains, I believe it was, was
fastened from the mantel shelf, and from
the other end hung the meat, dangling
directly in front of the grate bars. A
plate was set underneath to catch the
drippings. I had a bit of that lamb
with some mint sauce for my dinner, and
I can attest that it was most excellent
eating. I wish I had some at this mo-
ment.

A trim young woman, wearing the
whitest of mob caps, the cleanest of
white aprons, stood before the fire broil-
ing a chop. She had a long-handled,
double tin broiler or gridiron in her
hands. The chop was shut up in this,
and she patiently held it before the fire
as we would hold up a wet towel to dry,
turning it round now and then; and
what with the tea kettle, the busting of
the skin of the leg of lamb, the sizzling
of the savory chop, most comforting, if
deafening, noises filled the cosy room.
The girl turned a rosy face at us and
smiled comfortably. The smile, the
goodly old kitchen, the rows of delf on
the wall, the nodding red hollyhocks out
in the garden, the recollection of that
swinging jolly old Falstaff, of the charm-
ing windows and deep window seats,
warmed me to the heart with enthusiasm.

Fashion Notes.

New French frocks are exceedingly
picturesque.

Little girls' frocks are made charm-
ingly loose and full.

Skirts are worn very short, and shorter
behind than before.

Sashes of embroidered silk or velve
are exceedingly rich.

Epaulets of jets are worn with either
long or short sleeves.

White lace is to supercede the cream
tint so long in fashion.

According to fancy, the sash may be
tied at the back or at the side.

Gray gloves are worn with black toi-
lets. They are embroidered with black.

One piece, flowing elbow sleeves are
coming in vogue for dress gowns.

Rich embroideries from all nations are
in high vogue for plastrons and Fedora
ves's.

French frocks are gathered and puffed
where English gowns are pleated and
plain.

The low bunch of curls is the latest
coiffure for young ladies. The bang is
also curled.

Insertions of wide velvet ribbon make
the trimmings of many of the most styl-
ish costumes.

All sorts of short jackets to be worn
with waistcoats are fashionable, and will
continue to be.

Ribbon remains in favor for trimming
dresses, and is used for sashes, belts,
bows and loops.

English gowns are made in severely
simple styles, but are exquisitely fitted
and well sewed.

Gray watered silk is combined with
black cashmere and black camel's hair in
gowns for elderly ladies.

Under-petticoats of silk in dark and
light colors, white and black, are made
with gathered pink flounces.

Sashes of woollen material, correspond-
ing to the dress with which they are
worn, are trimmed with embroidery or
fringe.

Rough camel's hair fabrics, plain,
striped, plaided and cross-barred, are
among the favorite dress goods for tailor-
made frocks.

The most elegant Parisian women re-
fuse to wear very prominent bustles, but,
for all that, there is a threatened revival
of crinolines.

Waists are long, but postillions and
pointed fronts are short but acutely
peaked, while the corsage is cut very
short over the hip line.

Bright yellow in small quantities bids
fair to take the place of or share the fa-
vor with vivid red, so long popular as a
brightener of dark toilets.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

For what thou canst do thyself rely
not on another.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary
piece of furniture.

What we charitably forgive will be
recompensed as well as what we chari-
tably give.

The chains of habit are generally too
small to be felt till they are too strong
to be broken.

The greatest pleasures often originate
in pain; and the worst pains usually
spring out of pleasures.

To all intents and purposes, he who
will not open his eyes is, for the time
being, as blind as he that cannot.

There are two sides to all memories, a
bright side and a dark side; and the
gain or loss from memory depends on the
side of it which we have in our minds
as it is recalled by us.

He that gives good advice builds with
one hand; he that gives good counsel
and example, builds with both; but he
that gives good admonition and bad ex-
ample, builds with one hand and pulls
down with the other.

The Stature of Great Men.

This is a subject with respect to
which a young man in New York asks
us to give him information: "In a dis-
cussion the other night I claimed that
the majority of the world's great men
were of large stature. Am I right?"

The men who are commonly accounted
great may be of either small or large
stature. Samuel J. Tilden, was short,
slight and throughout his life delicate in
health, though with a strong vitality
and much nervous force. Mr. Glad-
stone is a tall man, and so also is Bis-
marck, but Disraeli was of middle
height only, and Napoleon Bonaparte
was short, while Wellington was not
tall. Jefferson was tall, thin and angu-
lar; but Alexander Hamilton was slight
and considerably under middle stature.
Franklin was short and fat, and Peter
Cooper was only about 5 feet 6. Com-
modore Vanderbilt was tall and com-
manding, but Jay Gould is short and
unimpressive in his physical appearance.
Grant was short, and so also was
McClellan. Farragut was a rather small
man, but Robert E. Lee was of a com-
manding stature, as was also Charle-
magne, but Hannibal was very small, and
Julius Cæsar was not above medium
height.

These, we suppose, are men whom
you would call great, but, you see, some
of them were short, and only a few were
remarkable for their stature. It might,
perhaps, be said generally that such men
are more apt to be under than above the
ordinary height; for what you call
greatness largely depends on capacity
for continuous application, and, on the
whole, the most enduring men and the
best proportioned are apt to be those of
medium stature, if not those somewhat
under the medium.—*New York Sun.*

Hadn't Had Anything Lately.

The lecturer had penetrated into the
interior of Missouri, where entertain-
ments of any kind were rarely known.
He had some doubt about securing an
audience in one town, and he communi-
cated his fears to the hall proprietor.

"Don't be alarmed," said the latter;
"you'll have a crowded house, 'cause,
you see, we hain't had anything here in
a long time."

Thus encouraged, the lecturer sent out
his bills. But his fears were realized,
the audience being of the thinnest kind,
though it wasn't half as thin as the lec-
ture was.

"I am disappointed," said the lecturer,
as he reluctantly counted out five dollars
for hall rent that didn't haul.

"So am I," replied the hall man, dry-
ly.

"I thought I would have a full house."
"I too."

"'Cause you said you hadn't had any-
thing here in a good while."

"That's just it," said the hall man,
crumming the five dollars into his wal-
let and pocketing it, "and we hain't had
anything yet!"

The explanation was sufficient.—*Texas
Siftings.*

Fighting Ants.

The jolliest sport among the juvenile
Renottes is fighting ants. They scrape
up a shovelful of these busy insects from
one colony and carry them to the next
nearest colony, dumping them together.
The result is immediately a pitched
battle, which is fought most viciously,
the little warriors literally tearing each
other to pieces, until the last of the in-
terlopers is dead. They fight in pairs,
or in threes, fours, and bunches, as it
happens to come handiest, but it is
always "fight to finish," and no quarter
asked or shown.—*San Francisco Call.*

Lines in a Bible.

In one of the bibles used in the supe-
rior court at Atlanta the following lines
are written on the fly-leaf:

"This good and holy book
By Sheriff Green was took
To satisfy a debt,
But now it is given
To point the way to heaven
To the sheriff and his set."

There being 244 days to the season,
the aggregate consumption is placed at
1,446,000,000 oysters.