ACROSS THE FIELD.

Aurous the dewy fleid also your And there bears the away
And the besit ber en her way

Oh, pink and pale with runes, hinte Am'd the morning's diamond light, And gold and crimoin temples gloss Apalest the datay's glossing white.

But down the winding path she alips.
Where slender grasses away and swing.
Thrilling from careless, curving lips
A song to cheer her wayfaring.

And swift her feet so twinkling by And fall the far notes low with her, Then in the hapless distance dis-And all my summers go with her BOWNS STREET,

VANCE'S REVENGE,

"I wish to see Miss Lester," said Vagce Whitney to the servant who answered his impatient ring at the door of the Lester mansion and he strode toward the parler. He had not to wait long. The door swung noiselessly, and Olive Lester came shrinkingly toward him.

He advanced eagerly to meet ben. But she shrank from him covering her face with her hands.

Olive, my little Olive." he said. trying to take her hands from her

"No, no!" wrenching herself away from him. 'I'm not your Olive any more Vance: I-I don't-What Olive?"

'I don't love you I thought I did. till he came. I have promised to be his wife. Don't blame me, Vancedon't look so at me."

·Whose wife have you promised to be?" he demanded almost fiercely. She murmured something very low, but he caught the name.

You were almost my wife. Olive." he said, in a passionate whisper, and he was my friend. I may forgive you, but I will never forgive

The next instant Olive was alone and Vance Whitney was hurrying down the street

He remembered that morning, as he stood in Ernest Evremont's spacious library, just 10 years from that day. his hand closing, with an iron grip upon a paper it held.

Have mercy! God knows I was only tempted to do it in the hope to save from beggary and ruin my wife and child. Be merciful for her sake. Vance."

For her sake you stole from me. with deliberate begulling." Vance said with bitter sarcasm, as thrusting the paper in his pocket, he left the room.

As he was descending the steps of the veranda outside, a shower of roses came pelting in a fragrant avalanche upon him, and a laugh sweet as the trill of a mocking-bird, gurgled out from somewhere among the blossoms.

He flung a dark look overhead, and he saw peeping at him through the leaves two eyes, black with mischievous fun and sparkle two round dimpled arms overflowing still with FOSOS.

The child started a little at sight of his face, and dropped her roses. saying in a voice as sweet as the laugh had been:

"I am sorry-I thought it was

ance Whitney gazed at the pretty creature like a man in a trance. Suddenly he turned, and swiftly retraced his steps to the library, in which Ernest Evremont still sat his head bowed to the table in the extremity of his despair. Vance paused in the

doorway and looked at him. "Ernest," he said, "there is one condition on which I will forgive this wrong and that other deeper one you 4id me long ago."

Name it.

· Give me your child." He almost recoiled from the look of despairing anger with which Evre-

mont regarded him. My child, my little Olive! Man, wretch, dastard, what is it you ask? What has my pretty darling done that you should wish to harm her!"

He held out his arms as he spoke, and the child who had descended from the veranda roof, sprang into

"I would not harm a hair of her head, Ernest," he said in a low voice.

.What, then?" ·You have other children-I have neither wife nor child. Give me this chitd to dwell in my desolate home. to rear tenderly, carefully, as you could rear her; give her to me, to be my wife in time. You will not? Then take the consequences.

He turned away, and Evremont, groaning, let the child slip from her powerful arms to the floor. But she clung to him, saying, in her soft, sweet voice:

Oh, papa, papa, what shall I do for you?" Olive," he said suddenly, 'would

you go and Hve with that man away from all of us to save mamma and me, and Georgie and Fred, from a great great trouble?"

She darted from the room and overtook Vance Whitney at the avenue gate. She was breathless with running, so that she could not speak, but seized his hand, and drew him unresistingly back to her father.

You accept my conditions?" Vance demanded, as he entered the library again.

I must if she will go with you willingly." Evrement said, brokenly. The June afternoon was bright, the June roses hanging in as vivid clusters as they had that morning a week before, when Olive Evremont had pelted Vance Whitney with them. But Olive herself, as she came out under their drooping fragrance, and entering the waiting carriage, was driven away to her future home, the grand, gloomy house in which Vance Whitney lived-had changed very much in that short week. She looked pale and ill, poor child, and there were great dark rings about the soft bright eyes. Vance Whitney led her into the house with state- ings.

ly and ceremonious politoness, as though she had already been the wife

be meant her to become. · there you learned already to have me, Oliver be saked.

"I don't hate you sir " she said. timidly lifting her soft eyes to his, "I'm just sorry for you and I'm - afraid of you too."

He was touched. Old and tender memories pressed upon him in a flood. You are complete mistress here

Olive. I am a lonely, and man, but I mean to try to make you happy. And that was the beginning of that strange adoption of Olive Evrement

by Vance Whitney. He kept his word. Every indulgence-every gratification that money or the most watchful kindness could procure for hen Olive had. She saw her own family, too, often as she chose, though never in the presence of her strange guardian and she grew in time quite at home in the grand house which her coming seemed to

fill with sunshine. As Olive grow older and recognized slowly what that fate was to which she was destined she grew silent and shy and uncommunicative, even with

her mother. At eighteen she was as much love-Her than Olive Lester, her mother, had been as a moss rose tree is love-Her than its plainer sisters whose stems are unsheathed in velvety emerald.

It was another June afternoon when Vance Whitney sought her presence in the pretty boudoir. She expected him.

She lifted the sitky black eyelashes. and dropped them again quickly at sight of him not noting that he looked like a man who had passed the night in watching.

·Olive," he said, taking her hand gently.

But she drew it away from him. He shut his eyes a moment and his face whitened a little. Then he went

"I have learned to love you in these years as I believe man never loved woman before. Till lately I thought nothing could make me yield you. But I will not have a loveless wife. My child, you are as free as though you had never seen me."

He put a sealed envelope in her hand directed to Ernest Evrement and said. 'the carriage waits your commands," and he left her.

"Free from the hateful bondfree." she murmured, dashing the tears from her eyes, and wondering what made her heart sink so. . Now for home-dear, dear home.'

But she cried all the way, try as she would not to.

They were surprised somewhat at home to see her, but glad, and heard her story with varied emotions. Ernest Evremont, as he dropped upon the flames the little paper to which he had wrongfully, and to such lasting punishment put another's name. drew his child to him and kissed her

Suddenly she lifted her beautiful eyes, dim with tears, her little hands extended in entreaty:

Papa mamma. I'm going back. Come with me and tell him what never never can."

Vance Whitney sat in his lone ilbrary, just as he had sat ever since he saw the last climpse of Olive entering the carriage-his attitude hopeless, his eyes seeing only va-

Mrs. Evremont could hardly see him for tears; his desolate life had been a living reproach to her.

she said gently, her "Vance." voice broken. . my little girl cannot be happy away from you. She wants to come back and live with you always. May sho?"

He turned with a flash, voicelessly extending his arms. A slender little figure glided from the shadows by the door and nestled in them. sob-

You don't love me?" he questioned

incredulously, holding her close. "Yes, I do: I do: I do: but if you hadn't sent me away from you. I'm afraid I should never have found it out."

So the old pain and wrong were swallowed up in overwhelming joy .-New York News.

All There Are vitisfied.

A funny story is told of two French noblemen and a favorite actress. The Frenchmen were suitors of the lady and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It appears that in France, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of tender passion. Mile. Bertha glories in the possession of auburn ringlets and would not part with one of them for less than a duchy. Her admirers however, happened to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their common

Each begged a tre s of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented; and without touching a single hair of her head, cunningly managed to effect an exchange of parcels by which each gentleman received a curl of his rival's capillaries. The count now wears the baron's hair next his heart, and the baron sleeps with the count's lock under his pillow. - Million.

Disenchanted.

Softsodder, on the cars-See that young lady across the aisle? Just note the intellectuality of her face.

Sourby. groutily-Yarp! Softsodder - As fair as the daughter of the gods, as intellectual as Minerva!

Oh, to hear her voice, to-Miss Lyddy Greenup, the subject under discussion - Please excuse me. mister, but kin you tell me where we are at?

Easily Pleased.

Miss Elderly-I don't care anything for society. Heaven be praised I am satisfied with being in my own com-

Mr. Blunt-You are altogether too modest, Miss Elderly. - Texas SiftDECAYED PLANTATIONS.

Misturie Extates New Holog Date as Ordinary Truck Farms.

A map in the columns of the Morning News talls the story of the wonderful changes going on in the South. The Savannah river, from this city for 100 miles westward, has many historic plantations which from the days of the cotonial government to the end of the civil was were noted for their extent and fertitity as well as for the hespitality of their owners. Possibly the bestknown of these places near this city was the Petter plantation, on more properly, plantations, as there were three places. They were principal-Ities extending from the sislands opposite the mainland on the southern bank of the river miles back into the pine lands.

Potter's grove, as a part of the bluff, covered with massive, moss-festooned oaks was known, as famous as Bonaventure. In "White's Statistics" published nearly lifty years ago. is a full illustration of the spot. These places as grand as ever in natural beauty and productivenesa are still there but the old plantation life and customs are no more. The descendants of those who were once lords of the manor now live at the North and feel no interest in the homes of their ancestors. The Potter place, nearest the city, known as "The Grange," which was sold several years ago, has become a farming settlement. The river front is a high bluff covered with majestic trees. A good road extends from that point through the center of the plantation to the Augusta road and the Charleston and Savannah railway. a distance of two miles. The land on each side is laid off in small farms. Probably there is no spot in the country so well adapted for truck gardening. The land is fertile and the means of getting the produce to market are unrivaled. Nothing would be more in keeping with the progress of the age than that this old plantation should become the center of a colony of prosperous farmers.

THE BLACK HOLE.

A Natural Curiosity in Virginia, and How It Disappeared. Up until about the middle of April,

1890, the "Black Hole of Middle Mountain" was one of the best known of Virginia's natural curiosities, the Natural Bridge, of course, always excepted. The Black Hole was a natural well about twenty feet in diameter, situated at the foot of Middle Mountain on the farm of A. H. Slitlington in Pocahontas county. It was of unknown depth and locally believed to be poisonous from the fact that cattle, horses and other animals in common refused to drink of the water, although almost famishing from thirst. Black Hole has been known since at least 100 years before the opening of the Revolutionary war, and was given the name it bore because its waters looked as black as ink, even though the eyes of the beholder were not more than two feet distant from its surface. When dipped out by the cup, pail or barrelful it appeared as clear as crystal, the original coal black appearance being a phenomena never satisfactorily accounted for about the time mentioned in the opening. Black Hole, which had stood with its waters at a uniform level for two centuries of white man's history (during which time the water line had never in the least been affected by flood or drouth.) suddenly disappeared. One Varner, who lives on the Slitlington farm, was the first to discover and announce what was considered a neighborhood calamity. He had gone to salt the cattle which usually congregated in the shade around the brink of the pool, and was amazingly astonished to find that the old 'bottomless well" had suddenly become a thing of the past. Its waters had been mysteriously drained tts sides had fallen in and the black hole had truly perished off the face and out of the depths of the

The tramp had appealed for a dime and had it safe in his pocket. "Why don't you go to work?" asked

the donor of the dime. "I don't have to." he replied. .. Why not? Have you enough

money to live on?" "No, sir, but I have a position, sir." 'But I thought you said you didn't

work." · I don't." "And you have no private for-

tune?" The tramp smiled negatively. "Then what kind of a position do you hold?"

"I'm the connecting link between labor and capital. See?"-Detroit Free Press.

Truly a Temporary Bereavement. Jeweler-These mourning ear-rings are very durable and will last a long time.

Widow-Then I don't think I really want them unless you are willing to exchange them for some other jewelry later on. -Texas Siftings.

A Grand Scheme. "I save money under this new tariff on tobacco " said Binks.

"Tell us how you do it," put in Lathers, "I'd like to do it myself." ·I smoke one thirty-cent cigar now, where I used to smoke two twenty. fivers."-Harper's Bazar.

An Able Defense. He-Ah, my first wife! She loved

me, but you don't. She-That's because when I married you I promised not to love another woman's husband. - Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

No Doubt of It. Ralph-There is one thing I notice, that every girl likes to have her finger in.

Robert-What is that? Raiph-An engagement ring.

THE SPECTRAL JOLLY-BOAT OF THE MARTHA KANE.

How They Haunt the Waters Where Their Blundthiretiness Brooght o Them the tures of thus of Their Victims.

Any sailor familiar with Ports Rice waters will tell you the story of the jolly boat of the Martha Kane and the crew of spectral tars she carries. The legend goes back to the early days of the present century, and runs that the Martha nane was a slave ship in command of a Captain Hawko, says the Philadelphia Times. Among those of his calling none of them noted for compassion and gentleness, he was famous for unparalleled ernelty and cold blooded ferocity.

Among the captives she c rried on this her last voyage, was a negro prince a follow of more than ordinary intelligence, who was so moved by his own sufferings and those of his people that he arranged a plan for their deliverance. The plot was that when the hold was opened to let down food to them certain of them were to lend their backs to others to leap to the deck, where a rush was to be made upon the crew and officers, who were to be knocked down and secured. The first part of this plan worked

very well. The captives leaped to the joiting is uncomfortable to pasthe deck and sprang toward their termentors, but the latter being armed and the miserable slaves being weakened by privation and the want of air, they were knocked down and killed with cuts of the cutlasses and the officers' pistols until the blood flowed off the deck in rivulets, when the bodies were thrown to the sharks that hung about the vessel as if in anticipation of the feast that was furnished them. Some of the slaves were not yet dead when they were thrown overboard, there to find a speedy ending in the jaws of these horrid sea wolves .

The hatches were then hammered down upon the remaining human carga who as a punishment were thus deprived of free air for the day or two that were left before the ship was to make port. Hundreds died. their reeking bodies polluting the foul air of the hold still more. Many went mad and bit and tore their companions who were too weak to defend themselves. That Captain Hawke would thus jeopardize his freight seems incredible, but the man's cruelty got the better of his greed; besides, it was a matter of course that a good percentage would die on

the voyage. But for the prince who had planned the revolt was reserved the weightiest punishment of all. He was stripped naked and lowered into the water, where the sharks were allowed to snap at his limbs before he was drawn up again, tearing them away almost inch by inch. He was crazed by hunger and thirst, as well as his sufferings, and going quite mad, cursed the ship, its captain officers and crew. foretelling that the vessel would burn by fire sent from heaven, and that such of the crew as did not perish in her would be doomed to haunt these waters ever more. But he died amid the jeering of the wretches about him.

That night, however, the rigging was found to be on fire, the flames descending instead of flaring upward. and licking the men from the decks as if they had been so many knots of wood. The captain and two of his officers and three or four of his men fled to the jolly-boat and succeeded in launching her upon the stormy waters that surrounded the ship. although beyond her the sea lay tranquil. When the men were gone and the jolly-boat had pulled away, the flames ceased as suddenly as they came, and the slaves came trooping up from the hold unharmed. They floated about for a day or two until they were discovered by an outwardbound ship, when they told their wonderful story, but forgot to add how, when the flames had died away. the crew of the july boat had tried once more to board the vessel, they were beaten back by the desperate

blacks. Since then the jolly-boat has been often seen, so sailors declare in these waters, with her crew pulling away for dear life, but when overtaken they are seen to be only naked skeletons looking back over their shoulders with hideous grins and their eyes ablaze with a horrid fire not of earth. This boat invariably runs before the fearful gales that are experienced on this coast, and every captain who sees this spectral craft dancing before him keeps his weather eye open. An old sailor, who now pulls a fish and oyster boat in this port tells the following story of the Martha Kane's ghostly crew.

·I seen her twicet. Once when I was bos'n on the Peter Snelling. bound for England, when late one afternoon the man at the wheel sung out, Boat out yonder, sir.' and sho' 'nough on looking I see a little boat bobbin' up and down in the water with six or seven persons in her. They looked like they was pullin' tow'ds us, and the captain give orders to lay to, but them fellers didn't seem to mek no progress an' last it struck me what she was so I tells the mate, but he just larfed an' said. Don't be a foot Bill,' so up I shet. But by and by we bore down on her and we see thar was only dead men in her. with rotten oars still gripped in their bony

That night the Peter Snelling was struck by a hurricane and went down with all on board 'cept me and a man Thimblerigg. The next time I saw her I was out here in the bay fishing. when a fog swept down sudden like. an' I lost all idee of land, when est shead of me movin' in a blob of red light that looked like blood I see a little boat come dancin' over the Brooklyn Eagle.

ROWED BY BONY HANDS, waves and I'm blost if them safter men she carried didn't up and be sen to me to follow them, but I knowed botter than that, so I turned and rowed in exactly the opposite direction and by ma by found port."

> TO THE POLE BY STEAM. Midding thear the les Pjelds on a Steam

> Joseph Schieser once tried to fly and 'ailed. He butts a machine proposed to take him into the clouds, but he stayed on earth, and his exper-ment almost put him under the earth, a pale, unhandsome corpse.

Now Schieser is willing to stay on the surface of the earth but he seeks a new method of traveling according to the San Francisco Examiner.

He lives in North Oakland and is a skillful mechanic, having worked for many years in iron foundries in this state. Ite has a little shop in which he has built his machine that is to be his locomotive.

In appearance this locomotive is a sled with a steam engine on the deck A large tank is provided to hold petroleum for fuel. At each side of the sled is a series of clamps, not unlike the section chain of a chain-pump, These are made with sharp heels. raised and lowered by a sort of walking beam and at the same time pressed backward by a second shaft operated in similar fashion. This steam sled moves forward readily on the floor of Schieser's workshop, though sengers even on this short trip. The inventor says it will go much faster and smoother over ice and hard snow, and to travel over ice and hard snow is the use for which the sled is de-

vised. Schieser declares that on his sled he will try to reach the most northern latitude ever reached by man. He laughs scornfully when any one says to him that to reach the North Pole is impossible. He says that no one has ever made the attempt with proper equipments. He has no faith in the use of dogs for drawing sledges. Steam," says he. . must provide the power for man to reach the North Pole." The application of steam to his sled he deems to supply the practicable means of making the perllous trip over the ice and snow fields.

A man to whom he was explaining his machine ventured to suggest that fuel may not readily be procured in the ice of the Arctic circle.

Schleser was ready with his reply. A considerable quantity of petroleum can be carried in the tank he explained. Then blubber can be used to make fire under his boiler. By establishing stations I can keep up my supply of fuel," he said, with that delightful vagueness and surety that belongs to the enthusiast.

. While criticising other explorer for their tack of equipment, Schieser also criticises them for selection of the wrong time for making the trip. The depth of winter, when the snow is frozen hard and the ice is thick. Schieser says, is the time for traveling over the white fields. He does not fear the extreme cold, and says that in Germany, where he was born and lived during his youth, ne was noted for his ability to endure intense

cold. to the ice works on Townsend street in San Francisco to test his resistance to cold and emerges from the icehouse in his heavy coat and fur cap. pleased at the result of his exper-

ment. Schieser has in this country no kin to restrain him from making an attempt to reach the North Pole on a steam sled. He has some property. and this he proposes to use to fulfill his intention of steaming over the icelands to the ultimate North.

Movable rops to transponds. It has long been known that diamonds-especially the class known as 'rose diamonds' -are likely to explode if sub ected only to what would seem a very ordinary degree of heat, such as strong rays from the sun. etc. It is now believed that the explosions are the result of the rapid expansion of certain volatile liquids inclosed in cavities near the center of the precious stones. A great many diamonds even though cut mounted and worn as gems of perfection, are still in an unfinished condition—that is, the liquid drop from which the stone is being formed has not as yet deposited all of its 'pure crystals of carbon. These movable drops may occasionally be seen with the naked eye. When this is the case a strong micro scope will give the drop the appearance of a bubble in the fluid of a car penter's level. It is also highly probable that besides the liquid mentioned these cavities may contain gases of great tension. This being the case, one may readily comprehend how a very small amount of heat would cause the riquid and gas to expand to such a degree that the diamond would give way with all the characteristics of a miniature explo-

Stammering depends on a want of harmony between the action of the muscles (chiefly abdominal) which expel air through the larynx and that of the muscles which guard the orifice by which it escapes with that of those which modulate the sound of to the form of speech. Over either of the groups of muscles by itself a stammerer may have as much power as other people, but he cannot harmoniously arrange their con oint action. Nervousness is a frequent cause of stammering. It is possible that the defect in some instances may result from malformation of the parts about the back of the mouth. The fact that stammering people are able to sing their words better than speak them has been usually explained on the supposition that in singing the glottis is kept open so that there is less liability to spasmodic action. -

Why St. ... movers Are Able to Sing.

ANIMALS AT PLAY

A Universal Instituct Shown by the Whole Living Creation.

There really is nothing living that does not show some power and neceseity for play even woths and worms. The sports of fishes are exceedingly beautiful, while immets dance on sun beams and engage in the arriset most gracuful pastimes. I shall never forgot a game which I saw played by a flock of geese. It was fully as complate as any I over saw played by a band of school boys. I was driving along by one of the interal canals in New York state when I saw in the water a fleek of about a coren white guess all with their necks craned out and shouting in a state of great exeitoment.

The cause of their peculiar noise was soon apparent. One goose about three rods ahead of the others just then emerged from a dive. The moment his head showed above water the rest half swam, half flow for him, with the wildest sort of ejaculations in goose language. He waited until they were close to him, and then dived again. Over the spot they all greaped, and chattered and gobbled precisely like boys under like circumstances. I stopped my horse and watched

A minute later the goal goose came up again; once more several rods away. Then the chase was repeated with renewed shouts as if every one said: There he is! There he is! After him! The intense interest and glee e hiblied by these geese was what you would call human. I am more inclined to call our boys' sports very goosey. For not only is here the origin of hide and seek, but there is no one of the simpler games of childhood that you can not find imitated by some of the creatures that long preceded us on the earth.

If you will study carefully those flies around your gas chaudelier. generally in the center of the room you will see that t ey are pl ying a veri able game of tag. Leap frog is not very different from what I have seen played by lambs who start a race and teap over each other. Two kittens that we owned invented a game of 'Dixie's Land." This in some form, is not uncommon among animals. It seems to involve the idea of private property. One kitten took possession of a newspaper spread on the floor and the other, by all sorts of subterfuges, would undertake to trespass on that sheet while the occupant guarded it at all points. At last, by a bold dash, number two leaped into the disputed territory and in a cyclone the paper was torn to tatters. It was our part of the game to supply papers.

A Cleveland gentleman relates how a Skye terrier and a Persian cat carried this game a stage further, till it became dead earnest. Each really wanted the rug in front of the fire,

and the strife often involved strategy. One day Persia had been dosing happily on the rug, and Skye tried wheedling in vain to get her off. Suddenly he ran to a window, jumped on a stool and looking out barked furiously. Persia's curiosity was excited, and she rushed to the window to see who was the foe or intruder when Skye quickly umped down. rushed for the rug and curied up in the middle of it leaving puss to find out his game. The next time that Persia found him on the coveted spot it was her turn. She marched into the corner and began an apparently much-relished feast on the plate of bones. Jealous dog rushed for his share, and puss quickly seized the

A LITTLE HEROINE.

She Saves Two Officers and Averts a Ten-

nessee Tragedy. The news of an exciting incident in the mining regions of Oliver Springs, Tenn., was brought to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette by Captain George Plumadore, who lives near that point. A bold plot to murder Lieutenant Patterson and Colonel Sevier had been arranged, and it was frustrated by the pretty little daughter of Captain Jahn Triplett of Owensboro. The particulars of how the child outwitted the miners and prevented a

tragedy are highly interesting. The girl lives with her mother in the heart of the mining region, and on that Saturday night she had been out to visit a friend in the neighborhood. It was after dark when she started back alone, and when half the distance had been gone she was seized by a number of miners who were concealed in a thicket. One of the men stopped her eries by placing his hand over her mouth, and finally pagging

She was bound, and the leader said that if she did not do as directed she would meet a horvible fate. A torch was lighted and a pen and paper produced. She was ordered to write a letter to Lieutenant Patterson and Colonel Sevier, who were attending court at Clinton, to come to Fort Bottom, where they could capture Leadford, one of the escaped leaders in the recent coal riots. Their purpose, Captain Flumadore states, was to murder the two officers.

She wrote the message and was released After reaching home she told the story to her mother and saddling a norse rode two miles to a telegraph station, where she sent a message to the officers telling them to pay no attention to the lefter as it was a plot to murder them. It was received just in time, as the miners had undertaken to deliver the letter by special carrier. The people in the mining section regard the girl as a little heroine. She is fifteen years

Unaffered Sport.

Little Dick-Papa, I wish you'd buy me a fish-pole.

Papa-There are no fish in that stream.

Little Dick-Well, then you won't have to go 'long to take 'em off th' hook-Good News.