

The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"Pooh!" said Atherton, "anybody with half an eye could tell your business."
"And you two ain't any smarter," said Jones, scornfully. "Put up them foolish things, or if you don't you'll wish you had. Do you think he or I cares for them?"
"We don't," said Atherton, smiling at the officers. "But there is no use making trouble in this man's house—besides, as soon as I know what's wanted, I'll go with you quietly. What are you arresting me for? What is the charge?"
He glanced scornfully from one to the other, holding his head well up and back. The officer who had spoken put on a magisterial air, however, swelled himself, and answered in deliberate tones.
"I arrest you on the charge of murder."
"Murder!" repeated Atherton, like one in a dream, but quickly recovering himself, he glanced at his companion meaningfully, then added, with a light laugh: "Nonsense. However, I'll go up the street with you—and Jack, you will see my friends at once—and tell Irene exactly what has happened. Now, then, I'm ready; and remember what I say—all hands had best go slow in this business, for if I'm not treated right, I'll make it warm for all concerned."
And the ironworker walked out of the place as proudly as though he were taking charge of his companions, instead of being subject to them.
"You've the nerve of a regiment," said one of the officers.
"Have I?" demanded the pudger quickly. "I've the rights of a better citizen than I know you to be, to maintain, as you'll discover mighty quick if you either insult me or lay a hand on a man who is going quietly with you."
The officers held their peace after that broadside.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Gripp's fury was something frightful to behold when he returned to his own office with the roll of drawings Irene had given him. He flung the paper on the floor—then kicked the roll across the room.
"Curse him! I'll pay him off for this. Oh, he'll get pay—pay. I always pay my debts—don't owe any man a dollar—don't owe any man an ill turn, either. And I'll pay her off—won't I? Oh, no! Maybe I won't."
And so this quiet, well-dressed, proper-looking person capered about his room. The world could not see him, and he had high jinks all alone.
"And I'll swallow that story? Not much. I'll make him surrender his whole interest. He's got my note by this time if he gets home early—that'll frighten him out of his wits. He'll come down as gingerly as Crockett's coon. Oh, he's coming right down. And when he is on his knees to me—another vicious kick at the roll—I'll tell him when he's made his whole interest over to me—I'll tell him he owes his precious neck to me."
And then the most respectable looking, quietly moving man in the world struck out viciously with both hands, like a man hitting a hated object. This ebullition was at its height when a light, a very light, rap sounded at Mr. Gripp's office door.
Now, Mr. Gripp's office was in an out-of-the-way place. It was near the wharf, in a locality rarely frequented by the female portion of Pittsburg. So, when Mr. Gripp opened his door suddenly, and beheld a woman standing before it, he was taken somewhat by surprise.
"Well, what is it? What do you want?"
She was a poorly dressed woman, you may be sure, for Gripp always deferred to well-dressed people.
"If you please, you are Mr. Gripp, ain't you? My name is—"
"No matter what your name is. Out with your errand."
The woman, whose features were partially concealed with a large sunbonnet, that looked very odd in that place in that season, bowed her head.
"My boy is worried. Ever since he carried a message for you to Allegheny he's been watched, he says."
"For me? I sent no message to anybody. It's a mistake, I tell you."
"I know my boy is telling the truth. He can't be mistaken. He says you've sent him errands often. Now he's afraid there's danger for him. You send him an errand to-day. Now he says there's a boy haunting my house till he comes out—a boy that met him and seen him deliver the message. And you told him nobody in the world must know you sent it."
"See here, now," said Gripp, assuming an oily tone, "I never sent any message by any boy. I do my own errands. Your son is lying; that's the truth. Now, you tell him not to lie any more. And don't you worry about me. You take care of your son, or he may go to the penitentiary some of these days."
He was on the point of shutting the door in her face, when she put out a hand.
"You must listen to me. I am an honest woman, and I will try to save my boy. He may be bad, but he is not as bad as those who employ him." Her defiant tone amazed and angered Mr. Gripp.
"See here, my good woman—"
"Silence! I am not your good woman, sir."
"Oh, you ain't. Then who are you?"
The woman pushed her bonnet back, and looked him fearfully in the face. Mr. Jackson Gripp recoiled suddenly. He recoiled, and shrunk as he recoiled. But he recovered himself instantly, as most brazen men do.
"You are Martha Walters."
"Martha Walters that was—Mrs. Cole now."
"Cole—Cole!" Gripp stared at her, glared at her, then drew a long breath.
"Yes. Now you see I know you. I warn you that my son will not lie for you. He will tell the truth, the whole truth. You have had him run with messages you charged him he must never reveal. You have frightened him. He is watched. I know it. If anything evil happens, he will tell all he knows. I come to warn you never, never to employ my son again. You know I am honest—no one knows better. You know I would tell some strange things of you. I tell you I know, Mr. Gripp will not be held as high by anybody."

"Pooh! You and your brat must think I am a fool. What would I tell a boy? He can say what he likes; you can say what you like."

And he shut the door in her face. It was like Gripp, but it was the last thing he should have done. Martha Walters' enmity was not a good thing for him, and when she fanned it until it blazed out into action it boded Mr. Gripp no good.
She pondered a moment, then walked away with the firm resolve that Mr. Gripp's mysterious errands should be sifted to the bottom, in order that her son might be exonerated in season, if anything unlawful was afoot, and also in the hope that the experience would be a warning to him. He had not applied the pocket money he earned from Mr. Gripp to good purposes. But his mother had known worse boys to make excellent men. And she was determined to fight for her son.
So she walked direct from Mr. Gripp's office to the headquarters of the police, found the chief in, and made her business so plain to him that he thought there must be something in it. Possibly here was a clew to a very important matter, he said to himself as Mrs. Cole disappeared. And the sequel proved he was right.

CHAPTER XIX.

Martha Cole's son had reason to think he was shadowed. From the evening of the day on which the body of the murdered woman was found hanging to a hook in her room, to the evening of the day he delivered a note from Gripp to Miss Atherton, Bob Walters had a haunting fear of trouble.
Mr. Gripp seemed to be so resolute, so severe was his eye, and so impressive his charges concerning dead silence, that the boy began to think Mr. Gripp was either the master mind of some unlawful conspiracy or scheme, or chief of a band of counterfeiters. He confessed to his mother an hour before she called on Gripp.
This was the direct result of Irene Atherton's action. There was something in the manner of Gripp's messenger that excited distrust and suspicion. She had, the moment the messenger disappeared, regretted she had not adopted some means of discovering whence he came.
Accident enabled her to accomplish this object later in the day. A lad she well knew referred, in her presence, to the boy who delivered the mysterious note. Calling this boy aside, Miss Atherton said:
"Do you know the name of the boy you met coming here?"
"It was only Bob Walters."
"Then I want you to follow Bob—find him, if you can, but don't let him see you watching him. Follow him wherever he goes. If he goes home, stay near the house as much as you can, until it grows dark, or you have to come home. Then see what I will give you, if you do as I tell you."
This was one of Bob Walters' alarms. His sometime playfellow was more to be dreaded than a ghost. Mr. Gripp's dollar felt like a ton in his pocket.
The other worse than klost was in reality a detective. A man who had no good reason to appear on the street, in that neighborhood, every other hour. A man Bob Walters had accidentally discovered was a detective on the regular police force. The presence of this man in the neighborhood proved too much for Bob. He took his mother into his confidence in sheer misery.
When Irene's trusty agent reported progress she gave him half a dollar, whereupon he stood upon his head. Irene was glad she had discovered the whereabouts of the boy, on her father's account. He had betrayed such alarm and agitation, that she surmised it must be a matter of the utmost moment to him.
She had washed and put the dishes away, swept the hearth, and made the living room tidy, when a rap at the door—an unexpected visitor evidently—summoned her to the parlor.
When Irene opened the door she was surprised to find Mr. Mayberry standing there. She did not, however, betray surprise. She placed a seat for her visitor, made some passing remark about the weather, and instantly Arthur Mayberry felt at home.
"Was her father in?"
"No, but he would be in probably in half an hour."
Mr. Mayberry talked about the improvements in that portion of the city, of the last tragedian who visited the city, of the fashions, the pulp orator whose name was uppermost, and suddenly, without the slightest warning, plunged into the subject nearest his heart.
"Miss Atherton"—he had turned his face toward her, was gazing earnestly into her eyes—"I am indebted to you more than I can express. Mr. Mead was so impressed by your statement that he has told me he will give me the first hearing, in case I ever have any enterprise to suggest that promises well."
Irene was silent. What could she say? She could not promise him the same her father had promised him. Nor could she refer to the unfortunate agreement. She was debating in her mind whether she should endeavor to excuse her father's action. Then she reflected that the advice contained in the old saying, "The least said is soonest mended," should be her guide. So she remained silent.
"If you will not be offended," said Arthur Mayberry, "I will reciprocate; the kindness you have shown demands some return on my part."
"I think," she said, with a smile, "it is best not to endeavor to balance this account. One or the other will persist in returning the favor."
But she was secretly gratified that the matter had taken a less disagreeable turn.
"I suppose Mr. Mead understands, and appreciates the value of my father's invention?" she said presently; but Mr. Mayberry evaded the question skillfully.
He had a two-fold object. To see Atherton, possibly; but he was glad of the excuse to call on Miss Atherton, to see and talk to her. To see if her intelligence and manners were as charming as her features. He was head and heels in love—he confessed it to himself—but he thought he was able to resist the efforts of Cupid to invade his bosom.

And all the while his eyes were devouring Irene. And Irene's color betrayed her as plainly. It was just as if these two had said to each other: "You know it is absurd for me to pretend you are nothing to me."

The young man often avoided the woman's eyes. The young woman as often averted her eyes. They caught each other's glance, as it were by chance, to turn away again.

Arthur Mayberry was talking of many things, subjects suggested at haphazard, and dismissed, while his heart was throbbing with love. His eyes, his manner conveyed his feelings; but now his lips were framing words he had not dreamed of uttering. He found himself suddenly looking into Irene Atherton's eyes as he said:
"Miss Atherton, do not misunderstand me, or think I am simply impulsive, but ever since I first beheld you, I have been unable to dismiss you from my mind. Ever since I beheld you, as I thought, doomed to instant destruction, I have thought of you so much in the little time that has passed, that I will ask you to permit me to be a friend."
"I am not so rich in friends that I can refuse," said Irene modestly.
His speech was a confession of love. Her answer was a tacit admission of her recognition of the real position he must occupy hereafter. The moment the words were uttered Irene regretted them.

Who was this young man? His friends would in all probability say he ought to look higher. She was only a puddler's daughter. True—she thought, as long as she did not assume anything, she was just as good as another, but she knew too well what the world said. And she knew, too, that it would be best for him and her; if they could not command the respect of the world at the outset, if they could not begin the world independent of the world, they would be subjected to unfriendly criticism. And why place themselves in a position that would warrant that? The man thought only: How can I win this woman?

The conversation drifted to things immaterial, remote; then suddenly the lover surprised the object of his love by referring to a marvelous artist, one whose name was known all over the world. Would she do him the favor to accompany him?
Now, the one longing Irene confessed to herself was the desire to see this famous artist. But would it be wise to accept his invitation? If she did, there could be no drawing back. It would be a great pleasure—but what might happen? or rather what might have taken place already? She had a vague impression that her father was ashamed to meet Mr. Mayberry; that he was inclined to bow to wealth, spite of all his denunciations of overreaching, grinding capitalists.

He had labored years on his patents—he longed to see his process in operation, not alone for the money it would bring him; then, and not till then, could he demonstrate his superiority over those who knew nothing, and who, spite of their ignorance, sneered at him as a visionary. Yes, certainly her father would rather see her married to a man of means than any of his own class. Irene knew this.

And now, when a young man well educated, a member of a family whose place in society had been recognized many generations ago, was brought near her by a strange chance, Irene somehow apprehended he would not be as cordially welcomed as one occupying a humble sphere.

"You have not answered me," said Mayberry, looking at her.
"Excuse me," said Irene, with an involuntary sigh. "I was thinking. No! I cannot."
"Cannot?"
"Mr. Mayberry, I think it would be best not to accept your kind invitation, at least until we know each other better."
"You mean, until your father approves my calling here?"
He was as honest as she was courageous.
"You have said the truth. We have no callers—unless I except one or two of father's old friends."
"You are right," said Mayberry. "I will wait until your father knows me better. I will wait—as long as Jacob served for Rachel."
She blushed crimson at that, and Mayberry, now that he had blurted out all that eye and tongue could utter in awkward confusion, suddenly reached out a hand imploringly.
"I have said it, Miss Atherton—Irene, if you will not be angry with me—this is something I did not dream of saying, but I cannot help it. I have tried to keep it back."
"I do not see what there is to ask pardon for now especially," said Irene with bright eyes. "You have been making strange speeches ever since you sat down."
Then he took one of her hands. She did not withdraw it; she simply looked aside. And at that moment, when Arthur Mayberry got his first glimpse of the heaven of love, a loud knock came at the door.

(To be continued.)

Forgotten Lighthouse Men.

The lighthouse keepers on Percy Island, off the coast of Queensland, were not long ago forgotten for months by the government authorities. The food supply of Percy Island is supposed to be delivered once a quarter, but no food arrived at the island after the first week in June until a British sloop passed months later. The islands, 20 in number, and delirious from lack of food, managed to halt the vessel, which left behind an ample supply of provisions and reminded the Queensland government of the lighthouse men whose existence it had forgotten.

Functions of the Tear.

Tears have their function like every other fluid of the body. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic to the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that those in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter and more tender orbs than others.

Any woman who admits that her shoes are too tight is inclined to be masculine.

DYING WORDS OF FAMOUS MEN.

The Last Utterances of Some of the World's Greatest Celebrities.

"It is well."—Washington.
"I must sleep now."—Byron.
"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.
"Then I am safe."—Cromwell.
"Let the light enter."—Goethe.
"God's will be done."—Bishop Ken.
"Lord, take my spirit."—Edward VI.
"Lord, receive my spirit."—Cranmer.
"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.
"I am about to die."—Samuel Johnson.
"Independence forever."—John Adams.
"Give Dayrolles a chair."—Chesterfield.
"I shall be happy."—Archbishop Sharp.
"Don't let poor Nellie starve."—Charles II.
"I thank God I have done my duty."—Neilson.
"I feel as if I were myself again."—Walter Scott.
"An emperor should die standing."—Vespasian.
"The best of all is, God is with us."—John Wesley.
"It matters little how the head lieth."—Raleigh.
"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.
"Many things are becoming clearer to me."—Schiller.
"I feel the daisies growing over me."—John Keats.
"Taking a leap in the dark. O mystery."—Thomas Paine.
"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.
"Here, veteran, if you think it right, strike."—Cicero.
"I thought that dying had been more difficult."—Louis XIV.
"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.
"It is small, very small," alluding to her neck.—Anne Boleyn.
"Let me hear those notes so long my solace and delight."—Mozart.
"We are as near heaven by sea as by land."—Sir Humphrey Gilbert.
"I do not sleep. I wish to meet death awake."—Maria Theresa.
"I resign my soul to God; my daughter to my country."—Jefferson.
"I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."—Phillip Sidney.
"Farewell, Livia, and ever remember our long union."—Augustus Caesar.
"I have sent for you to see how a Christian can die."—Addison to Warwick.

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."—Christopher Columbus.
"I want nothing, and I'm looking for nothing but heaven."—Philip Melancthon.

"I have seen all things, and all things are of little value."—Alexander Severus.
"Remorse! Remorse! Write it! Write it! Larger! Larger!"—John Randolph.

"O, liberty, liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name."—Mme. Roland.
"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."—Stonewall Jackson.

"Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius; pay it soon, I pray you, and neglect it not."—Socrates.
"I am dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wishes to urn a lively Hood."—Hood.

"Throw up the window that I may once more see the magnificent scene of nature."—Rousseau.
"I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself."—Sir Thomas More on the scaffold.

"My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my relatives."—Michael Angelo.
"I have provided for everything in my life except death, and now, alas! I am to die, though thoroughly unprepared."—Caesar Borgia.

"It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."—Toplady.
"Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executors. Adieu forever, my dear children. I go to join your father."—Marie Antoinette.

"Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall this day light such a candle in England, as, by God's grace, shall never be put out."—Lattimer to Ridley.
"What is the matter with my dear children! Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry. Be good children, and we will all meet in heaven."—Andrew Jackson.

"My country! O, how I love my country."—William Pitt, the younger.
"Here is a book (the Bible) worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it. I trust in the mercy of God. It is now too late."—Patrick Henry.

"Not one foot will I flee so long as breath bides within my breast, for He who shaped both sea and land this day shall end my battle or my life. I will die King of England."—Richard III.

"Father in heaven, though this body is breaking away from me and I am departing this life, yet I know I shall forever be with Thee, for no one can pluck me out of Thy hand."—Martin Luther.

"I shall die regretting. I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow."—Josephine.

"Lockhart, I may have but a moment to speak with you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."—Walter Scott.

"Thy creatures, O Lord, have been my books, but Thy Holy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I found Thee, O God, in Thy sanctuary, Thy temple."—Lord Bacon.

"I have meditated upon the state of the church, the spouse of Christ, I have fought against spiritual wickedness in high places, and I have prevailed; I have tasted of the heavenly joy, where presently I shall be! Now, for the last time, I commit my soul, body and spirit into His hands. Now it has come."—John Knox.

THEY ARE RECONCILED.

The Reuniting of a Vanderbilt Scion and His Wife.

A reconciliation has taken place between Elliott Fitch Shepard, Jr., of New York, a grandson of the late William H. Vanderbilt, and his wife, Esther Wiggins Potter Shepard. For six months they were separated by reason of allegations of impropriety on his part, because of which Mrs. Shepard brought suit for a legal separation.

The influence of peacemaking members of the family prevailed, and, presumably, there will hereafter be smooth sailing.

The marriage of these young people was a society sensation. Elliott Shepard, whose father was the famous publisher, was one of the liveliest young men Yale ever turned out. His bride was the daughter of a grocer who kept a small store in Greenport, L. I. She was the prettiest girl on the island, could swim, ride a horse and play tennis. Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, the mother of the defendant, who was instrumental in reuniting the young people, lives at Woodlee, which is situated at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, and is one of the finest country estates in America. The Pompeian gardens there are marvels of the gardener's art.

VALUE OF BABY'S CRY.

It Helps to Make a Healthy Pair of Lungs.

The early cry, which is painfully trying to some young mothers, especially to a nervous one, becomes less distressing if she stops to think that the lungs, never having been used, need exercise

in order to make them strong. For the first three months the infant is too weak, even with a fair amount of crying, to develop the lungs more than one-third their normal capacity, and that these organs cannot be considered perfect until they are inflated to their utmost is enough to make her tolerant of a fair allowance of crying. A year of simple breathing would not accomplish as much toward developing the lungs as a moderate amount of crying each day for a month. It is the deep inhalation, such as accompanies a good cry, which alone can make the lungs strong. Healthful infants cry normally, and they should be allowed to do so a portion of each day. When the cry is whining or continuous it is usually caused by overindulgence of some kind, or by mistakes, such as handling the baby, when he is more comfortable left alone. Too much entertaining causes nervousness and cold extremities, which make necessary too many wraps or too hot a room; this results in discomfort and weakness and lack of fresh air. Sleeping in a bed with older persons is bad for a baby; it draws upon the vitality. Indigestion is never natural; it is caused by overfeeding or improper feeding.—Harper's Bazar.

What the Duke Is

A teacher who was showing portraits of Queen Victoria and her family held up a picture of the Duke of York. Nobody in the class could tell who it was. "Well," said the teacher, "he is the Duke of York, and now can any of you tell me what he is?" The band of a little girl went up as she answered quickly and promptly: "He's the best consumptive to the British throne."

If a woman lives in the same neighborhood with a family of young children, she can become a missionary to China, by taking charge occasionally while the mother gets out of jail.

Science AND Invention

A French physician removes most foreign bodies from the ear by sucking them into a soft rubber tube.

"Nieves penitentes," slightly inclined snow columns resembling shrouded figures doing penance, are a peculiar phenomenon of the Andes to which Sir M. Conway has given attention. They are the last remains of drifts or slides which have become hardened in nearly vertical strata of different densities.

A plan recently employed in France for giving a stereoscopic effect to magic-lantern pictures thrown upon a screen is to furnish each spectator with a pair of prisms, set in spectacle frames, through which two pictures, side by side on the screen, are viewed. The angles of the prisms are varied for widely different distances from the screen, but owing to the natural power of accommodation of the eye, the same angle serves at distances not widely variant.

Two coats of hot oil, carefully applied after thorough cleaning of the metal, are recommended by a Canadian artisan as an improvement over any process now in use for preventing rust of structural iron and steel. The oil would fill crevices, cracks and holes where paint cannot enter. It would cover rough places often imperfectly coated in ordinary painting, and it would be a fine preparation for subsequent painting or covering with cement coating.

Some of the giant Sequoias of Southern California are estimated to be from five thousand to eight thousand years old, having perhaps, spanned the entire period of written history. A section in the American Museum of Natural History was cut from one of these trees at a height of twenty feet, is a little more than eighteen feet in diameter, and its concentric rings show that it began its growth in 550 A. D., the tree reaching a diameter of thirteen feet at Columbus landing.

Arsenic, the dreaded poison that Professor Armand Gautier of Paris asserts is essential to life, proves to be disseminated in the primitive rocks, from which sea-water derives its store. The minute quantity taken in the food becomes localized in the skin and its appendages, the thyroid and mammary glands, the brain and the bones, and it is stated to be the exciting ferment of the functions of sensation and reproduction, just as phosphorus is the exciting element of the functions of cellular nutrition.

Fresh discoveries are continually adding to the world's known stores of iron. Last summer extensive fields of iron ore were found in northern Norway, on the coast of Sydvaranger Bay, near the Russian border. Analyses at Christiania show that the ore, because the presence of titanium which is regarded as a good indication, because the presence of titanium in large quantity retards the melting of ore. It is said there are good harbors near these new iron fields, and surveys have shown that the ore covers a very large territory.

Recent researches by Professor Macfayden have shown that many micro-organisms can be exposed to the temperature of liquid air for a period of six months without any appreciable loss of vitality, although, at such a temperature, the ordinary chemical processes of the living cell must cease. Referring to Professor Macfayden's experiments, Professor James Dewar says that the organisms in the state just described "cannot be said to be either alive or dead, in the ordinary acceptance of these words. It is a new and hitherto unobtainable condition of living matter—a third state."

IS ROOSEVELT'S INTIMATE.

Chester J. Long, Recently Elected Senator from Kansas.

Kansas has recently elected a United States Senator to succeed W. T. Harris. The chosen individual is Chester J. Long, the Con-

years old and is the youngest Senator from the State. He is a native of Pennsylvania, a former resident of Missouri, and a graduate of the law office of George R. Peck, now of Chicago, who induced him to enter politics. He is now serving his fourth term in Congress. He is a personal friend of President Roosevelt.

What He Was Coming To.

Anxious Patient—Do you weally think, doctah, that I shall have a green old age?

Gruff Doctor—Unless you die young or acquire a little gumption, you have before you the prospect of the greenest old age possible to humanity.—Baltimore American.

Great-granddaughters of Franklin Miss Walnwright and Miss Schroeder, the latter a daughter of the Governor of Guam, have just entered Washington society. The young ladies are great-granddaughters of Benjamin Franklin.

There are people in the world who never work and who just sort of absorb a living.

What's the difference between half a dozen dozen and six dozen dozen? Look out!