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This college received from the World's Columbian commission, a diploma for "Excellence of Students' Work" in all of the above departments.

Office open every business day and night, on and after Monday, August 12. Write or call for new annual announcement. MRS. SARA A. SPENCER, Principal and Proprietor.

GONZAGA COLLEGE

Classical and Business courses of studies. Schools will reopen Tuesday, September 3. Three free scholarships open to all competitors will be contested for on August 29, 30, and 31. For particulars address Rev. CONNELLES GILLESPIE, S. J., President and Treasurer. 422-1400

WRITE HYMNS ON STONE.

Music Found in Old Vaults of an Athenian Treasury.

In their excavations at Delphi the French have unearthed a building that Pausanias described as the Treasury of the Athenians. They discovered the remains of two large slabs of stone, inscribed with words and music. In the first season's work they found fourteen fragments of various sizes, of which they published an account last year, says the New York Sun.

Four of the fragments were distinguished from the other ten by a difference in the notation of the music, and these four made up a piece that was introduced to the public as the "Hymn to Apollo."

They recently found another large fragment, to which the remaining ten were adjusted, and now they have a second hymn. The last line of the new hymn is followed by the first line of a decree. This shows how these compositions came to be inscribed on the stone.

The people of Delphi had passed decrees in honor of the authors, and had ordered the hymns to be set out with the decrees when these were put on record. As the authors were Athenians, the inscriptions were placed in the Athenian treasury.

The purport of both hymns is substantially the same. After the invention of the music the poet gives various legends of Apollo's life and works, ending with the slaughter of the Gauls at Delphi. In 279 B. C. He then implored the gods for protection for Delphi and Athens and the government at Rome. The date is therefore after 146 B. C. when the Romans took possession of Greece.

Didn't Want Much.

Joseph Jefferson has a national reputation not only as an actor, but also as a story teller. The following experience, which he related at the dinner of the Harvard Association, is by no means the worst of his yarns: "While acting 'Rip Van Winkle' in one of the Western cities I received a letter in which the writer said he was so overcome by my acting that he was desirous of returning thanks. And he closed the letter by saying: 'My name is Duncan and I am the inventor of Duncan's spring beds. I would like to send as a token of my gratitude one of Duncan's spring beds to you for your family. I am entirely disinterested in the matter, and all I shall ask you to do will be simply, when you wake up in the basket, to say you wouldn't have felt so bad if you had been sleeping on one of Duncan's spring beds.'



WATER PARTIES THE CAPER

Swell Dinners Served on Yachts and Barges.

COSTUMES FOR SUCH AFFAIRS

Clinging Gowns and Waterproof Duck to Defy Mists and Fogs.

'A life on the ocean wave, And a home on the rolling sea!' is the song which the August woman is humming as she shakes out the early smelling dresses of her wardrobe and selects the freshest one for this, the fiftieth 'water party' of the season. She is going to drive or cycle to the beach, trip daintily out upon the smallest and finest wharf there, and step lightly upon a beautiful yacht for a sail and a dinner. And that is a 'water party.'

WATER PARTIES THE CAPER

inside material was draped and puffed the redoubtable chiffon. Long black sand-glasses made the arms look fully enough attired, and the broad, flaring hat brim shaded the face. The hat was most dressy, as it was of white chip, knotted with bows of crimson and trimmed with upstanding ornaments of jet which is a wicked, shiny substance that winks at you when you least expect it.

COSTUMES FOR SUCH AFFAIRS

The cunningness of this toilet became apparent at dinner, when the wearer slipped off the velvet Norfolk and stood dressed in the most perfectly fitting dinner dress ever seen. It hugged the waist, it clung to the figure and it fitted the hips. The front was one lovely corsage of jet, that winked and blinked the man in the moon clean out of countenance.

COSTUMES FOR SUCH AFFAIRS

BALLOON WOMEN UNPOPULAR. "That woman has never been at a water party before," remarked a very critical young woman as she stepped aboard a motor dressed in shining satin with out-standing skirt and plenty of fullness to her sleeves. "If she had she would know that yachts are not ballrooms, and that there isn't room for stand-out skirts nor for balloon sleeves. My mother orders her 'water dresses' made just as she does her bathing suits, and she knows better than to be selfish in her skirts and sleeves." Before an hour the woman who "Never was at sea before," never had been off the shore, collapsed as to stiffening, and was far more endurable in her last state than in her first.

COSTUMES FOR SUCH AFFAIRS

Such a queer water dinner was given on a great yacht called by its owner the Herring Gull. The yacht has big sails and is to all appearances a yacht, yet planted in the midst of it is one of these queer little one-story wooden cottages that make a yacht a "house-boat." The cabin is the shape of a tiny cottage—that is all that distinguishes it. And as the yacht never does any fast sailing or racing, but is in reality a house-boat, the shape of the interior matters nothing.

COSTUMES FOR SUCH AFFAIRS

The plans for the water dinner were so very unique that everybody who likes a



A Guest at Mrs. Palmer's Water Dinner.

not be a great yacht. A small rowboat will accommodate enough to come under the title. But if only rowboats can be procured there must be several of them tied alongside, making a wide barge-like fleet, and in the middle boat sit the merry company. The rowing is done by the little oarsmen, who are professionals. They sit in the two outside boats that are on each side, the middle boats containing the company, and they row with an even stroke that sends the barge along.

Poles with lights are stationed at each end of the boats, and there is red fire set off in the outside ones. There is a landing made somewhere and a spread is looked after, then comes the triumphant procession home and music en route. This is liked by young people who do not own yachts, and who cannot appropriate for their own special use the family home-boat or yacht belonging to the father of the family, who may want it for a party of elders.

The gowns at Mrs. Palmer's water party were very beautiful. They had every appearance of great warmth and comfort, while being also airy and pretty.

It is a mistake to say that chiffon can not live upon the water. For there is an admirable quality of that most admirable material which stands sea air nicely, and does not drop even under a spray. It may have a trilling stiffening in its manufacture, but it looks very light and airy, and will endure much hardship.

The prettiest of the sea dresses at Mrs. Palmer's water party was a deep crimson summer silk, with tiny Norfolk jacket of a deeper shade. This gave warmth to the figure. The sleeves were elbow length, Worth's professed "accommodation" yet very becoming to this tall wearer, and over them

good time and lives within twenty-five miles of a stream will want to try one. The guests were all invited by formal invitation, with the added scribbled line: "Will call for you at 5."

At 5 sharp a great vehicle, filled with seats which were covered with straw to look like a straw ride, was hauled up in front of the door and a horn blown for the invited ones to hurry to a place in the carry-all.

By 6 all were at the water's edge, where lay a houseboat, with the dotted mullin curtains primly tied back from the windows and the latch-string hanging well outside the door.

A second lady by the door-way threw a wide open and a waiter with a huge dinner bell in hand appeared, ringing the bell violently and shouting, "Dinner! dinner!"

It took ten minutes to get all aboard and to set the craft afloat, but by that time the soup was on the table and the water dinner had commenced. The feast was spread upon the deck, while a few property trees, lent by a village theater, gave great reality to the scene.

TOO MUCH JOY FOR A MAN. It was at a water party on the Normahal that Mrs. John Jacob Astor's captain gave first signs of insanity, and had finally to be brought ashore and put in an asylum. And it was at one of these that a well-known young society man, who hails from the West, but disports much in the East, so far came under the spell of the water which as to propose to two very celebrated beauties in the same night, and have had the bad fortune to be accepted by each in turn.

One accepted him over the nuts and coffee and the other told him she would live for him alone as they beat over the bow

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

The Land of Toys, Dolls, Kites, Fans and Parasols.

I shall tell you something about Japan and Japanese children, because travelers say it is the children's paradise, and that babies never cry there.

I don't think that is quite so, because that is the only language babies have and they must speak somehow.

The Japanese do almost everything just opposite from what we do, and even live opposite, and may be that smile is born in them. They may inherit it from their parents or grand parents, and so away back for many generations, and may be born with a smile that they can't help a ray more than you can a frown, when things don't please you. I think children are about the same the world over, and we should get tired of a smile all the time, as soon as a frown. If we always had sunshine it would be as disagreeable to us as clouds.

We wear variety to make it pleasant. Japan is about half way around the earth from us and in the same latitude. You ought to know that this would give about the climate that we have; but being islands, and surrounded by water, makes Japan a little warmer than our northern climate or about the same as South Carolina, as they raise rice in abundance and live mostly upon it.

The chrysanthemum is the national emblem. The lotus, a kind of pond lily that grows very large, they think very much of. The birds are very pretty. I tell you all these things so that you won't be disappointed as the people are right under us on the opposite side of the earth; so we will take a thought-ship right down through the earth and see just how they live at home; but be careful, now, for we may come right down upon some Jap's head if he is standing on it. He will only smile, but won't say anything that we can understand. It is dark, you know, but we can see everything by the light of these beautiful paper lanterns. The first thing we notice is that never varying smile. I think it is not real and sincere and I think it doesn't mean much as they are born with it, and can't help it. It is a national trait, but we can tell better after we get more acquainted with them.

The climate must be warmer than ours, as you see the doors and windows of their houses are all made of paper. Soft mats of rice straw are used for carpets, and soft cotton mattresses for beds, which can be rolled up and carried away in a month's travel. Clothes are laid on mats and the family sit on the floor around, just as we do a picnic.

You see the children are all dressed just like their parents; a plain loose garment with a sash about the waist. At night they pull out, no buttons to drop off and tie pins to scratch. A strong silk cord does all the fastening, and the garments instead of being sewed together like ours are basted with a strong silk thread so that they can easily be taken apart to be washed. Stockings are made with a place for the big toe, like the thumbs in our mittens. They wear a kind of wooden clog in the streets. Pockets are put in the large sleeves.

Handkerchiefs and napkins are made of thin white paper as soft as silk. The sliding doors and panels in their houses are almost always pushed back so that you can hear and see all that is going on. The people live and dress so simply that the mothers have much of their time to play with their babies, and it is no wonder they don't cry, as they have no pins to prick them, no laces or chairs to hit their heads and when they fall there are soft, thick mats on the floor to protect them; but the babies have some afflictions, as their heads all have to be shaved—they don't like it, but instead of crying they kick, so I think they must be like some of our babies after all.

Japan is the land of toys, dolls, kites, fans and parasols. A little girl will sometimes have over a hundred dolls. It would amuse you in the day to see some of the babies tied upon the backs of the mothers while they are flying kites. That is the way they carry their babies instead of in their arms.

An English teacher who spent several years in Japan says that in all the time he was there he never heard a harsh word used in any family nor saw a child struck in the schools or in the homes. No theft was ever committed. Their houses were not locked at night and there are but few policemen, and they have a large population, too, and there would be no need of police if it were not for the people who go there from the civilized countries.

Now we will wait and see the sunrise and skip right back in time to see our beautiful sunset. Nobody has actually ever seen a sunrise and sunset at the same time, and never will until they can see everything in the twinkling of an eye.

A Serious Affliction. "Why," asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, "why do you keep on diggin' when the boys ain't around?" "Because," replied the job, "I replied the new farm hand."

"Got a real likin' for work?" "Sure." "You'd order take treatment."

A Defense. New Suburban Resident—When you said these lots you said nothing about that swamper. You did not tell me that my whole family would have malaria.

Real Estate Agent—My dear sir, would you have me try to make any man dissatisfied with his home?—Life.

Proficient in One Thing. What he has learned you cannot tell. From aught he has to say, But he can sing the college yell In a most appalling way. —Boston Courier.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Addison are at Nantuxet visiting Judge and Mrs. Arnoux of New York. Dr. Addison is officiating at Grace Church at that resort, both at the morning and evening services on Sunday a week ago.

Bishop Hurst, of Washington, is spending the season at Buzzards Bay.

Mr. Henry Thurber has returned to Buzzard's Bay after a week of ten days in the mountains.

Baron and Baroness Fava are taking part in the games of Narragansett Pier.

The Chilean Minister Señor Gema has gone to Bar Harbor.

Marquis de Montebello, of the Italian embassy, will be in the city to take part in the closing games of the season.

Capt. McDougal, U. S. A., and wife are at Harper's Ferry.

Mrs. Colmanore has been spending some time at Harper's Ferry.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron M. Parker, who have been out of town all summer, stopped last week on their way to Vermont to pay a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willard at Nantuxet. Mr. and Mrs. Parker are at present in Vermont for a stay at the old homestead of the former.

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Postmaster General Wilson returned from Long Branch yesterday afternoon and will resume his duties to-day.

The Morning Times for enterprise.

A HUMAN HARP.

How the King of a Madagascari Tribe Arranged His Prisoners.

The most cheerful harp in the world lives in Madagascar. The latest story that comes from there tells about Pip, the King of the Lotolies, one of the local tribes which know how to fight the French.

This King, the story goes, devised some time ago a human harp. He had been visiting the place of punishment in his village, and witnessing the laming of his captives he was struck by the total difference of their groans. He at once commissioned the royal carpenter to construct a series of stocks in which he placed eight captives, whose howls of pain when the soles of their feet were struck by the rod were so carefully arranged that they made a perfect octave.

This seemed such a success that he had a second frame constructed for the feet of eight more wretches, whose average groans ranged a full octave higher. The harp was now complete. On it he proposed to play melodies, and started in to practice the national air.

His project was to regulate the length of the note by the violence of the blow. At first the scheme did not succeed at all, for the reason that the captives, hitherto used to hard hits alone, howled loudly each time and with little difference in force. At last he arranged it, however, so that the groans became proportioned to the blow.

But the instrument never got quite in tune. Inevitably was the cry of some of the animated notes. Others would not sound at all at the right time. The heathen King had to give it up. The disciples were so pained by his musical ear, for, although he tried fresh sets of prisoners, the human notes would never work just right.—New York Herald.

Social Movements.

Miss Minnie Toomey, of Baltimore, is the guest of Mrs. C. Murphy, of I Street northeast.

Miss Mamie McGuire has returned from Colonial Beach where she spent the past two weeks.

Mrs. Edward T. Colmanore, of East Washington, has returned from a month's stay at Atlantic City.

Mr. H. L. Tucker, who left some days ago for Cape May, will visit the resorts of New York bay before returning at the end of the month.

Mr. Thomas Conolly, who has been enjoying his vacation at Colonial Beach, returned Sunday evening.

Mrs. William Yost, of South Washington, has gone to Boston by sea, and will visit the resorts of Massachusetts coast before returning about the middle of September.

Misses Della and Katie McGuire returned from Colonial Beach yesterday.

The Misses Jarvis are spending the summer at Harper's Ferry.

Mr. Joseph Hall has returned after a month's vacation at the seaside.

Miss Mary Gardner left yesterday to spend about three weeks at Colonial Beach.

Mrs. Dr. Coates will chaperone a party of young people at a picnic at Laurel tomorrow. A number of young people from Washington will join the party.

Mrs. J. E. Allen, of Capitol Hill, and her daughter will leave to-day for an extended trip through Northern New York this week. They will be absent about six weeks.

Mr. Isaac Crossman and his son and daughter have gone to Western Pennsylvania, to remain several weeks.

Mr. Thomas Edgerly is spending the heated term with relatives near Baltimore.

Mr. Patrick Carr and Mr. Michael J. Farrington, of South Washington, have gone on an extended tour to Providence, Boston and Niagara Falls.

Miss S. O. Friesen left yesterday for a three weeks' visit to her friend, Mrs. S. A. Stewart, at Algona, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kelly, of No. 1646 Sixth street northwest, have gone to Atlantic City, where they will spend a week.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland have as their guest at Gray Gables, Dr. Bryant, who arrives here last week from New York to enjoy a season of rest and to accompany the President upon some of his fishing trip that have been unusually successful this summer.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is at Homburg, where she is adding materially to the gaieties of that place by her numerous and elegant entertainments. On Wednesday of the past week Mrs. Mackay gave a dinner party at the Hotel de Russie. The feast was spread in the gardens of the hotel where the illuminations of lamps were on the most gorgeous scale. The dinner table was literally a mass of roses and the music for the occasion was furnished by the Eighteenth Regiment Infantry. The guest of honor was the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Prince Radziwili sat at her left. Among the other guests was Hon. Chauncey Depew.

Hon. Chauncey Depew will give a luncheon on Thursday of the present week at Homburg in honor of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Michael of Russia, Countess Torby, Countess de Aza von Hensberg, Mrs. Bancroft Davis, of Washington, and Miss Mildred Lee.

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FROM THE DAIRY.

We keep the very finest Creamery Butter, and are most careful to always have it fresh. Cheeses of all descriptions at low prices.

Emrich Beef Co. Main Market—1205-1212 2nd Street N. W. Telephone 375. Branch Markets—713 14th St. N. W. 225 14th St. N. W. 5th and M Sts. N. W. 2027 M St. N. W. 21st and K Sts. N. W. 227 1st Ave. N. E. 5th and 1st Sts. N. E. and I St. N. E. 20th St. and Pa. Ave. N. W. 12th St. and N. Y. Ave. N. W.

"OULD ONE" SAT ON ICE CHEST. Phosphorescent Light From Meat Drove Away a Good Cook.

"Och, arra there, it's after lavin' O'lam!" exclaimed Bridget, as she closed the ice-box with a bang and hastened to the other side of the kitchen. "And this very night, too, bedad!"

"What is the trouble, Bridget?" asked Mrs. Ashley, who heard the servant's exclamation.

"Sure, ma'am, and it's another cook ye'll have to get. With the devil himself comes into the very kitchen and cools himself fermin' the ice in the chest, it's after lavin' O'lam!"

"Why, Bridget, said Mrs. Ashley, as she entered the kitchen and raised the lid of the ice box, "is it the light from the meat that frightened you?"

"Sure, ma'am, it's the light from the devil's eye in the chest, it's after lavin' O'lam!"

"Why, no, Bridget, that's phosphorus." "Phos—what, ma'am?"

"Phosphorus," explained Mrs. Ashley. "Didn't you know there was phosphorus in the bones of all animals, and that is what gives out the light from those lamb chops? Come and see, Bridget."

"Niver a see, ma'am. It's good that ye have been to me, but when the 'ould one' hides in the chest ready to jump fer ye when ye raise the lid, it's after lavin' O'lam, and ye'll have to be gittin' another cook."

And so the servants of the inno-veniceable Bridget were lost.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

She Recognized Genius.

A nobby-looking wayfarer knocked at the back door of a humble dwelling in the suburbs the other morning and inquired of the woman who answered the knock:

"Do you want your piano tuned to-day, ma'am?"

"Land sakes!" she replied. "We haven't any piano."

"Perhaps the frosching in your parlor needs touchin' up a little," he suggested.

"There ain't any froschin' in the parlor." A look of deep melancholy settled on the face of the tourist.

"I am very sorry," he said. "By doing this kind of work for our best people I make my living. I was hoping I might be able by the exercise of one of my callings in your tasty cottage to earn my breakfast."

"Lord love you; come right in!" exclaimed the woman, opening the door wide. "You're a greasy fraud, and I know it; but you've got talent, and I admire talent wherever I meet it. How'll you have your eggs—hard or soft boiled?"

Burning Since 1850. The commissioners appointed by the local government to inquire into the "history, causes, and effect" of the coal mine fires of Pluton county have just finished taking evidence. The work of the commission was directed mainly to an investigation of the condition of the Ford pit. This mine has been on fire in one place or another since the fifties, and it is burning yet. Explosion after explosion has occurred, and many lives have been lost. When fire broke out in one place the miners resorted to another, sinking a new shaft. To avoid the fire on an upper level, a shaft was sunk and coal taken out on the level immediately below the fire. Soon the fire came through, and again the miners were driven out. Nothing the owners could do availed to drive out the fire, and the shaft, which has been practically abandoned, though a little coal has been taken out on a level below a part that is on fire. The object of the commission is to learn whether something cannot be done to save so valuable a property as the Ford pit.—Halifax Herald.

They Struck Out. "I should think," said the horse editor this morning, as he calmly filled his pipe with the baseball editor's tobacco, "that the baseball teams of this country should join a labor union."

"Oh, you would, would you?" sneered the snake editor, sarcastically. "And may I inquire the reason of your wonderful thought?" And he laugh a cold, hard laugh.

"Well," replied the horse editor, smiling serenely, "they have to many strikes." And the snake editor admitted that they were on him, and the office flew out.

A Great Freak. Mr. Murdstone (at the museum)—This man is down on the programme as the mental phenomenon from Boston. I suppose he understands Browning, eh? Manager—No; he simply doesn't eat beans.—New York Recorder.

Why They Came Late. Husband (in hat and overcoat)—"Good gracious! Haven't you got your coat on yet?" Wife—"It's all fixed except tuckin' in my dress sleeves so they won't get mussed. I'll be ready in half an hour."—New York Weekly.

The Morning Times for enterprise.

To a Silk Shoe. This dainty little silken shoe, Which hangs upon my study wall, Was once a fairy bark—the crew Five cliff passengers so small. But when across the deers they went, Scarce were the billowy grasses bent. And in the hold for merchandise Were carried silks of divers hue, White ivory, such as kites might prize. And many-eveiled with softest blue; If he looks on that has no peer In either earthly hemisphere. Ah! happy little shoes that bore A burden light as thistle-down, Here are you anchored evermore. Into a peaceful haven blown; And may this your comfort be That you are honored so by me. For through the seasons I will breathe Your silken shies with fairest flowers, Which, with their perfumes sweet, shall breathe

Of summer gone, and scented hours. When you, in all your pretty pride, Upon my lady's service plied.

—Fall Mail Gazette.

The farmer said one of the little pigs was stork, so I brought it some sugar.

"Sugar!"

"Yes, sugar. Haven't you ever heard of sugar cured hams?"

—Truth.

