

# THE INVENTIONS OF HAWKINS

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

## THE CRANO-SCALE.

I had intended it for a peaceful, solitary walk up town after business on that beautiful Saturday afternoon; and had in fact accomplished the better part of it. I was inhaling huge quantities of the balmy air and reveling in the exhilaration of the exercise.

But passing the picture store, I experienced a queer sensation—perhaps "that feeling of impending evil"—we read about in the patent medicine advertisements.

It may have been because I recalled that in that very shop Hawkins had demonstrated the virtues of his infallible Lightning Canvas-Stretcher, and thereby ruined somebody's priceless and unobtainable Corot.

At any rate my eyes were drawn to the place as I passed; and like a cuckoo-bird emerging from the clock, out popped Hawkins.

"Ah, Griggs," he exclaimed. "Out for a walk?"

"What were you doing in there?"

"Going to walk home."

"Setting for that painting, eh?"

"Because if you are, I'll go with you," pursued Hawkins, falling into step beside me and ignoring my remarks.

I told Hawkins that I should be tickled to death to have his company, which was a lie and intended for biting sarcasm; but Hawkins took it in good faith and was pleased.

"I tell you, Griggs," he informed me, "there's nothing like this early summer air to fill a man's lungs."

"Unless it's cash to fill his pockets."

"Oh? Cash?" said the inventor.

"That reminds me. I must spend some this afternoon."

"Indeed! Going to settle another damage suit?"

"I intend to order coal," replied Hawkins, frigidly.

He seemed disinclined to address me further, and I had no particular yearning to hear his voice. We walked on in silence until within a few blocks of home.

Then Hawkins paused at one of the cross streets.

"The coal yard is down this way, Griggs," he said. "Come along. It won't take more than five or ten minutes."

"Now, the idea of walking down to the coal yard certainly seemed commonplace and harmless. To me it suggested nothing more sinister than a super-heated Irish lady perspiring over Hawkins' range in the dog days.

At least, it suggested nothing more at the time, and I turned the corner with Hawkins, and walked on unsuspecting.

Except that it belonged to a particularly large concern, the coal yard which Hawkins honored by his patronage was much like other coal yards. The high walls of the storage bins rose from the sidewalk, and there was the conventional arch for the wagons, and the little, dingy office beside it.

Into the latter Hawkins made his way, while I loitered without.

Hawkins seemed to be upon good terms with the coal people. He and the men in the office were laughing genially.

Through the open window I heard Hawkins file his order for four tons of coal. Later some one said: "Splendid, Mr. Hawkins, splendid."

Then somebody else said: "No, there seems to be no flaw in any particular."

And still later the first voice announced that they would make the first payment one week to-day, at which Hawkins' voice rose with a sort of pompous joy.

I paid very little heed to the scraps of conversation; but presently I paid considerable attention to Hawkins, for while he had entered the coal office a well-developed man, he emerged apparently deformed.

His chest seemed to have expanded something over a foot, and his nose had attained an elevation that pointed his gaze straight to the skies.

"Good gracious, Hawkins, what is it?" I asked. "Have they been inflating you with gas in there?"

"I beg pardon?"

"What has happened to swell your bosom? Is it the first payment?"

"Oh, you heard that, did you?" said the inventor, with a condescending smile. "Yes, Griggs, I may confess to some slight satisfaction in that payment. It is a matter of \$1,000—from the coal people, you know."

"But what for? Have you threatened to invent something for them, and now are exacting blackmail to desist?"

"Tush, Griggs, tush!" responded Hawkins. "Do make some attempt to subdue that insane wit. I fancy you'll feel rather cheap hearing that that \$1,000 is the first payment on something I have invented!"

"What?"

"Certainly. I am selling the patent to these people. It is the Hawkins Crano-Scale!"

"Crano-Scale?" I reflected. "What is it? A hair tonic?"

"Now, that is about the deduction your mental apparatus would make!" sneered the inventor.

"But can it be possible that you have constructed something that actually works?" I cried. "And you've sold it—actually sold it?"

"I have sold it, and there's no 'actually' about it!"

And Hawkins stalked majestically away through the arch and into the yard beyond.

The idea of one of Hawkins' inventions actually in practical operation was almost too wild for conception. He must be heading for it; and if it existed I must see it.

I followed.

Hawkins strode to the rear of the yard without turning. About us on every side were high wooden walls, the storage bins of the company.

Up the side of one wall ran a ladder, and Hawkins commenced the perpendicular ascent with the same matter-of-fact air that one would wear in walking upstairs.

"What are you doing that for? Exercise?" I called, when he paused some 20 feet in the air.

"If you wish to see the Crano-Scale at work, follow me. If not, stay where you are," replied Hawkins.

Then he resumed his upward course; and having put something like 35 feet between his person and the solid earth, he vanished through a black doorway.

Climbing a straight ladder usually sets my hair on end; but this one I tackled without hesitation, and in a very few seconds stood before the door.

In the semi-darkness, I perceived that a wide ledge ran around the wall inside, and that Hawkins was standing upon it, gazing upon the hundreds of fons of coal below, and having something the effect of the Old Nick himself gazing down into the pit.

"There she is!" said the inventor, laconically, pointing across the gulf.

"There!" cried Hawkins, triumphantly.

"It works!" I gasped.

"You bet it works!"

"But it must cost something to run the thing," I suggested.

"Well—er—I'm paying for that part," Hawkins acknowledged, "until I've finished perfecting a motor particularly adapted for the Crano-Scale, you see."

I smiled audibly. I think that Hawkins was about to take exceptions to the smile, but a voice from without bawled loudly:

"Two—tons—nut!"

"Ah, there she goes again!" said the inventor, rapturously.

This time the Crano-Scale executed a sudden detour before descending. Indeed, the thing came so painfully near to our perch that the wind was perceptible, and when the giant coal-scuttle had passed and dropped, my heart was hammering out a tattoo.

"I can't believe this ledge is safe, Hawkins."

"Nonsense."

"But that thing came pretty close."

"Oh, it won't act that way again. Watch! She's dumping into the wagon now! Hear it?"

"Yes, I hear it. I see just what a beautiful success it is. Hawkins—really. Let's go."

"And now she's coming back!" cried the inventor, his eyes glued to the remarkable contrivance. "Conserve the case—the grace—the mechanical poise—the resistless quality of the Crano-Scale!"

"We'll!" came a voice from far above.

"Where are you?"

"Hanging-to-the-scoop!" sang out the inventor.

And there, up near the roof, I located him, dangling from the Crano-Scale coal-scuttle!

"What are you going to do next?" I asked, with some interest.

"I—I—I—can't hang on long here!"

"I should say not."

"Well, climb out and tell them to lower the crane!" screamed Hawkins.

I looked around. Right and left, before and behind, rose a mountain of loose coal. I essayed to climb nimbly toward the door which the Crano-Scale had used, and suddenly landed on my hands and knees.

"Are you out?" shrieked Hawkins.

"I can't stick here!"

"And I can't get out!" I replied.

"Well, you—ouch!"

There was a dull, rattling whack beside me; bits of coal flew in all directions. Hawkins had landed.

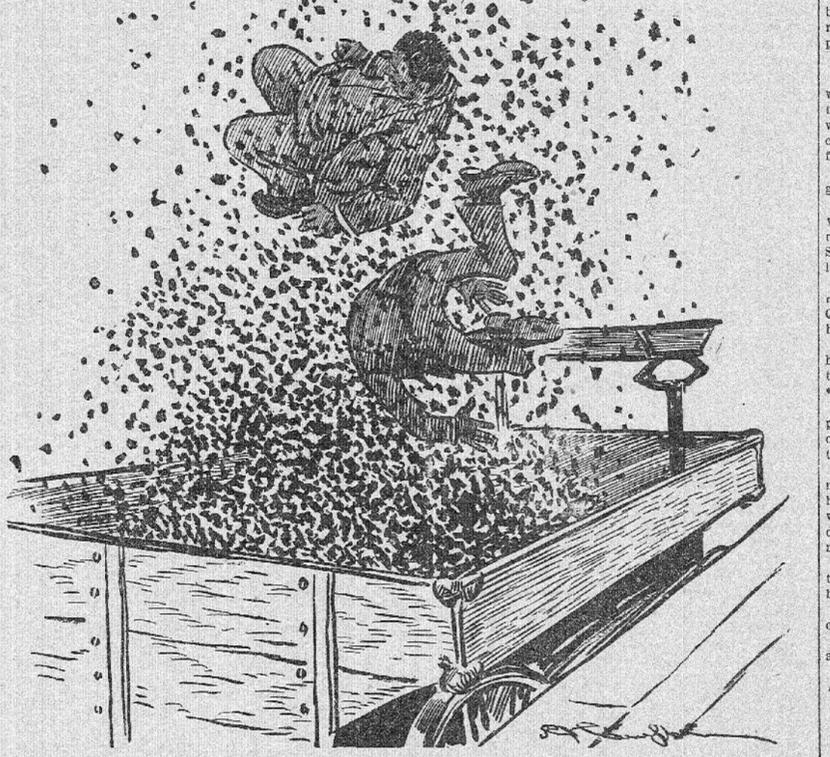
"Well!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "I honestly believe, Griggs, that no man was ever born on this earth with less resourcefulness than yourself!"

"Which means that I should have climbed out and informed the people of your plight?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you try it yourself, Hawkins."

The inventor arose and started for the door with a very convincing and



"Four Tons Nut!"

I made my way to his side and started through the gloom.

Something seemed to loom up over there.

Presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the change, I perceived the arm of a huge crane, from which was suspended an enormous scoop.

"You mean that mastodontic coal-scuttle?" I inquired.

"Precisely. That's the Hawkins Crano-Scale."

"And what does she do when she's—er—crano-scales things, as it were?"

"You'll be able to understand in a moment. That coal-scuttle, as you call it, is large enough to hold four tons. See? Well, the people in the yard are going to want two tons of coal very shortly. What do they do?"

"Take it out, weigh it, and send it," I hazarded.

"Not at all. They simply adjust the controlling apparatus to the two-ton point and set the Crano-Scale going. The scoop dips down, picks up exactly two tons of coal, and rises automatically as soon as the two tons are in. After that the crane swings outward, dumps the coal in the wagon, and there you have it—weighed and all! It has been in operation here for one month," Hawkins concluded, complacently.

"And no one killed or maimed? No Crano-Scale widows or orphans?"

"Oh, Griggs, you are—Ha! She's starting!"

The Crano-Scale emitted an ear-piercing shriek. The big steel crane was in motion.

I watched the thing. Gracefully the coal-scuttle dipped into the pile of coal, dug for a minute, swung upward again. It turned, passed through a big doorway in the side, and we could hear the coal rattling into the wagon.

The Crano-Scale returned and swung ponderously in the twilight.

Scale's motion! See, Griggs, how she swings!"

I did see how she was swinging. It was precisely that which sent me nearer to the ladder.

The Crano-Scale was returning to position, but with a series of erratic swoops that seemed to close my throat.

The coal-scuttle whirled joyously about in the air—it was receding—no, it was coming nearer! It paused for a second. Then, making a bee-line for our little ledge, it dived through the air toward us.

"Look out, there, Hawkins!" I cried, hastily.

"It's all right," said the inventor.

"But the cursed thing will smash us flat against the wall!"

"Tush! The automatic reaction clutch will—"

The Crano-Scale was upon us! For the merest fraction of a second it paused and seemed to hesitate; then it struck the wall with a heavy bang, then started to scrape its way along our ledge.

The wretched contraption was bent on shoving us off!

"What will we do?" I managed to shout.

"Why—why—why—why—why—why—Hawkins cried, breathlessly.

"But, my course of action had been settled for me. The scoop of the Crano-Scale caught me amidships, and I plunged downward into the coal.

That there was a considerable degree of shock attached to my landing may easily be imagined.

But small coal, as I had not known before, is a reasonably soft thing to fall on; and within a few seconds I sat up, perceived that I was soon to order a new suit of clothes, and then looked about for Hawkins.

He was nowhere in the neighborhood, and I called aloud.

elaborate display of indomitable energy. He platted his left foot firmly on the side of the coal pile—and found that his left leg had disappeared in the coal in a highly astonishing and undignified fashion.

"Humph!" he remarked, disgustedly, struggling free and shaking something like a pound of coal from his person. "Perhaps—perhaps it's more solid on the other side."

"Try it."

"Well, it is better to try it and fail than to stand there like a cigar-store Indian and offer fool suggestions!" snapped the inventor, making a vicious attack at the opposite side of the pile.

It really did seem more substantial, Hawkins, by the aid of both hands, both feet, his elbows, his knees, and possibly his teeth as well, managed to scramble upward for a dozen feet or so.

But just as he was about to turn and gloat over his success, the treacherous coal gave way once more. Hawkins went flat upon his face and slid back to me, feet first.

When he arose he presented a remarkable appearance.

Light overcoat, pearl trousers, fancy vest—all were black as ink. Hawkins' classic countenance had faded no better. His lips showed some slight resemblance of redness, and his eyes glared wonderfully white; but the rest of his face might have been made up for a minstrel show.

"Yes, it's devilish funny, isn't it?" he roared, sitting down again rather suddenly, as the coal slid again beneath his feet.

"Funny isn't the word. What's out next move to be?"

"Climb out, of course. There must be some place where we can get a foothold."

"Why not shout for help?"

"No use. Nobody could hear us down here. Go on, Griggs. Make your attempt. I've done my part."

"And you wish to see me repeat the performance? Thank you. No."

"But it's the only way out."

"Then," I said, "I'm afraid we're slated to spend the night here."

"Good Lord! We can't do that!"

"I have a notion, Hawkins," I went on, "that we not only can, but shall. You say we can't attract any one's attention, and I guess you're right. Hence, as there is no one to pull us out, and we can't pull ourselves out, we shall remain here. That's logic, isn't it?"

"It's awful!" exclaimed the inventor. "Why, we may not get out to-morrow."

"Nor the next day, nor the one after that. Exactly. We shall have to wait until this wretched place is emptied, when they will find our bleaching skeletons—if skeletons can bleach in a coal bin."

Hawkins blinked his sable eyelids at me.

"Or we might go to work and pile all the coal on one side of the bin," I continued. "It wouldn't take more than a week or so, throwing it over by hand; and when at last they found that your crano-engine wouldn't bring up any more from this side—"

"Aha!" cried the inventor, with sudden animation. "That's it! The Crano-Scale!"

"Yes, that's it," I assented. "Away up near the roof. What about it?"

"Why, it solves the whole problem," said Hawkins. "Don't you see, the next time they need nut-coal, they'll set the engine going and scoop—"

"Four—tons—nut, Bill!" said a far-away voice. "Yep! Four tons. Start up the blamed machine!"

"What? What did he say?" cried the inventor.

"Something about starting the engine."

"That's what I thought. They're going to use the Crano-Scale, Griggs! We're saved! We're saved!"

"I fail to see it."

"Why, when the thing comes down, be ready. Ah—it's coming now! Get ready, Griggs! Get ready! Be prepared to make a dash for it!"

"And then?"

"And then climb in, of course. There won't be much room, for they're going to take on four tons, and the thing will be full; but we can manage it. We can do it, Griggs, and be home in time for dinner."

"And you're a fine-looking object to go to dinner," I added.

Hawkins' countenance fell somewhat, but there was no time for a reply. The coal-scuttle of the Crano-Scale was hovering above us, evidently selecting a spot for its operations.

"Here! We're right under it!" Hawkins shouted. "This way, Griggs! Quick! Lord! It's coming down—it'll hit you! Quick!"

And I dived toward Hawkins as he was struggling for a foothold, and then—

A line of asterisks is the only way of putting into print my state of mind—or absence of any state of mind—for the ensuing quarter of an hour.

My first idea was that some absent-minded person had built a three-story house upon my unhappy body; but I was joggling and bouncing up and down, so that that hypothesis was manifestly untenable.

The weight of the house was there, though, and all about was stifling blackness.

I tried to turn. It was useless. I couldn't move.

The house had me pinned down hard and fast.

## Writing a Business Letter

Where Many Writers Fail—Fault of Poor Manners.

"I know," said a business man of wide experience, "how crowded with studies the schools are now, and I should be loath to recommend the introduction of any new ones; but I do wish sometimes that the boys and girls who are giving time to so many little fads could be induced to give more to art of writing letters."

He did not refer to the mere art of writing correct English or the art of writing an interesting personal letter, but to the preparation of really good business letters, in which the matter in hand should be treated not only clearly and concisely but also courteously.

The need he mentioned is one which is felt by thousands of business men and may well claim the attention of young people of both sexes who look forward to business life. The ability to write intelligibly is not rare, but the capacity to write in such a way as to produce a pleasant personal feeling for the house one represents is extremely rare.

Many writers fail in the matter of courtesy—either in the way of constant omission of articles and constant abbreviation, or, more commonly, in neglecting to give the other man the benefit of the doubt. In other words, the fault with most business letters is a fault of poor manners rather than of mental deficiency.

"Never, in any circumstances, allow your first letter, in a case of difference to be harsh or discourteous," said a business man to one of his clerks.

"No matter how much you think the man has injured us, give him the benefit of the doubt. Assume that he has made a mistake rather than that he

Then I wriggled frantically, and something near me wriggled frantically as well. Then one of my hands struck something that yielded, and there came a muffled voice from somewhere in the neighborhood.

"Griggs!" it said.

"Yes?"

"W-w-w-where are we? This isn't the coal bin. Are you hurt?"

"I give it up. Are you?"

"I think not. Why, Griggs, this must be one of the big coal carts!"

"I shouldn't wonder," I assented, vaguely.

"But—how—"

"Your miserable coal-scuttle must have stunned us, picked us up and dumped us in with the coal!" I exclaimed, suddenly enlightened.

"Do you—think," came through the blackness. "Huh! It's stopped!"

For a long, long time, as it seemed, there was silence. The weight of coal pressed down until I was near to madness. Hawkins was grunting painfully.

I was speculating as to whether he was actually succumbing—whether I could stand the strain myself for another minute—when everything began to slide. The coal slid, I slid, Hawkins slid—the world seemed to be sliding!

We landed upon the sidewalk. We struggled and beat and thrashed at the coal, and finally managed to rise out of it—pitch black, dazed and battered.

And the first object which confronted us was the home of Hawkins! We had been delivered at his door, with the four tons of nut coal.

"They'll have to sign for us on the driver's slip," I remembered saying. "That person let off a shriek and vanished down the street. Then the door of the Hawkins home opened, and Mrs. Hawkins emerged, followed by my wife."

That numerous things were said need not be stated. Mrs. Hawkins said most of them, and they were numerous.

Mrs. Griggs limited herself to railing a \$50 gown by weeping on my coal-soiled shoulder as she inquired me never again to tread the same street with Hawkins.

It was a solemn moment, that, for I saw the light. I realized how many bumps and bruises and pains and duckings and scorplings might have been spared me, had I taken the step earlier. But it is never too late to mend. Probably I had still a few years in which to enjoy life.

I turned to Hawkins—a chappalin, cowering huddle of filth, standing upon two pearl-and-black legs—and said:

"Hawkins, when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one man to sever those friendly bands which have connected him with another, and so to assume a station apart, a decent respect for the opinions of the latter usually make it necessary to declare the cause of that separation. It is so in this case. You know mighty well what you've put me through in the past. There's no need of going into it."

"But this Crano-Scale business is my limit—my outside limit," I went on, "and you've passed it. If you ever attempt to address another word to me, or ride in the same elevated train, or even sit in the same theater, I'll have you arrested as a suspicious person—and locked up for life, if money'll do it! Hawkins, henceforth we meet as strangers!"

And Hawkins, plied by the unhappy woman who bears his name, walked up the steps, turned and stared stupidly at me, and then stumbled into the house and out of my life—forever.

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has misrepresented. To take the other course is to enter a blind alley. You may have to turn around to get out of it."—Youth's Companion.

Rain, Air Purifier.

An Englishman named John Aiken has for many years made a study of the solid impurities found in the atmosphere. He invented apparatus for counting the number of dust particles in a cubic inch of air, thus making it possible to institute comparisons between the condition of air at various elevations and in a single place at different times. While he was making some meteorological observations with his dust counter on the Eiffel tower, at Paris, recently, a heavy thunder shower occurred. Before the rain the number of dust particles was large and showed that the impure air of the city came up in great quantities to the top of the tower. After the shower the number of dust particles was so far reduced that the air finally became as free from dust as any that Mr. Aiken ever tested on the mountain tops of Switzerland. This increase in purity is ascribed to the "dragging down" of the upper air to the level of the top of the Eiffel tower, for the reason that "rain cannot wash the air to anything like that purity."

A Chaser.

"Do you think all those city folks will come to visit us this summer?" said the farmer.

"No, there's no danger," said his wife. "I've just written them that we've gone into the bee business."—Detroit Free Press.

Prudence.

"I am going to have my hands insured," said the eminent pianist.

"Don't do it," answered his manager. "Your hands do not constitute your most valuable asset. Have your hair insured."—Washington Star.

## LIFE'S DAILY ROUND

MULTIFARIOUS DUTIES OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Much of Work Required is a Labor of Love, But Should Be Lightened Whenever Possible—Reliable Washing Fluid.

In these days of specialization the housekeeper is about the only one left undisputed "Jack of All Trades." Every boy and girl leaving school has it drummed into them that they must choose one thing and make the most of it, if they would reach the top. Every maid coming from the other side, green as the turf she has left, scorns general housework, acting on the advice of her friends and the employment agencies, and stands boldly out for specialization as cook, waitress or laundress.

There are women, brilliant, advanced ones, who are boldly advocating the revolt of "mother," claiming that she can do more for her own and the world at large if relieved from the thousand and one petty avocations that go to make up the grand sum total in the daily round. These stand for a central nursery, a central kitchen, a central laundry, a central laundry, and so on to the end of the chapter of housewifely avocations. While there is much to commend in this much exploited idea, the most of us have had some instinct so well developed that in spite of weariness of flesh, we still prefer to stand for our own fire upon the hearth, our own table where love goes into the making of each dish, our own nursery where we can cuddle our own babies, and, above all, the care of our own when sickness comes. There are many things that may be done outside the home with advantage to all concerned. Among these the heavy laundry work, where strength is limited and help cannot be procured, stands first. In most large cities now there are central laundries that take family washes for 35 cents a dozen, mingling all the plain pieces, such as tablecloths, pillow cases, sheets and towels, returning the others rough dry, but starched ready for ironing.

Managing in this way all the large pieces can be done outside the house, leaving the little particular things to wash at home.

This is really a very fascinating part of housework, and when brains are put into it becomes a fine art, like embroidery or millinery.

A reliable washing fluid is a great lighter of labor. Here is the recipe for one that has been used in the same home for 30 years. Used according to directions it is warranted not to injure the most delicate fabric. Dissolve one pound concentrated potash in six quarts warm soft water. When cool add one-half ounce salts of tartar, and one-half ounce crude dry ammonia. Put into a jug or large bottle and cork tightly. This will keep any length of time. When ready to wash, put on the boiler with a suds made of any good laundry soap, allowing to every three pails of water a half cup of the washing fluid. Put in the clothes that are least soiled, boil ten minutes, take out and wash through fresh water in the usual way, rubbing any soiled spots that may remain. They will come out like magic. Meantime be boiling the second batch of clothing. Rinse in clear water, then in blue, and when dry the clothes will be found snow white. If preferred the clothes may be soaked overnight in a warm suds with a quarter teacup of the fluid added to each tub, but this is not necessary.

He Never Hove "Gampy."

"Gampy" Butterfield of East Vassalboro, Me., was a shrewd horse trader to the day of his death. He was slightly deaf, and used his deafness in his business to no small degree.

One day he sold an old horse to a neighboring farmer, who thought he had found a great bargain. He changed his mind, however, when, after driving his new purchase a few miles the beast emitted a series of explosions, strongly resembling the exhaust of a locomotive.

Straightway he drove back to "Gampy," who was sharpening a knife in his dooryard, his son Abner turning the grindstone. The disgruntled purchaser began a long tirade, which was perfectly audible to the old man, who, however, simulated great deafness and finally remarked, "Hay?"

"You're a skin!" howled his neighbor.

"Hay?"

"I say you're a skin! This hoss 's got the heaves!"

"Hay?"

"He's got the heaves! Heaves, heaves, heaves!"

The old man looked at him calmly. Then, indicating his son, he said gently, "Never hove me. Hove Abner once."

Uses for Bran Water.

Bran water is the best of agencies for cleaning fine colored muslins, like organdies.

As a carpet cleaner bran slightly dampened, thrown on the carpet, and then thoroughly swept out, is unexcelled. Removes all dust and, being damp, prevents dust from flying.

To cleanse light-colored furs heat bran and rub into fur with hands, then with perfectly clean brush beat and brush every particle of bran from the fur.

To dry patent leather or other shoes heat a pan of bran in the oven until quite warm, pour this into the shoes, filling to the top. Wipe the inside with a dry cloth and rub into the leather vaseline or sweet oil and let stand until dry.

## He Had No Vision For Colors

Bright Hues Without Significance for the Poet Whittier.

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color blind, and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought himself a necktie which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint, and wore it—oh, he never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it tended

against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl's distress on account of a new gown made over from her elder sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy

says about it, Mary," he said, kindly. "The looks very well indeed in it—like an oread, Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately, Mary was not dressed in green. She was red-haired, and her dress was red; that was the trouble.

Once, on a day in mid-March, when out walking with a friend, and deeply engaged in conversation, Mr. Whit-

## Taste That Age Withers

According to a member of the candy-loving sex there is no sadder evidence of age in a woman than being able to pass a bonbon shop without being tempted by the wares.

"When a woman can do this," she says, "she is frankly middle-aged. During your school days chocolates are a recognized necessity of existence. During the early bud period of matinee hero worship they are indi-

pendable to the enjoyment of a performance. When your mouth does not water at the mere idea of a caramel or a marshmallow begin to search for the first gray hair."

Looks for Disastrous Earthquakes.

Prof. Gregory, of the Yale geological department, says the San Francisco earthquake will be repeated with universal disastrous results.

Sometimes.

"What I want," said the young man, "is to get married and have a peaceful, quiet home." "Well," said a former Courtessol, "sometimes it works that way, and then again, sometimes it's like joining a debating society."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

He Was Losing Money.

Bridgegroom (previously to his bride): Don't leave me alone with your papa again before he gets to church. He has already knocked 500 crowns off your dowry.—Bombe.