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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 40. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE SONGS HIS MOTHER SANG.

BY E. V. WILSON.

Beneath the hot Midsummer sun
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered, "Nay, I cannot, please:
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
At home, long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We are all true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"'Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender memories thrilled.

Ended the song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all; good night, my friends;
God grant you sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain; "Sing one more."
The soldier bent his head;
Then smiling, as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought:
As on and on he sang,
Man after man fell into line,
Aloud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall;
The "Everlasting hills" called back,
In answer, "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard,
But, ah! the depth of every soul
By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip
Rises, in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught her boy
At home long years ago.

Select Story.

MEG-MARGARET-MAGGIE.

"Yes, I guess we kin accommodate ye. Just step in an' I'll ask mother. She'll tell us purty sudden."

John Allen followed the old cottager into the little parlor, and was there left to enjooy the salt water flavor of its furnishings while his host went in pursuit of "mother." She was long in finding, and the visitor had counted for the third time the specimens of dried fishes, mosses, and sea weeds which adorned the chimney-piece, before the captain returned.

"I had ter leave ye a purty consid'able of a spell. Mother, she had jest run in ter Jane's ter talk it over. It does allers upset her so. Jest's if 'twas a stranger."

The sailor sat down, facing the applicant for summer board, and regarded him with unblinking eyes, meanwhile rolling over and over in his cavernous mouth a monstrous piece of tobacco.

To end this unpleasant spectacle, Allen said:

"I was told at the hotel that you were desirous of boarders, else I should not have intruded."

"An' they told ye right. But this mornin' come a letter from Meg-Margaret. They may alter things, an' I guess mother didn't feel capable of decidin' till she' talked about it with Jane. Jane's our oldest. She's married an' got five. She'll be in bimeby."

To make the waiting less tedious, or to gratify his own pride, the captain took from the red covered table in the centre of the room a "Pilgrim's Progress," whose leaves were bulged with loose papers not called for by the text. The book, open at the first picture, was laid across the guest's knees in a manner which indicated that all the unmounted amateur photographs with which the work was crowded would have to be examined.

Allen shivered; but, civility compelling, he began to look at the "views," and had not gone far toward the end before he perceived that all were portraits of one person. He looked up, inquiringly.

The captain stood stooping and looking over the visitor's shoulder with keenest interest, and, whatever he might have thought of the work, John Allen was not the man to disparage it to such adoring delight as shone in that weather beaten old face.

"The're hern; all on 'em. Sophier took 'em, but Meg-Margaret gin her the machine. Purty, hain't they!"

Exclamation rather than interrogation; but the other replied, promptly:

"Very pretty. The face, I mean."

"That's what I mean, tu. An it does beat all ter see how quick she done it! Them was all took last summer, an' Sophier's primed ready fer another lot agin she comes down this year. She wrote this mornin', an' that's what upset mother. We wasn't expectin' of her till August; but—mother's a-comin' now. I seed her through the winder."

"Sophier must be industrious," thought Allen. There was "Meg-Margaret" in every conceivable position which civilized woman could assume. Margaret in bathing-suit and in evening dress; Margaret in a hammock, under a tree, under an umbrella, feeding chickens, fishing, on horse back, reading, sewing, dancing, making bread, writing—shades of George Eliot! Could any mortal female look like that when engaged in "literature?" Certainly she took it hard.

But the entertaining host had taken another treasure from the dresser, and brought it—literally wrapped in fine linen—for the guest's inspection. The napkin covering had a scent of lavender, but the contents were, or seemed, unworthy so much care. The treasure proved to be the most summery of summer novels; a book which, as critic for the *Clarion*, Allen had himself harshly reviewed. He marveled to find it there and thus.

"Ah! 'A 'Sconset Romance.' Have you read it?"

"No, I hain't read it. I hain't no taste that way. But mother has—mother has a dozen times, I guess. It's hern!"

"Hers?" asked Allen, feebly, nothing else occurring to him.

"Yes. Meg-Margaret's. Margaret Sudbury's own book, writ by her own hand." The information of which the captain had delivered himself was so weighty he was obliged to sit down.

So "mother" came in and found them. She had been prepared to say "no" to any boarder's application, but the sight of one who could appreciate Margaret's book changed her decision at once, and she led the way to show the rooms with an alacrity which seemed to discredit the assertion that she was a person who required to "talk things over" with anybody, even "Jane." She was the swiftest-motioned human Allen had ever seen. Her presence in the parlor had instantly imparted vivacity even to that graven image, her husband, for he got up, whistling, and put the "Sconset Romance" back into sacred, fragrant hiding.

Allen felt as if he had taken a tonic.

"Yes; I like the room, I like the price. When can I come?"

"Right off. Got much stuff?"

"Only a valise and a typewriter."

"She's got one o' them. Carries it everywhere she goes."

Allen turned a groan into a smile; then he considered what it would be to have two machines clicking in one small cottage, and groaned again. Instantly he resolved never to use his while he remained at 'Sconset.

But "mother" had pricked up her ears.

"Be you sick? 'Cause if you be I couldn't take ye. Margaret's comin' home ter rest. She needs it. Anybody needs it who has writ a book."

The boarder silently agreed with her. Especially such a book, and in such poses as the photographs showed.

When Allen awoke, the next morning, he heard somebody singing. Then the captain's voice:

"That's a lively tune, Meg-Margaret. An' ye look right peart. Glad ter get home agin?"

"Glad? Oh, popsey, I'm sick of living!" Then she dashed again into melody. The old father was also musical. Once he had led the choir in meeting. He never heard a new air without sampling it, and he at once attacked "Annie Rooney." He hit it fairly well, too.

Meg-Margaret laughed aloud.

"H'm! Like to hear me, don't ye, my gal? What tune is it?"

"It's a classic."

"Oh!"

Allen laughed also, and he raised the green shade and opened the unshuttered window upon a girl in a yachting suit waltzing the old captain all about the little yard.

"There! Don't ye, Meg! Don't! I'm clean out o' breath!"

"You will have to dance till you promise not to 'Margaret' me any more. It's absurd. Here when I come home to be just Meg. Will you ever do so again?"

"No—no—I wont. Mother—mother——"

"Bother 'mother!' You and I understand each other, popsey; and how would you like if I began to call you 'Captain Sudburg?'"

"I—I'd whip ye!" answered the old man, promptly.

"And be just right. Give me a kiss, popsey. I am so glad to be at home. No, not that kind, you tobacco-chewing mortal—a 'Dutch' one. They don't smell." Catching him by his ear and his nose, Meg saluted her parent in the fashion designated. Irreverent as her words might be, there was evident good-fellowship between these two. Then she wheeled round and saw Allen.

"Horrors!" she cried, and fled. But no further than the breakfast-room. "Mother, who is that creature in the spare bedroom?"

"He's a boarder I've took."

"Oh, mother! And just as I was coming home. "I'm so sorry!"

"Humph! I thought it would be livelier for ye. Then ye wouldn't go moonin' round on the sands after dewfall."

"Took him in ter 'keep com'ny' with ye, Meg," chuckled the father, who had followed his darling into the house.

"Mother" paused in her swift dishing up of the breeakfast. "'Meg,' father! I told ye 'twasn't becoming to call her that—now."

"Mother, don't! Ill-luck take the day I ever took up a pen—or a typewriter. I won't write a word all summer."

"Mother's" only reply was to ring the bell, and Allen promptly appeared.

"My darter, Meg;" said the captain, after his hearty good-morning. "Margaret—Margaret Sudbury, the authoress;" corrected "mother."

"Hello, Maggie!" cried another voice, as Sophia entered. She was a dress-maker and lived at Nantucket, but she had run down to welcome "Maggie." The sisters embraced, and then Sophia had the boarder presented to her. She ins[illegible] ceived the idea of mal[illegible] "subject." His costume [illegible] and becoming. It did [illegible] state's-prisony as some [illegible] summer guests. And [illegible] "good-looking." She [illegible] off early Saturday and [illegible] the fly."

That was the begi[illegible] end was not for so[illegible] promises extracted [illegible] hold, there was no [illegible] and Margaret did n[illegible] sort of a creature w[illegible] her home. And i[illegible] plain sailing, both liter[illegible] ratively. The captain attended to the literal part, and the young folks proceeded to fall in with "mother's" plan and "keep company." Only to her credit be it said, she had had no lovering business in mind when she spoke those fateful words. But her husband had—very distinctly. So when "mother" said to him, "Don't ye think its wrong ter throw them young things together so much?" he unblushingly replied, "No!"

"But ye know what gen'ally comes o' sech goin's on."

"Yes. Mattermony."

"My stars! An' ye take it like that?"

"I'm a doin' it a pu'pose. I'm sick o' havin' Meg-Margaret livin' away from home, earnin' her own livin'. Nice a gal as she is 'd orter have a husband; an' I mean ter get her one if I kin. An', I must say, if I'd been in that young feller's place I'd 'a popped the question afore now. Whar'll ye find a trimmer little craft 'n Meg? Clean-cut an' purty on the outside, an' big an' clean an' roomy ter heart. All she's earnin' money fer is ter make us comfortable in our old days; an' fer my part I'd ruther see her comfortable in her young ones. I'll get her a husband if I kin."

Then the ancient mariner went out to craftily propose a sail by moonlight for the pair whose matrimonial interests he had so greatly at heart. He found them sitting facing one another on the two little settees of the back porch, spell-bound and dumb. They had each heard every word, and neither had power to move.

Margaret recovered first; and without a look toward any one she arose and went into the house, past her mother, and up to her own room. No one spoke to her or attempted to stop her; there was that in her face which forbade it.

Five minutes later when the cottage door closed, each of the three left behind had the same thought: "She has gone to walk it off on the sands."

And one of the three, the youngest, concluded that he would go and walk it off with her. His chance would be poor enough, perhaps; but it was a chance he had long since decided to take, and delayed—because unspoken love is sweet.

He did not find her. Nobody found her; but her trunk and her typewriter went away by that evening's boat.

A year later, John Allen was again off for his vacation, but he carefully avoided Nantucket. He went to the mountains, there to rest and try to forget." He was graver and sterner than he had been a year before; apparently he needed rest more badly. He was determined to put his 'Sconset romance forever out of mind. Men lived without a lung, and did much good work, too; why shouldn't he try the experiment of living minus a heart, yet accomplishing fine things? Of course there was no why.

On the evening when he arrived at the hotel where he intended to recreate, he noticed the servants. "Ah! this is one of those houses where college students are waitresses and waiters. I'll look into it and see if it won't make a column for the Sunday edition. That is, if I can manage to put the thing in a new light."

A guest sitting near him called: "Maggie?"

Allen started. It was a foolish habit he had acquired during the past year; when any change rung upon the name of Margaret roused his interest. But he did not look round. He mentally slapped the vacuum which his lost heart had left and went on eating flap-jacks; for which he should not be blamed. White Mountain flap-jacks are famous.

"Maggie, another plate of them, please. About twenty-four. I never ate such pan-cakes!" said the other diner.

Neither had John Allen. But twenty-four! That order would give a realistic flavor to the prospective column—and the journalist looked up. Though he didn't see the hungry guest. He saw, instead, a little figure in a print gown and white apron, moving away down the dining-room with an alert briskness native to only [illegible] planet—"mother" [illegible] had placed her on a roc[illegible] over her.

"Now, little girl, I've captured you! There'll be no more time lost. Meg—Margaret—Maggie, will you marry me?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I—I don't—once I was a 'literary woman.' You told me that you didn't like that kind."

"I don't. But you were never literary."

"I was. I wrote a book."

"Yes. The 'Sconset Romance.' Well, I punished you for that. I—no matter. You'll never write another."

"I will if I like."

"You won't like."

"Pooh! Humph!"

"How did you happen to start on such a distressing career?"

"Oh, I could always write. I wanted money."

"I thought so. You had no special hankering for fame?"

"Bosh! for fame. I never thought of fame, even in my 'authoress' days. I had to do something to help, and that came easiest."

"Maggie—Margaret—Meg, will you marry me?"

"Why?"

I love you. For your retaliation. For my expiation. It was I who killed your book—when I reviewed it in the *Clarion*."

"You—you mean thing! It nearly killed me, too."

"Criticism doesn't kill—people. If it did I shouldn't be here to ask you the third time to marry me. I know. I'm in 'literature' myself."

"You? Oh, John!"

After a while, between kisses, he paused to say: "But I am—literary; and—realistic. The genuine 'Sconset romance beats the sham one by a long shot. I believe I'll write it up."

But he didn't.

I did.

A Brain Puzzle.

A country woman having gone to market to sell chickens, met with a cook who bought the half of what she had and a half of one more without killing any of them. She then sold to a second cook the half of those remaining and a half a chicken more, also without killing any; and afterwards to the third cook the half of the remainder and half a chicken more, still without killing any. By these means the country woman sold all her chickens. How many had she?

The fly season ends with the baseball season, but the fowl season lasts until Christmas.

The Humming Bird Defended.

FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD.

In the correspondents' column of a recent week, F. J. E., of Sullivan county, N. Y., wants to know if some of your subscribers can tell him how to kill humming birds, which, he says, are injuring his beans by knocking off the blossoms. For myself, writes a Connecticut reader, I would not encourage the killing of any of our native birds as a penalty for their periodical depredations on our small fruits and grain fields. I think far more has been lost by the multiplication of insects than has been gained by the killing of birds. This is the first time I remember of any complaint having been made against the humming bird as being hurtful to vegetation of any kind by knocking off the blossoms. This little bird, by the use of its long, slender beak and extensile tongue, feeds while on the wing upon the honey of flowers and the insects that are attracted within them by the sweetness. The visits of insects, especially of bees, to flowers in their search of sweets, is believed by all botanists to be beneficial by the more perfect distribution of pollen through their agency, and it is even thought by some that blossoms are furnished with honey for the purpose of attracting them, as it is not known to be of any direct use to the plants. Thus a bee in taking honey from a flower carries on his head some of its pollen to the next it visits. Many plants are fertilized by pollen not their own either by such visits or by the [illegible] which in the case of some, of which the strawberry is a good example, is quite important to the crop. At a [illegible] stage of their growth, the [illegible] ty of the atmo[illegible] standing just as they were when clothed with green foliage, thousands of years ago. The Little Colorado river in Arizona, says the St. Louis Republic, has long been famous as a locality for such finds; at one place more than one thousand five hundred cords of solid stone tree trunks, sections, limbs and logs were found by the government surveyors. Most of them were silicified; many seven to ten feet in diameter and from twenty to eighty feet in height. Geologists say that the petrified trees of the Little Colorado were once covered with marl over one thousand feet in depth. Some of the trees have been changed to jasper, and have assumed various hues; others resemble opal, and, when broken open, the core is often found lined with crystals of the most beautiful tints. Louisiana and Ohio are also noted localities for petrified trees. In the former state, several years ago, in turning up the ground, an ancient forest was unearthed, and, in succession, two others below the first. Scientists, judging from the state of the trees, say that at least fifty thousand years elapsed between the growth of the first and the last forest. In some parts of the island of antiqua, one of the British leeward group, there are some remarkable examples of stone forests. In Van Dieman's Land similar forests are known to exist. Some of these are only partly silicified, while others are changed to chalcedony hard enough to cut glass.

How to Remove Match Stains.

Lives there a housekeeper who is not truly annoyed when she sees upon the spotless woodwork of her doors or windows those long, dark scratches which tell of a match being drawn across the paint?

There is a remedy for these unsightly marks which so harrow a housekeeper's soul, and upon which she has tried soap and water in vain.

Cut a sour lemon in half and apply the cut half to the marks, rubbing for a moment quite hard. Then dip a rag in water, afterward in whiting, and rub until the stain disappears. Now rub dry with a clean rag and your work is complete.

In cleaning finger marks from papered walls whiting may be used to advantage as a cleanser; never use soap and water.

Satan never gets a chance to loaf in a neighborhood where a good man lives.

The Trade Dollar.

One of the annoyances of business men is the "trade dollar," says the Kansas City *Star*. A man will come in hurriedly, make a purchase, and throw down a disc of silver that looks and rings like a "dollar." After he is gone the merchant finds a "trade dollar" in his till, and it has a tendency to make him irritable.

The trade dollar was a commercial convenience when first coined, but it is now a commercial nuisance. In 1873 the trade dollar was issued for purposes of trade with China and other Asiatic countries. Before that time Americans had been buying Mexican dollars and shipping them to the Orientals in payment of merchandise. The trade dollar was never intended for circulation in this country, but for exportation abroad. For five years they were coined and largely used. The act authorizing their coinage repealed the act authorizing the coinage of the standard dollar coins issued by the United States. The merchants might as well have used silver bars for eastern trade, but it was thought that the stamp of the government certifying that 420 grains of silver 900 fine would give other countries greater confidence than to use simple bars of silver unstamped and uncertified. From 1873 to 1876 they were legal tender, and 15,000,000 of them were coined. From 1876 to 1878 all trade dollars coined were not legal tender, but it is the opinion of eminent lawyers that the 15,000,000 already coined were [illegible] tender, while those coined after [illegible] were not. Their coinage was discontinued February 22, 1878, up to which time there had been 25,959,360 coined. The exact value of a trade dollar now is 77 cents, although [illegible] more than that [illegible] Japan and the [illegible] habitants of the east have learned to be wary and watchful when handling coins that come from the occident. Most of the trade dollars which went to the eastern countries were melted and recoined in the currency of the orient. The trade dollar contains four more grains of silver than the standard dollar, and has eight one-thousandths the less of alloy.

A Somnambulist Walks Ten Miles.

An extraordinary case of somnambulism is reported from one of the rural districts of France. According to the account which has reached Paris the patient is a young man whose legs have been completely paralyzed for some time. In his usual state he is unable to move without the help of crutches, but when the fit is on him he can walk long distances without the slightest assistance. A few nights ago he got up and started for the neighboring village, followed by some of his relatives, who never lose sight of him when he is in this condition. He arrived without misadventure at the house of a friend, knocked at the door and asked for refreshments. After having rested for a few moments he returned home, and as it was still very early in the morning he sat down on a bench and waited until the people began to come out of their houses. He then went to bed and awoke a few hours afterward without feeling the least fatigue, though he had walked more than ten miles, nor had he the slightest remembrance of the expedition which he had undertaken. The case is said to be exciting the utmost interest throughout the department, and to be the subject of universal discussion.

The Carp Has a Queer Throat.

The carp carries his teeth back in his throat, so that when he has a sore throat he does not know whether to send for the doctor or the dentist. He resembles the cow in the respect that he chews his cud. It is a pity that some of the other virtues of the cow do not also pertain to the carp, for he would be a much more useful fish if this were so, although it would not be possible for him to give milk, as our bovine friend, owing to the certain destruction of every drop of it by the river in which he lives, and which, as many of the readers of this paper know, is full of water.

The Mission of Weeds.

Weeds are better than nothing, says *Rural Life*. In waging our war of extermination we forget this fact. Were it not for weeds we should doubtless grow indolent in care of crops. They spring up of their own accord and irritate us with their persistence. We should not allow such feeling. Weeds have their uses. Nature abhors a bleak expanse of bare soil and properly sends weeds to cover the nakedness. Grass is the "benediction of nature." When man ruthlessly destroys grass nature pauses a brief period and then gathers herself for action and covers the ground with weeds. Why is this? It is because valuable food materials are all through the growing season being showered from the clouds, washed down and absorbed from the atmosphere, elaborated by wonderful alchemy in the soil, and this store of nutriment will leach out and be lost if no living roots are in the soil to seize and hold it. For this purpose are weeds sent. When we kill weeds we should have a crop to gather up the nutriment. When the crop is removed, plowing or cultivating at once, so rank vegetation will spring up, saves the fertility of the soil as elaborated. Weeds in the corn field or potato patch will not do, because they take up the nutriment before the corn or potatoes can get it. They do not exhaust the soil. They save soil fertility. While a crop is growing weeds cannot be tolerated, for the crop needs the nourishment. They are crop robbers, but not soil robbers; rather may they be called soil restorers.

Growing and Packing Tea.

The tea plant is as sensitive and delicate as a West Walnut street belle. It flourishes best on a moun[illegible] is neither very [illegible] vineyards, so do the [illegible] the Flowery Kingdom control tea plantations whose annual output is worth a king's ransom.

Another point of the many we have to learn from the Chinese is the proper mode of packing the leaf. That which goes to America is dumped, as soon as it is "fired," burning hot into a lead-lined box, the lead is soldered and the air-tight coffin is sent around the globe in the hot hold of a steamer. The tea sweats and undergoes many changes which alter its flavor altogether and vitiate its quality.

The Mongolian packs the poorest kind in strong paper packages, and these in turn in mortuary lead; the better kind in soft-tin paper covered boxes; still better ones in silver foil inside of one-pound cases made of split sun-dried bamboo, and the best in porcelain jars and vases.

Sawfishes.

Sawfishes belong to the order of rays, although their bodies have the shape of ordinary fishes. They swim wholly with their tails, and the long weapons which adorn their noses are merely prolongations of the snout, armed on either side with teeth in sockets and covered with rough skin of great toughness. With this formidable instrument they attack their prey, tearing pieces of flesh from its body or ripping open the abdomen to feed on the intestines of the victim. There is something positively abnormal about all these creatures called rays. They suggest the notion of fishes antediluvian, and it is not surprising to find many large and extinct species among the fossils of vanished epochs.

Fowls, like pigs, are fond of milk. Sour milk is considered the best, and brings on laying if given them daily summer and winter. Many fanciers have a surplus of milk, and the pigs get all of it. Try dividing a portion, and let the hens in on the quiet; they will soon show whether it benefits their general health.

Some of the monstrous cranes used in the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia lift a locomotive as easily as a mother does a baby. Each of them saves the labor of 150 men and does away with the necessity of having a complicated system of tracks for shifting the locomotives.

Color-Blindness.

An English engineer, forty years of age, was recently dismissed from his situation because he was unable to correctly distinguish colors. Dr. M. Reich, who examined the man, and who afterward published the results of his examinations in a Russian paper, found sight, focus and sensation of light normal, and discovered no disease by the ophthalmoscope, yet the patient could distinguish no colors when of a dark shade, and only yellow and blue when of a light shade. The patient assured Dr. Reich that he had been able to distinguish colors correctly and with confidence up to the summer of 1889. He said that through over-exertion and insufficiency of sleep he had then suffered from violent headache for two weeks, and that afterward he saw everything as if it were red. The latter symptom [illegible] ths, after [illegible] long as they can be seen. [illegible] nary kites it is said to be the wriggling of the tail that propels the kite. In Professor Myers's kite the front or top of the kite is rigid, and the other point of the kite is made of flexible material, which is operated on by the [illegible] for the tail, and its [illegible] or are[illegible] as used. The merest spark cause a blaze where olive oil or any other vegetable oil is mixed with rags, hay, sawdust or any such combustible material. Fine sawdust is a very combustible material, and should not be used, as it very often is, to collect the drippings of oil casks in shops or warehouses.

Lampblack mixed with linseed oil is one of the most inflammable of substances. A common source of fire in houses comes from the timbers dried by the steam, hot air or hot water apparatus. It is safest to destroy at once all greasy rags of whatever kind or description, for these may in a moment of negligence become the cause of great destruction.

Englishman and American.

"My father was once traveling in Europe and fell in with an English banker, and his family," says a St. Louis *Globe Democrat* gossiper. "The banker was a man of wealth, a university graduate, a fine scholar and in every way a refined, polished gentleman. One morning while stopping at a Swiss hotel my father came down to breakfast and found his friend in a high state of nervous excitement. He could not eat anything, was fidgeting in his chair and was evidently so much disturbed that my father asked what was the matter. 'Do you see that gentleman at the end of the table?' said the Englishman, in an awe-struck whisper; 'that is the earl of Tyrone.' 'But what is the matter with you?' was the reply. 'Come, now,' said the English, 'you can't pretend that when so great a man as that is at the same table with you you feel just as if some nobody was there?' 'I don't know about that,' said my father. 'Do you see that man on the other side of the table? That is ex-President Pierce, but I can eat my breakfast perfectly calmly, even if he is here.' The Englishman started, gasped and said nothing more, evidently regarding the Americans as a variety of the human species entirely outside of all ordinary rules."

Hitherto patient boarder—Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie, I draw the line.

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