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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 6. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 22, 1845. NO. 30.

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the House and Lot, occupied by Mr. Wm. Vannort, in the vicinity of Chester Town.

G. VICKERS, Agent.

October 18, 1845. 3w

To Rent,

For the ensuing year the Dwelling House and Kitchen, in the Vicinity of Chester Town formerly the residence of the Rev. S. L. Rawleigh.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent.

C. Town. for Mr. S. Rawleigh.

Oct. 17, 1845. (3 w)

To Rent

For the ensuing year, the HOUSE on the Main street, and near the upper end of Chester Town, at present occupied by Mr. William Apsley. For terms apply to G. VICKERS.

Chester Town, Nov. 15th. 1845 }

For Rent,

For the ensuing year, the pleasant and commodious HOUSE on Water street, at present occupied by me.—For terms, apply to the subscriber, or to his Attorney, G. Vickers, Esq. at the Masonic Hall J. L. STAM.

Chester Town, Nov. 15, '45. 3w

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the House at present occupied by Mr. John Greenwood in Market Space, Chester Town. Terms, $55, if to one family—$65, if to two families, Security to be given.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent

C. Town, for Miss S. Arthur.

Oct. 17, 1845. (3 w)

To Rent

For the ensuing year or a term of years the brick Dwelling, garden and premises, lately occupied by Doct. E. H. Worrell, on Water street, Chester Town.

For terms apply to

A. W. SPARKS, Agent.

November 1, '45.

A Final Dividend.

By order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county a final dividend on the personal estate of William K. Heaney, late of Kent Co., d ceased, will be struck before the Orphans' Court, on Tuesday, the 2d December, 1845. All creditors holding claims or judgments against the said deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims with the Register of Wills, duly proved and passed on or before that day, as they will otherwise be debarred from any portion of the estate.

WM. M. JACOBS, Admr.

of Wm. K. Heaney, dec'd.

November 15th, 1845. tdm

Maryland,

Kent county, to wit:

I hereby certify that William J. Wilkins, this day gave information to me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Kent county, aforesaid, that he had taken up as a stray trespassing on his enclosures, a red horned STEER, with a large white spot in his forehead, white belly and flanks, the end of his tail white and three small spots on his left side and marked in the ear.

Given under my hand and seal this first day of November, eighteen hundred and forty five.

WM. S. LASSELL, { SEAL. }

NOTICE.

The owner of the above described steer, is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away.

WILLIAM J. WILKINS.

Kent county, }
Nov. 8, 1845. } 3wp

Maryland,

Kent county, to wit:

I hereby certify, that Edward Nicholson, Supervisor of the Alms House, this day gave information to me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for Kent county aforesaid, that he had taken up, as strays, trespassing on his enclosures, two HOGS; one a white sow, without marks—the other nearly black, marked with a slit in the left ear, and a swallow fork in the right.

Given under my hand and seal, this 7th day of November, eighteen hundred and forty-five.

WM. S. LASSELL, { SEAL. }

Notice.

The owner or owners of the above described Hogs are hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

EDWARD NICHOLSON,
Supervisor.

Kent county, Nov. 7, 1845. 3w

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.

☞ For Prospectus, see fourth page.

POETRY.

TO POVERTY.

BY FERDINAND BOYLE.

Ah! Poverty, thou grim faced chiel,
Tyrant maist dread o' human weal,
How long maun I thy hard grip feel
About my heart!
My ain nor ither's woes I heal,
Life's dearest part.

Like blight upon the early corn,
Or chillin' win's to the lambs shorn,
Or clouds o'er castin' rosy morn,
So thou, daft chiel,
For mortal man or woman born,
Blasting all weal.

Sick and distressed, my friends lie low,
My heart would gladly ease the blow,
But, frowning by, thou answer'st, No!
Like a death knell;
Among all evils here below,
Thou bear'st the bell.

The maid we lo'ed her a' hae given
For vows high registered in heaven,
By thee to desperation driven,
Degraded falls;
May thy poor victim be forgiven
In heaven's halls.

There's mony a life were else weel spent,
But thy grim first-born, Discontent,
Wi' bitterest gall fills the heart rent
By thy dire blow.
And strangles many a good intent,
Too weel I know.

But they who ne'er hae felt thy frown,
To riches born, in riches grown,
Their fellow worm they scarce will own
In rags and patches;
"Na, na; they've gat na silken gown,
The starvin' wretches!"

Still will they drive thro' whistlin' storm,
Their stricken brither, lowly born,
Drive him with an' menial's scorn
Frae grandeur's door;
Jerring his squalid rags forlorn,
The unkempt boor!

But when it 'rives that "crack of doom"—
And mark, it comes or late or soon—
We'll ken who's first, the silken gown
Or the unshod—
Who then may need sweet mercy's boon
Before their God!

Think, think, when mid your gilded pride
Ye set your fellow man aside,
And wi' mean jests his rags deride,
The time's not far:
He yet may rise God's throne beside;
Thou damned for a'.

Then poverty, be thou my friend,
If riches lead to sick an end,
That I, to hold them, heart's must rend
Of stricken man,
Humbly with thee the way I'll wend
Of life's short span.

THE MECHANIC'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Now wife and children, let's be gay;
My work is done and here's the pay—
'Twas hard to earn, but never mind it;
Hope rear'd the sheaf, and peace shall hind it.

Six days I've toil'd and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat,
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gained by labor, cannot cloy.

Come ye, who form my dear fireside—
My care, my comfort, and my pride;
Come now, let us close the night,
In harmless talk, and fond delight!

To-morrow's dawn brings blessings, peace,
And each domestic joys increase
To him who honestly maintains
That course of life which heaven ordains.

For this and every blessing given,
Thankful, we'll bow the knee to Heaven;
In God's own house, our voices raise,
With grateful notes of prayer and praise.

Sweet's the tranquility of heart,
Which public worship doth impart,
And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road
To him whose conscience bears no load.

Thus shall the day, as God designed,
Promote my health, improve my mind;
On Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our life is but a lengthened week,
Through which with toil for rest we seek;
And he whose labor well is past,
A joyful Sabbath finds at last.

STATE OF MARYLAND, Sct:

WHEREAS, it is right and proper that some one day of those commonly devoted to secular employments, should be dedicated by the people of Maryland to the Almighty as a day of thanksgiving, for the many blessings enjoyed by them during the present year, and whereas, it is usual that this day should be designated by the Governor of the State,

Now, therefore, I, THOMAS G. PRATT, Governor of the State of Maryland, do recommend that THURSDAY, the twenty-seventh day of November next, be set apart and observed by the people of Maryland, as a day of public thanksgiving, and that, forbearing all secular engagements, they will on that day unite in praise and prayer to the Almighty for the many blessings which they under His divine protection have enjoyed.

{ L. S. } Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of Maryland, this 16th day of October, 1845.

THOMAS G. PRATT.

WOOD

TAKEN at this Office for subscription or advertising.

Nov. 1st, 1845. tf

SALT WATER BUBBLES.

FLIGHT OF CAPT. CRABTREE.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

Captain Ebenezer Simcox was a dapper little fellow, who had an exalted opinion of his own merits and good looks, and took pleasure in decorating his person, especially when about to enter into the company of the ladies. He was a little choleric in his temper, but as smart as a steel trap, and always when on shore looking as nice as a new pin, or as if he had just been taken out of a bandbox marked "this side up with care."

Captain Simcox once commanded the ship Spouter, of Providence, on a voyage to Copenhagen. One evening, at a party, he formed an acquaintance with a German nobleman, who seemed pleased with the conversation and bearing of the gentlemanly Yankee. A few days afterwards, his friend, the American Consul, put in his hands a note, written on embossed, gilt edged paper, (not common in those days as now,) and with armorial bearings on the seal.—"What is in the wind now?" exclaimed the Yankee with a look of surprise, as he drew off his kid gloves and opened the note.

"An invitation from Count Wogonstroffsky to dine, I expect," said the worthy Consul.

"I believe it is," remarked Simcox, with a smile which was soon changed into a terrible frown as he read those words:—

"Count Wogonstroffsky's compliments to Captain Ebenezer Simcox, Esq., and would be very happy to be horned with his company to dinner on Wednesday next at six o'clock in the evening.

"N. B.—It is expected that Captain Simcox will not make his appearance at the table without his shirt—as ladies will be present. A dickey alone will not do."

It is difficult to conceive of the rage which burned within the bosom of Captain Simcox, on reading this insulting letter.—Although a pigmy in size, he was a giant in spirt. What does the rascal mean?" said he, with a grin of defiance. "Dickey, indeed. I will go forth and pull the villain's nose in the public gardens; even the presence of the King himself shall not screen him from the chastisement he deserves" Saying this, the redoubtable Simcox seized his cane, a rattan switch, with a convulsive grasp, and was about to sally forth in quest of Count Wogonstrofisky.

The Consul, with a quiet smile, saw the exciting effect which was produced by the harmless looking missive. "Stop said he as he gently laid his hand on the arm of his friend—"What is the matter?"

"The scoundrel!" sputtered the furious Yankee—"the sour cront eating, gin drinking Hessian sends me an invitation to dinner, and says that as ladies are to be present, I must not come without my shirt!—Let me go, my friend, I beg of you—I long to be at him. I'll learn him to play off his jokes on a Yankee. Dickey indeed!"

"But there is no occasion to hurry," added the Consul, after indulging in a hearty laugh, "you can as well give him his lesson half an hour hence as now. I have a little story to tell you, which may possibly account for the Count's singular message, that has so very naturally excited your choler. After you have heard what I have to say, if you are determined to give the Count a thrashing—why, peg away, that's all."

Captain Simcox, with a dogged air turned round, looked on his friend's face, which was lighted up by a meaning smile, and threw himself on an ottoman, saying—"You are right—there is no hurry—I can flog the rascal as well an hour hence as now; so, heave ahead, my fine fellow, as there is surely no time to be lost. But don't think to change my purpose—for a terrible flogging I will give him as sure as ——"

"Poh, my dear fellow, don't make rash resolutions. The Count is a good fellow enough, and had not the least idea of insulting you."

"What! ask a man to join his dinner party, and insinuate that he never wears a shirt and yet intends no insult! The idea is preposterous," and the little man brought his fist down upon a table, which was conveniently near, with a violence that threatened to demolish it!

"Count Wogonstroffsky," resumed the Consul, without seeming to notice the fury of the Yankee, "is a German noble of great wealth, and is distinguished for his hospitality to strangers. He has always admired the character of the Americans, and for years after he located himself in this city, was fond of forming acquaintance with respectable and intelligent Yankees, and inviting them to his house and his parties, where they always found a large and select company, and good entertainment.

About a year ago, a large American ship, the Backwoodsman, of Boston, arrived here from Pernambuco, after a long passage of seventy five days. The Count fell in with the Captain whose name was Crabtree, soon after the ship hauled into the inner harbor. He found him an honest opened-hearted sailor, liked him, and invited him to dine with him that very afternoon, which Crabtree unthinkingly accepted.

He got through his business with all possible despatch, and hurried on board the ship, to adorn and beautify himself for the dinner party; he entered his state room, and in a few minutes his gruff voice was heard calling for the stewart. That important functionary soon opened the door of the state room, and thrust within his sable visage.

"Steward!" exclaimed the skipper, with a tremulous accent, indicating alarm, "find me a clean shirt."

"Clean shirts all gone, sare."

"All gone? What do you mean? Get me a shirt at once, and don't stand grinning there."

"Your last clean shirt, massa captain, you put on yesterday morning, when you came ashore, and that would hardly keep together it was so old, and all the others have gone to be washed!"

"Here's a pretty predicament," growled Crabtree, "invited out to dinner, and can't go for want of a shirt! Oh! it is too bad. Stewart, what shall I do?"

"Better wear the old one, sare," suggested the stewart.

"That's out of the question, snowball," replied Crabtree, "I found it unseaworthy when I took it off, and threw it out of the cabin window."

"Ah!" said blackey, "that's verry bad. I 'spect I shall have to lend you one of my check shirts that I scrubbed nice and clean in the salt water t'other day."

"Be off you stupid blockhead. You lend me a checked shirt! Away with you, on deck," and as the steward, with a broad grin overspreading the whole of his face, successfully dodged a "Bowditch's Epitome" aimed at his head, and darted up the companion-way, Captain Crabtree's countenance kindled with a gleam of satisfaction. "I have it, I HAVE IT!" he repeated, with all the enthusiastic joy of the old Syracuse sage when he untied a knotty problem in mathematics—and he hastened to avail himself of the wise thought which had just popped itself into his noddle.

Now Captain Crabtree had a very neat dickey in his trunk. A dickey as every one knows, is, or was a short bosom, with a handsome collar attached, and would serve on a pinch as a very good apology for a shirt—indeed, dandies in those days often dispensed with a shirt for weeks and months together. Crabtree, with a degree of presence of mind and fruitfulness in expedients, which were characteristic of that worthy seaman, resolved to fret himself no longer for the absent shirt, but to make the dickey do double duty on the important occasion.

He arrayed himself accordingly, looked in his glass and admired his appearance.—He felt cool and comfortable too—and had something gained on a sultry day in July; He even began to entertain the idea of discarding altogether, as superfluous, that article of dress which he had hitherto considered indispensable, especially when in full dress. In the meantime, as he had a strange habit of throwing off his coat when oppressed with heat, without much regard to his company or circumstances, he took the precaution to prevent such an awkward occurrence on the present occasion by stitching his coat and his black velvet vest together.

At the appointed hour, Captain Crabtree entered the mansion of the German nobleman, where he was received with marked courtesy by the Count, and introduced to a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen, principally natives of Denmark. Crabtree understood no language but his mother tongue, but by dint of a tolerable assurance and emphatic gestures, he got along tolerably well. Dinner passed off—and the wine, as is usual abroad, circulated freely. Crabtree found himself somewhat in a melting mood, and soon ceased to remember the peculiarity of his costume.

When dinner was over, he was challenged by a lady to play a game of billiards.—The greater part of the company adjourned to the billiard room, to be witnesses of the game—and the Captain, after a few unsuccessful strokes with his cue, involuntarily essayed to throw off his coat, declaring that he could never play well with that heavy garment on. The coat clung with a sort of fraternal affection to the vest, but the impetuous sailor could not take the hint, or brook delay. Another desperate effort, a couple of buttons gave way, and the coat and vest, being unwilling to part company, were both stripped off, and thrown triumphantly on a chair, when lo! the Captain stood in the midst of the assembly, grasping his cue with a business-like air, and arrayed as if for a pugilistic contest in the prize ring.

A scream from the ladies, and some emphatic exclamations from the gentlemen, first reminded the forgetful sailor that something was wrong He glanced at his arms, then caught a view of his whole person in a large mirror, and the truth rushed upon his mind like a flash of lightning. The dickey was doing all it could to supply the place of a more ample garment, but it was woefully deficient in dimensions—and to the astonished Captain seemed shrunk to half its usual size!

Captain Crabtree dropped his cue, gave a sort of convulsive jump, which would do credit to a harlequin vaulter, uttered a loud demi-savage salt water howl, which was heard a mile off, and scampered down stairs into the street, regardless of the blushes of the ladies, or the hisses and revilings from the scandalized gentlemen.—He stopped not, but flew through the streets, looking like a frightened madman, while the wondering populace shouted and clapped their hands, or sprang aside to give him a fair field for his race. This only added to his speed, and in a few minutes he was strongly moored in his state room, on board his good ship, with the door closed behind him, and securely bolted.—The flight of Captain Crabtree was a theme of story and song for months afterwards—and those who witnessed it, will never forget it until their dying day.

As for Count Wogonstroffsky, he hardly knew what to make of it—at first he was disposed to resent it as a deliberate affront, and sent Crabtree a polite and pressing invitation to meet him in the Deer Park to settle the affair with pistols. An explanation, however, disarmed the good hearted German of his wrath, and provoked his mirth—and he dearly loves to tell the story to every stranger who visits his house. He formed a resolution at the time, however, to be cautious how he invited "old salts" at his select parties in future—and solemnly declared that if he ever again asked a Yankee ship master to dinner with him, he would caution him to bring a shirt along with him! You, my dear fellow, are the first Yankee whom he has honored with an invitation since Captain Crabtree's "hegira."

Such was the Consul's story. Simcox, whose anger had been gradually oozing away at the corners of his mouth, while he listened to the adventures of Crabtree, laughed heartily at the close—and Count Wogonstroffsky was suffered to escape with a whole skin.

A CHEAP WEATHER GLASS.

We extract from a late English paper the following description of a cheap *weather glass*—one which will indicate with surprising accuracy any change in the weather:

"I keep, says a gentleman, a phial of water, containing a leech, on the pane of my lower sash chamber window, so that when I look in the morning I could know what would be the weather of the following day. If the weather continues serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form. If it rains either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains till the weather is settled, If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner moves through its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before, it lodges almost continually out of the water, and discovers great uneasiness in violent throes and convulsive like motions. In frost, as in clear summer like weather, it was constantly at the bottom. And in snow as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial. It may not be amiss to note that the leech is kept in a common eight ounce glass phial, about three-fourths filled with water, and covered on the mouth with a bit of linen rag.—In the summer time, the water is changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight. What reasons may be assigned for these changes, philosophy may determine; but the leech appears to be affected in a way analogous to that of spirits and mercury in the weather glass; and it seems evident, from the surprising sensation which it manifests, that an approaching change of weather, even days before it takes place, makes a visible change upon its manner of living."

A PUPIL OF FENELON.

Dr. Wayland, in his admirable illustrations of the laws of veracity, refers to a beautiful story of the Duke of Burgundy, a pupil of Fenelon, which is worthy of being had in continual remembrance. Shortly before his death, he was present at a cabinet council, in which it was proposed to violate a treaty, in order to secure important advantages to France. Reasons of state were offered in abundance to justify the deed of perfidy. The Duke of Burgundy heard them all in silence. When they had finished, he closed the conference by laying his hand upon the instrument, and saying with emphasis, "*Gentlemen, there is a treaty.*" This single sentiment is a more glorious monument to his fame than a column inscribed with the record of an hundred victories.

MORMON ORATORY.

A brother, a veritable brother of the martyred Joe Smith, has lately been lecturing in St. Louis, on the Mormon abuses. The Reveille gives the following as a specimen of his peculiar oratory—

"Sez I *to* Brigham Young, sez I, 'How is it *ageing* to be about the young Joseph, who should in right be the head of the church as his father and his *family* have stood the brunt of the storm?' Ses he, ses Brigham Young, "*If* we go to preachin' young *Joseph* now, these enemies *on* our borders, will shoot the young prophet as they did his father;' and so they *got* the head of the *church* aside, and ever siece it aint *bin* a gittin' along at all!"

AMERICAN WOMEN.

M. de Tocqueville, speaking of American women, says: "As for myself I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is, in some respects, one of extreme dependence, I have no where seen women occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now I am drawing to a close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought to be attributed, I should reply—*to the superiority of their women!*"

In France there is one suicide to every 18,060 inhabitants; in Prussia one to 14,404; Austria one to 20,900; Russia one to 40,182; city of New York one to 7797; city of Boston one to 12,500; city of Baltimore one to 13,656, city of Philadelphia one to 15,875; among the dragoon guards and dragoons in Great Britain the proportion is one to 1274; Paris one to 2100; Berlin one to 2191; Geneva, Switzerland, one to 3900; and London one to 5000.

N. Y. Gazette.

VARIETY.

Dog wood, an eminent author observes, may readily be distinguished by its peculiar *bark*.

There is a temperance lady in Boston who won't speak to a shoemaker, because he *uses* a punch in his business.

Dr Patterson, of Rome, Georgia convicted of robbing the mail, in two cases, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for thirty years.

Competition is bringing down the price of light literature so rapidly that it will probably end in furnishing novels for nothing, and a boy to read them.

A country editor says, on our *outside* will be found a *torn coat* and other articles. Many a country editor is found with a torn coat on his outside.

Crowle was a noted punster. Once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the judge was not just behind. He replied, "I don't know, but I am sure he was never just before."

DIVORCES IN CONNECTICUT.—The law of Connecticut allows or compels the Court to grant divorces where either husband or wife are habitually intemperate.—At the late session of the Supreme Court in New Haven county no less than *thirteen* divorces were granted.

The "man in the moon" must be the king of salamanders. At a recent meeting of the British Association, in England, Sir John Herschell, in speaking of the moon, expressed the opinion that the temperature of the climate in that body must by very high, "*far above that of boiling water.*"

"Thomas, there is too much bustle here."

"Where, Pa?"

"I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it."

"Is noise a bustle, Pa?"

"Yes, child."

"Golly gracious—then sister Sally does wear the biggest *noise* you ever saw, Pa."

NO DIFFERENCE.

A.—"You are a cheat."

R.—"You are another."

A.—"Take that," (a slap in the face.)

R.—"And you that," (a kick.)

At this moment Peep stepped up and parted the combatants, exclaiming:

"*Gentlemen*, I am astonished to see such violence, when, according to your own account, there is no *difference* between you."

An Indian, at an English dinner at Surat, expressed his surprise, by loud acclamation, on seeing a vast quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he replied, "I don't wonder at all that the froth comes out of the bottle; but how did you ever contrive to squeeze it all in?"

SUEING FOR DAMAGES.

"Hello, Sharp," said Peg, meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble, my boy; what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, I had my feet crushed through the carelessness of a conductor, the other day, between the cars, that's all."

"And don't you mean to sue for damages?"

"Damages? no, no—I have had damages enough from them already—hadn't I better sue for repairs?"

BOOTS VS. FISTS.

A faggot man carrying a load, by accident brushed against a doctor. The doctor was very angry at this, and was going to hit him with his fist.

"Pray, don't use your precious hand, good sir—kick me an' welcome."

The bystanders asked what he meant.

Says the woodman, "If he kicks me with his foot I shall recover, but if I once come 'under his hands,' it is all over with me."

A SINECURE.

"Gentlemen," said a politician, addressing a meeting of his friends, before the election, "the charges which our opponents have made against me, you all know to be false, and I will maintain my integrity before a court of justice if necessary. Gentlemen, I am the guardian of my own honor." "Then, I congratulate you," sang out a voice in the crowd, "in having so complete a sinecure." The orator disappeared from the stand like a falling star from the firmament.

A CHEAP BREAKFAST.

A son of Erin, at Schenectady, heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat just at starting out for Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard.

"Sure, Captain, dear," said he, "an' what'll ye ax a poor man for travelling on yer illigant swan ov a boat?"

"Only a cent and a half a mile, and found," replied the Captain.

"And is it the vittles ye mean to find, sure?"

"Yes. And if you're going along, go down to breakfast."

Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal he came again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

"How far have we come just?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the Captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any further with him, as Judy would wait his breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted aboard.

The joke was so good that the Captain took the cents, ordered the boat stopped, helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again, he should be most happy to carry him.