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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., NOVEMBER 29, 1856. No. 30.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

ESTATE OF LYDIA BECK.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, November 18, 1856.

On the application of Simon W. Boyer, administrator of Lydia Beck, late of Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 18th day of November, 1856. (SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Lydia Beck, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 26th day of June, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1856.

SIMON W. BOYER,
Adm'r of Lydia Beck, dec'd.

Nov. 22, 1856—4t.

ESTATE OF EDWARD R. MERRITT.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphan's Court, November 18, 1856.

On the application of William S. Merritt, administrator of Edward R. Merritt, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 18th day of November, 1856. (SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Edw'd R. Merritt, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 20th day of May, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1856.

WM. S. MERRITT,
Adm'r of Edward R. Merritt, deceased.

Nov. 22, 1856—4t.

ESTATE OF ANGEVINE WARREN.

Maryland, Kent County, Orphans' Court, November 18, 1856.

ON the application of George W. Crossley, Administrator of Angevine Warren, late of Kent county deceased,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 18th day of November, 1856. (SEAL.)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Angevine Warren, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 27th day of June, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1856. GEO. W. CROSSLEY,
Adminis'tor of Angevine Warren dec'd.

Nov. 22, 1856.—4w.

"Ha O! Mr. Voglehanks,

Which way have you been?"

"I am just from Chestertown."

"What is the news there?"

"Why the people were talking about the large stock of Ready Made CLOTHING at the Cheap Store of A. M. Russell, and as I wanted one I went there to look, and what do you think I gave for this whole suit?"

"Why, twelve dollars."

"No sir-e, *I only paid six dollars!*"

"Betty! tell Nathan to put the grey mare to the carriage, I must go to A. M. Russell's and get a suit of clothes for myself and the boys, he is selling them so very cheap."

Oct. 11, 1856.

POETRY

From the Louisville Journal.

SPIRIT MUSINGS.

Say, gentle wind, that lingers all the day
Mid southern summer fragrancy at play,
And doth to golden-hearted flowers thy lay
Of pure love pour.

Dost love to lap thy cooling finger's o'er
The brow that thy relief from burning core
Of thought's intensity would fain implore.
Evermore!

I'll loose my tresses to thy influence
Of dropping fragrance till the outward sense
Obvious sleeps. But inward life intense
No mandragore.

The soul's deep pulsing 'gainst its shore can still,
Or subterranean depths with peace can fill
The passion's fire doth feed, whose surgings thrill
Evermore.

Ah why my heart forever aching mid
Elysian bowers, where purple fringed lid
Of morn uplifted, sylvan beauties bid
Fling ope their store.

Of dew-wet petals, soothing weary mind
With sweet relief in nature's wreath entwined
That round its brow would health and beauty bind,
Evermore.

From golden sphere soft falls the mellow light,
Illuming distant sail with radiance white;
But stars of faith n'er spirit's deepest night
No soft light pour.

Nor brighten shadowy sail of death's swift bark,
That sternly rides o'er memory's billows dark,
And beauteous form returns unto love's ark,
Nevermore.

Up-wells from inner fountain residing fear,
But brings no soothing to the dark despair
Whose memory's depth reveals an image fair
I loved before.

Death claimed a passenger, whose sweetest eyes
With blue depth rivalled summer arching skies
And golden tress, whose beauty dimmed low lies,
Evermore.

Not nature's choicest lavish rent, nor e'en
Poesic revery can come between
The thick dark shadow that life's waters screen
From golden door.

Of heaven's light serene whilst thou dost rest
Full shrouded in thy youthful loveliness
Like Parian sculpture thy impulsive breast,
Evermore.

* * * * * *

Rouse, soul, to destined work and there will fall
Pure Paracletion light upon the pall,
Hope's rainbow thence o'reaching. Question all
Of sacred lore.

Until it yields divinest answer to
Thy soul's unrent, or gently leading through
The gates of Peace, shall bid thee life renew,
Evermore.

CHOICE TALES.

A BACHELORS BUTTON.

A celebrated wit once said he had found out a patent "slip button," so that when a bore laid hold of him, and was detaining him with a long story, he had only to slip the button, leaving it in the borer's fingers, and make his escape. The contrivance was an ingenious and valuable one, and had the inventor, as he threatened, taken out a patent, many would doubtless have adopted the useful articles.

There are occasions, however, when a slip button is more necessary than in the case above referred; and, in illustration of my meaning, allow me to recite the following adventure:

Some years ago, when I was a single man and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss some day destined to arrive, I went to a concert at the Town Hall of ——. Music is, poetically and proverbially, "the food of love," and in my sentimental state I coesumbed a good deal of it, not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion in hand, whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert; it was crowded to excess, and the rush, on leaving, to reach flys and carriages, was very great. I wore on that memorable night a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room, I tell you candidly I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was most struck with was a fine girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat, with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; being as my friends would say, in rather a spoony state, worked myself into a towering passion *of love*. But how was I to come at the object of my admiration, for I was diffident as devoted—"as shy as I was vain," as an over-candid friend once said. "God save the Queen," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as on my first glance to "improve occasion," and the company were shoaling out, while I stood mutely gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but, alas! the lights in the outer corridor were so few and far between, that "no glimpse of my star could I get." I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair party had emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweeting.

"Hang it!" I muttered, impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat-skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress, my progress was suddenly arrested.—"How provoking," thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashions; a lady now has as many hoops, as many tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task the more difficult, and instead of me undoing, I only bungled and more twisted the loop round the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she ungloved her hand—it was a sweet white hand; so I looked at her face.—Stars and gaiters! but it was the fair one black hair and dark eyes I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight flush tinted her cheek.—Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she never would undo the loop; and, indeed, she would not, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly. I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted some gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement?

"You hinder people from going out, Amie," exclaimed one of her companions with some asperity; "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it!" and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us. The crowd behind bore on, and we were separated; not, however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met, I know, and this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view in the darkness outside.

Cruel fate! That night I hardly closed my eyes, thinking of my "bright particular star," and what means I should employ to find her out. I know little of the town, which was a large one, and to expect to learn the name of my fair one by a mere description was hopeless, there doubtless must be a great many with dark eyes and black hair, within the "bills of mortality" there, as well as elsewhere.—After breakfast next day I sallied forth from the hotel, and walked the town in hope of seeing her, but no trace of the lovely one could I find, though I started off in pursuit of many a "singular figure" in the streets, only to discover on my overtaking each object of my pursuit, she was not the one I longed to see.

My love fit grew more violent in the course of the day, but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my dress coat from my portmanteau to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate button that had detained the "black-eyed divinity" so long.

It was with no little delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye; a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted round the shank. I pressed it to my lips and stooped gently to disentangle it from the bit of brass as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinched in the skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out—a gold chain bracelet!

You could have "brained me with my lady's fan." I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unnaturally fell into the coat-skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless, on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an anti-heroic position to find oneself in, when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pickpockets! Was ever an honest lover in such a plight, and to make it worse I could not see how to escape from the inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave, remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet.

To find her out was impossible; but a bright thought struck me, as my eye lighted on a newspaper laying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell and inquired when the local paper was published—"To-morrow, sir," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement; it was in the following words:—

"If the lady, whose dress got catangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call or send to the Arch's Head Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

"There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the waiter, and five shillings to pay for its insertion in the Sentinel—there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchanter is, the facts must indeed be impropitious.

My plans being thus so far adopted, I ordered dinner and waited patiently, or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up to my room damp from the press, and then I read in the glory of large type, my interesting announcement. But my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed, in the very same column. I only wonder my hair did not stand on an end as I read as follows:

"£2 Reward.

"Lost, or stolen, on the night of the concert, at the Town Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the hall.

"Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen,) will receive the above reward, on applying to 7 Cambridge Parade."

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello's that of

"Loving not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and taking the paper in my hand, proceed to Cambridge Parade.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant, who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it, I said—"Is Miss A—— in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant-woman, "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pickpocket, with gentlemanly address and blue coat, with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered my message.

Soon there came out, not my fair one,
With all that's best of dark and bright,
Meeting in aspect and in eyes,
but a stalwart brother.

"That," I said handing him the bracelet, "is Miss A——'s property, and tho', as you perceive, I wear a blue coat, and brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am not a pickpocket."

"Then sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, for strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled, but I told the truth, and pointed to my advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not want to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least at his sisters description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," said he, "you had better walk in have tea with us, and sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may be sure I accepted his invitation. Need I go further with the story. The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket herself, and received the reward, such reward being the said pickpocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and placed over the fireplace, the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife, as "a pickpocket with a gentlemanly address." When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has just this moment done, pay damages for the slander in any amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

So ends the story of "The Bachelor's Button."

Latest Election Returns.—Ireland has gone en masse for Buchanan. So have the Sandwich Islands.

Germany has without doubt gone overwhelmingly for Fremont.

Old Joe—*How Aqua Fortis Operated on him.*—In the pleasant little village of Bladdonfield, N. J. some years ago, there resided an old fellow who was familiary known in the village and in the country round as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation—nor any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite; and slept wherever he could find a lodging place. He was a harmless old fellow and occasionally made a few shillings by cutting wood or working in the field.—Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides, than so much cold water. Old Joe was never known to love anything but whiskey, and he did love that. He generally made his head quarters at the lower tavern. There were two taverns in the village at the time we write. He would sleep and dose away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar room, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. He said he could never sleep when he heard the jingling of glasses, and the gurgling sound of old rye and apple jack. When he was not asked to drink he would slip to the bar, and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them? One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern, mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half full of *aqua fortis* on the bar, and turned round to mix up some other ingredients. A few moments after he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found to his dismay, that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop.

"Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the Doctor, in affright to the landlord, what has become of that *aqua fortis* I put on the bar a few moments ago?"

"I don't know replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it."

In this suspicion they were both soon confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen Old Joe swallow the fatal draught. The doctor, knowing that he must certainly die after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, out-houses and woods for three or four miles around the village, he was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village topers assembled around the blazing hickory fire in the bar-room, nothing was thought of, or talked of, but the unfortunate end of poor Old Joe. With all his faults, the greatest of which were his drinking propensities, Old Joe was quite a favorite among the women and children and some of the old topers hung their heads ominously, while a tear was seen to trickle down their bloated cheeks.—Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The doctor, about this time, had occasion to visit a patient some eight miles distant; what was his suprise, when about five miles from the village, to see Old Joe, in front of a farmer's house, splitting wood.

"Why, Joe," said the doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you were dead and buried before this."

"Why, what made you think that, doctor," leaning on his axe handle.

"Did't you drink that dose I left on old Wiggit's bar, a few days since?"

"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" said the doctor.

"No!" returned Joe.

"Why it was *aqua fortis*—enough to kill a dozen men."

"Well doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, *every time I blowed my nose I burnt a hole in my pocket handherchief.*"

The Manufacture of Whiskey.—Cincinnati has become the greatest whiskey market in the world, and the Ohio Valley the most important whiskey producing region with which we are acquainted. The distilleries in the vicinity of Cincinnati are on a large scale, and they are said to exhibit many improvements devised by inventive genius. Steam is made to perform nearly all the labor. Few men are employed, and they do little else than look at the machines as they perform the work. The quantity of corn consumed in a single distillery in Cincinnati is about one thousand bushels per day, from which about 4000 gallons of whiskey are produced. This gives for this single establishment a consumption of 312,000 bushels of corn per annum, and a production of 1,248,000 gallons of whiskey.

We have not the data upon which to base an estimate of the quantity of whiskey produced in the Ohio valley. The quantity sold in the Cincinnati market annually is about 220,000 barrels, or about 9,000,000 gallons. This is probably not more than one half the production of Ohio and Indiana alone. We presume that the production is 18,000,000 gallons, and find the consumption of corn averaging four and a half million bushels. It is probable that the production of whiskey in the Ohio valley is 50,000,000 gallons per annum, involving a consumption of 12,500,000 bushels of corn, the average value of which is $5,000,000. The demand for the article is great and daily increasing.

Facts Worth Knowing.—The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times. The word "Jehovah" 6,855 times. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the Alphabet. The 19th chapter of the 2d Book Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. Of the Old Testament the middle Book is Proverbs; the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verse is the 23rd af the 20th chapter of the 2nd Book of Chronicles. The least verse is the 1st of the 1st chapter of the first Book of Chronicles. In the New Testament the middle Book is Thessalonians; the middle chapters are the 13th and 14th of Romans; the middle verse, 17th of the 17th chapter of the Apostles. The least verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The Book of Esther has ten chapters, but neither the word "Lord" nor "God" is in it. The Old Testament contains 39 Books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,439 words, 2,728,100 letters. The New Testament contains 27 Books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses, 181,253 words, 838,380 letters. Total: 66 Books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,690 words, 3,566,480 letters. Apocraphy; 383 chapters, 6,581 verses, 152,185 words.

Washington and the Corporal.—During the American revolution it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were reparing.

The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

An officer, not in the millitary costume was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said,

"Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that," and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said—

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander in chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The Corporal was thunderstruck! It was Washington who thus addressed him!

Dimensions of the American Lakes. The latest measurement of our fresh water seas are as follows:

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; the greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 998 feet; elevation 687 feet; area 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360miles; its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 800 feet; elevation 687 feet; area 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth 160 miles; mean depth 800 feet; elevation 555 feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles, its greatest breadth is 80 miles, its mean depth 200 feet; elevation 555 feet area 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; greatest breadth 65 miles, its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The total length of all five is 1,584 miles, covering an area altogether of upwards of 90,000 square miles.

To Clean Wall Paper.—Soiled wall paper may be made to look as well almost as new in most cases, by the following expedient:

Take about two quarts of wheat bran tie it in a bundle in coarse flannel and rub it over the paper. It will cleanse the whole paper of all descriptions of dirt and spots, better than any other means that can be used. Some use bread, but dry bran is better.

Sensible People.—A quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress, as follows:

"Hum—yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone."

"Hum—truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said; inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo! and behold, I will sojourn with thee."

☞ "Ma, I want a sled. Can I have a sled, Ma."

"Ask your father."

"I don't like to ask him, Ma.'

"Why, what nonsense. Ask him."

"No, Ma, *you* ask him—you've known him the longest."

☞ Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by seconds?

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want "carrying out."