Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Selected Poetry.

MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head. When will it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the morning's tempest bow.
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—Dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams;
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds' wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O, come while here I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

Something to Do---A Mother's Advice.

If you don't want your son to fall in love with a pretty face before the beard grows on his own, give him something to do. Let his mind be occupied. Employment is the best safeguard, as well as the best remedy, for that intermittent fever erroneously called Love.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure;" or to change the figure, it is very easy to run a locomotive when everything is in running order, but after a collision it is quite another thing. Take my advice. Put your boy on the right track, and keep it clear. Ten chances against one he will go unhurt until he is twenty-five or thirty; and then—well, you needn't break your heart because he breaks his! Accidents will happen, you know; they must come sooner or later—but later is better. Give him something to do.

As for your daughter, as soon as she leaves school her books are thrown aside, and she is expected at once to identify herself with household interests, or to become a young lady of fashion, according to circumstances. Better the first than the last; but both are wrong. Give her something to do. True, her little brother and sister if she is so blessed, may demand her love and labor; or she may assist her mother in household matters; or assume the care of her own wardrobe—all of which is very well, so far as it goes. But it is not the thing.

She misses the daily routine of school life, with its exercise, and occupation, and discipline of mind. Undoubtedly, she fancies that the change is delightful; but she is restless and uneasy. Her life is full of want; her heart full of longing.

Before you are aware, she falls desperately in love with some moustached boy; possibly a harmless, probably a worthless fellow; who, like herself, had nothing to do.

If not too late, my friend, get that "ounce of prevention." Should the mischief be already done, use the "pound of cure." Give her something to do. Let her keep up a slender course of study. Give her good books and good papers to read. If you lack the time or ability to instruct her, employ a competent teacher; it will pay. Let her work in the Sunday school; encourage her in good works; try to get her interested in some benevolent enterprise. At all events, give her *something to do.*

☞ A Frenchman was recently challenged by a citizen of Belmont, Kansas, for insult. It was promptly accepted, and the duel took place—the pistols, however, being loaded by the seconds with blank cartridges. The Frenchman fell, and a bloody handkerchief, close at hand, was promptly wrapped around his prostrate form. The challenger, confident that he had mortally wounded his antagonist, took to his heels, to avoid arrest; and having thus got rid of him, the adroit Frenchman married the girl for whose hand he and his antagonist were rival suitors.

In some of Louis Napoleon's late manifestoes, he has repeatedly referred to "the ancient bitterness of Europe," by which he probably means Old Gaul.

"Never listen to flatterers, my dear," said a mother to her daughter. "Why, mamma, how shall I know that they *are* flatterers unless I listen to them?"

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

"Shall you take the house, Herbert?" The question was asked by a gentle, delicate-looking woman, whose anxious eyes were fixed on the the face of the man before her with an asking, earnest gaze.

"I don't think I shall, Dotty" was his quick reply. "Too expensive, my darling; a thousand dollars a year. You are disappointed," he added, as her white hand fell from his arm.

"O, so much!" was the reply, in a low, pained tone. "I had set my heart upon it."

"Now, I'm very sorry for that. Of course it's a beautiful house, and cheap for the size and style—almost new, too. Why, Dotty, you're not crying about it?"

"O, it's no matter—don't mind me," she said, in the same low, quiet tones.—"I can't help being a little foolish about it. I was willing to give up a great many things, if we could get it—go without new dresses, and the set of silver you promised me. I so wanted that house."

"Well, it is pleasant, of course it is—a perfect little palace. But, then, rather too fine for us, Dotty. By-and-by, when I get a few thousands ahead, why, I shan't mind."

"No, but we shall never see another house so completely to my mind."

Young Rutherford threw back his head and laughed.

"I couldn't help it, Dotty dear. If you could see your rueful face as you said that!"

"Of course, you laughed at me—you always do," she retorted, a spark of anger in her soft blue eyes. "You can always do as you like; I must wait your pleasure."

"Now, Dotty, that's not fair," he said, seriously." You must see that I study your comfort and happiness much more than I do my own. Why, darling, you are the pride and glory of my life, and we have been very happy in this pleasant house. We never feel pinched and anxious here; we have money enough to spend on our simple pleasures, and to gratify Dol-the-less in her little fairy cradle here. Why should we want to change and take on care and anxiety?"

"I don't see, Herbert, that a few hundred dollars more ought to signify," replied the little woman, toying with her watch-chain, her tearful eyes downcast. "And you know I have been so used to a handsome home."

Herbert winced.

"The rooms are very much larger than these, Dotty."

"And we have a great deal too much furniture for this house. I never go into the parlor, and see the beautiful Steinway that uncle gave me, without feeling mortified. It is absolutely almost as large as the room."

"New carpets, Dotty."

"Only for the parlor; and I do think we might have one handsome carpet.—You promised me that, you know."

"Have you kept the key of the house?"

"Yes." She looked up quickly, her countenance changed, the sweet blue eyes all the brighter for the vanished shower. "Will you go and look at it?"

"There's no harm in that, I suppose," he said, with a long sigh, as he lifted himself wearily like a tired man. Dotty hurried for her bonnet and shawl, set the good, plain little nurse to watch the baby, and tripped a square off at the side of her husband, like one walking on air.

"Such a beautiful garden!" she said, delightedly, as they gained the place.

"To keep in order," he responded.

"O, Herbert, don't think so much of dollars and cents. You will grow miserly. I can save enough out of the housekeeping to pay for it thrice over. There! isn't this lovely?"

"Herbert thought it was, as the two stood together in the spacious parlor.

The four French windows led upon the balcony. The design of the chandalier was exquisite; the freshness and beauty of the decorations could not fail to please a man of refined taste.

"Ah! but so dear!" he ejaculated, as they entered room after room, to find in each some new and convenient feature.—"I suppose I *could* take it," he said, "if I saw fit to help Lawson."

"In what way?"

"By working nights. But when he made me the offer, I couldn't think of it, for I felt it would be purgatory to spend my evenings anywhere but in your dear company. I felt a little fear, besides, as I'm not overstrong this summer, that it might pull me down. However, that may be purely selfish reasoning. If you think it would add to your happiness, I will close in with his offer at once. But I shall never be at home till nine, perhaps later. Farewell our cosy chats and pleasant reading."

"But, Herbert, I have Pet, and nine is not so very late; we migh sit up a little longer. Besides, I could pass the time agreeably with books and music."

She did not see the look of sadness that clouded his face as she said this—that deepened almost into anguish before she glanced toward him. It hurt him to the heart to have her acquiesce so readily.—Could *he* have done so? No, not for all the houses and land in the world.

The place was taken. It cost money to move, money for carpets, money for some extra furniture; but Dotty's pleasure was contagious. Herbert tried to persuade himself that he had done a good thing, and for a few weeks they were happy. Everybody admired their choice, complimented their taste, eulogised the grounds, which Herbert had put in fine order. But the overwork soon told on the strength of the young man. It was warm weather; unforseen changes occurred; his business went behind-hand a little; he missed the gentle stimulus of his happy home evenings; he grew pale and careworn in his efforts to keep stright with the world.

There came a time when for weeks his foot never pressed the threshold of the handsome new house; when poor Dotty, white and frightened, sat in the darkened room and listened to his incoherent words—always toward and of her; words of tenderness and beauty. There came a time when she was borne shrieking from that still chamber, because the gentle lips had stiffened to the semblance of marble, and the love and light had flown out of the stiff, glazed eyes.

There, in that beautiful parlor—all darkened now, the strange aroma of fading blossoms telling of the tomb; the chilling silence and deathly pallor that seemed to change even the familiar furniture, striking upon the senses of the most indifferent—there lay the love of her youth, the husband of her choice; never to smile on her again, never to whisper the words that had made her heart leap with joy.—How little she had dreamed of this! How all her reasoning came echoing back—cold, cruel, heartless, it seemed. O, why did not her heart break and let her weary spirit fly to meet him, to beg him to forgive her? No, not yet; she was doomed ever to keep the recollection of that dim, darkened parlor before her mental vision—that haunted room. Never afterward could she think of it without a shudder; it was always present, always a warning to her against the pomps and vanities of the world. As time went on, the memory softened, its harsh dreariness melted away, and an angel seemed to fill its gloom with a softened light. Constant communing with the dear one she had lost led her thoughts and affections up to the home he had entered. She lived for years, trained their child to bless womanhood, and then gave herself up to deeds of mercy. Her heart was in heaven, and the haunted room had become to her like the recollection of a bower of beauty.

Bad Policy to pay Rent.

We do not mean if you agree to; but bad policy to agree to do so.

Any man who is able to pay rent can build a house. This will strike you as a bold proposition and hard to believe, but let us reason together.

It is hardly our interest to discourage renting houses, but we will waive interest and go for principle.

First, you say you have no lot. Lease one, then, or buy one on time. You have no lumber or material. You are paying one hundred or two hundred dollars for rent. When you pay it, it is gone, and at the end of two or three years you have have paid out enough to build a house and are still a renter. All you need is to anticipate these payments—say for a year. Borrow out of bank and otherwise, and give your rising building as security for enough to buy lumber; put up a frame for three or four rooms; plaster one in the Fall, and instead of paying monthly rents, finish the rooms one by one, as you are able, and in two or three years you can have a home paid for, and you can begin to pay for your leased lot and own it yourself.

You are afraid of mortgages, you say. Why they are the poor man's friend They are the life-boats in the wreck for the man in debt. They build all our rail roads and great internal improvements They are harmless if you understand them and are a good financier. They are foreclosed sometimes, but they will not generally be foreclosed if you pay the interest promptly, which you can do easier than pay the rent. If you are sharp, you can play with them like Driesbach with the lions, and they won't bite. Moreover, robbing Peter to pay Paul is not robbery, if Peter is willing and will lend you the money on a new mortgage to pay the old one; and there are always Peters who live by doing this kind of business.

The process of knocking an old mortgage on the head, whenever it grows ugly and threatens violence, is a familiar one to all good financiers.

Use your wits. Work with your head, and you will not have to work so much with your hands.

The richest men in the world are those who commenced on nothing, and lifted themselves up by the straps of their boots.

But here a nice young man answers that his richer associates and friends will snub him if he lives in that style. Here is the great error of young men. They wish to commence life in as elegant style as their fathers lived in, after a quarter of a century's hard work. It is the great error of the age—the prolific source of celibacy and bachelorhood, and operates as a fraud upon good looking girls who are cheated out of husbands by such foolishness.

Respect yourself—act independently—take a longer look at things—snub the snubbers, and make them sick of it—and in five years you will be bowed to and courted by the same men. The good will of such men is purchased at too dear a price. It is not worth having.

You are a coward. You are willing to sell your home and your independence for such weak and unmanly sentimentalism. Dare to follow your own line of policy if it is honest and for your interest to do so—and not allow weak and snobbish pride to consign you to hard labor for life, as the tenant and vassal of your landlord.

By following this advice the thousands of dollars you will give away for rent in ten years, having nothing to show for, will give you a home of comfort and elegance, with a wife and family, and all the influence of one of "our respected citizens."

"This is the way—walk ye in it." It leads to independence, respectability and honor.

"Them soldiers must be an awful dishonest set," said an old lady, "for not a night seems to pass that some sentry is not relieved of his watch."

"Injuns About."

A Texas correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune tells a good story, in one of his letters, of "a surly-faced, grizzly-haired, puffy and moon-eyed chap, who persecuted a certain roguish damsel with his attentions, but was finally thrown off the course of true love by the following ruse:

It being the watermelon season, and Betty's father having a fine supply, all the youngsters for miles around, assembled there on the holiday, to feast on melons.

C. was prominent in the circle till the afternoon. Betty held private interviews with the other young men, and arranged that C. should be decoyed from the house, and frightened by the cry of Indians from some of his comrades, which it was thought would wound his pride and drive him away.

Five young men, with C., walked out. A bathe in the river, three hundred yards distant, was proposed by one, and seconded by several. Of course poor C. was "in."

They went down to the ford, near the melon patch, and commenced undressing. In the meantime eight or ten others, with guns, had gone down under cover of the bank, and secreted themselves along the path from the bathing place to the house.

"Now, boys," said one, "who shall be first to dive in that 'ere pool?"

"I will," said C.; "ain't I first with the gals? In course I'm first here."

Off went coat, shoes, pants, etc. Just as C. had doffed everything, barring a long flannel shirt—bang! bang! bang! Who-wo-yeh! Bang, went two, three, four guns—loud and shrill went the Indian yell in the dense brush, under the bank.

"O, Lord! I am a dead man, boys!" said Jack Simpson.

"My leg is broken! O, save me!" cried George Williams.

"Run for life, men! Run—for mercy sake, run!" cried Jack Parsons.

"One of my eyes is out, and both arms broken!" all being said in an instant.

Do you see that red blaze along the path! Look a moment—what velocity! That jagged hair all straight out behind—that's C. streaking it for the house, shirt and all. See him about the corner of the field, by the thicket. Bang—bang—went half a dozen pieces; louder than ever rose the hideous war cry.

"O, Lord," shouted C., redoubling his speed—the red blaze getting larger—bunches of his bushy hair dropping out as he "spread himself." See him leap the yard fence—high in the air—red shirt and all,

The porch was full of ladies—off went two or three more pieces. C. glanced at the ladies, then at his short red shirt.

"Run for your life, C.!" screamed Betty; the house is full of Indians! Father's dead, and brother Sam's wounded. Run—speed!"

In the twinkling of an eye C. was out of the yard; and supposing the premises surrounded, off he shot, the red blaze more brilliant than ever, and striking directly into a thick, thorny bottom, he reached and swam the river; and although it was sunset, C. got into a settlement fifty miles distant, to breakfast next morning; still retaining the sleeves and collar of his red shirt, and reporting all the family, visitors, etc., among the slain. As for himself, he said he fought as long as fighting would do any good.

It is unnecessary to inform you, dear reader, whether or not Betty was troubled with C. after that snap.

Color of Dress.

Nothing contributes in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colors. For example, females of light complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should choose light and brilliant colors such as rose, azure, light yellow, &c. Woman of a dark complexion, who dress in such colors, as we have often seen them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull and tanned. They ought, therefore, to avoid white robes, and rose color, or light blue ribbons, which form too distateful a contrast to their carnations. Let such persons, on the contrary, dress in colors which are best suited to them; in particular, green, violet, purple; and then that darkness, which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment; their complexion will become lively and animated, and will exhibit such charms as will dispute and even bear away the fairest of the fair. In a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct, by light colors, the paleness of their complexions; and darker women, by stronger colors, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation. We must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colors by light. Thus, crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose color, which loses its charms by candle light; but this crimson, seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no color whatever strips it so completely of all its attractions. Pale yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but at night it appears dirty, and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion, to which it is designed to give brilliancy.

"Do you ever have any 'hops' in Maine?" asked a Newport belle, who was dressing for a ball, of a country cousin from the Pine State. "Oh, yes, lots; pa has forty acres of 'em in one field."

A drunken man fell asleep on the roadside, where a pig found him and began to lick him in the mouth. "Who's kissing me now?" exclaimed the drunkard, "what a capital thing it is to be in favor with the women."

☞ In compliance with the special request of a friend of the Rev. Dr. Rich, we publish the following from the Maryland Journal:

NEAR REISTERSTOWN, MD.,
July 11th, 1868.

Mr. Editor:—As you are rarely troubled with a communication from this part of the world, I thought that it would be no intrusion if I were to give you a short account of the closing exercises of the Hannah More Academy, near Reisterstown, a church school for girls, under the Rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Rich, a clergyman of the Prot. Episcopal Church.

The examinations were held on Monday and Tuesday, 22d and 23d of June. The pupils were examined thoroughly on all the branches which they had gone over during the past year, and they evidenced such proficiency in their various studies as to show that they had been carefully taught. It has always been the aim of the Rector and his assistants to drill their pupils thoroughly in their studies, and they are not as anxious for them to go over much ground as they are for them to be perfectly familiar with what they do go over. On Tuesday evening, June 23d, the pupils of the school gave a literary entertainment, which consisted of declamations, the reading of original essays and selected pieces. The exercises were interspersed with instrumental music by the pupils, and were highly gratifying to those present. The pieces were well delivered and the compositions reflected great credit upon their young authors.

On Wednesday morning, the 24th, the closing exercises took place. After the usual morning service in the church on the grounds of the school, the pupils formed in procession, and followed by the Rector and several clergymen, marched to the school room, where the exercises were to be concluded. After all were seated, the Rev. Dr. Rich announced the order of exercises, after which the Rev. Dr. Allen of Baltimore, made an address in behalf of the Board of Trustees of the Institution. The Rev. J. Worrall Larmour then read the Academic report, giving a brief outline of the works done by the pupils in the past year; next followed the report of the committee on compositions, by the Rev. Wm. A. Cole, of St. Luke's Church, Baltimore, and the reading of the prize compositions of the Middle, Junior, and Preparatory Classes, by the Rev. James Briscoe, of Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore. The Rev. Samuel D. Hall, of Anne Arundel county, then delivered the closing address to the pupils, after which followed the distribution of premiums, as follows: Middle class, diligence, Miss Agnes J. Morran, of Baltimore county. Junior class, diligence, Miss M. C. Spencer, of Queen Anne's county, Md., Miss Annie M. Grymes, of Virginia, and Misses Florence Stocksdale and Sarah R. Bennett, of Baltimore county. 1st Preparatory class, diligence, Miss M. Helen Owen, of Kent county, Md., Misses Mary E. Cockey, M. Birdie Miller and Annie Stocksdale of Baltimore county, and Miss Julia W. Grymes of Virginia. 2d preparatory class, diligence, Misses Cora Marley, Ida Bushey, and Sarah Jones. For composition, Middle class, premium awarded to Miss Elsie B. Walker, of Edgefield C. H., South Carolina. Junior class, Miss Mamie C. Spencer, of Queen Anne's county, Md. Preparatory class, to Miss Laura V. Wright, of Baltimore county. Honors for deportment, consisting of a gold cross, to Miss Annie M. Grymes, of the Junior, and Miss Julia W. Grymes, of the 1st preparatory class. The premium for punctuality to Miss Cora Marley, of Baltimore county. The exercises were interspersed with some select pieces of vocal and instrumental music by the pupils, in which they exhibited considerable proficieney, owing to the faithful exertions of Mr. Wm. R. Hairn, professor of music at the Academy. The exercises concluded with the singing of the 40th hymn, "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing," and the benediction by the Rector of the school. Thus ended another session at the Hannah More Academy, and I think that I can say with truth, that all who were present enjoyed themselves. The school is well conducted, is in a healthy location, has beautiful grounds, it is easy of access from Baltimore and has many advantages which should commend it to the liberal patronage of the State at large and particularly to the residents of Baltimore county, where their daughters can realise all the advantages of a liberal and polite education. And now, Mr. Editor, adieu: if I have not wearied you out with this epistle you may at some future time hear again from A FRIEND.

Specialities of Education.

It will be readily conceded that there are certain branches of study which every boy and girl ought to pursue. A fair knowledge of arithmetic, grammar, geography and orthography is really indispensible; and this any scholar, even the dullest, may acquire. This every one should be made to acquire, however much the acquiring may go against his or her inclination, however little his or taste may harmonize with it. For a grown-up, active life must have a fair allowance of these fundamentals of education, in order to keep pace in any successful degree with those around it. A boy sadly dull in figures may have splendid business capacities within him, which in time will compel him to master addition and subtraction; and you will be doing him a favor by beating somewhat of the science of numbers into his head while young, inasmuch as time is more precious in later years.

But allow us to protest against the very common practice of forcing the young to learn, or to attempt to learn, something in no wise practical, for which they have no taste whatever. It is sheer waste of brain-work,—a positive damage, in many instances,—and the hours devoted thereto might be more profitably employed, in every case. A boy with an absolute dislike for mathematics is little the wiser for being pushed or dragged through geometry and trigonometry. The rather is it showing proper mercy to cease the forcing process, with him, when a tolerable understanding of elementary arithmetic is obtained. Very likely there is some other branch toward which his taste inclines, and in which he would show marked proficiency. If you will discover just what that is, before sowing your seeds of knowledge, they may bear splendid fruit.

Teachers and parents, as a rule, do not show the best of judgment in regard to this matter. To be plain, we may as well say that the parents are oftenest at fault. It is natural to wish your child "accomplished," even as those of your neighbors are. Whatever is fashionable in education, as well as in other matters, you wish her to possess. So you send her to Madame Francais' boarding school. She is to learn French and German, drawing and music; to learn them because, forsooth, they are fashionable. Not because you have discovered in her any particular talent for either, but merely for the reason that in some way or other they are comprised in the meaning of that little, yet very potent word—"accomplished." If you happen to be posted in them yourself, and find she is not making rapid progress, directly you begin charging her teacher with incompetency, rarely stopping to consider that possibly your child may be the reverse of gifted in these particulars.

We remember a case in point. A gentleman of our acquaintance had a daughter, lovely and beloved, whom he intended giving every advantage that money could secure. Music was of course included. He bought her a fine piano, and engaged a teacher to instruct her in fingering the ivories. One term passed, and another, and proficiency seemed afar off. The teacher was not a good one. Another was tried, with a like result. Then a third was engaged, a frank, blunt man, whom the father earnestly besought to make of his daughter a first-rate musician. After two or three lessons had been given, the question was asked—"Can you make a player of her?" The answer of the blunt teacher was a suggestive one—"What her Creator failed to do for her *I* can't."—Such is ever the case. No instructor can impart talent; that is the gift of a higher power.

As specialities in education generally require most time devoted to them, those ought by all means to be chosen for which the scholar evinces the most taste, taste and talent being very nearly synonymous. It will not do to judge your child by yourself in this respect. There is no certainty that she will learn any of the fashionable boarding school "accomplishments" readily because you did. The fact that you took to French like a Parisian baby is no proof that she will conquer the difficult pronunciation.

We believe in cultivating talent.—Nearly or quite every one has a specific talent for something, the culture of which may develop grand results. It is very probable that our young friend, the doctor's boy, yonder, whom the doctor fully intends shall follow in his medical footsteps, might make a brilliant lawyer, while you and I are certain that as a physician he will be ever a stupid blunderer. Quick discernment of a child's gifts is generally supposed to be characteristic of parents, but we cannot help thinking that parents are often egregiously blinded to the truth.—Many a time have we seen doting ones exhibit artistic or musical efforts of their offspring, when the conscious pride displayed was founded on no manifestation of genius whatever, when, in fact, we felt pained that time and patience and money should be so misapplied. We ask, therefore, that more care be exercised in regard to these specialities, that attention may be given to such as will return an ample reward.

A Boy's Composition on Corns.

Corns are of two kinds, vegetable and animal. Vegetable corns grow in rows, and animal corns grow on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is unicorn, capricorn, corn dodgers, field corn and toe corn, which is the corn that you feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn, but a person having corns does not like to "go fur" if he can help it. Corns have kernels and many colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on the ear, but animal corn grows on the feet, at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; these grow on oaks, but there is no hoax about the corn. The acorn is corn with an indefinite article, but the toe corn is a very definite article indeed. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn, he wishes it was an acorn. Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned he won't do as well as if he isn't. Doctors say that corns are produced by tight boots or shoes, which is probably the reason why, when a man is tight, they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well he can get a good deal of corn on an acre, but I know a farmer that has one corn, that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger a crop of vegetable corn a man raises the better he likes it, but the bigger a crop of animal corn a man raises, the better he don't like it.

An editor at a dinner-table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

An umbrella thief returned the purloined article with the following note:—"This umbreller has prade on my koushens ever cins I stole him. W. B."

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