THE ESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. ESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1871. NO. 31.

VENDUE.

THE subscriber, intending to discontinue farming, will sell at Public Sale, at his residence, Gresham Hall, on

THURSDAY

THE 28TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1871,

at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

His Stock and Farming Implements,

consisting of

NINE HEAD OF GOOD HORSES,

1 pair of MATCH HORSES, good drivers, and only 7 years old; two others very fine drivers;

10 Milch Cows,

most of them now fresh, and good milkers; two Yearlings; one fine

DURHAM BULL,

1 Yoke of very superior Oxen,

well matched, large, and not over eight years old, gentle and true;

ONE WAGON AND HARNESS,

2 Ox Carts, 1 Corn Truck, 2 Spring Wagons, 1 York Carriage, 1 Wheat Rake, 1 Sleigh, Wheat Fan, Corn Sheller, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, one Twin Roller, &c., &c.

A superior set of Double Harness, new: Collars and Plough Gears.

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE.

TERMS.—All sums of Twenty Dollars and under, cash; on sums over that amount a credit of Nine Months on note with approved security, purchasers paying for stamps.

HENRY PAYNE.

Dec. 5—tds. J. W. CARROLL, Auct.

VENDUE.

THE subscriber will sell, at the "Wilson Farm," near Edesville, on

Wednesday, the 27th instant,

HIS ENTIRE STOCK

on said farm, consisting of

Eight Head of Horses,

SOME VERY FINE DRAFT HORSES,

ONE PAIR OF EXTRA

YOUNG MULES,

1 Very Fine Horse Colt,

3 YEARS OLD NEXT SPRING, AND 2 SPRING COLTS,

15 HEAD OF CATTLE,

consisting of one Yoke of

Very Fine Oxen;

1 YOUNG BULL,

6 HEAD OF MILCH COWS, 4 young CATTLE, 3 CALVES.

THREE BROOD SOWS, 25 HEAD OF FINE SHOATS.

ONE SUPERIOR WAGON,

1 NEW DEARBORN, 1 NEW MOWER, 1 McCORMICK REAPER, ONE WHEAT DRILL, 2 OX CARTS, ONE WHEAT RAKE,

1 Buggy and Harness,

1 GRINDSTONE, 1 COOK STOVE,

6,000 Weight of CORN BLADES,

15 TONS CLOVER HAY,

A large assortment of Flushing and other PLOWS, Cultivators, Harrows, Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Wagon and Plow Gear, &c., &c.

TERMS.—All sums of and under Twenty Dollars, cash; over that amount a credit of Nine Months, with approved security. Purchasers to pay for stamps.

GEO. D. S. HANDY.

S. S. USILTON, Auct. [Dec. 16, 1871.

VENDUE.

THE subscriber will sell at Public Sale, at his residence in Chesterville, on

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26TH, 1871,

the following property:

Three GOOD MARES,

one of them only 3 years old, and a nice quiet driver; 1 YORK WAGON, 1 TWO-SEAT CARRIAGE, 1 set of Harness, 2 Dearborns, one of them very light;

A GOOD, YOUNG MILCH COW:

SLEIGH AND BELLS,

ONE VERY LIGHT FARM WAGON.

A [illegible] quantity of

Household and Kitchen Furniture.

A stock of

[illegible]R AND TOOLS

in the Wheelwright Shop, and other articles not necessary to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS.—All sums of and under Ten Dollars, cash: all over that amount a credit of Ten Months on note with approved security, will be given. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JAMES A. MORRIS.

U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct. [Dec 16—tds.

NOTICE.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC is respectfully called to my stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Hardware, Queensware, &c. &c.

Give me a call and you will find that I sell as cheap as any one.

JOS. E. WEER.

Nov. 18, 1871. *Kennedyville, Md.*

[illegible]S, SASHES,

BLINDS,

STAIRS, STAIR RAILING, BALUSTERS AND POSTS,

Mouldings,

Rope Mouldings, Mantels, etc.

MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

LATHS,

SHINGLES,

AND

MARBLEIZED

SLATE MANTELS.

CORNER OF

Howard and Fayette Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 9, 1871—6m.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,

GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

July 22, 1871—tf.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.

Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1871—y.

WILLIAM HARRIS,

Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,

No. 116 West Pratt street,

(One Door East of South,)

BALTIMORE,

KEEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,

REPEATING PISTOLS,

SMITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISTOLS, COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS, and every description of Pistol now in use.

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,

Such as Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Water Proof Caps, Wads, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

GUNS neatly Stocked and repaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

Groceries.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Flour, Bacon, Salt and Fish.

Nov. 18, '71. J. E. WEER.

Selected Poetry.

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. J. RANDOLPH BLAND.

The king of day to rest had gone,
Night had its sable curtains spread,
O'er city, village, field, and lawn,
O'er woodland deep, and sunny glade.

Shepherds, who watched their flocks by night,
Abiding in the open air,
Had seen the day's departing light,
And offered up their evening prayer.

And now the heavens are all aglow,
With lustrous stars in beauty bright,
What holy thoughts spontaneous flow
As gaze the shepherds on that sight!

But lo! a form supremely bright
Appears suspended in mid air,
What means this new mysterious light?
This vision so divinely fair!

The heavens grow brighter, brighter still!
And teeming angels now draw near!
What omen this of good, or ill?
How thrills each trembling heart with fear!

A sound from Heaven, in thunder broke,
An angel's voice pealed through the air,
Hark to words that angels spoke!
Shepherds, he said, dismiss your fear.

Good tiding, I to earth have brought,
To David's city haste away,
The Christ whom wise men long have sought
Has made His advent there this day.

Think not to find in princely halls,
This gentle babe your royal king,
Seek him within a s[illegible]ble's walls,
In a manger lies he slumbering.

And now in chorus thousands join,
And music through the welkin rung,
Could we our strains with theirs combine,
We'd sing the song those angels sung.

But we can sing redeeming love;
For *us* not angels, Jesus died,
A[illegible], he left the realms above
For us, the Lord was crucified!

O'er death, he triumphed and the grave,
To him as Lord, all power is given,
Born to redeem, and strong to save
We rest on him our hopes of heaven.

A Father's Error.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at anything beyond what had been reached by their great-grandfather. He had three children, two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old; Samuel, fifteen; Fanny, fourteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen, reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jerry was in the opposite corner, engaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said his father, "have you worked that sum out yet?"

"No, father," answered the boy, hesitatingly.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" said Mr. Winthrop in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head and looked troubled.

"I can't do it, father," tremblingly said Samuel.

"Can't do it? And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and pencil. He had ciphered further than you have long before he was as old as you are."

"Jerry was always fond of sums and problems, father. They have no interest at all for me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"

'It's a work on philosophy,' father.

'A work on fiddlesticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate; and don't you let me see you away from your arithmetic until you can work out those roots? Do you understand?'

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy; and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His lip trembled and his eyes moistened, for he was very unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without a cause.

'Sam,' said Jerry, as soon as their father had gone out of the room, 'I'll do that sum for you.'

'No, Jerry,' replied the younger brother, with a grateful look; 'that will be deceiving father. I'll try to do the sum, but I fear that I shall not succeed.'

Samuel worked very hard, but to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mass of incomprehensible things; and the more he tried, the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The truth was his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough matematician; he hardly ever came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boy should be like him; he considered that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid; and he often expressed the opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could 'give the old geometrician a hard tussle.'

He seemed not to understand that different minds were made with different capacities, and what one mind grasped with ease another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jerry progressed rapidly with his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that as Samuel made no progress in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and so treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind; but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter as was interesting to him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy lad.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen for his own room, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his father, and his face lightened up There was a fire in the room below his chamber, so he was not very cold; and getting up, he went to a closet and from under a lot of old clothes he took forth some long strip of wood. He was evidently fashioning some curious affair from these pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine and dozens of small wheels that he had made himself, and he seemed to be working to get the whole together after some particular fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her she approached the spot where her brother sat.

'Here, Sammy, see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry.'

As she spoke she opened her apron and took out four cakes, a piece of pie and some cheese. The boy was hungry, and hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

'Oh, what a pretty thing is that you are making?' said Fannie, as she gazed upon her brother's labor. Won't you give it to me when it is done?'

'Not this one, sister,' returned the boy, with a smile; 'but I will make you one equally as pretty.'

Fannie thanked her brother, and soon after left the room, while the boy went on with his work.

Before long the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's knife and pincers were joined and grooved together in a curious manner.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked like a machine—upon the floor, then gazed upon it intently. His eye gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction; he looked proud and happy. While he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door opened and his father entered.

'What! are you not studying?' exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle os the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and turned pale with fear.

'Ha! what is this?' said his father, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making them fly-cages. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lessons or not. There!'

As the father uttered these harsh ejaculations, he put his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking at the mass of ruins and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

'Ain't you ashamed?' said Mr. Winthrop; 'a great boy like you to spend your time in making clap-traps, and then cry about it because I choose you should attend to your studies. Now go to the barn and help Jerry to shell corn.

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber. But for long, long days afterwards he was weary and downhearted.

'Samuel,' said Mr. Winthrop, one day after the spring had opened, 'I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm; and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or to lay it out. Jerry will soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtain his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a good living at it.'

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstacies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided, and, after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master.

One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in fitting a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces on the bench at his side and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride and often expressed a wish that his other son should have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

'Mr. Young,' said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, 'that is a fine factory they have just erected in your town.'

'Yes,' returned Mr. Young, 'there are three of them, and they are doing a very heavy business.'

'I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now, if my boy Sam is a good workman, as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first rate situation there.'

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

'By the way,' continued the old farmer, 'what is all the noise I see and hear in the papers about those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that was ever got up before.'

'You must ask your son about that,' said Mr. Young. That is some of Samuel's business.'

'Eh? What! some of Sam——'

The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power-loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

'What do you mean?' he at length inquired.

'It is simply this, father, that the loom is mine,' returned Samuel with conscious pride. 'I have invented it and taken a patent right, and I have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot six years ago?'

'Yes,' replied the old [illegible], whose eyes were bent to the floor, as over whose mind a new light seemed beaming.

'Well,' continued Samuel, that was almost a pattern, though of course I have made alterations and improvements, and there is room for more.'

'And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and then fumble about my loom so much!' said Mrs. Winthrop.

'You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea which I have since carried out.'

'And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problem,' uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand.—'Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blinded, and now see how I have misunderstood you. While I have thought you heedless and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination.'

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was opened to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this difference:—Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and disposition of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. Geo. Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common-place address.

'PATAGONIAN INFANTS.—Their superstition makes them regard as divinities all phenomenal children, principally such as are born with a larger number of fingers or toes than is natural. According to their belief, such a child is a presage of great happiness for their family. As to those that are altogether deformed,—such cases are very rare,—or whose constitution does not appear to fit them for the kind of life they would have to lead, they make away by with them, either by breaking their limbs or smothering them; they then abandon them, without burial, to the wild dogs and birds of prey. If the innocent little creature is considered worthy to live, it becomes from that instant the object of the entire love of its parents; who, if necessary, will submit to the greatest privations to satisfy its last wants or exactions. They place their new-born on a small ladder, which serves it instead of a cradle.—The upper portion of its little body rests on the cross-pieces or rounds ranged close together, and covered with sheep-skin, while the lower part is enclosed in a sort of hollow formed by other cross-pieces below the uprights. The child is held in this position by soft cords wound above the skins which serve it instead of linen.—*Three Years among the Patagonians.*

A YANKEE in England being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of English girls, finally silenced laudation by declaring that "they had a gal in Boston only 11 years old, who could chew gum in seventeen different languages with hereyes shut."

Grandma, said a shrewd child, do you want some candy? Yes, dear, I should like some. Then if you'll buy some I'll give you half.

True Story of Little Bo-Peep.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

All the bright eyes that read this story will have read before the charming stories of that most excellent old lady, Mother Goose; and very few, if any, there will be that have not read the verses that recount the straying away of little Bo-peep's sheep, the anxiety she suffered on their account, especially in regard to their tails, her remarkable dreams, and the subsequent safe return of the wanderers. This is all of little Bo-peep's history that is recorded in the verses, and that is all that is generally known of her. But I know more; I can tell her whole history if I choose; and I do choose, because I don't think it right that any part of the history of so famous a person should be lost to the world.

How I came to know it, doesn't matter. Perhaps a bird, whose great-great-grandmother lived in Bo-peep's day, and had handed the story down to their descendants, whispered it in my ear; or, perhaps, one of the fairies, the good little folks who never grow old and die, you know, but live serene and happy always in their shady bowers, gathering together all the pretty stories and songs that are afloat in the world, told it to me; or perhaps, my own great-great-grandmother may have been a maid of honor at the very court where little Bo-peep afterwards—But, dear me! if I go on in this way I shall have told you the whole story before I think of it. So I'll begin at the beginning, in the proper way.

Once upon a time, when the world wasn't old and gray as it is now, but everything under the sun was new and bright, there lived a little girl named Bo-peep. She resided in a little black cottage in a lonely, out-of-the-way place; but no one thought of being lonely there, for the cottage fairly swarmed with boys and girls.

They were not Bo-peep's own brothers and sisters; her mother had died when she was a baby, and her father had married again, and all these children who filled the cottage to overflowing were her half-brothers and sisters. They were rude and selfish children, and her stepmother was harsh and unkind; so that, between both, little Bo-peep led a sorry life. All the drudgery of the house was put upon her to do; and she had only one old, gray homespun frock, for week days and Sundays alike, while her sisters had always two or three smart frocks, and yards and yards of gay ribbon to deck their hair.

As I said before, all the drudgery was given Bo-peep to do; but now and then, in the autumn, when her brothers were at work in the forest, and it was too cold and windy for her sisters to go up on to the hills, she was sent to keep the sheep. And those were happy days for Bo-peep. She wrapped herself in her plaid, and never minded the cold and the wind, she was so happy to be away from her noisy, quarrelsome brothers and sisters.

One cold, dreary day when the trees were all bare, and the brown leaves were dancing hornpipes with the wind over the highways and the fields, and the grass was getting so brown and dry that the sheep could find only now and then a little patch of green to eat, Bo-peep sat on the bleak hillside, wrapped in her plaid and with her crook on the ground by her side, watching her sheep, and, at the same time, trying to knit, though her fingers were numb with cold. All at once the clang of a horn sounded through the valley. Bo-peep rose to her feet, and shading her eyes with her hand she looked off in the distance, and saw a band of horsemen, all in green hunting suits, with waving plumes in their hats, riding along in the highway. It was the King and his courtiers, Bo-peep knew at once—nobody else rode to the chase in such a state; and she ran down to the foot of the hill, and hid behind a low evergreen tree, and waited for them to pass, for she wanted to see the King—the young King who had just succeeded to the throne, and who was so beloved by all the people. And he was well worth looking at; a comelier young king the sun never shone upon.—At least, that was what little Bo-peep thought as she peeped through the thick foliage of the evergreen tree. He was so tall and straight, and his cheeks were as red as apples, and his forehead so white, and he looked so good and amiable, yet so brave withal.

And he on his part was thinking, "Surely, a comelier little maiden the sun never shone upon!"

For, while little Bo-peep, in her eagerness to see, forgot that she she might be seen, the evergreen tree, which was much too good-natured and unselfish to wish to hide so much beauty, let its branches blow softly aside, and disclose little Bo-peep's face, flushed rose-red with the cold and eagerness, her brown eyes shining like stars, and her tangled brown curls blowing about in the wind. And when she saw the King's eyes upon her, and would have run away, what did the evergreen tree do but catch her plaid so fast in one of its branches that she could not stir. And while she stood there blushing scarlet, and almost wishing the earth would open and swallow her up, she felt so ashamed to have the King and his courtiers see her in her ragged homespun frock and her faded plaid, the King took off his plumed hunting-cap and bowed as low in his saddle as if she had been a duches; and when they saw the King, all the courtiers saluted her in the same way, though they all looked very much astonished, and some of them turned up their noses at the idea of bestowing so much attention upon a little ragged sheperdess, caught in a tree by the roadside.

Some of them even went so far as to sneer and make jesting remarks aloud; but the King checked them with a haughty frown.

He was very silent and thoughtful, as he rode on, and every now and then he cast a backward glance towards the evergreen tree. And all the courtiers noticed that the merry mood he had been in before they saw little Bo-peep had entirely vanished.

In the meantime, little Bo-peep had torn herself away from the evergreen tree, and run up the hill as fast as she could. But, alas! when she reached the top, little Bo-peep found she had lost her sheep. No trace of them was to be seen, far or near. She strained her eyes till they ached looking off in the distance, and she strained her ears to catch the tinkle of the sheep-bells; but in vain. Then she ran all over the hill, and around it in every direction, with her heart growing heavier and heavier every moment.

How could she go home and tell her step-mother that the sheep were lost?—She would surely beat her; and when they had other sheep she would never be allowed to come on to the hill with them. If the sheep had only wandered off, frightened by the clanging of the horn, who knew what might have befallen them before now?

Down in the valley there lived an old hermit of wicked and malicious disposition, who amused himself by cutting off the tails of all the sheep who ventured near his dwelling, and hanging them up on trees. What if her sheep should come wandering home, and leave their tails behind them? Little Bo-peep sat down on a stone, and wept as if her heart would break. Oh, if she had only stayed and watched her sheep, and not gone down to the roadside to see the handsome young King.

But the thought of the kindly manner in which he had smiled on her, and his gracious bow, comforted her a little, and her tears ceased to flow; and by-and-by she fell asleep there on the bleak hillside, with her head resting on the ground, and her crook tightly clasped in her hand.—But the slumber was not refreshing, for she dreamed about her sheep, that the wicked old hermit was cutting their tails off, and they were bleating furiously.—Then she awoke, crying, only to fall asleep again, and dream that she saw their tails all hung on a tree in a row.

When she awoke again, she did not know what to do. She did not dare to go home; but night was fast coming on, and it was bleak and cold on the hill-side.—Bo-peep picked up her crook, and went down into the highway, and wandered along, not knowing where she was going, nor where she should find shelter for the night.

All at once, just at the moment when her strength seemed about to fail, and she was ready to despair, that clanging horn sounded through the valley again, and this time there was a faint, tinkling sound mingled with it, that sounded like her own sheep-bells.

Very soon the gay party of huntsmen appeared in sight; and before them came flocks of sheep, driven by the King himself—Bo-peep's own sheep. And there were their tails, all safe and sound, in their proper places.

Bo-peep forgot, in her joy, to be shy or afraid. She looked neither at the King nor the courtiers. She hugged her silly old sheep, who came flocking about her, and answered her cry of joy with loud baas. And when, at last, she did look up, she saw that the King had dismounted from his horse, and was standing with his cap in his hand, bowing low before her.

He told her how he had met her sheep a long distance away, wandering along the road; and he had known them to be hers at once, because he had seen them on the hillside when he passed that morning; and how, in spite of the ridicule of the courtiers, and their displeasure at loosing the hunt, he had insisted upon driving them back, because they were hers.—And while Bo-peep, whose shyness had all come back again, was curtseying and murmuring her thanks, with rosy cheeks and down-cast eyes, he took her little brown hand in his own white, royal hand, and asked her to be his Queen!

And little Bo-peep, after giving one shy glance into his face, to see that he was not laughing at her, dropped another demure little curtsey, and said, "Yes."

Then the King set her on his own horse, and walked himself by her side, the sheep going before; and in that way they rode up to the door of the little cottage. And out came her father and mother, and all her brothers and sisters, to see the wonderful sight—Bo-peep sitting on the King's horse, while the King himself walked by her side! When the King told that she was going to the palace, to be his Queen, they were all struck dumb with amazement, and did not scorn and laugh at her as little Bo-peep expected; and before they recovered the use of their tongues, Bo-peep was on her way to the palace, still in her tattered home-spun gown and her faded plaid. And when they were exchanged for velvet and ermine, the King said she looked no sweeter than when she had kept sheep on the hillside, and peeped through the evergreen tree to see him ride by.

But the courtiers thought differently. They who had sneered at the little sheperdess were ready enough to domage to the dainty little Queen who ruled them all so royally.

And the King never regretted the day when he drove little Bo-peep's sheep home to her—for she was a loving and loyal little spouse, and the noblest and wisest Queen that the kingdom had had for a great many years; and the fame of her beauty and goodness was spread far and near.

A Lynchburg colored woman fell thirty feet out of a third story, striking the ground head-foremost. They are filling up the hole.

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