...STERTOWN WRAPPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873. NO. 41.

Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their Crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our Ocean Empire with her boundless homes.
For ever-broadening England, and her throne
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,
That knows not her own greatness. If she knows
And dreads it we are fall'n—but thou, my Queen,
Nor for itself, but thro' thy living love
For one to whom I made it o'er his grave
Sacred, accept this imperfect tale.
New-old, and the shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
Rather than that gay King, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped from mountain peak,
And cleaves to Cairn and Cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book or him of Malleor's one
Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time
That hovered between war and wantonness,
And crownings and dethronements; take withal
Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and hours. For some are scared who mark
Or wisely or unwisely, sign of storm,
Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless loosoners of the faith,
And softness breeding scorn of simple life,
Or cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
Or labor, with a groan and not a voice,
Or art, with poisonous honey stol'n from France,
And that which knows, but careful for itself,
And that which knows not, ruling that which knows,
To its own harm. The goal of this great world
Lies beyond sight: yet—if our slowly grown
And crown'd republic's crowning common sense,
That saved her many times, not fail—their fears
Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not those gloomier which forego
The darkness of that battle in the west,
Where all of high and holy dies away.

☞ Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—When a lady fainted at a party a gentleman thought he could resuscitate her by biting her ear. He is going about with a poultice on his eye, and a plaster on the bridge of his nose.

☞ In the Catholic churches of the towns and villages of Poland it is an every-day occurrence, especially during Lent, to see women lying flat on their faces in the middle of the Church, with their arms stretched out so as to form a cross, during the whole service, a long sermon included.

THE SQUIRE'S MISTAKE.

Squire Dudley was in his garden, pulling weeds in his patch of tame strawberries, on the morning when he took a fancy for Ruth Lee's pretty face. She came down the road, looking as fresh as a new-blown rose, in her plain calico dress and straw hat. Her brown hair, cut short, blew about her face in little rings, and her blue eyes and bright cheeks made her as pretty a picture as one not often sees. Squire Dudley saw her just as she came opposite the strawberry patch, and called out, "Good morning" in his brisk, cheery way.

"O, good morning!" she answered. "You almost scared me, Squire Dudley. Ruth had halted in the road.

"It's beautiful weather," answered Ruth. "I told mother it was too pleasant to stay indoors, and started off on a visit."

"Are your strawberries ripe yet?" said the Squire, wondering that he never had noticed what a fresh, charming face Widow Lee's daughter had before.

"Our strawberries?" laughed Ruth; "we have not one. Our old rooster got in one day about a week ago, and picked all he could eat, then coaxed the hens in, and between them they ruined our strawberry crop."

"Too bad!" exclaimed the sympathetic Squire. "Have some of these, Ruth; they're just ripe enough to be good."

He picked some great clusters of ripe berries and handed them over the fence to her.

"Thank you," said Ruth, smiling. "How nice they are. Mother was making great calculations on her strawberry jam. She was terribly vexed when she found out what the hens had done."

"I've got lots to spare," said the Squire. "I'll send over some to your mother."

"She'd be much obliged to you," said Ruth, if you have more than you want."

"Plenty of them," answered the Squire; "plenty of them. Can have them just as well as not."

"I must be going," said Ruth. "Good morning."

"Good morning," returned the Squire, looking after her as she passed down the road. "I declare there ain't a prettier girl in town than Ruth Lee. I wonder some of the young fellows haven't got her away from the widow. If I was a young man now—"

Squire Dudley stopped suddenly. An idea had just flashed across his brain.

"I'm fifty," he said at last, after thinking quite busily for some minutes. "I'm fifty, but don't look it. I don't see why I should not try my luck, after all. Girls as young as Ruth marry older men than I am. I'm sure she'd make any man a good wife. Her mother is one of the finest women in the State, and she's brought her daughter up to know how to work and be saving and prudent. I'm sure we need a good housekeeper. Mrs. Brown, she's old and fussy and crooked, and this way of living ain't half living. I do believe I'll marry her, if she'll have me. Maybe Charley 'll say it's foolish, but I can't help that."

The Squire fell to weeding out his strawberries again diligently, and kept thinking about Ruth all the while. Long before dinner was ready he had fully made up his mind to propose marriage to Ruth, and bring home a new housekeeper and mistress to the great house whose mistress had been dead for ten years or more; provided, of course, that Ruth didn't say no, and the Squire thought there wasn't much danger of that, though why he should be so sure I can't say.

"Don't you think we need a housekeeper?" he said to his son Charles that afternoon, as they sat on the verandah. The Squire evidently saw some new feature in the landscape, for he kept his face turned away from Charley's as he spoke.

"A housekeeper?" asked Charley. "We've got one. What do we want of more, I should like to know."

"Yes, I know," assented the Squire, turning red in the face, and beginning to get a little uneasy; "but Mrs. Brown isn't such a woman as we need. She does not take any interest in the work as—as a woman would who—who had more interest in it."

After which extremely logical argument the Squire got more fidgety than ever.

"I understand that," answered Charley. "If she had a personal interest in the place, and in being prudent and keeping things up, she'd do better than she does now. Now, she gets pay for her work, and that's all she cares for. It's all we can expect of her."

"Just so," said the Squire, glad to know that Charley agreed with him so far. "I've been thinking this morning that the best thing I could do would be to get some one who would take a personal interest in matters. I don't see as you intend to get married, and if you won't, I don't know but I'd better."

The Squire breathed easier. The worst was over with.

"You get married?" exclaimed Charley, in intense surprise. "Why I didn't know that you ever thought of such a thing."

"And I haven't until this morning," exclaimed the Squire. "I got to thinking about it this morning, and the more I thought the more it appeared a good plan. You haven't any objections?"

"Of course not," answered Charley. "You can do as you think best. If you deem it advisable to get a wife I have nothing to say further than the hope that you will get some one who will make you happy."

"She will," said the Squire, very decidedly, "she will, I am sure."

"May I ask who 'tis to be?" inquired Charley.

"I—I haven't asked her yet," answered the Squire, as red as a rose. "I'd rather wait until I'm sure of her before I tell who it is. She might say no, you see, and I should feel rather cheap."

Prudent Squire Dudley. That afternoon he picked a pan of his finest strawberries, and directly after tea started off across the lots in the direction of the widow Lee's, with the berries on his arm. It was dusk before he got to the widow's, for he walked slowly. He had very busy thoughts for company. He was wondering what it was best to do. Should he propose at once to Ruth, or should he see her mother first and talk with her? He concluded that the last was the wiser plan.

As he opened the gate noiselessly he heard voices in the other corner of the garden, and stopped a moment to find out if it was the widow and her daughter.

"I never had any idea of it before," said a voice, which he recognized as Charley's, "not the least in the world. He said he hadn't thought anything about it until to-day. I couldn't find out who he had in view. I hope it isn't old Miss Sharp. She'd like to get somebody."

The Squire burst into a profuse perspiration at the idea of having Miss Sharp for a wife.

"He said he didn't see as I ever intended to get married," went on Charley. "I didn't tell him I had got me a wife picked out, but wanted to. I am sure he'd approve my taste in making a selection."

"What nonsense!" laughed a clear, pleasant voice—Ruth's voice, the Squire knew the moment he heard it. "If I am going to be your wife I want you to quit laughing at me in that sly way, pretending you are flattering me all the time!"

"His wife! Goodness gracious!"

The Squire was so taken by surprise that he came near dropping his strawberries. So it was all settled between them. And he had come near proposing to his son's intended wife. He felt cold all over at the thought of it. How lucky that he did not take Charley into his confidence, and tell him at once who he had concluded to marry.

"I declare," exclaimed the Squire, "I've made a mistake this time, sure enough. The rascal got the start of me. I'd like to know what I'm to do? I've told him that I intended to get married, and if I don't, he'll likely as not mistrust something. Dear me!"

The Squire was in trouble. Another bright thought occurred to him. There was the widow. After all she would be more suitable for him than Ruth would have been. She was somewhere near his own age. A fine woman. A smart woman. She would make a fine mistress for his empty house. Why shouldn't he marry her, since he could not have her daughter?

"I'll do it," exclaimed the squire, bound to go through with the matter since he had got so far. "I'll do it."

He knocked. The door was opened by the widow, round-cheeked, rosy and smiling.

"Why, Squire Dudley! Good evening," she exclaimed. "I hardly knew you at first, you haven't been in here so long. Come in, take this rocking-chair, and let me take your hat."

The widow bustled about and got the Squire a chair and deposited his hat on the table before he happened to think of his basket.

"Oh! Ruth told me your strawberry crop had proved a failure, so I thought I'd run over and bring you a few. Strawberry short-cake don't go bad this time of year."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you," said the widow," taking the basket. "I was so provoked to think the hens should spoil mine. Such a nice lot as I would have had."

"If you want any to preserve, come over and get 'em," said the Squire. "We have plenty of them. Mrs. Brown—she she won't do anything with 'em, except as we use them in the season of them, I suppose."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the widow. You ought to have them done up. They're so nice in the winter. I would like to get some for jam; and if Mrs. Brown won't take care of them I'll do them up on shares."

"I wish you would," said the Squire. "Things are all going to wreck and ruin about my place. 'Taint to be expected a hired woman will take any interest in affairs;" and here he sighed deeply.

"No; that's so."

It was strange that the Squire had not found out how things were going to wreck and ruin before. Mrs. Brown had been there ever since Mrs. Dudley died.

The Squire and the widow kept up a very brisk conversation, and at the end of an hour he was more deeply in love with the widow than her daughter, and began to wonder how he had been so blind as to overlook such a delightful woman so long.

By-and-by the widow bustled out, and presently came back with a pitcher of last year's cider and a plate of cake.

"Do have something to eat and drink," urged the widow. "If I'd known you were coming I'd have made a cherry pie. I remember you used to like my cherry pie."

"I—I wish you'd come and make cherry pies for me all your life," blurted out the Squire, turning very red in the face again. "I—I came to ask you to marry me, Mrs. Lee."

After which innocent falsehood the Squire felt decidedly relieved.

"I'm sure I'd as live marry you as any man," answered the widow, blushing, and looking as pretty as a rose.

"It's all settled then," cried the delighted Squire, and he kissed her plump on her lips just as the door opened and Charley and Ruth came in.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with my new housekeeper," said the Squire, bowing very low to hide his red face.

"And allow me to present my wife—that is to he," answered Charley. "You take the mother and I'll take the daughter."

I am happy to say that, under the 'new administration,' things are no longer going to wreck and ruin.

GIRLS.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

There is no country in the world where there are more glorious girls, more loveable girls, than are to be found in this realm of the American eagle, but when you want to find any of these genuine and much-to-be-sought-after specimens of femininity you must not go into the ranks of so-called society upon your quest. The girl of the period to be found in such circles is not the girl you will desire to take home and make a wife of. Too frequently she is told at her birth that she must be "smart"—she knows that means "pert" and becomes so. At ten she is a woman wiser and worse than her grandmother at twenty. She has her beaus and furbelows, frizzes, followers, frenzies, fun, folly, frolics, feints and faints, falsity, fanfaronade, fantasies, and in fact all the f's but fat. As soon as she is able to walk the streets her leather is whittled sharp at the toes, a spike is stuck at the other end for a heel, a camel hump is secured at the base of her spinal column, her heart, lungs and liver are tied up in corsets, flesh barricades of bone and steel, and she is sent out to the world. She goes to school, eats slate pencils and absorbs arsenic, poisoning her stomach and stunning her senses. The corsets squeeze the breath out of her lungs, and the heels send the blood to her head.—She flirts with boys and young men before nature has informed her that there are sexes. During school hours she may be in her seat or she may be out of it; the teacher does not always know. Out of school hours she goes where she pleases, sees whom she pleases, does what she or somebody else pleases, and says what she pleases. Frequently, the Lord only knows how frequently—so-called fashionable mothers seem perfectly willing that their daughters should go to the bottomless pit by the license they give them to go where they like. If the mothers of the scores of girls now before the courts of the country as plaintiffs or defendants in criminal cases, had only known where their daughters were when they were with their betrayers, the criminal cases would probably have never appeared on the dockets. The smartness of this species of girl is her Satan. If she have a pretty face she is in danger of becoming somebody's plaything. If she have not a pretty face she proceeds to daub her cheeks, burn her hair, tint her lips, paint her nails, shade her eye-brows, and gasp that she may draw her corsets tighter. Then she begins to learn the trade of an adventuress. She becomes a fraud internally and externally. She looks with lofty contempt at the honest working girls who earn their bread in honor and in virtue; but she begins to draw money for herself from banks in which he has no deposits. In time this girl goes to Europe, and becomes the morganatic wife of Victor Emanuel, or of a Bavarian baron. That's where the "smartness" of modern society tends to lead most of its votaries.

THE IRISH GIRL.

The Irish girl's character is made up of two qualities, vivacity and tenderness.—The Irish girl is the natural romp, so is she a natural lover. She is the fawn of the field and house; domestic, devout, candid, courageous, superstitious, sentimental, filial, and apt to be philosophic. If belonging to the gentry, she receives somewhat the same education as the English girl, with the same thinness in the curriculum; but she will dash poetry into all the prosaics, and in *belles lettres* learn a volume while the English girl studies a page. The national schools are working a revolution among the women of the holier isle, and in sad political twilight are glimmering a hundred DeStaels and Speranzas, whose sons and daughters will blaze in the next generation. Mark the future of the Irish girl! She has fun far beyond that of the French; an imagination gleaming with figures, but memory moistens them into melancholy; an ambition as wide as the sea, willing to bear as many burdens, and compelled to hold nearly as many dead, but narrowed by the iron of traditional fear and the nearness of English guns. The chastity of Diana is born among her mountains, and it is a maxim among Irish women, "in part she is to blame that has been tried." The Irish girl is she who has never had a chance in the world. Poor, wretched, abused as a child by the savageness of disappointed parents, cold when ready to be a wife, more ignominious than Mary Powel to John Milton, miserable as a mother; often supporting husband and children, but faithful, as Mary Powel was not, wearing out as the drudge of a drunkard, but never standing before a divorce court to secure a dangerous, if a legal freedom; in sorrow gay; in poverty, full of laughter; with tears for others' tears, and a rainbow smile through her own. She may envy, but she is more likely to emulate; she may be jealous, but chiefest is her self-respect. The specimen we find in America is not always a good one of the genus. She will falsify in a friend's behalf, but she will not slander or betray a foe.

She is the daughter of the church, not of the gods; and although not always divinely tall, is often divinely fair. Her harsher feelings are passionate in intensity and emotional in duration. Her devotion to her family never pales; the brightest gold and the sweetest words in Irish cabins to-day are sent by the white fingers of Irish girls in American workrooms.—She is more devoted to her father than to her child, and it may have been she who was in the mind of Pope when he wrote:

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arms extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Unlike the English girl, marriage with her is an accident rather than an aim; she would as soon be a Sister of Charity as the mother of the Gracchi. But if the altar lamp does not prove the magnet of her youth, she is very liable to fall madly in love, to marry, and to abide unto the bitter end. She loves for the better or worse; chiefly for worse. In physique she is unsurpassed, even in Arabia. Her feet are apt to be large, because like Maud Muller, she rakes the meadows sweet with hay; but, unlike Maud, digs turf in the bogs and plants potatoes on the sunny hill; but her hands are always small, and the fingers taper, and the nails a pearly pink.

She is so vigorous, and her coursing blood so thoroughly incarnadine, that, as medical records show, "she can bear an *accouchement* on twenty-four hours' notice, and be about again in forty-eight." And she neither kills her child before its birth, nor feed it by proxy after. She is the happiest and saddest, the strongest and the tenderest woman on earth.

THE FRENCH GIRL.

Ah, here appears quite a different type of the feminine. She is the electric woman. She constantly desires to evaporate, to fly, to be dissipated, to float in the very air, to waste herself away in the ecstasy of excitement. Her volatility is no more in her control than the moon or the tides. God seems to have made French women's brains nothing but occipital. The French girl is "fine by defect and delicately weak." Reared, according to Michelet—

Virtue she finds too painful to endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

She is bold in her early youth. She is a wit, never a humorist. A wife—often; but never by a mischance a mere woman. She has a brilliancy in conversation. An English women may keep a hotel, but only a French woman can manage a *salon*—a grace of courtesy outdoing the cavaliers of the English Charles. She is a queen when her English sister would affect to be a coquette; a scholar where a Saxon would be a pedant, a bold outliner of character, or a swift critic of facts, where the other would, in all probability, prove a tame blue-stocking. But she is only imaginative, never deliberative.—Her emotions are her inspiring angels; her conscience, remorse. She is the victim of climate and race, and sex combined. To the public gaze, her faults are magnified, because lacking in a great degree what is meant by vanity. Her better nature is masked. This never appeared to clearer view than at present. The social faults of the empire were to be exaggerated in the struggling, new born republic. Communism, the journalists, and the play-wrights have apparently conspired to make indecency brazen.—Under the empire, with its police for censors of mortals, language and costume were often free enough and to spare, but never were the theatres allowed to run riot as they do to-day. And to these theatres crowds, night after night, "respectable" as well as dissipated Paris; and you see boxes filled with family parties—modest looking young girls, laughing at the antics or puzzling out the allusions—taking the cue to listen and to think from the bravos in the parterre who watch the effect of the *entendres* on comparative innocence. Such is the school in which young Paris is learning life and morality.

INSTINCT OR REASON: WHICH?—A friend now in Europe sends us from Dresden the following interesting notes, suggested by an article that appeared in the New York *Observer* a short time since:

Messrs. Editors of the Observer:

Seeing in your paper the question, "Do animals *reason*," and an anecdote of a horse that knew when it was Sunday, I was reminded of a dog that belonged to my father. This animal had a propensity to go to church in the morning. He never went in the afternoon. At that time, the bells rang at 8, 9 and 10 o'clock. At the 10 bell the dog was sure to be at the front door, although his usual place was on the back piazza. For a year he accompanied us to church like a good Presbyterian. He would take his place under my father's seat in the square pew and conduct himself with perfect propriety. But age brought its infirmities, and in spite of himself he would fall asleep, just as many other good people do. This was not all. He so far forget himself that he would, at times, snore and bark in his sleep—in fact, became a nuisance,—and my father had to arouse him with his big cane.

In time, matters went from bad to worse, like all bad habits,—so that at last we tied him up on Sunday mornings. I think we did this but once: for after that no whistling or calling could induce Cato to make his appearance after the first bell on Sunday until the 10 o'clock bell rang. Then he would trot off to the church and wait at the door until the arrival of the family. At last, it became necessary to drive him away from the church door; and then he went, without any cause that we could discover, to the Baptist church. This church was twice the distance from our house, and much farther than the Episcopal, to which we went when there was no service in our own.

Foreign travel affected him as it does Americans in general. He took a long voyage to Sumatra, in the good brig Whiteoak, Capt. Noyes; and when he returned, was no more seen in the church.

Dogs know how to distinguish between bells. You might ring any other bell in our house but the door bell—when that was rung, although but little differing from the others, there would be a general commotion and barking.

Is it instinct in a squirrel to bite, as a pet squirrel bit me for giving him a second time a bad walnut?

Was the following instinct, which I saw and noted at the time? A wren had made a nest under the eaves of my piazza. She had just finished it, but had laid no eggs, when a Phoebe bird (as the boys call them) drove her away and occupied the place. Some days after, one of my family and myself were sitting on the piazza, when an egg dropped by my chair, and then another; after this, sticks and portions of the nest were thrown down, and the nest was partly demolished when the last occupant returned. Afterwards, the nest was abandoned by both parties.

Why the wren waited for the intruder upon her property to settle herself and lay her eggs before she made the attack, I think, can be explained only upon the principle of revenge and something beside instinct in the bird. The wren made no attack afterward upon the new nest of her enemy, which was situated within fifty feet of the first one—the property of the wren; neither did she attempt to resume it. She evidently did not wish the nest, only the punishment of the aggressor.

I knew of another wren who had built a nest in a short spout for taking off water from a depression in a long gutter.—Being inundated, she effectually closed up the upper opening.

Whether animals reason or not, every observant sportsman knows of extraordinary acts in dogs that can only be accounted for by some degree of reason.—They differ as much from one another in intelligence as they do in disposition, and the difference in both is as great as in the human race. Having trained and shot over as many of these animals as any one not a professional breaker, I speak knowing well what I say. A. M. B.

☞ Wonders will never cease, and the latest amusing novelty is the fact that a lady's hat, trimmed in the height of the fashion, and nicely packed in a band-box, was carried through the United States mail from Maine to California for eleven cents postage.

☞ A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance.—"You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge."—"At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are actually making game of me."

TRUTH being founded upon a rock, you must boldly dig to see its foundations, without fear of destroying the edifice.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—The public examination is superseding the old-fashioned dramatic school exhibition, and it has many firm friends among professional educators. The pupils are examined in the presence of their parents and friends, so that all may see just what progress has been made by each, and give credit accordingly. The expectation of these periodical examination is supposed to act as a stimulus with teachers and pupils alike. That is the *idea* of the public examination, and if I had not been interested as pupil, as teacher, and not exactly as parent, but as elder sister and children's friend, I suppose I might not feel so much like calling these examinations a *humbug*. The parents are deceived most; the children take another lesson in the art of deception and in the immense importance of being able to make a show; and the teachers feel how almost impossible it is to help this wretched state of things until the public mind learns the true idea of *education*.

The public examination is no true test of the advancement of the pupils, or of the teacher's ability as an educator. Children naturally quick and ready show to the best advantage, while slower ones are abashed and discouraged. Those who need stimulus most get the least help from the public exhibition. Those whom nature has gifted with quicker wits, get praise which nurtures their self-conceit, instead of encouraging their lagging faculties. The poorest educators often make the best show as exhibitors on examination-day. They can show you that the pupils have been trained to a certain dexterity and mechanical precision, and to concert action which is very effective with the unreflecting crowd; but no teacher can exhibit the best things a good teacher can do in the way of education. The illustrations which have brightened all the daily tasks; the bits of history and biography which have endeared to each pupil text-books otherwise dry and dull; opportune suggestions as to methods of study; and, better still, sympathetic help toward the formation of noble character, toward the development of honest men and women with clear heads, and warm hearts, and helpful hands—can any public examination, yearly or monthly, make a true exhibit of these most precious works of an educator? Will it be likely to help or to hinder this larger education?

If you would satisfy yourself as to the faithfulness and ability of your children's teacher, go and see him or her *at work* two or three times at least every term, dropping in unexpected for fifteen minutes or a half-day, as you can fine time. Let the teacher feel that your eye is on him and your heart in his work. If you talk with the children at home about their school work frequently, as well as visit them in school, it will do them a deal of good provided all is done with true *sympathy*, and not in the character of a cool superior critic.

SUSPENDED THOUGHT.—Rev. Mr. Hendrix, when visiting the patients in a Canadian Hospital, a number of years since, discovered therein a man who appeared to be perfectly demented, but otherwise in good health. Inquiring into the cause of this malady, he was informed that it was occasioned by a depression of the skull upon the brain, by a blow from the falling limb of a tree. Procuring surgical aid, Mr. Hendrix caused the depressed skull to be raised to its natural position, when the patient uttered the concluding word of a sentence that he had begun to address to his son, with whom, fourteen years before, he was splitting rails under the tree where he had received the injury that deprived him of his senses: "Put in the——wedge."

This, I think, is a remarkable example of suspended thought. For fourteen years he had lived perfectly unconscious of the loss of a moment of time. But he ate, drank, slept, awoke, and moved about; but how? Simply as a machine. Like the clock, the human mechanism had been wound up, or set in motion, and must run its allotted time, though a part of its complicated machinery, unessential to its longevity, should cease to move. The hunger, and the act of supplying its demands, were but a part of the natural movement of the intricate machine.—*Public Banner.*

☞ A writer in the *Kansas Magazine* has measured the type used in a copy of a New York paper, and also that used in a popular volume of travels. The former was found to contain about 960,000 "ems" while the latter, a book of 591 pages, measured only 836,000 "ems." In other words, the single copy of the newspaper, which sold only at four cents, was equivalent to a book of 680 pages, or 89 more pages than were contained in a volume that sold for $3.50.

☞ The most original spelling we have ever seen is the following. It beats phonetics:

80 you be—a tub. 80 oh! pea—a top. Be 80—bat. See 80—cat. Pea 80—pat. Are 80—rat. See oh! double you—cow. See you be—cub. See a bee—cab. Be you double tea—butt. Ce a double all—call.

He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

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