CHESTERTOWN PAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873. NO. 7.

TIMMS' STRATEGY.

A STORY OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.

Mapes was chivalrous by nature; he believed in "seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." His enthusiasm was aroused by the recital of stories of deeds of desperate daring; while he had nothing but contempt for even success won by crooked and indirect means. Timms, on the contrary, believed there was policy in war, and that the end justified the means, particularly if the end was attained. Companions from infancy, their lives had been spent in competition for scholastic and such other honors as the locality afforded, without even a momentary break in their friendship. But now, in early manhood, they struggled for a prize of incalculable value, with an ardor that threatened a complete rupture of friendly relations. The heart and hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood belle, were to be won; and to these none others might aspire, in the face of such formidable competition as that of Mapes and Timms. They alone—each by virtue of his own personality and position—had a right to lay siege to the heart of that variable, irritable, imperious beauty, and for months the strife between them had gone on. Each one had called into play all his personal and social resource; for the local society had taken such an interest that it was divided into two factions, known as the Mapesites and the Timmsites. And yet Miss Eliza could not be brought to express a preference. If she rode with one to-day, she was careful to walk abroad with the rival to-morrow.

Coquetry is delicious to a woman; and Eliza would not have been feminine had she been in haste to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and feared that when one of the aspirants for her favor withdrew from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulout of competition, would grow cold; hence she had made up her mind that, upon the first favorable opportunity, she would signify to Mapes that his suite, so often pressed, was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting; for invitations were given out for an apple-bee in the neighborhood, and Eliza found means to convey an invitation to Mapes that she expected to meet him there, and counted on his escort home at the conclusion of the frolic.

The appointed evening looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes, came at last. He felt that it was the most important of his life, and arrayed himself as only a rustic dandy can. His way lay across a meadow, through which ran—or rather loitered—a deep, but narrow stream spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to feel his way slowly across. As he progressed it commenced to swing lightly—something very unusual—until he reached the center, when, to his utter confusion, it gave way, and he was launched into the water. He scrambled out, then suddenly the night became luminous with that lurid light to which people refer when they say, in speaking of some profane wretch, "He swore until all was blue." Whatever illuminating qualities this lurid light possessed, it had no drying ones, and Mapes was forced to bid adieu for the night to all hopes of plighting his troth to the loved Eliza.

In the rural districts Down East, in early times, the good people had such habits of industry and rigid economy that they seldom gave, or attended parties, unless such as were cloaked under the names of raisings, quiltings, huskings, or apple bees; thus, the apple-bee, fraught with momentous consequences to Mapes and Timms, was but a social party in disguise—a few apples being pared, quartered, cored, and strung in the early evening for appearance sake.

As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of the evening. Good looks, entire self-possession, and a keen satirical wit, always assured her that position; and this night she shone with unusual brilliancy, until, as the hours wore away, and still Mapes came not, she began to lose herself in pondering why, and at length she asked Timms:

"Is your friend Mapes ailing?"

"I guess not," replied Timms: "saw him to-day. He wasn't complaining."

"He denies himself much pleasure," said Eliza, "in not coming here to-night, for this is the place where we always have a good time. Aunt Judy knows how to give an apple bee."

"You let Mapes alone," answered Timms, "he knows what he's about."

"What do you mean?" asked Eliza.

"Oh, I mean," replied Timms, "that Mapes is the prince of good fellows, and gets invitations where the rest of us do not."

"Where is Mapes to-night?" asked Eliza, now fully aroused.

"I don't know for sure," answered Timms. "He told me to-day there were special reasons for his coming here, but that he had an invitation to the rich and aristocratic Squire Huntoon's who is celebrating his daughter's birthday, and that he didn't know which way he would go;" and Timms turned away to talk to the next prettiest girl in the room.

Petted young women are seldom logical or patient. When the party broke up, Eliza accepted Timms' escort to her home, and before they arrived there, she had consented to become, with the least possible delay, Mrs. Timms. The next morning the engagement was publicly announced, and preparations for the wedding commenced. Timms was exultant—happy Timms!

For a few days Timms was not much seen in public—perhaps for want of courage to wear his blushing honors openly; perhaps for want of courage to meet other contingencies—who knows? But a man can not make arrangements for his own wedding from a fixed standpoint, and he was compelled to venture out. In a quiet and secluded by-way he met Mapes. The meeting to him was a surprise; he smiled feebly, and extended his hand. But Mapes, intent only on business, strode squarely up to Timms and planted a vigorous blow on one of his eyes, which caused that gentleman to measure his length in the dust. Timms sprang to his feet, and showed fight; but another blow on the other eye sent him again to grass, where he continued to lie.

"Get up," said Mapes.

"You'll knock me down again," said Timms.

"Yes," returned Mapes, "I will."

"Then I won't get up," said Timms.

"You're an infernal scoundrel," said Mapes.

"I can't help your saying so," answered Timms.

"You sawed the log," said Mapes.

"What log?" asked Timms.

"You sawed the log," repeated Mapes, advancing a step.

"Yes—stop," said Timms; "I sawed the log."

"Well, you needn't think," said Mapes, "that after your marriage you're going to tell that story, and make me a laughing stock."

"I'll never speak of it," whined Timms.

"Perhaps you won't," said Mapes, "but I'm going to swear you before I get through. There's another thing; you won the woman by your trickery, and I know it is in you to abuse her; so I'm going to swear you to treat her kindly."

"I'll swear," said Timms.

"Hold up your hand," said Mapes.

Timms held up his hand.

"Now, repeat after me: 'I Silas Timms, solemnly swear that I will never bring to the knowledge of any human being that I sawed the log whereby Daniel Mapes fell into the creek and lost a wife; and, further, that I will, she consenting, marry Eliza Reed, and always treat her kindly; so help me God.'"

Timms repeated the oath, *verbatim*.

"Now, get up and go home," said Mapes. "I don't think you'll be married till your eyes get out of mourning, and by that time I'll be far enough away. But don't think I'll lose sight of you; and if you don't keep your oath, you'll see me." Timms arose from the ground, shook off the dust, and walked away; but when he had secured a safe distance, he shouted back exultingly:

"Mapes, she's an angel.

In twenty years Daniel Mapes had learned many things, and among them this: Life is very much as we make it. In other words, the world is like a mirror, and looks at us with the face we present. It returns scowl for scowl, and smile for smile. It echoes our sobs and our laughter. To the cold, it is as icy as the northern seas; to the loving it is as balmy as the isles of the tropics. He had learned a still harder lesson; which was to forget the griefs, the sorrows, the slights, the wrongs, and the hates of the past. The effect of this lesson was to make it appear that the lines, to him, had fallen in pleasant places. His rotund form and firm muscle bespoke a good digestion, while a cheerful countenance told of mental peace. A fair woman named him husband, and children called him father. A beautiful home in Santa Clara valley was theirs; besides which, Mapes had many broad acres of land, as well as many head of stock running nearly wild in the counties of Monterey and San Luis Obispo.

Once in each year the cattle that graze on California's thousand hills are gathered in bands at convenient places, to be claimed and branded by their owners—such assemblages being called *rodeos*. Mapes had been down across the Salinas Plains, in attendance upon a *rodeo;* and, being on his return, jogging along on his mustang, he saw, far in the distance, but nearing him, an equally lone traveler. Slowly the distance between them decreased; and as they approached, Mapes—with California prudence—slipped his revolver upon the belt which sustained it, from his back, round to his left side, bringing the hilt under the shadow of his bridle arm, and within easy reach of his right hand. A near look assured Mapes that he had no occasion for weapons; the coming man was of middle age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected, and hopeless—in local phrase, his manner was that of a person who has "lost his grip;" and those who have met with that terrible misfortune are never highway-robbers, "grip" being the very quality wanted in that hazardous pursuit.

The travelers met, with a long inquiring gaze, when from their lips simultaneously burst out the words, "Mapes"—"Timms." After a moment of mute surprise, Mapes, spurring his mustang, drew nearer Timms.

"So—we meet, at last. I have been wanting to see you this many a year."

The movement seemed ominous to Timms, and he cried out: "Don't shoot!" I have no weapons! Besides, I have kept my oath—at least as well as I could. I never told the reason why you didn't attend the apple bee, nor ever breathed a syllable about the sawed log—upon my solemn oath!"

"I wasn't thinking of the ducking," said Mapes.

"Don't come any nearer," returned Timms. "I have always tried to use that woman well; but she wouldn't be used well. I have done my best to treat her kindly; but she wouldn't be treated kindly."

"It is no use to go over the ground to me, Timms."

"But," replied Timms, "you have no idea what that woman is; you wouldn't blame me if you only knew. She's browbeat me till I ain't half a man."

"So I see," said Mapes.

"No, you don't see," replied Timms. "You don't see half. Look at this scar"—taking off his hat, and showing a long seam on his scalp; that was done with the skillet."

"You have suffered," said Mapes.

"Suffered!" returned Timms. "You ought to have sworn her, too. If you only knew how I have thought of you, and of my oath to you; and how I have borne blows, and been quiet—how I have been called a brute and a fool, and kept silent—how I have endured taunts and sneers, hunger and discomfort, without a word of reproach—you would forgive me: you wouldn't harbor thoughts of revenge."

"Thoughts of revenge!" answered Mapes. "Let us dismount, and have a settlement, for I see my chance has come at last."

"Mapes, would you take the life of an unarmed man?"

"Timms, you're crazy! Let me explain. I have no wrongs to avenge. It isn't for vengeance that I wanted to see you. I have heard about you often—know all your life and experience; and I have only wanted to meet you, to offer you a home and friendship, employment and opportunities for prosperity, here in California. I owe you no debt, but one of that little job of carpenter work; and that I mean to pay. Come with me." He took Timms' horse by the bridle, turned him about without remonstrance, and they traveled on in silence."

After a while, Timms raised his eyes timidly from the ground, and said:

"Mapes, she's the devil!"—*Overland Monthly.*

TABLE MANNERS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Our Saxon ancestors had some rude customs about their meals, which are in striking contrast with modern refinement. To begin with, they had no table, but, instead of one, a board (*bord*,) which was brought out for the occasion from some place of storage, laid on trestles, and, when the meal was ended, carefully put away again. This was called laying the board, to which our similar expression owes its origin; and from the same source comes our word "boarder"—one who sits at the board to eat.

The guests and family were summoned by a horn, and after they were seated, the cloth was spread; and about this they were extremely particular, but of what kind of fabric it was made does not so clearly appear. It certainly was not linen, for that was not introduced into England for such use until the reign of Elizabeth. For a long time carpets and pieces of tapestry did service as coverings for tables.

The use of the carpet for the floor does not seem to have occrred to those easily-satisfied individuals, who were willing to sleep on a straw mat, with a log under their heads, or a sack filled with chaff or straw, for a bolster. Floors were strewn with rushes, occasionally renewed as the accumulations of rubbish made it necessary. Among the items at the time of crowning of Isabella, Queen of John, there is a charge of thirty-three shillings for strewing Westminster Hall with herbs and rushes. It is this custom which Shakespear refers to in "Taming the Shrew"—"Where's the cook? Is the supper ready, the house trimmed, *rushes strewed*, cobwebs swept?"—and in other plays.

Those were the days when they had oiled paper or thinly shaved pieces of horn in what they called windows, or the openings were filled with strips of wicker, interlaced in checker-work; when scarcely a church even could boast of a pane of crystal, and when a nobleman, who had thin layers of beryl in his castle windows, was looked upon as very luxurious in his tastes.

After the cloth was arranged, the salt-cellar was set on, then the knives (if they were so forunate as to possess any) were placed, the spoon, the drinking-horns, and the trenchers.

The salt sellar was the most important article of all; very large, and made with a cover. It is this latter peculiarity which Shakespeare alludes to, where he makes Launce say: "The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt."

Where the host could afford it, it was of solid silver, elaborately chased; often a very substantial piece of plate, as costly as his means would allow. And this accounts for the greed with which Queen Elizabeth once seized upon one, on occasion of visiting a certain great official; she had already received valuable gifts from him, but before her departure she "*took* a salt, a spoon, and a fork of fair agate."

The salt-cellar occupied the place of honor on the table, and the most distinguished person sat above it. To sit "below the salt," meant to be in the position of an inferior.

The meats were brought in on spits just as they were cooked, and in that way passed round by the servants to the guests, who, in the more barbarous times, tore off a portion as best they could. Afterward, when they had advanced a little in their ideas, there was a carver who held the meat with one hand while he cut with the other; and the guests helped themselves, using their hands, and after they had devoured what they wished, threw the bones to the dogs and cats that waited under the table and scrambled for their share among the rushes. Naturally enough, every one was expected to wash his hands before coming to the "board," and certainly it was needful afterward.

A few had knives shaped like a razor, but forks were unknown. Even the great Elizabeth ate with her fingers. In her reign, however, commerce was extended, and luxuries began to appear; porcelain and glasses instead of pewter mugs to drink from, and in her bath-room she had mirrors, and this was considered a great extravagance. Her immense and lofty rooms were meager and cheerless enough with their scant furnishings; and her table, in spite of many pieces of plate, was not altogether removed from the rudeness of manners of the early Saxons. At first two persons ate from one "trencher," as it was called. There were no plates, and these trenchers were made to answer the purpose. They were, in fact large slices of bread, placed before each one, (or two,) to accommodate the meat. There were two qualities of bread; one fine, to be eaten; the other, of the course inferior flour, was made into large loaves, then the outer crust was removed and laid aside for the poor, and the rest cut into very thick and very substantial slices, and thus used instead of plates. In the course of time some ingenious person conceived the happy idea of having real plates; the wealthy furnished themselves with valuable ones of silver, and eventually the common people were provided with such as their circumstances admitted, made of wood or pewter, and finally earthenware came into use.

But in those days they were well content with the primitive arrangement of the trenchers. The bread thus used soaked up the gravy, and became quite savory in consequence; and when the meal was ended, each one ate his plate if he chose; otherwise it was put in the alms-basket, which was always kept ready, and into which all the leavings were gathered, and sent out to the poor waiting at the gate—the poor were never forgotten in those old Saxon households.

Every one had his drinking-horn or cup; usually it was a horn, often elaborately carved, and ornamented with gold and silver, and considered a very valuable article among man's posessions. The drinking-horn was sometimes left by will as a special gift, as one would now bequeath a diamond ring or costly watch. In the transfer of land, before the custom of witnessing by seal was introduced, the owner gave something in pledge as an assurance or token of the contract, and in such cases it was not uncommon to make use of the drinking-horn. One family held their estate from Canute by his drinking-horn. That was their sole proof. One gets from this fact an idea of the value which was attached to this article of personal property.

The drinking-horn (and glasses afterward) so made that they could not be kept in an upright position; therefore, it became necessary as soon as they were filled to swallow their contents at once. From their propensity to fall over is said to have come our word "tumbler," as applied to a drinking-glass.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.

Messrs. Editors.—I often hear and read this expression, "The gray mare is the better horse," meaning that the wife manages the husband. I do not see the point of it, and come to you for an explanation of the proverb. UROR.

The story that explains the proverb is too long for "Notes and Queries," and besides, we do not approve of the moral, or inference, designed to be drawn from the story. But we will print it, believing that if the experiment were to be tried, even in our day, the horses would be gone before the eggs.

N. Y. Observer.

"THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE."

This well-known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstance. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again he would return every penuy of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable: you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own case is not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter back home again and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next house he met with something of the same kind, and at every house in short until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in his lady was in the parlor. The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said, if his business was urgent she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him.—"Why, really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me; you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things, but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that time entering the room, and after some apologies being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his *obedient* wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side saddle: her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall *for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so,—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

There are 570 Mormons in Manchester, and these held a conference in that city on April 27. The conference refused to believe that Brigham Young has resigned, and put down the news to that effect as a wicked slander of the newspapers against that "man of God."

PRESERVING SHINGLES ON ROOFS.—Some people paint roof shingles after they are laid, which makes them really decay sooner than they otherwise would. Others paint the courses as they are laid, which is a great preservative, if each shingle is painted the length of three courses. But the simplest, surest and least expensive plan is that recommended by an old farmer, who says: "There is one thing more, that nearly all people know, if they would only attend to it; that is to sprinkle slacked lime on the roofs of their buildings, in rainy days.—Put it on pretty thick, so as to make the roof look white, and you will never be troubled with moss, by putting the lime on twice, it will take it all off and leave it white and clean, and will look almost as well as if it had been painted.—It ought to be done once a year in my opinion; the shingles will last almost twice as long as they will to let the roof grow over to moss. I tried it on the back of my house ten years ago, when the shingles were all covered with moss, and they appeared to be nearly rotten.—I gave the roof a heavy coat of lime, and have followed it nearly every year since, and to all appearance, if I follow my hand, it will last ten or fifteen years longer. The shingles have been on the roof over thirty years. There is no more risk about sparks catching on the roof than on a newly shingled roof. Those who do not have lime near by, can use good wood ashes, and these will answer a very good purpose." The action of the lime is to cleanse the surface of all impediments, to the free and rapid passage of the rain water off. This enables the shingles to dry very soon, and consequently prevents rotting. Moss-covered roofs will rot very rapidly.

LIGHT AND THE COMPLEXION.

The action of light on the human skin is manifest. It browns and tans the teguments by calling out the productions of the coloring matters they contain.—The parts of the body usually bare, as the skin of the face and hands, are darker than others. In the same region country people are more tanned than town residents. In latitudes not far apart the inhabitants of the country vary in complexion in a measure perceptibly related to the intensity of the solar light. In Europe three varieties of color in the skin are distinctly marked: olive-brown with black hair, beard and eyes; chesnut with tawny beard and bluish eyes; blonde, with fair, light beard and sky-blue eyes. White skins show more readily alterations occasioned by light and heat; but, though less striking, facts of variation in color are observable in others. The Scytho-Arabic race has but half its representatives in Europe and Central Asia, while the remainder passes down to the Indian Ocean, continuing to show the gradual raising of climate by deepening brown complexions. The Himalayan Hindoos are almost white; those of the Decean, of Coromandel, Malabar and Ceylon are darker than some negro tribes. The Arabs, olive and almost fair in Arminia and Syria, are deep brown in Yeman and Muscat.

The Egyptians, as we go from the mouth of the Nile up stream towards its source, present an ascending chromatic scale, from white to black; and the same is true of the Tuariks, on the southern side of the Atlas, who are only light olive while their brethren in the interior of Africa are black. The ancient monuments of Egypt show us a fact equally significant. The men are always depicted of a reddish brown—they live in the open air, while the women, kept shut up, have a pale yellow complexion. Barrow asserts that the Mantchoo Tartars have grown whiter during their abode in China. Remusat, Pallas and Gutzlaff speak of the Chinese women as remarkable for a European fairness. The Jewesses of Cairo or Syria, always hidden under veils in their houses, have a pallid color. In the yellow races of the Sumatra Sound and the Maldives the women, always covered up, are pale like wax. We know, too, that the Esquimaux bleach during their long winter. These phenomena, no doubt are the result of several influences arising at once, and light does not play the sole part in them. Heat and other conditions of the medium probably have a share in these operations of color. Still, the peculiar and powerful effect of luminous radiation as a part of them is beyond dispute.

[From the Episcopal Methodist.]

THE TRUE WIFE.

She alone is a true wife who sustains her husband in the day of adversity.—When the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, she is his guardian angel, growing bright and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd along his path. Then is the time for the trial of her gentleness, then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only in a tranquil light, and like the star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she smiles just as charming? Does she say, "Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love?" Does she try by happy little inventions to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought?

There are wives—no there are beings—who, when dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding; thus adding to the outside anxiety, the harrowing scenes of domestic strife, as if all the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth.—Such know not that our darkness is Heaven's light—our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we right ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"*Is that all?*" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of his knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life! But says Irving's beautiful story, a "friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until he had unfolded to her all of his helpless case."

And that was her answer with the smile of an angel—"*Is that all?* I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these things be taken, all this splendor, let it go! I care not for it; I care only for my husband's love and confidence.—You shall forget in my affection that you ever were in prosperity; only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness."

Still love her! she a man must reverence; ay, and liken her to the very angels for such a woman is a living revelation from Heaven.

"As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the dependent and ornament of man, in his happy hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly suppporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

A GOOD STORY.

A merchant of Munich having obtained a large fortune, gave each of his three daughters a considerable sum and married them to three brothers, sons of a very worthy man of Hamburg. He reserved to himself a large capital, and his sons-in-law employed all their efforts to induce him to give it to them. At last by flattery and demonstrations of affection, they got the old man's money. But from that time they began to show indifference for him, and at last wholly neglected him. The good old man was very wretched, and what was worse, very poor. One day his youngest daughter went to see him. In the course of the conversation she suggested to him that he might gain the good will of her and her sister's husbands by pretending to be still rich. The old man, seeing the idea was a good one, resolved at once to act upon it. He went to a friend of his, a banker, and obtained an advance of money, and the loan of a service of plate.

The next day he invited his sons-in-law to dinner. They were astonished to find a service of plate on the table, and more so when the servant brought the old man a letter, and he exclaimed:

"What! let my old friend be embarrassed for ten thousand florins?"

And he went and got that sum from his strong box, saying—

"There, take that sum to your master! You see," said he, "I am still rich."

The sons-in-law were confounded; and each, with great earnestness immediately pressed the old man to go and live with him, promising him every attention, and everything he could possibly wish for.—But the old man laid down his conditions—that he should have his own apartments and domestics, and a carriage and a certain sum of money placed at his disposal. To this his sons-in-law eagerly consented.

The old man lived comfortably enough for some time, and wherever he went he took the precaution to carry with him his strong box which was very heavy.—A little while ago he fell ill. His sons-in-law pressed him to make his will, but he said his intention was to divide the contents of the strong box equally between them and a friend, and that he and his executor should have the key.

Not long since he died. By a writing which he left behind him, he directed the box should not be opened until five days after his interment—that he should be buried with the greatest pomp, and that each poor man in the town should have a new suit of clothes and a florin.

At last the day for opening the strong box arrived.

The sons-in-law to their mortification found, not as they expected, gold and bonds to a large amount, but lead and stones.

☞"Remember, madam, that you are the weaker vessel" said an irate husband "Exactly," said the lady; "but do not forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger *spirit* in it!"

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0797