CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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HOPE ON.

BY MARBLE BELL.

My heart was like to break
With prayers denied;
Dark had grown all the way,
Sweet hope had died.

Withered the flowers I clasped
Closely at morn;
Faded, and wan, and dead;
So fair at dawn!

Life was no longer sweet;
Shining afar—
So cold and far away—
The morning star.

I dreamed His will I chose,
Waked, 'twas my own;
Wildly I craved the boon—
This, this alone!

Then to my weary soul
An angel spoke,
Chided my coward fears,
New faith awoke.

"Dear heart," she whispered low,
"God reigneth still!
Chooseth, in love to thee,
His blessed will.

Canst thou distrust and doubt
The loving Lord,
Who evermore hath proved
A faithful God?

"Beloved, rest thee sure,
Each sob he hears,
Noteth and counteth all
Thy dropping tears!

"Rest quiet in his arms,
Wait and be strong!
What though the answer wait,
And tarry long?

"Bate not thy hope one jot;
All will be well!
Yet shall thy sinning heart
His praises tell.

"Lift up thy drooping head—
He will not fail!
Weak as thy strength may be,
His can prevail!"

Close to my heart I pressed
God's angel sent;
Low on my knees I fell,
Lowly I bent.

O thou sweet Christ of God!
Hold my hand fast,
Till need of hope shall be
Forever past!

THE DUELING GROUND OF RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

[*From the Georgetown Courier.*]

On the right bank of the Potomac, in the State of Virginia, about three miles above Georgetown, there is a spot made memorable by an event which has long had its place in history; an event which has always been invested with that personal and political interest that attaches to the great men who figured conspicuously in the past, and which the vicissitudes of subsequent years have not served to depreciate. The spot is located a short distance above the Little Falls, where the river is spanned by what is now known as the "Chain Bridge." It is identified by a depression which forms a deep basin or hollow, and at the time, was concealed by a thick forest. It is the dueling ground of Randolph and Clay. It was here that these men met in deadly encounter, and had resort to the "code of honor" as the only means of adjusting a difference that had its origin in words spoken by Mr. Randolph in the Senate of the United States.

The duel occurred on the 8th day of April, 1825, during the administration of John Quincy Adams. Aside from its importance as a memorable incident of other days, it is enveloped in a mantle of memories and associations that will ever keep it fresh in the minds of the citizens of the capital. The appearance of the place, of course, is somewhat changed. The deep forest that, by its accommodating shelter, shielded the combatants from the public view is gone; but the hollow ground is there, and one can almost fancy that he discovers the footmarks of the hostile parties, as they stood grasping their deadly weapons, at an intervening "ten paces," that deadly proximity prescribed by the "code."

Some of the incidents connected with the duel of Randolph and Clay are interesting to recall. The quarrel grew out of what was known as the "Panama Mission," which was an administration measure, pushed by such means as were available to the executive. It had for its object the assembling of the American States of Spanish origin, the American Government to place itself at the head. The "mission" was to convene at the Isthmus of Panama, which was the connecting link of the two Americas. John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, and Richard Clark, of Kentucky, were the Ministers nominated to represent the United States. Their confirmation was strongly resisted, and was only assured by the votes of the Democrats, whose assent was gained by the votes of the Democrats, whose assent was gained by that ever-seductive inducement, executive patronage. The opposition to the enterprise was intense, inasmuch as the origin of the "mission" was believed to have political as well as diplomatic significance. In Mr. Randolph's hostile speech, he made the point that there was a political coalition between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. The latter had been elected President by the House, to succeed Mr. Monroe, General Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and William H. Crawford being the contestants. Mr. Adams was elected, though General Jackson was the choice of the people, he having received ninety-four electoral votes, Mr. Adams eighty-four, and Mr. Crawford forty-one. Mr. Clay was Mr. Adams' Secretary of State.

Mr. Randolph charged that the letter of General Salazar, the Mexican Minister at Washington, to the President, inviting "the mission," was manufactured here, and his denunciatory language contained the epithets "puritan" and "blackleg." Mr. Clay interpreted the speech as charging him with forging or originating the Salazar letter, and identified himself as the party to whom Mr. Randolph applied the term "blackleg," and Mr. Adams as the prescribed "puritan." The challenge occurred immediately after the utterance of the offensive words, and General Jesup was the bearer of it. It was delivered on Saturday, the first of April, and the duel was delayed, by consultations between the seconds, until the Saturday following. In his private explanations, Mr. Randolph referred to the exact language of his speech, affirming that he applied to the administration—which included the President and his Cabinet—the epithet, "puritanic-diplomatic-black-legged administration." But he declined to give an explanation as to his meaning or application. He denied the right to hold him accountable out of the Senate for words uttered in that body, but he was willing to accord to Mr. Clay the privilege of shooting him. It was his wish that Col. Benton should act as his second, but before making the request, he ascertained that the Colonel was a blood relation of Mrs. Clay. He afterwards chose Cols. Tatnall and Hamilton. As soon as he received the challenge he imparted to Colonel Benton, in strict confidence, his determination not to fire at Mr. Clay. Referring to this circumstance, Col. Benton relates an interesting incident. On Friday night he called on Mr. Clay for the last time before the hostile meeting. There had been alienation between them, and he wished to avow that there was nothing personal in it. The family were in the parlor, and the youngest child lay asleep on the sofa. There were visitors, and the Colonel was

[redacted]

servant returned with the answer that the bank had no gold. His personal interest in the hostile encounter that was to take place within the hour did not restrain his resentment. In the shrill tone peculiar to him, he screamed forth his denunciations, and, mounting his horse rode down Pennsylvania Avenue to the bank, Johnny following at the regulation distance, forty paces in the rear. Arrived at the bank, he threw down his checks for the amount of his deposit, over four thousand dollars. The teller offered him packages of currency, which he indignantly declined, and demanded "money," with an emphasis that was startling. Immediately box after box of coin was placed upon the counter. At this juncture the cashier stepped forward and told Mr. Randolph that the message conveyed by the servant was a mistake; the bank had gold, and he could have what he wanted. The matter being thus adjusted, there was time for no further delay in proceeding to the field of conflict.

The original determination of Mr. Randolph not to fire at Clay, was changed, and this is the explanation of it: It had been agreed between the seconds that the "word," "one, two, three, fire," should be given in quick succession, in order to reduce the result as nearly as possible, to chance. Mr. Clay objected to this, because, not being accustomed to the use of the pistol, he might not be able to fire within the time. Mr. Randolph construed this objection to a desire to prolong the preparatory words, in order to get time to kill him, and he therefore felt justified in returning the fire, that he might disable Mr. Clay.

The moment for "placing" the men had arrived. They approached and courteously saluted each other. They were stationed on a line east and west—a small stump behind Mr. Clay; a low, gravelly bank in the rear of Mr. Randolph. The latter stood holding his pistol in his hand, the muzzle towards the ground, when it prematurely exploded. The annoyance to Mr. Randolph was very great, and he reminded his second that he had remonstrated against the hair trigger. Mr. Clay, with consummate delicacy, remarked that the fire was clearly accidental. The discharged pistol was replaced by a loaded one. The word was given. Both weapons were discharged, Mr. Randolph's bullet fracturing the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's bullet disturbing the gravelly bank in the rear of Mr. Randolph. Mediation was immediately interposed, but Mr. Clay impatiently demanded another fire, and Mr. Randolph sustained the demand. He was annoyed at the premature discharge of his pistol, and with himself for having changed his purpose not to fire at Mr. Clay.

While preparations were being made for the second fire, he explained these things, and avowed that he only designed to spoil the aim of his antagonist by wounding him below the knee, and declared, in confidence, his intention not to return his second fire, adding this emphatic declaration: "I would not have seen him fall mortally or even doubtfully wounded for all the land that is watered by the king of floods and his tributary streams. At the second fire Mr. Clay again disturbed the earth in the rear of Mr. Randolph, but this time his aim was a little more accurate, as the ball on its way to the hillside, passed through the skirt of his coat. Mr. Randolph raised his pistol and discharged it in the air saying, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and immediately advanced, extending his hand towards his adversary. They met, shook hands, Randolph lightly remarking, "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay;" to which the latter promptly responded, "I am glad the debt is no greater."

The party returned in excellent spirits, Mr. Benton, Col. Tatnall, and Col. Hamilton stopping to dine with Mr. Randolph, who at dinner took the gold pieces from his pocket and remarked: "Gentlemen, Clay's bad shooting shall not deprive you of your seals. I am going to London and will have them made for you." And he did.

It was certainly a high-toned duel, and was conducted with that dignity and decorum that might have been expected from the eminent men who participated in it. The design of Mr. Clay was to kill. Mr. Randolph's enmity would have been amply compensated by a moderate injury to his enemy's legs. Neither accomplished his object, and each was contented with the result. Such is honor when estimated by the killing code.

The parties to this conflict and all who participated in it have long since gone to that account where a man's courage, displayed at the muzzle of a pistol in vindication of his honor, counts for naught. There are but few persons remaining here who have any personal recollection of the event. We have the old landmarks, however, to recall most vividly the time, the places, and the actors. Brown's Hotel, the stopping place of many of the distinguished men of the olden time, is changed only in name. The old banking-house is occupied by a private firm now, but the worn counters and desks remain, and place has an ancient appearance, even cob-webs on the window panes; and some of the aged clerks look as though they might have been there when Randolph uttered his uncompromising shriek: "I want money." Further on is the old house in which he lived; and further is Rock Creek, where Washington ends and Georgetown begins; and beyond is the straggling street that leads out to the road traveled by the principals and seconds, the actors in the historic, bloodless tragedy. In describing minutely all the incidents connected with it, the record of the past is essential to the production of the details; but the places upon which these scenes were enacted are free to our daily vision, and they are rendered classic by association. But the tide of improvement, now at its flood, will soon obliterate these mute witnesses. Elegant and costly structures will take the place of the ancient edifices that for a little while remain as the identifying monuments of traditional events, and nothing will be left but the little, hollow ground by the river side, upon which Randolph and Clay fought.

HEADACHE.

In medical works many kinds of headache are set down. They are plethoric headache, headache of indigestion, sick headache, bilious headache, nervous headache, hysteric headache, headache from exhaustion, and rheumatic headache. To the afflicted this classification is of little value. With them the query should be, "What has caused my head to ache; what will best effect a cure; and how can I prevent it from aching again?" There are thousands throughout the land who, every once in a while, are afflicted with excruciating headaches; and there is a cause for them. The first thought is to fly to some kind of nauseating medicine for relief, and perhaps the moment nature effects a cure, they repeat the cause, and again the head begins to ache with more intensity than before; again, nauseating drugs are poured down to torment the stomach; kind nature rallies in spite of drugs and put them on their feet again, when through neglect to know themselves they continue to break nature's laws, and of course continue to have headaches of increasing severity, until they are beyond cure. It looks as though they supposed that drugs and doctors could make up for the lack of application of commonsense and intelligence. It is a sorry mistake! When you catch up a wieghty substance, three times as heavy as your strength will allow, important internal organs are almost sure to be strained or displaced; hernia or rupture is liable to be produced, and the head, being a mass of nerves and nervous matter, sympathises with every portion of the body, however slight the injury done to it. Many a severe headache might be traced back to heavy lifts, damp feet, and wet clothes. Of course this dampness must evaporates evaporation produces cold, cold closes the pores of the skin, the internal organs are thus injured, the head is very soon notified of the fact, and it begins to ache as hard as it can, to punish you for you ignorance of yourself. Pointing out the cause gives the remedy. When your diet consists too much of oleaginous and saccharine substances, you are sure to become bilious; a redundancy of bile injures the digestive organs; the gneumogastric nerve goes to the stomach; it is the business of this nerve to report to the head what is going on there; if this faithful sentinel reports "All right," the head is all right too, but if it reports "All wrong!" the head straight-way begins to ache. Perhaps you take an emetic and throw off a quantity of bile, and relieve your head for the time being, but a persistency in your old mode of diet will bring on headache again. Any one with half a head can see how useless drugs are to effect a permanent cure. Your diet wants regulating, you have the blissful alternative of headache or improved diet. It is nobody's business but your own which you choose when you know the consequences; but when you get really tired of bilious headache, it may be handy for you to know the only sure way to cure it.

When you bolt your food, and indulge in every indigestible substance your faucy happens to crave, you need not be surprised if you have headache of indigestion; and if drugs would do as much toward informing your mind as they have toward injuring the body, it would be sensible to hope for a cure from them; but as they cannot accomplish the former, and are sure to prove worse than useless to the body, your only hope is in interspersing your diet plentifully with intilligence and common-sense, for your head will not be pacified in any other way. As before, you can take an emetic or purgative, or both, drink pepper tea, and so on, and throw off the offending matter, and if there is enough left of you, commence hostilities again, but with your former diet a recurrence of your old difficulty is sure to follow, with increasing severity; and after a time you will be beyond hygienic curs, even. This does not mean that your diet must consist wholly of Graham bread, but that you may eat all kinds of wholesome food in moderate quantities, provided it is thoroughly masticated.

When you tie up reason and will-power, and give rein and spur to impulse, you can very soon bring on hysteric headache. The nervous system is a good deal like a fractious horse; if it is not kept under proper subjection, it will frisk about most astonishingly. I have seen women go into hysterics with as much complacency as they would greet a friend, and I have seen them brought out of these fits with a plentiful sprinkling of human tongue sauce, or a bucket of cold water poured over the head. What was wanted was a stirring up of the will-power, and a vigorous application of it to act as a curb bit to impulse and inclination. Mind acts upon body most wondrously.

When you persist in sitting or standing in cold draughts of air when heated, you need not consult your physician to know what has caused your rheumatic headache, because physicians are not supposed to know every time you commit such hazardous mistakes; and because you swallow down blue pills, and every other kind of pills, and top off with ten or a dozen kinds of patent medicines, and take prescriptions of a dozen different doctors, you need not look for a cure of your distressing headache, I say until you find a physician, or a book, or your commonsense tells you to throw medicine to dogs, and keep out of cold draughts of air.

Just stop and think for one moment, and you will see how foolish you have been to suppose that drugs and physicians can cure you while you keep up the cause. If by heavy lifting you have displaced or strained internal organs, time and care are the remedies, and a careful avoidance of a repetition of the cause. Drugs will not prevent you from catching up the first heavy weight you come to, neither will they prevent you from eating every indigestible substance that a depraved taste tells you is palatable; nor make you masticate your food, as God gave you teeth to do; nor drag you out of cold draughts of air, nor teach you that an exercise of will-power is essential to healthy nervous action; anatomy physiology, with your own common-sense, will open your eyes to all these important facts.—*Exchange.*

[*From the New York Observer.*]

BANKS AND BANKING.

Viewed in its simplest aspect, a bank is the repository of the money of other persons. Banking is principally the business of establishing a common fund for lending money, discounting notes, issuing bills, receiving deposits, negotiating bills of exchange, etc. If the business of banking were limited to the keeping of deposits alone, it would be of no inconsiderable advantage to the community. The depositors would be relieved from the constant care of their money, and in numerous cases, from the trouble of handing it to the one to whom they desired to make a payment. Depositors find it more convenient to deposit all their receipts, whether in cash or checks, in a safe place, where it is less likely to become the pray of burglars, and to draw their checks upon the bank whenever it is needed. Combined with the buisiness of receiving deposits is that of lending out, thus a greater portion of the money deposited is given out in loane. "A million of money prudently lent out to be used, and which would have otherwise lain dead, either in small portions in the hands of owners or in one large hoard in the coffers of the banker, make the world one millon the richer—or at least prevents it from becoming one million the poorer; for money so long as unused serves no end as a means of exchange." By this means the tradesman can extend his business; the manufacturer can buy material and pay his workman, and we can readily see that the advantages accruing to society from the operations of banking are immense.

Before a bank can start in business it is absolutely necessary to have capital, for few would be found to deposit or entrust their money in a bank known to have none of its own. In the first place, a subscription list is open for persons desirous of investing in the capital stock. They are called share-holders and the par value of a share is generally $100. After the stock has all been subscribed or taken, and the full amount paid in, a board of directors are elected from the share-holders. The directors immediately proceed to elect officers, and a requisite number of competent clerks employed.—Then the bank is ready to engage in business by lending money to customers (depositors) for interest, and by the interest the bank is paid for its trouble of taking charge of deposits and for its risk of bad debts. Loans are made largely in the form of discounts; that is upon promisory notes or bills or exchange. For instance, a buyer of goods gives a promise in writing, which is called a *note*, to pay the amount at a specified date to the seller, and this note the seller transfers to the bank with which he deals, and which, on the faith of it, advances the amount in loan to him, less *discount*, that is, the interest of the money till the bill be due. Gain is also derived by allowing interest on deposit, as it is a stimulent to increase them. The rate allowed is of course less than that received by the bank for the use of the money.

Another means of profit is the collection of notes and drafts payable in different parts of the country, for which a small percentage called "exchange," is charged. The course of exchange is the variation of the cost of sight-bills or money orders from their par value as affected by the relative conditions of trade and commercial credit at the two places between which exchange is made. If in New York, it costs more than one hundred dollars currency to pay a like amount in New Orleans the rate of exchange is said to be against the former city and in favor of the latter. Foreign exchange relates to remittances between different countries upon a gold basis. For a country to have exchange against it is inconvenient and expensive; it is a general indication that its commerce is decreasing although the imports may produce highly profitable traffic.

It is a principle at the very root of banking, that money deposited shall be returned either on demand or punctually at the expiring of a stipulated notice; therefore it follows that banks must have in their coffers as much of the money deposited as there is any likelihood of being called for by the depositors. But sometimes the credit of a bank becomes doubted either from causes peculiar to itself, or on occasion of a *panic* or general distrust, when all who own money wish to have it in their own possession. In these cases there is a run on the bank for repayment of its deposits, and the amount called for may be far beyond the maximum demanded in ordinary times. If the bank has not retained sufficient of the deposits in its coffers to meet the demand, it is said to *suspend payment*, and as a general rule, must wind up its dusiness—the confidence of the public that it will in the future restore its deposits on demand being now destroyed. When business is in an easy condition, a bank can, after some experience, approximate pretty nearly to the amount of the greatest demand for a return of deposits throughout the year, and provide accordingly. This provision is called the *reserve*. The great temptation of banks is that of imprudently lending out too great a proportion of their deposits, and it is the yielding to this temptation (as in the present crisis) which almost always precipitates their failure. There are two prime rules in safe banking; one is, that loans shall be made only on ample and undoubted securities, however low the profits; the other is, that the banks shall retain a sufficient amount of deposits to meet the possible demand of the depositors, for in cases of a *run* its shadow is seldom cast before.

SPEND WISELY.—Look most at your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it? little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, the head gets bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes on the old cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your youth; there are many theives down the red lane. In other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdy flueries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimnies than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you can rest when you are old.

SYMPATHY.—It is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver!" It is like the cooling brook to the panting heart! It is like the ark to the dove! It makes Jesus what he is to us! It is the key to the mysteries of Calvery—of the Divine plan of redemption! "God so loved the world." Blessed Sympathy! It brought heaven down to us, and will take us to heaven if we open our hearts to its incoming! It is a golden rule in a single word! It is the lustre of the "pearl of great price!" It is the gleam of the Morning Star! In its fullness it is the "unspeakable and eternal weight of glory!"

☞ Closets or wardrobes are sometimes extemporized by turning piano or organ boxes up on end and giving them a curtain door, with a shelf or two, if there is room. I have seen a large dry goods box set up on legs, bringing it up high enough for convenience, and leaving space underneath and behind the curtain drawn in front of it, to keep boots and shoes. I have seen a pretty toilet table made of an empty barrel set right end up, and covered with a semi-circular board cushioned and draped neatly so as to conceal the barrel, which was packed with clothing not needed at that season.

☞ Man has three friends in this world; how do they demean themselves toward him in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment? His best beloved friend, gold, is the first to leave him, and accompanies him not. His friends, kinsmen, accompany him to the portal of the grave, and then turn back to their own houses. The third, whom he is most neglectful of, is his good works. They alone go with him to the Judge's throne; they stand before him and obtain mercy and grace.

☞ He who endeavors to be humble, and holy, and perfect, in order to win heaven, has only a counterfeit religion. God for his own sake, goodness because it is good, truth because it is lovely—this is the Christian aim. The prize is only an incentive; inseparable from success, but not the aim itself.

☞ There is nothing much better for galled shoulders in horses, than alum dissolved in whiskey. Powder the alum in large enough quantitics to have some undissolved in the bottle, and keep it handy when the collar is taken off at noon and night.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?—St. Luke, xii. 6.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value;
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in Winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By and by when the Spring time cometh,
I will build myself a nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Warm and saft it must be for my birdies,
And so I line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But never lose my way.

I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves me;
Have you less faith than me?

☞ The particulars of a mule trade, between a white man and a negro are thus given by the Marietta Journal:

According to agreement they "hitched in" their respective horses in their respective wagons to see how they would work. The white man drove up the street and passed over a railroad bridge and never returned. The negro went up the bridge to look for him. He soon returned with the exclamation: "Dat white man done gone clean home wid my mule, so I reckin I'd jest as well consider it a trade."

HAVING FUN WITH A RAT.—A rat having been captured alive by one of our citizens, was being conveyed to a neighboring yard, in order to have a little fun. There being no handle to the cage, it was carried by inserting a couple of fingers between the upper bars. As soon as the fingers were inserted the rat made a spring and fastened his teeth into them, when with a yell, the cage was dropped, the door flying open and the rat flying out. The question now arises, which had the most fun—the rat or the man?—*Chester (Pa.) News.*

☞ An economical Iowan, who had a toothache, determined to remove his tooth in the Indian fashion. Accordingly he bent down a sapling in the woods, himself, and attached a stout cord to his tooth and the sapling. Then he touched the spring, and the next instant he had jumped over a grove of about 40 small trees, and was trying to get out of a small pond which he happened to alight in.

☞ Washington, with all its beauty, is a heartless, wicked place. It is one great gambling den, where the stakes are offices and the players legislators. Everybody says that everybody is a rascal and a knave, and everybody acts as if he believes what everybody says is true.

☞ A man in Maine writes that he has discovered a sure cure for consumption in strong mullein leaf tea, sweetened and drank freely every day from three to six months. The mullein leaves, unless from young plants, must be gathered before July 25, and dried in the shade.

☞ An Indiana woman, whose suit for divorce had lingered along until she was completely out of patience, burst into her lawyer's office last week, her face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "Squire, the old man's dead!"

☞ A worthy old farmer, who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer in Maine, exclaimed: "Look here, Squire, don't you ask a good many foolish questions?"

☞ A good-natured spinster used to boast that she always had two good beaux; they were her elbows.

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