CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOOSE TRANSCRIPT.

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'TIS FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS.

Sitting upon our cottage stoop,
By autumn maples shaded,
I call the gentle visions up
That time had nearly faded.
The evening light comes from the west,
In streams of golden glory;
So fold your head, love, on my breast,
And hear my olden story.

'Tis five and twenty years, my dear,
Since, hearts and hands together,
We launch'd our bark, the ocean clear
And all serene the weather.
With simple trust in Providence,
We set the sails upon her;
My fortune, hope and common sense,
Your dowry, love and honor.

For five-and-twenty years, my dear,
The billows lightly skimming,
One day the skies grew murk and drear,
Our eyes and spirits dimming.
How dark that night frown'd overhead,
When hope foresaw no morrow,
And we beside our firstling dead
Drank our first cup of sorrow.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Yet music's in our dwelling,
The children's prattle that we hear
About our hearth-stone swelling.
God bless them all, the loving band
So glad to call you mother;
With heart to heart and hand to hand
Clinging to one another.

Through five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Whene'er my arm was weary,
And scarce I knew the way to steer,
Your words were ever cheery.
When mid the tempest and the night,
With courage sorely shrinking,
Then on our way God gave us light
That kept our faith from sinking.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Slight change in you revealing;
But o'er my brow—you see them here—
The silver hairs are stealing.
Yet let them come, while still thy breast
Retains the fond emotion
That nerved my arm when first we prest
Our way out on life's ocean.

UP IN A BALLOON.

A Remarkable Balloon Voyage.

The Boston Journal says: Mr. Samuel A. King's balloon voyage from Plymouth, N. H., on Thursday last, proved to be one of the most thrilling and exciting aerial adventures ever performed in this country. He left terra firma at seventeen minutes past three o'clock, the balloon at that time being not quite half full of gas. Hydrogen gas was manufactured for the inflation, and a leaky tank prevented a full supply. There was enough buoyant power, however, to carry up the balloon and its appurtenances, including a large drag rope and anchor, and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of ballast, together with the aeronaut. A second passenger would have gone but for the fact that it was desirable to take a good supply of ballast in order that the mountain region might be safely traversed.

The lower current of air was from the south-east, and there were heavy masses of clouds above, which appeared to be passing towards the north. In six minutes after leaving the earth the balloon disappeared in the clouds, having then assumed a northerly course. Ten or fifteen minutes later, when the balloon was wholly beyond the view of the people on the fair grounds, it was seen by Mr. Woodman, conductor of the drawing-room car Mount Washington, and other persons on the southward bound train, which was then in the vicinity of Tilton. It then appeared to be over the mountain region, and above the bank of clouds which still overhung that section.

Mr. King reports that when he reached the regions above the clouds every vestige of the earth was hidden from his view except a long dark mountain, which appeared to be ten or fifteen miles north or northeast of him. This was doubtless Moosilauke. All the other mountains were covered by clouds, the upper surfaces of which seemed to conform to the mountains and valleys. For a time he seemed to be drawing towards the mountain which he first saw, but as he ascended higher he probably took a different direction, for the mountain faded from view or was lost in the clouds.

It had been Mr. King's intention not to ascend above the clouds, but to avail himself of the surface current, and thus journey toward the Passumpsic River railroad, over which he might be enabled to take the night train and reach Lowell early in the morning. This plan was frustrated by a trifling circumstance. As the balloon was only partially filled with gas at the starting, the lower section was drawn up to one side. Upon attempting to pull the valve cord he found that it was retained by the cloth or by entanglement with the collapsing cord, and as a disturbance with the latter was not particularly desirable he deemed it the best course to let the gas distend the balloon and thus free the cords.

At 3.45 the barometer indicated only fifteen inches, or a height of 18,032 feet above Plymouth, which has itself an elevation of 468 feet, making an altitude above the sea level of 10,510 feet, or nearly three and three fourths miles. Mr. King was at this time sailing high above the clouds, and not far south of the Franconia mountains, although he had nothing to indicate the fact at the time. He began to realize that he had reached a cold region. An overcoat became desirable, and there were other indications than a cold temperature of great altitude. For example he found that the pulsations of his heart were very rapid and very noticable, and there were disagreeable sensations in the head.

The thermometer at 3.45 was at twenty six degrees, and it fell successively to 32 at 4 o'clock, and 24 at 3.15, the balloon having fallen to about 18,500 feet at the latter reading. The wet bulb was covered by a film of ice, and the mercury therein condensed slower, marking successively 28, 54 and 20, while the dry bulb marked 26, 23 and 21, respectively. It afterwards sank to 19, while the dry bulb indicated 25 at 4.20, when the balloon had descended to within 16,824 feet of the sea level. At 4.25 the balloon was at an elevation of 13,747 feet, and the temperature was 24, the wet bulb still indicating 19. While the balloon was at its greatest elevation the gas had expanded and distended the envelope to its fullest capacity, although it had not been half filled at starting.

Mr. King gradually began to see through rifts in the clouds, and naught but forests met his view. He could also see beyond the cloud banks in a southerly direction. Not long after leaving Plymouth, but after he got above the clouds he heard several heavy discharges of cannon or rock blasting, but no other sound came up to him in his lofty quietude, the music of the mountain rills and cascades even being hushed. As he descended toward the clouds he heard a railroad train beneath him, and as he passed through a misty mantle he was brought directly over it, though yet at a considerable altitude. It was a train on the Grand Trunk railroad, which was passing through West Bethel, Maine, on its way from Portland to Montreal. As he sailed over the valley Mr. King saw the dark reflection of the balloon in the waters of the Androscoggin river.

As the balloon approached the ground the drag-rope did good service, as the balloon itself was brought beyond the cleared land and over the woods. He decided upon crossing the woods and landing in a valley he had previously seen to the east and northeast, leading into the Androscoggin valley, and accordingly did so, the journey taking him the further distance of about ten miles, and directly over the top of Black Mountain, Bethel. At forty-three minutes past five o'clock he landed the balloon in a little cleared space beyond the woods, and found himself on the land of Mr. Stillman Littlehale, in Riley plantation. Mr. Littlehale's place is on the Bull branch of Sunday river, and there is no other clearing beyond this for a long distance.

After leaving West Bethel the balloon took the southeasterly surface current again, and drifted northwesterly toward the township of Success, a wooded section of country just across the New Hampshire border, which would prove anything but a success as a landing place for a balloon traveler. A continuation of the northeasterly course which the balloon had taken over the Franconia and White mountains would have speedily brought Mr. King over the Maine wilderness, which he traversed in his memorable voyage from Plymouth last year, and a northwest course from Bethel was not much more desirable, since it would have led into the wilds of the Upper Coos. After the descent the balloon was towed to a better protected spot near Mr. Luther Littlehale's house, where it was packed up for removal to Bethel, from whence Mr. King returned to Boston via Portland.

It will be observed that the upper air currents on this occasion moved not easterly, but in a northerly direction. The entire distance traveled was not far from eighty miles, and the time of the voyage was two hours and twenty-six minutes. The balloon probably passed a little south of Mount Washington. This was Mr. King's one hundred and seventy-first aerial voyage.

HOW THE OLD GENT WAS CAUGHT.—A gentleman, the other day, saw his little daughter dipping her doll-baby's dress into a tin cup and inquired:

"What are you doing, my daughter?"

"I'm coloring my doll's dress red."

"With what?"

"With beer."

"What put that foolish notion in your head, child? You can't color red with beer!"

"Yes, I can, pa; because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red!"

And then the gentleman had business that required him to be down town immediately.

☞ A Rochester boy teased his girl for an hour to go out and take a lunch with him, and she at last consented. Though not feeling hungry in the least, she managed to get away with a stew, a plate of raw, a white fish, an Irondequoit trout, two quail on toast, a glass of sherry, and a half-pound of caramels. Her escort left for Denver the next day.

[*From the N. Y. World.*]

SEWARD—LINCOLN—ADAMS.

The greatest misfortune that could have happened to Mr. Seward's reputation with posterity is a circumstance that might have seemed signally auspicious to his fame—namely, the selection of Charles Francis Adams by the New York Legislature as his formal eulogist. Had a statesman of less weight been invited to deliver the memorial address, he could have indulged in the partiality of a professed panegyrist without challenging much contradiction. There are three sources to which historians are unlikely to resort for materials:—Epitaphs by admiring friends, dedication of books which recite the patron's virtues, and public eulogies of deceased statesmen prepared by complaisant orators on the invitation of bodies of men partial to the memory of the recent dead. If Mr. Evarts or any other citizen of New York who had lived in habits of close intimacy with Mr. Seward had been selected by the Legislature to deliver the memorial address, the country would not have held him to a very strict account for excessive warmth of praise, and it would have been thought rather creditable for him to give way to his feelings without being coldly critical in his estimate of his friend. But something very different was expected from Mr. Adams. From a statesman of his coolness and sagacity the world looked for the gravity and impartiality of history. Some partiality in the coloring might have been pardoned to the occasion, but the orator owed it to his character and his great influence over public opinion to make the lines true and the drawing correct. But Mr. Adams cannot escape criticism when he falls into the faults of ordinary panegyrists. It was the opinion of sound judges that he even exaggerated the fulsomeness which is so common on such occasions; but respect for his character held critics for a while in mute astonishment. If he had been more just to Mr. Lincoln this respectful silence might not have been broken but the surviving members of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet felt that they owed something to his memory when it was assailed in so formidable and misleading a quarter; and before the decease of the late Chief-Justice Chase there was an interchange of views between him and the two other surviving members as to the expediency of a joint statement correcting some of the most prominent of Mr. Adams's errors. The work, however, was left to be done by Mr. Gideon Welles, ex-Secretary of the Navy, who has published two very interesting papers, one in the October and the other in the November number of the *Galaxy*. In his last article (which is altogether the more piquant of the two as lifting the veil from a great deal of secret Cabinet history) he copies a letter on the same subject written to him by Mr. Montgomery Blair, ex-Postmaster-General, which shows how fully the latter gentleman concurs with him in repudiating the views of Mr. Adams. The excessive credit which Mr. Adams gave to Mr. Seward at the expense of Mr. Lincoln, has led to the disclosure of facts which must greatly lower the public estimate of Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State. It is very unfortunate for Mr. Seward's reputation that his eulogist was a man of such weight that his errors could not be suffered to pass without contradiction.

No person who feels any interest in this controversy, or who wishes to see historical justice done, should fail to read Mr. Welles's second paper in the November *Galaxy*. It indeed makes a sad wreck of Mr. Adams's claims for the subject of his eulogy. It is amusing to the degree of being ridiculous to contemplate Mr. Adams's assertion that Mr. Seward was the directing mind of the Administration, in the light of Mr. Welles's facts. Mr. Seward's despatches to Mr. Adams himself were, on critical occasions, revised and their character changed by Mr. Lincoln, as the altered manuscript in the State Department will show. In domestic affairs Mr. Seward's intrigues were frequently frustrated. He was active, tricky, ostentatious; he accompanied the President in most of his rides, and especially in his visits to the camps; caused his *claqueurs* to diffuse the impression that he guided Mr. Lincoln's measures; and he carried this pretence so far and caused it to be so generally believed that it very nearly cost him his place in the Cabinet. In December, 1862, there was a conclave of all the Republican Senators, in which it was resolved, with but a single dissenting voice, to request the President to remove Mr. Seward from office, and a committee of nine of the weighty Senators, headed by Judge Collamer, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was appointed to wait on Mr. Lincoln and urge the request. Preston King, of New York, the one dissenting Senator, immediately informed Mr. Seward of the action of the Senators, and he thereupon tended his resignation; without any wish, however, that it should be accepted.—Lincoln stood by his Secretary, who then learned to his dismay that he had lost his power, prestige and ascendency in the Republican party. This recital of facts makes Mr. Adams's assertion sufficiently ridiculous, that Mr. Seward in order to retain his power to direct the Administration for the good of the country, practised a sublime act of self-abnegation by surrendering his chances for the Presidency and entering into an understanding to that effect in order to disarm the jealousy of Mr. Lincoln. It was wholly owing to Mr. Lincoln's magnanimity that he remained in public life at all after the middle of December, 1862, when he had completely forfeited the confidence of the Republican members of Congress, and continued to be tolerated in public life only because he could not be got rid of.

Very amusing instances are given of Mr. Seward's blunders in his own department. Our space permits us to allude to but one—the case of the mails of the Peterhoff, a British steamer captured by our navy as a blockade runner and brought into New York to be adjudicated upon by a prize court. Some time previous, Mr. Seward had written a note to the Secretary of the Navy requesting him not to detain the British mails on captured vessels. The thing requested was contrary to law, and it was an impertinence for the Secretary of State to make the request without consulting the President, even if the thing had been legal. Mr. Welles therefore simply disregarded it. When the Peterhoff was brought into port, Lord Lyons made a demand for the surrender of the British mail found on board. Seward immediately called on Welles insisting on compliance in the strongest manner. Welles firmly refused. Seward said that the Government was in a very embarrassing position, because he had communicated his letter to Welles to the British Minister, who interpreted it as a promise and insisted on its fulfilment, and if the mails of the Peterhoff were not surrendered we could not escape a war with England. Seward went to the President and, after much entreaty, prevailed on him to order the surrender of the unopened mail-bags as the only means of preserving peace. A few days afterwards, Mr. Sumner met Lord Lyons and expressed to him his regret that he had made a demand on our Government which it could not yield without national dishonor. We quote the words of Mr. Welles:

"*Lord Lyons disavowed ever having made a demand;* said he was careful and guarded in all his transactions with Mr. Seward, and made it a point to reduce every question with him to writing. He authorized Mr. Sumner to examine his whole correspondence with the State Department; said *he had of course been gratified with the voluntary renunciation by Mr. Seward of the right to search the mails;* and when, contrary to the promise tendered by the Secretary of State, the mails were carried into court, he had called Mr. Seward's attention to his own letter of the 31st of October to the Secretary of the Navy abandoning the right, *but he had exacted nothing, made no demand, and merely asked him to do as he had promised.*

"When Mr. Sumner on the following day reported this interview with the British Minister, the President was filled with astonishment, and said, in his emphatic manner, 'I shall have to cut this knot.'"

No wonder Mr. Lincoln was "filled with astonishment" at the deceptive and discreditable part Seward had played in this transaction. The Peterhoff some time afterwards got into a British court, when it clearly appeared that her mail-bags, at the time of her American capture, contained evidence which would have secured her condemnation as a lawful prize. This is one of several specimens given by Mr. Welles of Seward's intriguing tactics and bad judgment.

☞ GRACE GREENWOOD notices some startling innovations in the United States Senate chamber. The little pages have skirts to their little jackets, and a new gallery has been made, adjoining the diplomatic, elegantly upholstered in dark green, and set apart sacredly for the wives and daughters of Senators, who form a privileged class. The aristocratic Southern Senators endeavored to establish such a gallery twenty years ago, but the arrogant proposition was voted down as incompatible with republicanism as then understood. We are progressing. The simplicity of "that elder day" has been left behind. From the President's household, with its shoulder-straps and liveries, to the little tails on the jackets of the little pages, we see the same tendency towards flunkeyism.

OUR FOOD.—There is no country where there is so much dyspepsia as in America, because our people pay so little attention to food, and eat too much meat for the exercise they take. If one has mental labor, fish every day is requisite. Soup sets all the glands at work, and prepares the stomach for the more important function of digestion, and therefore should be taken at dinner every day. Beef broth is to the old what milk is to the young. Cookery, properly attended, keeps a man in health. If the stomach is out of order, the brain is affected. We should eat more fruit, vegetable soup, and fish. Good and well prepared food beautifies the mind. Wrinkles are produced by want of variety of food. The man who does not use his brains to select and prepare his food is not above the brutes, who take it in the raw state.—*Hearth and Home.*

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers, which spring up along our paths, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so do kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the house where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of the earth; and fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, and strifes, and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home, which is the abode of discontent, and strife, and trouble, they fly forth as the vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men that disturb and disorder and distress the world, are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and trouble to those around.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, commenced to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialects; Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memories of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; his most pleasing production.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men, who commenced a new study, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince him, that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old to study.*

USE FOR BALLOONS.—Mr. Furguson, of Front street, Philadelphia, goes home drunk for the fortieth time, and his wife holds up her hands with vexation and indignation.

"Don't sa'er word, 'Liza (hic)—don't sa'er word! I'm goin' to buy a balloon, (hic) b'loon.'

"What on earth are you going to buy a balloon for, Mr. Furguson?"

"I'll tell you, (hic) 'Liza. Y'see they've gossomany, (hic) got s'many rum shops 'long Chestnut street, a feller can't get home without gettin' drunk. I can get 'way with balloon (hic) you know. You can come to the store an' blow it up, an' (hic)—an' then you won't have to blow me up."

☞ A negro minister who married rather sooner than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear; I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the Scripture from Ginisee to Reverlations, and found plenty of promises to the widder but nary one to the widderer. And so I took it that the Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and having a first-rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so again. Besides, brethren, I considered that poor Betsy was just as dead as she ever would be."

☞ Don't tell any editor how to run a newspaper. Let the poor fool find it out himself.

A RAT'S LOVE FOR A CHILD.

There is in Whitehall village a family who have a little daughter two years and a half old who has formed a singular attachment for a rat. Every day this little one goes into the wood-shed adjoining the house, where a large venerable-looking rat makes its appearance, when the innocent looking child proceeds to feed it from her cubby hand. The parents have caught their little one feeding its protege several times of late, yet on the approach of any other than the little girl the rat scampers off to its hole. Several efforts have been made by the child's parents to despatch the singular companion of their darling, for it was feared the child may get bitten by it. Last Sunday the rat showed its affection and guardian care of the little one's comfort, as the following will show: The child's mother put it to sleep in its cradle in the kitchen, going to another room in the house, leaving the sleeping child alone. On her return she cast her eye at the child, when she was surprised to observe the rat standing perched upon the top of the cradle, moving its tail over the little sleeper. The mother wishing to see what the "varmint was up to," stood and watched its movements, peeping through the door, which was only partly opened. She observed a number of flies above the child's face, when two lit on the little one, whereat the kind rat whisked them off with its tail. Wishing to make sure, the lady called her husband, and the two stood watching the proceedings at least ten minutes.

Every time a fly dared to light on the little one's face that old rat's friendly tail would brush it away, like the guardian angel hovering about us, who, we believe, is constantly brushing away dangers that threaten us poor mortals. It was thought safe by the child's parents to leave the child in charge of its singular nurse, and for one hour the little one slept. When it awoke its mother went to take it up, and the rat jumped from the cradle and sped away through the half-opened door to the wood-shed. Since that time the child has been put to sleep in the kitchen to ascertain if the experiment would be repeated. Each time when left alone, with the shed door partially open, the old rat would enter and take up its position over the cradle, watching the little sleeper, and brushing away the flies who dared to trouble its precious charge.—*N. Y. Times.*

HOW YOUNG MEN FALL.

"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard, after all his father has done to fit him for business, and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. It is surprising he has turned out so poorly. He is a steady young man, no bad habits so far as I know: he has a good education, and was always considered smart; but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a number of different kinds of business, and sunk money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred, I should like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn." "Alfred is smart enough," said the other, and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar of money, and there is no other way for a young man to make his fortune. He must dig if he would get gold. All the men that have succeeded, honestly, or dishonestly, in making money, have had to work for it, the sharpers sometimes the hardest of all. Alfred wishes to see his train in motion and let it take care of itself. No wonder it soon run off the track, and a smash-up was the result. Teach your boy, friend Archer, to work with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him healthy and happy, but let him learn that work is the business of life. Patient, self-denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away not capital only, but worse still, all of man's nerve power. Present gratification tends to put off duty until to-morrow or next week. It is getting to be a rare thing for the sons of a rich man to die rich. Too often they squander in a half-score of years what their fathers were a life-time in accumulating. I wish I could ring it in the ears of every aspiring young man that work, hard work, of head and hands, is the price of success."—*Country Gentleman.*

PAYING DEBTS.—Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewithal to buy a costly toy or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have what to lose to a gamester. In short, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences that war against the spirit and bring you into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your utter destruction, both of soul and body.

☞ An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went into Augusta Ga. the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry. She meant business.

THE BIRTH RECORD.

Sitting to-night in my old arm-chair,
With my Bible on my knee,
I read from its record-page of birth
The names of children three;
And written beneath in the same strong hand,
While the heart was breaking with pain
"The Lord hath given and taken away,"
But "blessed be his name."

With two, the record of life was short,
Like a summer's day of joy;
I can see them now, with these dim old eyes,
My little girl and boy;
And I think of them when I read the words
In an old, old book, which saith,
"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And divided not in death."

For the other—"my baby" I call him still—
Though he grew to manhood tall;
When they told me God had taken him,
I felt he had taken my all:
And long I cherished rebellious thoughts,
Before I could learn to say,
"Blessed be the Lord. 'Twas he that gave,
'Tis he that hath taken away.",

So when I take this sacred book
Where God has writ his will,
I can read in peace my children's names
While I say, "My heart be still!"
And the dear, dear hand that wrote those names
Grasps mine in truth and love:
"Dear wife, their names are also writ
In the Book of Life above!"

—*Christian Union.*

ONE OF BEAU HICKMAN'S TRICKS.—Beau once made a raid on the Baltimore restaurants. He determined to dine well that day, or know the reason why. He walked into Guy's restaurant and asked for the proprietor.

"Sir," said he, "I want the best dinner you can give me."

"All right, sir," said Mr. Guy; "walk in here," showing him into a neat little private room.

The Beau ate and drank of the best, and just after he had finished his cup of *cafe noir*, and had lit his cabanas, a servant entered with a folded paper on a silver waiter, which he gravely handed to the Beau.

"What is this?" inquired the Beau.

"De bill, sah," said the waiter.

"Bill; I don't want any bill. Ask the proprietor to come here."

The proprietor appeared, bowing and smiling. He hoped there was nothing wrong, and that his guest had liked his dinner.

"I liked the dinner well enough, and the wine," said Beau Hickman, "but I want to know what this means?"

"That's the bill, sir," said the proprietor.

"Well, I never pay any bills. I am Beau Hickman. I don't pay anybody. Besides, you have no right to charge me for this dinner. I asked you for the best dinner you could *give* me."

"Well, Beau, you have rung in on me and got the better of me fairly. Now I'll not only forgive you for this trick, but I'll give you twenty-five dollars if you will play this trick on the St. Clair, on the other side of the way."

The next day the Beau fared sumptuously at the St. Clair, and the scene was re-enacted. The bill was presented, and the proprietor wound up with, "Beau, I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll play this off on Guy."

"My dear sir," said the Beau, "why didn't I call here first. Guy has paid me twenty-five dollars to play it on you."

☞ A story is told at the expense of a distinguished theological professor at Andover, whose usually retentive memory is occasionally a little treacherous on proper names. While visiting a neighboring city, some time since, as he stood upon the depot platform waiting for the train, a gentleman stepped up, accosted the Professor, shook hands warmly, and began numerous inquiries in regard to members of the family and the good friends living in A. The professor was puzzled; the face of his cordial friend was quite familiar, and he was evidently no stranger to himself or family, but to recall his name was beyond any effort of memory. The Professor joined in a lively conversation, disliking to make the awkward inquiry, and hoping for some chance word to reveal the name of his friend. But it came not, and as the conversation went on, the ignorance became more and more embarrassing. At last a happy thought came to the Professor; he would get it without asking. So with an indifferent air he asked: "Let me see, I forget just how to spell your name!" But alas for the expedient! With a curious smile his friend replied: "Well, usually, I spell it J-o-n-e-s!"

☞ The Titusville Press vouches for this: Mrs. Macdoolahan lost her husband some time since; his body was laid out, but owing to a lack of watchers the rats, which were plenty, ate the ears from the corpse. "Oh! isn't it terrible to think of?" said a neighbor next day to the widow. "Yes," replied the latter, "I can't hardly keep from going crazy, but if I get over this I will muss, I will keep a cat, you bet!"

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