CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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FITLY SPOKEN.

A lady who has evidently studied the hapless instances of matrimonial incompatibility so fiequent in current print, dramatizes the subject in the following familiar style, apparently as a hint and an example to ladies whose daughters have husbands incapable of appreciating their hereditary perfections:

INCOMPATIBILITY.

(*Mother-in-Law Loquitur*:)

I am not of much 'count as a talker,
And I never was such from my youth;
But it seems to me honor is honor,
And it seems to me truth is truth.

I do not know a sight about doctrine,
And perhaps have not overmuch wit;
But I guess that backbone is elected,
And that saints need a good deal of grit.

It's not *I* would go back upon churches,
For whoever does that is a fool;
There is no one a match for old Satan
Till he's gone to his Maker to school;

But religion ain't always in meetin',
And it ain't in the lengthiest prayer—
Though they both have their own proper places,
As a sort of beginner's first stair—

And religion ain't singin' and music,
Nor it ain't in a sniffle and sigh;
It's an out-an'-out follerin' orders,
If it takes a right hand, or an eye.

But at first there is somethin' to settle;
I am never for goin' it blind;
Just be sartin who's givin' the order,
And be sure, after that, that you mind.

You are not quite contented and happy,
And your Susan don't do as she might;
You've a fear you've been somewhat mistaken,
And some things have a different light

From such as appeared when you married.
You were only an ignorant youth?
So it may be; but honor's still honor,
And truth will be always the truth!

And the same are the rocky foundations
Where a man's work should ever abide.
But supposin' you turn from poor Susan,
With a look at your own weaker side.

Can you say that you haven't been selfish,
And a mite overbearin'-ish too,
Like the whole precious world was a turnin'
Most especially daily for you?

Can you say you've been true to your promise,
In the love and the fear of your God?
If you have, why it's so much the better;
And if not, you're deservin' the rod!

You may need a more perfect companion—
Which it ain't for another to say;
But your need of a loftier manhood
Is a thing I could swear to to-day!

You've a need, too, to master the meanin'
Of a Faith and a Duty that's true;
If you'd only be smarter in *that* much,
You would get along better with Sue.

And you need to have more of the patience
That the strong should display to the weak;
And it wouldn't be harmful a morsel
If you'd learn what it is to be meek.

Oh, I know that in church you're a member,
And are, mebbe, as good as the main;
Yet I think you might possibly bear it
Were you born, in the spirit, again.

Never worry at what can't be mended;
At the waste of your brain and your heart;
When you're really too good for my Susan
Trust the Lord to remove you apart.

And the while that you're thus growin' over,
And becoming the worthier man,
She will do just as well at your fireside
As a mere mortal personage can;

And, at last, when yourself you have conquered,
And are fit for your ideal life,
Then the Master will see, in his justice,
That you have a true mate in your wife!

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in the world.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible which we cannot perform.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

☞ We see by a New York paper that there is a man in Troy who has done business about a year without expending a dollar in advertising. He has at last consented to advertise. His first advertisement was headed, "Sheriff's Sale."

The Sealed Will.

'Do you suppose, mamma, in case the money goes from me, that it will be given to you?"

'Dear child, how can I ever guess? Your aunt, remember, is your father's sister, not mine; so it is scarcely likely she has thought of me. I am afraid the heir in the sealed will is John Garland.'

'Mamma!'

'It is only guess-work, dear.'

'But he is so unfit to have the responsibility of money; a man known to be a gambler and a drinking man, if not an actual drunkard.'

'Very true. Yet he is the nearest relative your aunt Jessie had, excepting only yourself.'

'I can scarcely think Aunt Jessie would leave him fifty thousand dollars.'

'My dear, she has left it to you, her niece and namesake.'

'But upon the condition that I shall never marry. If I do, the sealed will in the hands of her lawyer is to be opened, and the money pass from me to the heir or heirs named therein. You must know me well enough to be sure that the money would never tempt me to break my engagement; yet, for your sake, I wish—'Oh, why did Aunt Jessie leave it to me at all!'

'Do not think of me. I can live as we have done since father died. But, Jessie, and Mrs. Markham's face looked grave and sad, 'there is one view of the matter you do not take.'

'I dare say there are fifty. Remember we have now had only an hour or two to think, since the letter came from the lawyer. But what is the view you mean?'

'Charlie.'

'Charlie?' Jessie's large brown eyes were opened to their widest extent as she repeated the name, adding: 'why I haven't thought of anything but Charlie.'

'But—I mean—dear me!' said the mother, shrinking from uttering her own thoughts. 'You know, dear, you have always been considered your aunt's heiress; and Charlie is young, and only commencing the practice of his profession. It may by that he will—

'Be false to me for the sake of money?' interrupted Jessie, with the rosiest of cheeks and brightest of eyes. 'We will soon test that,' and she drew a writing-table to her side. 'I will send him a copy of the lawyer's letter, and'—here her voice and eyes softened—'the assurance that Aunt Jessie's will will make no difference to me.'

Mrs. Markham made no objection to this step, but after the letter was signed, sealed and dispatched to the village by Polly, the only servant of Mrs. Markham's household, she called Jessie again to her side.

Over the fair sweet face of the young girl there crept a shade of gravity and perplexity since the arrival of the lawyer's letter, that clouded the brown eyes and gave the sensitive, mobile mouth a firmer pressure than was quite natural. Life had not been all sunshine for Jessie Markham, yet hers was one of those buoyant natures that find the silver lining for every cloud, and coax some sweetness from every bitter dose. Her father had been dead six years, and his business affairs having been complicated in some way not comprehensible to feminine intellects, his widow and child found themselves reduced to an income that barely covered the necessaries of life. They left the city, and took a small cottage in the small village of Merton, where Mrs. Markham soon procured a class of music scholars, and herself gave Jessie lessons in the higher branches of English studies, German, French and music, till, at eighteen, her daughter also procured a few pupils in languages. They were very happy in their mutual affection, in the love of their pupils, and the cares of their little household.

It had been understood from the time Jessie was a tiny baby that she would inherit the fortune of her maiden aunt, for whom she was named, and who came from the city every summer to spend a month or two in the little cottage, always bringing pretty presents to brighten the home of her brother's widow, and lavishing tenderest affection upon her niece.

Yet, though Jessie herself had known of her aunt's supposed intentions, neither she nor her mother had ever made calculations upon a fortune dependent upon the death of the one for whom they felt the warmest affection, and the idea that others could be influenced by it was a thought new to the young girl.

She had given to her betrothed, Charlie Seaton, the first love of her young heart, believing his love was all her own. In the six years she had lived at Merton, child and maiden, Charlie Seaton had been her devoted admirer from the first, and had recently finished his course of law study and been admitted to the bar. His fortune, inherited from his father, was very small, barely covering his expenditure for board and clothing; but he was energetic, industrious, and, without brilliant talent, a clearheaded, intelligent student, promising to make a capable lawyer, if not a shining light at the bar.

Answering her mother's call, Jessie nestled down in her favorite seat at her feet, saying, sadly:

'If Charlie was influenced by any hope of Aunt Jessie's money, mamma, it is better to know it now. I had supposed we would have to wait for our wedding day until he had some practice, and you know I have a little sum of my own toward first expenses. We could live here, and—there, I will not think of any more till the answer comes to my letter.'

'While you wait, my dear,' said her mother, 'shall I tell you what I think is the explanation of your aunt's singular will? You, who knew her only as the getle, sad woman of her later years, can scarcely imagine, I presume, that she was once as bright, hopeful, and sunny-tempered as yourself. I think it is to save you from her own sorrow that she has taken from you the power of giving wealth to a mere fortune-hunter. She would have you wooed and won for yourself alone, and as she has never positively said you were to be her heiress, she has probably never supposed Charlie biased by that hope. Still, dear, it is possible.'

'Yes, it is possible,' said Jessie, slowly, 'but tell me about Aunt Jessie.'

'Your grandfather Markham, Jessie, was one of the leading merchants of New York, when your aunt, his only daughter, was introduced into society. Your Uncle Hoyt was in good practice as a physician, your father then doing a fair business, and already married and in his own home.

'It was, therefore, with the name of an heiress that Jessie danced through her first season, a careless, light-hearted girl, very pretty, and accomplished enough to make a pleasing impression wherever she went. She was but a little over twenty when she became engaged to Stanley Horton, the most fascinating man in our circle of friends. Not only handsome and talented (and he was both) but possessing, in a remarkable degree, the courtly polish and winning grace of manners that go so far toward gaining a woman's heart, the absorbing love that Jessie felt for him seemed mutual, and congratulations were the order of the day, when your grandfather failed. From a man of wealth he became actually poor, and, losing energy and hope, he came with Jessie to share our home. Stanley Horton, the man we supposed to be a devoted lover, was fully aware of the change in Jessie's prospects, yet he continued his visits, making no abrupt, ungentlemanly desertion of his betrothed. Yet we, who watched her with the jealousy of affection, soon discovered a change in her. She became pale and sad, often tearful, till finally she confided to me that Stanley was evidently weary of her, and had ceased to love her. Even then she attributed the change to some defect in herself, not seeing the mercenary motive till later, when time had taken the glamour from her eyes and heart. She gave him back his ring and promises, thus accepting the position his unmanly conduct had forced upon her, of herself breaking the engagement between them. The first love of her life was the last. She was your grandfather's comfort till he died, and then went to keep house for Hoyt, who lost his wife and baby one year after his wedding day. When he died he left her the house and money, and she lived there till she died. Still I know she loved you, and I am quite sure her will is not designed so much to keep you single as it is to win the disinterested love of your future husband.'

There was a long silence after Mrs. Markham concluded her story, and Jessie allowed her head to rest in her mother's lap, under her caressing hand, trying to picture a future of easy competency shared by the comprnion of her life, it had its bright side; there was still love and happiness for her yet. And then a bright face, crowned with curly brown hair, would come before her, and she knew that the handsome house nor the comfortable income could ever fill her heart if Charlie left an aching void there.

Suddenly, like a gust of wind, there swept into the little sitting-room a tall broad-shouldered young man, in a gray tweed suit and a slouch hat, which latter article found a resting place upon the floor, as the young giant braced himself before Jessie in an attitude of grim defiance that sent thrills of glad music into her heart.

'Will you have the kindness, Miss Markham,' said the intruder, towering in his six feet of manhood over Jessie's low seat, 'to tell me what you mean by that absurd letter Polly handed me? Was it not fully understood that you and I were to share this cottage with your mamma untill I attained sufficient legal eminence to warrant the purchase of a brown-stone front in New York? Was I not deluded into the belief that your presence in the culinary department of our establishment was to reduce our expenses to the limits of our present income? Was it represented to me that my present board was sufficient to meet the requirements of two in this domicile? In short, Miss Markham, in what was I ever led to suppose that the fortune of your spinster aunt was to influence in the slightest degree your matrimonial relations in regard to myself? I pause for a reply.'

Jessie stood up, her hands meekly folded together, and her happy eyes downcast till the long lashes kissed her cheek.

'Please forgive me this time, and I'll never do it again,' she said; and the laugh dimpled her cheek, danced in her eyes, and rippled out clear and sweet upon the air.

'Oh, Charlie! Charlie! I knew you never thought of Aunt Jessie's money.'

'And you,' said Charlie, holding her off at arm's length, 'you can have it all if you give me up.'

'As if I loved money better than you,' said Jessie, nestling now in the strong arms wrapped closely around her.

It seemed, however, as if Charlie was actually afraid of the money that was so temptingly near Jessie's grasp, for he commenced a series of interviews that bore entirely upon the subject of an immediate marriage.

'What is there to wait for?' he would ask, and then enter upon calculations of his present expenses and those of the future, proving most conclusively that there was a decided saving for both in uniting their incomes.

'You remind me,' said Jessie, 'of the Dutchman who said that he could almost support himself alone, and it was a pity if two of them could not do it entirely.'

But though she laughed at him, Jessie was quite willing to admit the force of his reasoning, and one bright June morning, six months after Aunt Jessie's death, there was a quiet wedding in the village church, and a breakfast in the cottage for a few chosen friends. Among these was Aunt Jessie's lawyer, for the will stipulated that the sealed codicil was to be opened at Jessie's wedding if she preferred love to money.

The bride was a little paler than usual when, with a solemn face, the New York lawyer broke the big red seal. Visions of John Garland holding drunken revels in her aunt's house flitted across her mind, and then she looked into Charlie's face, and over her own crept an expression of perfect content.

The will was opened and found to contain only a letter directed to Jessie, and a short, legally worded formula, making herself and her chosen husband joint inheritors of her aunt's fortune. Truly, the bride opened a letter from the dead.

With loving words Aunt Jessie blessed her, and wished her happiness.

'I do not,' she wrote, 'approve of the money power in a family being entirely in the hands of a woman; therefore, you will find, dear Jessie, that half of my fortune only is yours, the remaining half to go to the husband who has proved that he loved you for your own sweet self, not for your fortune.'

During the wedding tour of the couple, Mrs. Markham, at their earnest solicitation, took an affectionate farewell of her pupils, and removed her household treasures to the New York mansion, to which, in due time, came Charlie and Jessie, to brighten the long silent rooms with their happiness, and establish that loving circle that makes home of any house, however grand or however humble.

HOW THE OLD HORSE DIED.—General Otto Frederick Marshell, of the town of Wheeler, Stuben county, owned for twenty-two years a horse that died a short time since, apparently because he felt himself injured or slighted by his master. The horse was twenty-eight years old, and appeared as well as usual. General Marshell had driven him to the postoffice a distance of one mile and a half, once a day, during all that time. Every day unless it was Sunday, the old horse made his regular pilgrimage, driven by his owner to the postoffice. At length one evening a short time ago, the General thought he would drive another horse, and leave the old horse at home. On his way back from the office he met the old horse who evidently surmised that something wrong had happened, and had broken out of the pasture. The old fellow made his trip as usual to the postoffice, entered the pasture, laid down, and died.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

☞ WHEN a man comes home and tries to bolt his door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his boot-jack, tries to cut kindling-wood for the morning with a paper knife, takes a cold potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

☞ A STORY is told of a man in Connecticut who fell from the roof of a five story building to the sidewalk; but as he struck on the thick sole of his rubber boots, he bounced back within a quarter of an inch of the roof, and so continued to bounce, the distance decreasing by only quarter of an inch at each journey. He subsisted on hash enclosed in rubber balls, which he managed to catch on the bound and, at the end of a month, was stopped and restored to his family.

☞ The damsel who was accused of breaking a young man's heart has been bound over in the bonds of matrimony to keep the pieces.

☞ Can a game-bag be called a gun-ny bag?

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER BEWAILS THE "COUNTER REFORMATION."

While holding a visitation for the Cheltenham center lately the Bishop of Gloucester made the following remarks upon the pre-reformation tendencies of the English Church: "This movement I will endeavor to set before you candidly and temperately in its true aspects and developement; and I will then, in the second place, shortly specify the course which, as a Bishop of the Reformed Church of England, I feel bound to follow at this critical and disquieting time. First, as to the movement itself, its early aspects and progress, and its present serious development. Ritualism—I use the word for convenience—was probably at first only sensational and æsthetic. Definite doctrine, however, in reference to the Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist was soon associated with the outward and æsthetic; and then gradually many respected names in the Church connected with the Oxford School, directly or by sympathies, either joined the movement or gave it their tacit support. In a sermon I preached at Bristol some years ago I stated my persuasion that there was then developing a clear desire supplement the prayer-book, to rehabilitate the principles of the Reformation. Such was what then seemed to be the future of ritualism—a future which the recent petition to convocation in favor of strange supplements to the prayer-book and of licensed confessors shows to have already come, and to be fast passing into still more serious developments. The present, indeed, involves more than the desire merely to rehabilitate the principles of the Reformation. The desire now is plainly to reverse them. In some points it would seem as if that concealment and suppression of real sentiment which has so often been characterized as one of the worst moral features of the system we protested against and rejected were stealing back again among us. It will, perhaps startle you to be told that among the things which my examining chaplains have now to state to the young men when assembled to answer the paper on docrine is this—that the answers which they give to the questions put before them will be held by us and understood to represent their real sentiments. And it will startle you still more to be told that this humiliating announcement has been forced upon us by the circumstances of a case which came before me in the early part of the present year. As far as I could form an inference from this painful case, it indicated the gradual stealing in among us of a casuistry that deems it allowable to return answers out of the books prescribed by the Bishop, from which the giver of the answers may be at liberty inwardly and seriously to dissent. We may, of course, trust that this is a solitary and exceptional case; but I confess there was much about it which has given me cause for grave and lasting disquietude. If this be the state of parties now in the Church; if there is really a small but confessedly very active party who are laboring for a return to pre-Reformation principles, and who are sustained in their efforts by the feeling that thus they are furthering a holy cause, the reunion of the sundered, and who believes that this is their duty and their mission—if this is so, what, it may be asked, will be the future of the movement? I fear there can be now really only one answer—the gradual absorption of all that are in heart and spirit opposed to the Reformation in some community that disowns that movement. But what and where that community is by no means easy to foresee. It is very natural at once to answer—the Church of Rome. But though individuals may and will, perhaps in increased numbers, join that Church—still to say nothing of the last dogma of that Church, we cannot but observe that there are at least three serious facts which at present militate against any general plea of reunion. These are the non-recognition of our orders, the celibacy of the clergy, and the firm discipline of the Church of Rome, all of which seem at present to exercise a very deterrent effect, and to render it unlikely that there will be anything like an organized secession to that firm and unyielding Church. If there were now among us a hopefully developing Old Catholic Church, the case would be very different; but still such a church does take root in this country we can hardly imagine any secession on a large scale to a community at present so undefined as that of the Old Catholics. So far as we can now see, there would seem to be two issues. If, on the one hand, the counter-Reformation party succeeded in obtaining a recognized position in the National Church, disestablishment will promply follow, and then *novæ tabulæ*, and a complete change of scene. If, on the other hand, they continue to be regarded as alien to the Church of the Reformation, then a gradual disintergration of the party will be the most likely result; several, perhaps many, will sporadically join the Church of Rome; several will return to old allegiance, heartily, and on conviction; the remainder will still continue outward membership with the Church of England, awaiting either disestablishment, the foundation of an Old Catholic Church in these islands, or those better days which sects, like individuals, are always looking for, and sometimes looking for in vain. Then, what is your duty generally, and what the duty of our rulers is at the present time, two things at least seem clear—first, that if we are persuaded that this movement is a counter-Reformation movement we must oppose it firmly and consistently; secondly, that the form of opposition which in the end will be found most successful, as it is certainly that which is most kindly and charitable, is the opposition which rests on moral influence and quiet persuasive moral force. His lordship then proceeded to point out the line of conduct which he himself would pursue. He would use the moral force and influence he possessed whenever proper complaints were formally brought before him by the parishioners of any parish. "When it appears to be beyond doubt that such practices as use of vestments or lights, elevation or adoration of the elements, use of incense, or, in a word, such practices as have been declared to be illegal by the final decisions of the Court of our Metropolitan, then I shall feel a duty solemnly and earnestly to call upon the clergyman complained of to obey the law. If he declines to listen to my earnest request, then I shall place a copy of my letter in the registry of the diocease as an evidence that I have not failed in my duty towards the parish and to my Metropolitar. While that letter so remains it will simply be impossible for me to give the seal of the dioces to those documents which a bishop may give or withhold. I shall thus be conscientiously unable to grant licenses to curates, and shall only be able to allow on my personal permission such help as may positively be necessary to maintain the general services. Of course I shall to my sorrow feel the church of the particular parish closed against me, whether forfirmation or any other ministrations, as it seems to me plainly impossible for a bishop to continue to maintain his usual relations with a church where his earnest requests on matters lawful and honest are not attended to. Such will be the course I shall feel it my duty to follow.

BAULKY HORSES.—A correspondent asks for the best plan for starting a baulky or false horse. We do not know that we can give the best one, but have been present when several were tried, with varied success. A few days ago we noticed a false horse in one of our streets that after unavailing efforts on the part of his driver to induce him to move an empty wagon, was at once started by a bystander, who simply pinched him sharply just behind the foreleg. Another plan is to tie a string tightly around the animal's ear, or near as possible to the head. Cotton stuffed in the ears will often start the most inveterate baulker. Dirt or mud thrown into the mouth will ofter answer the purpose. Whipping, though so often tried, does more harm than good, and will only confirm the habit.

It would seem as if anything which takes the attention of the animal from the original question, will prove effective.—One of our men tells the whole secret by saying that it is only necessary to "give him a new idea."

The plan proposed by H. M. R., though not new, is often effective.

WHAT IS SAID OF BUTTER.—When a wholesale dealer is questioned as to the proportion of realy fine butter he receives in his consignments, he replies five per cent. A larger proportion than this comes to market as grease. The grocer will tell you that of all your good butter is the most difficult to procure, and costs him most time and trouble to select. We know there is no good reason why this should be so. Here and there scattered widely apart throughout the country we know farmers who make excellent butter, which would be classed first quality in the market and next door to those neighbors who make trash unfit for food. On the counters of country stores may any day be seen rolls of butter most widely different in color, flavor and texture. One farmer is careful and cleanly, and his wife keeps her dairy sweet and her pales and pans perfectly pure; another keeps a foul stable, milks in an uncleanly fashion, has musty feed and foul water for the cows, while his wife is equally careless in her dairy. How can the butter in these two cases be other than widely different in quality and value?

☞ AN exchange tells the story of the Dubuque bank defalcation in a few words: "A Dubuque casher "embezzled"—that's the word where a man steals enough to make it respectable—$267,000. The reason he didn't take more was because the president stole the rest of it."

☞ FESTUS wished his lady-love was all lips, and Nero wished the human race had but one neck; but a Parisian lover distanced both when he sent a bottle of perfume to his sweetheart, with the sentiment: "When you smell this, you will wish you were all nose."

From the New York Observer.

MOTHERS.

"Take this child and nurse it for me;"
Guard it lest it go astray;
In the path of duty train it,
"And thy wages I will pay."

"Take this child and nurse it for me;"
Nor its body feed alone;
For the saint or sinner groweth,
From the seed in childhood sown.

"Take this child and nurse it for me;"
See thou ne'er thy trust betray,
For, remember, as thou workest
I accordingly will pay.

"Take this child and nurse it for me;"
Do not deem it wholly thine,
I who lent, again may take it,
If thou question it is mine.

"Take this child and nurse it for me;"
Brief perhaps may be its stay;
And when calling to surrender,
I thy wages then will pay."

F. D. D.

HIS HAT.

A COMPLICATED CHICKEN CASE.

Jones, who keeps a variety of fowls, was asked by a friend to board a valuable hen for a few days, for some reasons best known to himself. The proposition was assented to, but by some means the hen got out of the coop, strayed away and could not be found. The owner felt aggrieved, as the fowl belonged to a choice breed. Some months later a dissipated man and a hard case generally, residing in the neighborhood of Jones, came to him and wanted to sell a valuable hen for less than half price. He had the fowl with him in a basket. It was worth five dollars, but as he wanted the money badly, he would sell it for two doliars. Jones looked at it, and thought it resembled the lost hen. He asked the other how he he came by the fowl. The man gave some plausible answer, and Jones, not being able to identify it, and thinking if he had really stolen it he would not have ventured there to sell it, thought it would be wise to buy it and say nothing more about it.

He did so, placed it in the coop, and went about his business. The next morning he sent word to his friend that the lost hen was found. The friend hastened down to look at his property, and the two went to the coop together, feeling pretty well. When they got there their feelings must have undergone a change, as their smiling faces suddenly elongated, and in other ways they seemed disappointed. The coop was empty! Nothing in the shape of a fowl was visible to the naked eye. Jones declared that there had been foul work, and stepping into the cage picked up something, and telling his friend to follow him, started in the direction of the dissipated man's house. They found him at home. He appeared pleased to see his visitors, and hurriedly remarked to Jones, "I've got a mate to that hen I sold you last night. You can't tell 'em apart. They are twin sisters. Come and look at 'em."

As soon as Jones set eyes on her, he also was struck with the resemblance. Finally, looking sharp at him, he said: "Who owns that hen?"

The other, nothing daunted, replied "I own it."

Jones advanced a step, concentrated a bit of lightning in his eyes, and, lifting his voice to a louder key, repeated: "Who owns that hen?"

The other, with a voice a little less confident, again said: "I own that hen. Do you want to buy her?"

Then Jones whipped a soft felt hat out of his pocket, and holding it before the astonished gaze of the chicken thief, said: "Who owns that hat?"

By this time the thief had lost his presence of mine, and answered as he did about the hen—"I own it."

"Of course you do," said Jones. "I found that hat in my hen-coop, but the hen was missing. How come the hat there, and where is the hen?"

"I don't know," replied the other, ina humble voice.

"Very well," said Jones, eyeing him significantly, "I'll give you that hat for the hen. What say you?"

"I don't understand how that hat came in your coop, but as I got that off from a dead Confederate in the war, I value it very highly. It's a trade, Mr. Jones, but I don't understand how it got into your coop.

☞ A Hartford bricklayer let fall a brick from a fourth story upon the shoulder of a man passing beneath. The man paused for a moment, and then in a voice trembling with emotion shouted: "Hi! you dropped a brick." The bricklayer, who was looking over the edge of the scaffold to see if the brick was damaged, was pleased to find that it was not hurt, and cheerfully answered, "All right, you needn't mind bringing it up."

☞ AN epitaph in a country churchyard reads:—"Here lieth the body of Amy Major, who departed this life March 20, 1792. Suffice it to say that she was an honest woman—the second noblest work of God."

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