CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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A THOUGHT.

BY FATHER RYAN.

There never was a Valley without a faded flower,
There never was a Heaven without some little cloud—
The face of day may flash with light in any morning hour,
But evening soon shall come with her shadow-woven shroud.

There never was a river without its mist of gray,
There never was a forest without its fallen leaf;
And joy may walk beside us down the windings of our way,
When lo! there sounds a footstep, and we meet the face of Grief.

There never was a sea shore without its drifting wreck,
There never was an ocean without its moaning wave,
And the golden beams of glory the summer sky that fleck,
Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their azure-mantled grave.

There never was a streamlet however crystal clear,
Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its tide;
Hope's brightest robes are broidered with the sable fringe of fear—
And she lures—but abysses girt her path on either side.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,
And the smile has scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

The cradle means the coffin—and the coffin means the grave;
The mother's song scarce hides the De Profundis of the priest—
You may cull the fairest roses any May day ever gave,
But they wither while you wear them 'ere the ending of your feast.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often burdened by the mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and are never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key;
And a Cross gleams o'er our pathway—on it hangs the Crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper—"Follow me."

SEEKING ADVICE.

Old Father Brayne, of Syracuse, was a very popular camp-meeting leader. He used to tell in meeting, the following story: While conducting a camp-meeting, in Western New York, a messenger arrived at the camp to inform him that the wife of the chief deacon had died that morning. Father Brayne delegated his powers to another, and started home to comfort the bereaved widower. After a twenty miles' ride, he reached the farm house, where the deacon lived, about four in the afternoon.

On entering he shook the widower by the hand and sat down in silence. By and by he began to condole with the bereaved man, and, offered him all the consolation in his power.

'It is a very heavy grief you've got to bear,' said the minister, 'but you must bear up like a man.'

'Yes,' the deacon responded, 'it's kind o' rough. Let's take a walk around.'

Father Brayne thinking the widower felt ill and depressed, and that the fresh air would do him good, readily assented. The deacon led him to his barns and stables, and showed him over his farm. The parson appeared to take a great interest in everything, and rejoiced to think that he was helping to divert the deacon's mind from his terrible sorrow. After they had gone around the whole farm, the deacon said:

'Now, minister, ye see everything's in fine order. What would you advise me to do—bring my daughter and husband here to manage the place, or go bucking about among the girls again for another wife?'

☞ A negro in Montgomery, Alabama, who was brought up for contempt of court, said: "I didn't mean to whistle; dat whistle went off dat time half cocked." He was discharged.

☞ An Ohio jury of inquest rendered a verdict that a suicide came to his death "by voluntarily departing himself;" if he had done it involuntarily, they might have let him off.

NO FRIENDS.

"Who cares?" said Martha Hutchings, sitting down one dirty dish and taking up another. "Nobody ever did for me. I was bundled off to service before I was ten years old, because mother was dead and aunt wanted me out of the way. Then I was knocked about from pillar to post—out of one place into another; might have broken my leg any day and nobody would have minded. That's what I almost always say—who cares?"

"God cares," said the grave, weak voice of little Tom, the errand boy—a sickly, frail little fellow, who somehow contrived to make will and skill supply the place of strength, and so succeeded in the great object of his ambition, and 'kept his place.'

"God?" said Martha; "how do you mean, Tom?"

"Why, He must care, you know. Don't you care about things when you've made them yourself?"

"Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't," Martha. "Depends upon what they are."

"But if you could make something alive, you would be fond of that, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose so. But what rubbish you can talk, Tom, when you once give your mind to it!"

"Was it rubbish—all of it?" said Tom, not resenting the assertion. He was rather accustomed to finding himself out of his own depth, as well as other people's."

"Rubbish? I should think!" said Martha. "But have you done master's boots?"

"Oh, no!—I forgot. I'll do them now. I suppose master would care about me if I didn't," said Tom, running off with a roguish laugh.

"Care! Yes; just as they would about the clock if it stopped. Just about as much feeling for the one as the other."

Martha was in a dismal mood, there was no doubt about that. She was tired, and it was very hot, and Martha's kitchen was not exactly the place one would have chosen to cool one's self in. An uncomfortable, soreish feeling over the eyes made her glad to sit down and rest them by a five minute's nap. But her head resting against the wall rubbed off the coloring, so she got up again, saying:

"How ever them footmen stand being powdered, I can't think. Bother it! my head feels like a sand martin."

Martha had no very definite notion as to whether a sand-martin was fish, flesh, or fowl; but she picked up the word with a Londoner's relish for rural phrases, and supposed it must mean something sandy. Perhaps it was as well that just at that moment she was not tantalized by the thought of the cool, breezy life of the bird she had named.

"Oh, dear! I wish I was dead!" she said presently; but a sudden, sharp pain through her temples reminded her of the near possibility of death; and, with a shiver, she turned her wishes into "I wish I was a better girl; I wish I had learnt in my Bible, or something; I wish—oh, I wish!—there was anybody in all the world to care if I was dead or alive!" Then she stopped suddenly; her throat seemed to dry up, and, with a terrified sense of falling down unknown depths, she sank upon the floor. Poor Martha had a fever.

Many days and nights Martha lay unconscious. When she awoke she was in a white bed, cool and soft, with an unaccountable flavor of strawberries in the air.

"I suppose it's heaven," she thought, "or else a dream. Anyhow, I'll keep still less missus' bell should ring."

But some one said, "Won't you wake up, dear?" The voice was a gentle, motherly voice; such a voice as had never addressed Martha since she could remember.

"Yes," she spoke again, "that's just the way they talk in heaven; it's very nice. I wonder I was afraid to-day."

She spoke the last sentence aloud, and the motherly voice, this time with a shade of trouble in it, said:

"Ah! she's a little light-headed, still, poor dear! But she'll soon come round. See," she continued to Martha, "only just look at what your friends have brought you!"

"'Tisn't me," said Martha; "I haven't got any friends."

"Well, that's pretty!" said another voice—so cherry and so thin, it reminded her of Tom's grown older. "Not got any friends!" the voice went on, "when [illegible] dearie?" said the motherly body, whose clean precision of dress somehow told Martha that she was a hospital nurse.

"Oh, yes," said Martha, with a sigh of delight, as the first one melted in her mouth; "but I never saw such monsters."

"Yes," said the widow, looking pleased, "strawberries seem to be first-rate, and there's been plenty of time to get them. To-day is the first day the doctor said you might have them."

"But such beauties!" said Martha again. "They must be rich people that sent them."

"Rich enough," said the widow, with a curious smile. And Martha feasted in silence; only now and then begging her two companions to take one, "to make seem real."

When she had finished, the widow said, "You don't know me, do you? I'm Tom's mother. You remember little Tom?"

"Oh, yes," said Martha, with a glance of compunction at the empty basket. "I wish I'd saved him a straw berry."

"He's had his share, I fancy," said the widow.

"How?" asked Martha.

"In giving them to you. He bought them, his brother and he, on purpose for you, they've been saving up ever since you've been ill."

"But—how—ever—did—they—get the money?" said Martha.

"Oh, went messages and held horses and things in their meal times," said the widow.

"How good of them!" said Martha, crying a little between weakness and pleasure.

"Yes, they are good children, especially Tom; it was his thought."

A little dew of mother's pride and joy moistened the widow's eyes. The good nurse objected to tears on principle; but, as she said afterward, "she had not the heart to interfere," when Martha, half raising herself, drew toward her and said, "Will you be my friend indeed? I've never had any in all my life. Nobody cared for me since my mother died."

"Somebody cares now, then," said the widow, with her voice still as clear and cheery as a little bird's, "you shall be to me instead of my daughter that died, if you like. She would have been just about your age. It used to remind me of her when Tom was telling me about you."

"God bless you!" said Martha, whose tears of joy would not let her say more.

But when the widow had gone, and the kind skillful nurse was arranging her for sleep, Martha said, "God forgive me for despairing. I'll never say again, "who cares."

TRUTHS.

Every duty brings its particular delights, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, and every cross its crown; pay goes with performance, effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures, and holiness is the essence of angelhood. God does not require us to live on credit. He pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.

It is the truth which makes a man always angry.

It is good to know our friends' feelings, but not punish them.

It is better to keep out of a quarrel than to make it up afterwards.

If pride were a deadly disease, how many would now be in their graves.

It is an evidence of great hardiness to be more concerned about our sufferings than our sins.

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of man, and fix our attention on his infirmities.

If the whole world should agree to speak nothing but the truth, what an abridgment it would make of speech.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

Wealth consists in sticking to one thing; "the poor man's budget is full of schemes."

The threatenings of God rest upon the same foundation as his promises.

"DIED OF DIPTHERIA."

Under this caption a writer in the Williamsport (Pa.) Sun, says:

"This announcement meets our eye in the newspapers. There is no necessity of death resulting from either diptheria or croup, especially with the young, if the proper preventative is applied in time, and it is at the service of every mother and nurse in the whole country. It is simply to spread common Tar on a muslin strip, as you would prepare a plaster, and wrap it around the neck and glands of the patient. Renew and supply fresh Tar on the neck of the child, once or twice a day, and its life is assured."

The writer of the above prescription has twice, in the Providence of God, saved the life of his youngest son, by the application of Tar alone, after he was given up by the Physicians, and he is to-day here, a living monument of its power and efficacy.

☞ When your pocketbook gets empty, and every body knows it, if you can put all your friends in it, it will not "bulge out worth a cent."

☞ The "moral" of Josh Billings' Almanac for 1874—"In Adam's sin we all jined in."

[*From the Maryland Journal.*]

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

CATONSVILLE, December 3d, 1873.

Wm. H. Ruby, Esq.—My Dear Sir:

Will you do me the favor to publish the accompanying address? Ever since I have known your paper it has been the earnest advocate of a just and useful administration of the government and laws, and I offer the address as a feeble effort to their behalf.

That I should undertake the championship of "*Minority Representation*" may seem rather bold, and a word of explanation may not be inappropriate. The politicans who commonly move in such matters (for many of whom I entertain admiration and respect,) have their natural aspirations for political promotion, and their associations so made with men, with reference to the existing order of things, that they are afraid of injuring their prospects by appearing to favor the adoption of any new system; hence, they will not say a word in favor of "*Minority Representation*," tho' many of them (the good ones) believe in their hearts that great good would be accomplished by it, and really desire it to succeed.

Neither my character nor my habits qualify me for drumming around for private citizens to join me, though there are probably thousands, more worthy than I, who would be glad to do it if I knew where to find them. I am thus, as it were, as it was forced to go ahead in my own name' or be derelict with regard to an essential duty to society. Somebody must start it, and when once started, I hope that, with the efficient co-operation and efforts of younger and more suitable men, it will move like a stream from the mountain, enlargeing, strengthening and nourishing it as goes, until it waters a fair plain full of beautiful and happiness. If politicans will criticise and say, *this is a bold step for an humble citizen who has never enjoyed the salary of an office*, the answer is, that is it taken reluctantly, and after long waiting for some one else to take the advance. "*Honni soit qui mall y pense.*" Very truly yours,

JERVIS SPENCER.

NEAR CATONSVILLE, December 3d, 1873.

To the Citizens of Maryland:

I hope you will not regard it as intrusive for a private citizen to address you on a subject of vital importance to us all. There have been so many demoralizing influences at work since the begining of the war, that all departments of life, public and private, seem to be more or less corrupted. If we have a remedy let us try it.

I do not complain of the enfranchisement of the slaves. There is hardly a man in the south who is not willing to abide by that. No respectable number would be willing to involve the country again in agitation on account of it. Our great men in early times expected it would come, and now that it has come, and the South is reconciled, we will do all we can to make our colored brethren useful, intelligent and happy citizens.

But the uprightness of the nation in other respects has greatly degenerated. It is hardly the same country that it was. We want regeneration of the upright spirit, that will promote the virtue, intelligence, respectability and happiness of all the citizens, white and black.

The root of the evil is principally in the perverted politics of the day, and there seems to be no way of reaching it but by the adoption of "*Minority Representation.*"

It has never been the declared principle of any party creed, nor has it ever been rejected by any and for the purposes of virtue and justice may be adopted by any citizen without the abondonment of any party or the violation of any party principles. The object will be to re-establish public and private integrity; to make the governments in fact what they are in theory—*the protectors of the virtue and innocence, the rights, interests prosperity, welfare and happiness of the people*, and restore the now obsolete notion that office holders are the servants and not the masters of the people; that faithful public servants will receive merited honor and rewards from a just and grateful people, but will be discarded and punished as spurious and unworthy if they disregard their public duties, and attempt to serve their own interests at the sacrifice of the citizen's.

"*Minority Representation*" may not be well understood, and may be received at first after careful examination, because it has an unpopular name. (I think it should be called *Regulated Suffrage.*)—But it will be popular as soon as it shall be understood. It may be asked at first, *what right has a minority to representation? and said—minorties have always to submit to majorities.* It is not intended to infringe this principle, good or bad. It is not intended to restrict the right of any man to vote the way he pleases, or to make any distinctions among voters. It means the right of every citizen to cast his whole vote for one man, or any number of men, on the ticket he is voting for, as he pleases, not to exceed the number to be elected. For instance—suppose five members of the Legislature are to be elected in a county, or district in the city, then each citizen may cast five votes for any one man he may regard as peculiarly fitted and qualified, and leave the election of the rest to other voters; or he may give three votes for one and two for another, or may vote once for every man on the ticket. If three or four judges are to be elected then each voter may cast as many votes for any one that he supposes has peculiar qualifications and character, or divide his vote as aforesaid; and so on with regard to all offices.

It has been asked, what will be done if all the votes are concentrated on a few candidates, and the rest receive no votes? The answer is, that it is almost impossible that such a case should occur. Every candidate will have some friends, and if he has not, there could be no better reason why he should not be elected. If it should take place, however, against all probability, it would be easy, as in case of a tie, to submit the election to the people again; and it might be provided, that to elect any candidate, he should receive a certain proportion of the individual votes cast. This would secure at the first election the best candidates, and at the second at least as good as those now chosen. To avoid trouble and expense the second election might be confined to the first defeated candidates, with such restrictions as must result in the election of some of them. It would be a thousand times better than to have none but incompetent or unprincipled officeholders; and there seems to be no other mode of guarding against them.

The advantage is, that it would make a fairer distribution of political power among the people; would represent the parties equally in the elective offices according to their respective strength; would secure the election of better officers, make them more circumspect in the performance of their duties, and the parties more particular about making good nominations, for if they make bad ones all their own people will give their whole vote to the good men and nothing to the bad ones.

When a ticket is offered to a voter, with the names of any number of candidates upon it, he generally thinks some of the candidates good, and some not so good. He cares nothing about the election of others. And he would regard it as a privilege to be allowed to cast all his votes for the good men, and secure their election, and nothing for the bad men. This privilege every voter will have by the adoption of a good system of minority representation and for this reason alone it ought to prevail.

Its adoption would do much to overcome the power and influence of the rings that are composed of ambitious and unprincipled politicans, who assume to be the leaders, and their subordinates and tools, who expect by supporting them to get rich feeding from the crumbs that fall from the great men's table. If it would do nothing else, it would show them that a concentration of the patriotic, honest and virtuous men of the country might defeat them. Every citizen would have a greater power to do good and defeat cunning arts and tricks, and command higher respect from the politicans. The modest and retiring men of society (often the best citizens) who do not like to be disturbed by the boisterous elements of politics, would have a greater motive to come out and do what good they can. There would be no distinction between rich and poor, white and black. Every man would have the right to bestow his vote as he thought best for the country's welfare. Such a system would break up the present vicious mode of nominations, or render parties more circumspect with regard to offering candidates for the suffrages of the people. It is certain that there would be always some good men elected. The minority would always concentrate on men who have the characters to command such a concentration; on men of acknowledged virtue and qualifications; whereas according to the present system the nominations are too often made of ring managers and their tools, leaders of pot house meetings, and manipulators of tickets at the primary meetings, who have mostly no principles or qualifications but a certain bold and confident forwardness. If the parties present no good candidates, the minority may always nominate and concentrate, or any private citizen may nominate, and a concentration be attained to secure the election of some good man. Under the present system no good man will run as a candidate against the party nominees, no matter how bad he may think them, because the union of party in the majority must secure the election of the candidates and his defeat and no man will vote for one out of his party nominations, no matter how good or bad they may respectively be, because he will be called a traitor and proscribed without doing any good. It will enlarge and not restrict the privilege of the voter, and is intended to defeat unprincipled associations of men; to secure good officers, and a just administration of the government and laws. To do this must be useful to all parties and every citizen.

If the Democratic Legislature this winter would pass an act submitting the question to a vote of the people, whether they would adopt "*Minority Representation*" as a part of the Constitution, in my opinion they would take an effective step to give permanent strength to the party, and prove that they are influenced by no other desire but to promote the welfare of the people. The people would then love the party, and believe as they did in the days of Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, that their interests and happiness depended upon its success.

The party could lose nothing by it, but what would be a great gain to the public. It might lose some of its bad candidates, and in their place the best men of some other party would be chosen. In the cities and counties in which the party has strength, they would nominate good men, and if they had bad candidates they would be rejected, and the best men of some other party selected. In exchange for this, in the counties in which they are in a minority they would elect a part of the candidates. Both parties would be compelled to nominate good and useful men, and the standard of public and private virtue would be elevated.

Truly your fellow citizen,

JERVIS SPENCER.

P. S.—The papers of the State that think the subject fairly presented above, and worthy the consideration of the people, I hope will do me a favor, that will be duly and appreciatingly acknowledged, and copy it. It will do them as much practical good as it will do me. I expect no special benefit from it, but the gratification that every man ought to feel, in the hope that his act will be useful, and receive the kind approval and respect of his countrymen. If the editors think that the address presents any views that are calculated to promote the virtue and welfare of the country and a faithful administration of the government and laws, their patriotism and public spirit, as faithful journalists, I am sure, will prompt them to publish it, although I have no patronage to bestow, and no association with any ring that could be of benefit to any one. J. S.

MR. COBLEIGH LOSES HIS SUSPENDERS.

We are a particular people. When we place anything down we want to find it just there when we look for it. We are very particular about this. And when we do not place anything just there, we expect to find it there just the same. And more so. Mr. Cobleigh took a bath Sunday morning. On coming from the water refreshed and strengthened, he put on his pants and drew the suspenders over his bare shoulders, and taking his soiled clothing in his arms, adjourned to the bedroom. Here he deliberately put his undershirt and fine linen over his suspenders, and deliberately loosened those articles while he tucked in the garments. Then he looked for his suspenders. He had carefully placed them on a chair, you know—that chair right at the foot of the bed, and he looked there for them, as it was perfectly reasonable he should. They were not there, however. Mr. Cobleigh was surprised. He stared very hard at the chair, and tried manfully to keep down the rising temper. Then he looked in every corner of the room, and got down on his knees, and peeped under the bed, and even looked up at the ceiling, and out of the window. He examined those localities not because he expected to find the articles there, but Mr. Cobleigh wished to show the world that there was no intention on his part to be unfair in this matter. He had left those suspenders on that chair, and as they were not gifted with legs, some one had removed them. Mr. Cobleigh was so confident of this that he deemed it prudent to strike the stand with his fist, and tell what ought to be done to the party who took the suspenders. This he did, and then called his wife. She came at once. Mr. Cobleigh very briefly related the loss, because he hadn't time to talk much, and proceeded to talk about nothing else. Mrs. Cobleigh carefully searched the room, which so exasperated him, as he had already made the search, and had left the suspenders on the chair, that he tartly inquired if she supposed he had hidden the articles. This led her to explain that she believed he had left them somewhere else. "Do you think I'd lie about a pair of suspenders," gasped he, as the awful suspicion flashed upon him. Mrs. Cobleigh was not prepared to back up this proposition; perhaps she did not consider it at all, but she was confident they had been mislaid, and said so, while Mr. Cobleigh, holding up his garments, danced around in a very furious manner. Finally a compromise was made with two strips of woolen cloth, with holes at the ends, and the Cobleighs went to church in no very happy state of mind. At night, when Mr. Cobleigh retired, and drew off his upper wardrobe for that purpose, a vehement exclamation attracted the attention of Mrs. Cobleigh, who looking around, beheld a very sheepish-looking man trying to disengage a pair of suspenders from under a tight-fitting undershirt. "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the lady. "I—" "Will you shut up and go to bed?" savagely demanded Mr. Cobleigh. She did.—*Danbury News.*

☞ A new hand—The baby's.

The Dead Letter.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

And can it be? Ah, yes, I see,
'Tis thirty years and better
Since Mary Morgan sent to me
This musty, musty letter.
A pretty hand (she couldn't spell),
As any man must vote it;
And 'twas, as I remember well,
A pretty hand that wrote it!

How calmly now I view it all,'
As memory backward ranges—
The talks, the walks, that I recall,
And then—the postal changes!
How well I loved her, I can guess
(Since cash is cupid's postage)—
Just one-and-sixpence—nothing less—
This letter cost in postage!

The love that wrote at such a rate
(By Jove! it was a steep one!)
Five hundred notes (I calculate)
Was certainly a deep one;
And yet it died—of slow decline—
Perhaps suspicion killed it;
I've quite forgotten if 'twas mine
Or Mary's flirting killed it!

At last the fatal message came:
"My letters—please return them;
And yours—of course you wish the same,
I'll send them back or burn them."
Two precious fools, I must allow,
Whichever was the greater;
I wonder if I'm wiser now,
Some seven lustres later?

And this alone remains! Ah, well!
These words of warm affection,
The faded ink, the pungent smell,
Are food for deep reflection.
They tell of how the heart contrives
To change with fancy's fashion,
And how a drop of musk survives
The strongest human passion!

PAY UP—PAY UP!

If you have money pass it along. Haul out the old purse, and hand over the dollar; you owe it; it is not yours; pay it! Don't know when you'll ever see another dollar? Well, perhaps you never ought to see another, till you learn what money is made for, and cease to hoard it up. But whether you ever see another dollar or not, this one is not yours, that is clear, if you owe it for an honest debt. Pass it along, pay your debts, and trust in God to bring it back again in His own good time. Money is made to be used, and the way to use it is to pay your debts. A few dollars used in a community will pay the debts, and leave everybody clear, and with as much money as they had at the beginning; a few dollars hoarded makes everybody trouble, and does no one any good.

THE RIGHT KIND OF RELIGION—We all want a religion that not only bears on natural sinfulness, but on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from cotton bags and sugar, rocks from wool, chiccory from coffee, alum from bread, lard from butter, and water from milk cans. The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches on the top and all the bad ones at the bottom.

☞ A merchant who was on the verge of bankruptcy, took a walk one day with his cashier, who had grown rich and built several fine houses in a fashionable avenue. In the pride of his heart he showed his employer his palatial dwellings and asked triumphantly: "What do you think of that?" "I think," said the merchant after a pause, "that you had better take my business and let me act as cashier!"

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, in Rome, required for its erection 176 years, and to complete the structure an additional 124 years. It cost $50,000,000 in gold, and to keep it in repair an additional annual expense of $20,000. The best idea of its dimensions may be conveyed by the statement that it covers eight acers of ground.

☞ A Boston preacher, in speaking of the danger of permitting the Bible to be crowded out by the newspaper, perpetrated the following pun: "Men now-a-days," said he, "are like Zaccheus—desirous of seeing Jesus, but they cannot because of the press."

☞ A lady of the shoddy aristocracy at St. Joe, found, on returning from a walk, some call cards on her table. She called a servant in great haste, saying: "John, John, take these and run quick!—them ladies is forgot their tickets."

☞ The Colorado papers are bragging over the wonderful restorative effects of their climate upon an Ohio lady, who could not sweep her room at home, but shortly after her arrival in Colorado was able to chase her husband a mile with a pitch-fork.

☞ It wasn't one of Job's comforts to have a severe cold, and be told by condoling friends when and where he caught it as if he did not know just how it was and just how it felt himself. Job escaped that consolatory experience.

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