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Rooms Where Our Treasures Are.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

There's a room in my house, that no stranger can enter,
There's a lock on the door, and the windows are fast;
For that room is the place that encloses my treasures,
Where in twilight's sad hours I commune with the past.

I enter the door as one enters a graveyard,
With the head bowed down, and eyes filling with tears;
For there I have garnered the sacred mementoes,
That were dear to the loved of life's happier years.

There's a little white dress, with knots of blue ribbon,
That adorned the fair form of my one, precious girl;
And wee tiny shoes stand alone in the corner,
Where she left them, to walk the streets of pure pearl.

There's a hobby-horse there, without any rider;
A whip—but no arm that can swing the bright toy;
There's a row of grim soldiers, but never a captain;
A drum—but no musie: kites and balls—but no boy!

There's a cap which once rested on thin locks of silver;
And relics of mother-love, patient and meek:
There are trophies of manhood's victorious battles,
With the staff that age dropped, when the hands grew too weak.

Books are there, with the print-marks of dear little fingers,
And books that *old* eyes with delight pondered o'er;
While close by the baubles that gladened fair childhood,
Are the bubbles Age sought, that alike please no more.

There's a room in my heart where no guest is invited,
That is shut from the gaze of the curious eye,
Where lie folded the rose leaves of life's glowing summer,
With its joys and the loves that never can die.

There are smiles, there are tears; there is shadow with sunlight;
There are lingering names, e'er to memory dear:
There are words of kind greeting, from loved ones united,
And farewells from friends who could not linger here.

There's a room in a realm where the beacon-light shineth,
And children and friends, loved and lost, gather there;
And when I go thither, I am sure I shall know them,
By the look of fond welcome their faces will wear.

There are smiles without tears *there;* sunlight, but no shadow!
Fond meetings, kind greetings, but not a farewell!
For parents and children, the young and the aged,
In *that* realm united *forever* may dwell!

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

Very few ghost stories have such a *solid* foundation as the following:

Joseph I, Emperor of Germany, was a merry gentleman, and as brave at heart as he was sturdy in biceps. He was a bosom friend of the Elector of Saxony—a royal scamp, whose bump of reverence hardly equaled his love for the flesh. Joseph was a good Catholic, and his friends of the Church were in considerable fear lest the Elector should lead him from the true faith. They tried almost every device to break the companionship between them; but all to no purpose. Finally a zealous Jesuit Father disguised himself in Satanic attire and silently entered the Emperor's chamber late on one dark night. Clinking heavy links of chains and placing himself near the bed, where the dim light from the solitary taper could fall upon his figure, the very mysterious visitor began haranguing, in very sepulchral voice, the startled Emperor:

"Renounce, O Emperor, thy intimacy with the Elector of Saxony, or prepare for eternal damnation!"

The muscular magnate, not caring to be bored with unearthly callers at an unseasonable hour, leaped from his couch, and, catched up in his arms his phantom visitor, launched him out of the window, saying:

"Return to purgatory, from whence you came!"

A broken thigh was his ghostship's reward.

☞ A young woman in Chicago put her false teeth in a glass of water at night, and in the morning found them imbedded in a chunk of solid ice. She was late at breakfast, the process of thawing out the teeth with a bonfire of matches having been slow.

"BANG UP."

CHAPTER I.

'Anything over Ben?'

'Not a dollar: I just paid the Journal's bill for advertising, which has pretty much cleaned me out.'

'How much?'

'Forty-two dollars and twenty-five cents.'

'Ben, I don't like to tell you that you are the biggest fool on the street; but you are.'

'Forty-two dollars for advertising!'

'Just so, and for three month's advertising.'

The applicant for 'anything over' gave a peculiar whistle to define the length and breadth and depth of his astonishment.

This conversation occurred in the store of Benjamin Weston, a young and enterprising merchant, who had just commenced business on his own account. The other person, who, to use his own classic expression, was 'bang up,' and wanted to borrow $50 to make up the amount of a note due that day, was Joseph Weston, a cousin of the other. They had been playmates in youth, and staunch friends in maturity. Though there was a great diversity of opinion on many topics, a strong sympathy existed between them.

They had commenced business at about the same time, and under nearly the same circumstances, both being obliged for the want of sufficient capital to mortgage the stock of their respective stores.

Thus far they had done well, and the prospect was that both would become wealthy and distinguished merchants.

They had married sisters, and occupied tenements in the same block. Their houses were furnished in substantially the same style, and no material difference of expenditure. Both had been brought up to business habits, and educated into the principles of rigid economy.

'Forty-two dollars for advertising,' repeated Joe.

'And if I had money to spare, I would spend double that sum,' replied Benjamin.

'What benefit do you expect to realize from it?'

'You are behind the times, Joe. Benefit? What a question. I expect to make my fortune by it.'

'Humbug!'

'Look at Brandreth and Swain.'

'Both humbugs.'

'No matter for that; if these fellows have been able to make princely fortunes by advertising humbugs, how much more so will he who deals in substantial realities.!'

'All gammon!'

'We differ; time will tell who is in the right.'

'Seriously, Ben, you will ruin yourself if you go on this manner. Forty-two dollars a quarter for advertising!'

'I shall spend a hundred the next quarter.'

'Don't do it, Ben.'

'How does it happen, Joe, that you are in the street borrowing money? I never did such a thing since I commenced business.'

'How does it happen, Ben, that you haven't any money to lend?' asked Joe, with a smile.

'Because I have spent it in advertising.'

'Better have spent it for opera and 2.40's.'

'Wait, Joe, wait.'

'I spent nothing for advertising, but I bet you the oysters my sales for the last quarter are as large as yours.'

'I will take you up on the next quarter.'

'Why not the last?'

'Advertising is somewhat like planting potatoes; you must wait for the crops.'

'Don't believe it, Ben. When I have a fifty spot that I don't know what to do with, I shall put into my family. Buy a library, a new sofa, or something of that sort. I should rather go to the White Mountains with it than throw it away upon the newspapers.'

'You don't know your own interest, Joe.'

'Don't I? Some kinds of business might thrive on advertising; but ours, never. Do you believe the women look in the newspapers before they go shopping?'

'Well, there was a lady in here just now, who said she saw such and such goods advertised by me.'

'Pshaw! and on the strength of that you intend to spend $50 more in advertising! Ben, you are crazy;' and Joseph Weston turned on his heel and left the store, assured in his own mind that his friend was going to ruin.

In his estimation such loose principles would eventually bring him to bankruptcy. But Ben was his friend, and he deeply commiserated him because he clung to such weak and pernicious doctrines.

CHAPTER II.

Business prospered with the young men. By prudent and careful management, each had not only made a living, but had been able to pay a small portion of the mortgage on the stock at the end of the first year.

Joseph had the advantage of his friend in possessing a better location, and though his rent was somewhat higher, the difference was more than compensated by the increased faculties it afforded him. If his business increased as it had done, he would be enabled to clear himself of debt in another year.

Under this encouraging aspect he ventured to expend a hundred dollars in addition to his furniture, which his wife insisted were absolutely necessary for their comfort and happiness. The house had been furnished altogether too plain for this progressive age, in her estimation. She was behind some of her friends, who she was sure, were doing no better than her husband.

Joseph was a little obstinate at first; but then there was something so decidedly comfortable in a set of stuffed chairs and a lounge, that he did not hold out in his opposition. He was doing well, and the expenditure would not seriously embarrass him.

With a nice new Brussels carpet and the new furniture, Mrs. Weston's little parlor looked exceedingly pleasant and comfortable. Besides it looked as though her husband was prospering in his business.

It was so very nice that the young wife could not bear the idea of having the parlor shut up, so that no one should see it till the furniture had grown rusty, consequently she made up her mind that they must have a party.

Their friends had parties; why should they not? It looked stingy not to have one. Mrs. Weston was an eloquent debater, and she gained the day in this matter. It is true the party was not a very extravagant affair; but it cost Joe some $50. In the meantime Benjamin had paid quite as much for advertising as his friend had for new furniture and the party. Joseph laughed at him, and finally came to believe that he was insane, and would certainly come to ruin in another year.

Mrs. Ben Weston, too, felt decidedly unpleasant about the improvements which had been going on in her sister's house.

'Why can't we have a rosewood table and a set of stuffed chairs, Benjamin?' asked she, pouting her pretty lips into a very unamiable position.

'Simply, me dear, because I cannot afford it,' replied the philosophical merchant.

'How can Joe afford it?'

'I presume he knows his own business best.'

'He has put over a hundred dollars into his house.

Ben whistled 'T'other side of Jordan,' and made no reply.

'Do, Ben, buy some new chairs.'

'Can't afford it.'

'Yes you can.'

'No I can't.'

'You can afford as well as Joe.'

'Perhaps I can.'

'Do buy some.'

'I should be very glad to gratify you, but I cannot take the money from my business. A year hence, if business prospers with me, you shall have them.'

'A year hence,' pouted the wife.

'I must spend a hundred dollars in advertising the next quarter.'

'How foolish!'

'Very foolish, my dear; but it must be done.'

'That's the way you throw your money away. You don't catch Joe to do such a trick as that.'

'True; but though he has the advantage of having a corner store, I paid three hundred dollars more on my mortgage note than he did.'

'Then you can afford the table and chairs.'

'Nay, my dear, I will not spend a dollar for superfluities while I am in debt.'

'Mrs. Ben Weston felt very bad about it, but her husband was firm, and she was forced to content herself with the plain furniture.

Mrs. Joe Weston enjoyed her nice parlor till the novelty wore away, and then she discovered that there were a great many other articles wanted to make things look uniform. The two windows must have drapery curtains, a pier glass was needed, and some pictures were wanted to relieve the walls. Her husband, who had once exceeded the limits of his means, found no great difficulty in doing so again, and the things were bought.

But Joe had some scruples about it.—His notes began to be troublesome, and every day he was in the street borrowing money. His business, too, had not met his expectations. Instead of increasing in the ratio of the first year's experience, it hardly held its own, and the poor fellow began to have some serious misgivings about the future.

Before the year had half expired, he was obliged to introduce a rigid system of retrenchment into his family and business expenses within his means.

CHAPTER III.

Another year had passed away in the business experience of the young merchants. The books had been balanced, and the results stood in black and white before them.

Ben had followed up his system of advertising through the year. He had expended large sums, but made the outlay with judgement and discretion.

The results exceeded his most sanguine expectations. His store was crowded with customers, with genuine bona fide customers, and with but a small proportion of gadders and fancy shoppers. The newspapers had borne to the best families in the city and country full descriptions of his stock. His name was as familiar as 'household words' in the dwellings of the rich and poor, of the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer.

Truly the harvest was abundant, and Ben rubbed his hands with delight as he cast his eyes over the figures which conveyed to him the pleasing results of his year's operations. He had the means, not only of clearing himself of debt, but also of gratifying his wife by giving her all the new furniture she required, besides a handsome surplus with which to increase the business.

The new furniture was bought and set up; every debt was discharged, and the importers and jobbers were eager to give him unlimited credit.

One day while the was ruminating upon this pleasant state of things, Joe Weston entered the store. For some months past the intercourse between the young merchants had not been as cordial as formerly. Joe's nice things had rather 'set him up,' some of the upper ten had condescended to visit him, and he attended the 'Almack' parties with his wife.

He was getting ahead fast in his own estimation, and cherished a supreme contempt for the slow motion of his friend. But when, in the middle year, he found himself running down hill, and discovered that Ben's store was crowded with shoppers, while his own was empty, a feeling of envy took possession of him.—Ben must be underselling, he concluded, and sooner or later the consequences would appear.

The prosperous merchant could not but notice the dejected mien of his friend, as he entered the store.

'How are you, Joe? You are almost a stranger, lately. Where do you keep yourself?'

'Business, Ben; business!' replied Joe, demurely.

'Good! business before pleasure.'

'Anything over to-day?' asked Joe; but the query was not put in that buoyant, elastic tone, which had distinguished him in former times.

'A trifle; how much do you want?' returned Ben promptly.

'To tell the truth I am 'bang up.' I have got a note for four hundred to pay, and I have not got the first dollar towards it.'

'You are late; it is half-past one now,' replied Ben.

'Ben, I am in a tight place,' said Joe, in a low, solemn tone.

'Indeed! I am sorry to hear it,' and Ben's face wore an expression of sincere sympathy.

'Nothing serious, I hope?'

'I am afraid so.'

'What can I do for you?' and the young merchant took down his check book and examined the state of his bank account.

'I can give you a check for three hundred, if that will do you any good,' continued he, taking up the pen to fill out the blank.

'Thank you, Ben; you are very kind; but I don't know as I ought to take it,' said Joe.

'Not take it! Why not?'

'If I should pay this note, there is hardly a possibility that I could get through the month.'

'So bad as that? 'Pon my soul, I am sorry to hear it.'

'Smith and Jones advise me to make an assignment.'

'How does it happen? I thought you were doing well?'

'Business has been very dull for the last six months. Haven't you found it so?' he asked.

'Well, no: it has been thriving with me.'

Joe knew it had; indeed, his present visit was not to borrow money, but to prepare his friend for the 'smash' which was now unavoidable.

'My sales have been light,' continued he; 'I can't account for it.'

'I can; look here, Joe.'

Ben took down his ledger, and pointed to the account 'Charges,' where the sums paid for advertisiog had been entered. On a slip of paper he had folded them up.

'Five hundred and sixty-five dollars for advertising, Joe! That's what did the business.'

Joe was astonished. It was quite as much as he had paid for fine things for his home, and for parties, and the opera; but the investment had been vastly more profitable, inasmuch as, taken in connection with the careful management of his business and his economical manner of living, it had the foundation of his future fortune. It had given him a good start in business, and a good beginning is half the battle.

Joe Weston failed and paid only twenty cents on a dollar. His fine furniture was all sold, and he was obliged to board out. But in his extremity Ben was his true friend. He received him into his house, and when his business was settled up, took him into partnership.

The firm is now one of the most respectable and prosperous in the city.—Joe, ever since he was 'bang up,' believes in advertising, and any one who opens the Journal, or indeed, any of the daily papers, cannot fail to notice the conspicuous advertisement of 'Weston & Co.—*Oliver Optic.*

HANDEL was one of the most humorous of mortals, and, at the same time, one of the most irritable. Having occasion to bring out one of his oratorios in a provincial town of England, he began to look about for such material to complete his orchestra and chorus as the place might afford. One and another was recommended, as usual, as being a splendid singer, a great player, and so on. After a while, such as were collected were gathered together in a room, and, after preliminaries, Handel made his appearance, puffing, both arms full of manuscripts.

"Gentlemen," yuoth he, "you all read manuscripts?"

"Yes, yes," responded from all parts of the room.

"We play in the church" added an old man behind a violoncello.

"Very well, blay dis," said Handel, distributing the parts. He then retired to a distant part of the room to enjoy the effect. The stumbling and blundering that ensued are said to have been indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear and impetuous spirit could not long brooke the insult, and, clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violoncello, and shaking his fist furiously at the terrified man and the instrument, said:

"You blay in de church—very well—you may blay in de church—for we read, de Lord is long-suffering, of great kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin; you sal blay in de church, but you sal not blay for me;" and snatching together his manuscripts, he rushed out of the room, leaving his astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.

☞ The Nevada *Silver State* says:

"At a recent trial in the Elko county court, Bishoff, of the Humboldt Brewery, was called as a witness. Mr. Bishoff is one of the "solid men" of Elko, where he has been in business since the town was started, in the winter of 1858. Upon being sworn, Counsellor Rand, one of the attorneys in the case, who, by the way, is an old resident of Elko, said:

"Mr. Bishoff, where do you reside?"

"Where I reside? What for you ask me such foolish tings? You drink at my place more as a hundred times."

"That has nothing to do with the case on trial, Mr. Bishoff; state to this jury where you reside."

"De shury! Oh, py giminy! efery gentleman on de jury has a string of marks on my cellar door just like a rail fence."

His Honor here interceded in the counsellor's behalf, and in a calm, dignified manner requested the witness to state where he resided.

"Oh, excuse me, shudge; you drinks at my blace so many times and pays me notings, I dinks you know old Bishoff vat keeps de brewery."

THEY DIDN'T GET MARRIED.

A few days ago a Detroit widower, who was engaged to a Detroit widow, each having two or three children, and both being well off, determined to test her love for him and at the same time determine if she was actuated by mercenary motives, as some of his friends had asserted. He called upon the usual evening hour, and after awhile remarked:

"My dear, you know I have two children, and to-day I had my life insurance policy for $25,000 changed to their sole benefit in case of my death."

"You did quite right, my darling," she promptly replied. "I have three children, as you are aware. As soon as we were engaged I had every dollar's worth of my property so secured that they alone have the benefit of it."

He looked.

She looked.

The marriage did not come off at the time fixed last week, and it may never occur.

FORCE AND STIMULANTS.

The London Lancet remarks that at the present day our treatment has assumed a character too decidedly stimulant and not quite sufficiently nutritive. Stimulants ought to be regarded as auxiliaries to nutrition more than they are at present. Nutritive material, as milk, meat juice, eggs, and various forms of starch, ought to form a greater matter in the dietary of the sick than stimulants, whether nitrogenized or alcoholic; such materials, when assimilated, give supplies of force. Stimulants may assist in their assimilation, and do so; but in themselves stimulants only furnish supplies of force-bearing material. They are, however, a means by which the system may reach some of its physiological reserve fund. Such use may be advantageous or pernicious, according to circumstances; and an ill-regulated or excessive process of stimulation may give results as disastrous as a wise and intelligent resort to stimulants may be beneficial and preservative in its consequences.

☞ At a prayer meeting of colored people in Erie, the decency and good order of the meeting being disturbed by a negro named Brown, whose prayers in public were only incoherent ravings, the pastor inquired:

'What fool nigga's dat prayin' down dar near de doe?'

A dozen people replied with one voice: 'It am bruddah Brown, sah.'

'Den,' replied the pastor, 'Bruddah Brown subside, and let some one pray dat's better 'quainted wid de Lord!'

☞ Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

Said Stiggins to his wife one day:
'We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make *both ends meet*.'

The dame replied, in words discreet,
'We'er not so badly fed,
If we can make but *one end meat*.
And make the other *bread*.'

☞ "The rich," said a Dutchman, "eat venison because it ish deer. I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

☞ This year February has 29 days,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by George A. Hanson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Old Kent.

Notes Illustrative of the Early Records

OF

KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

Alithea Comegys, daughter of William and Ann Cosden, married, 10th of July, 1761, Joseph Ireland, who was born 17th of June 1727, near Halifax, Yorkshire, England. They had children, viz: William, Joseph, John, Jesse Comegys, and Alphonso Cosden Comegys.

Alphonso Comegys, son of William and Ann Cosden Comegys, had two sons, John and Francis Comegys.

John Comegys, son of Alphonso Comegys, married Ann Comegys, daughter of Jonathan and Mary Griffith Comegys, and had children, viz: Alphonso and Anne Maria Comegys.

Alphonso Comegys, son of John and Ann Comegys, married Sarah E. Morgan, and had one son, John E. Comegys.

Ann Maria Comegys, daughter of John and Ann Comegys, married, 6th August, 1826, John Ward Comegys, only son of William and Elizabeth Ward Comegys, and had children, viz: Georgia, Virginia, William, Indiana M., and John Ward Comegys.

Nathaniel Comegys, son of William and Ann Cosden Comegys, married Hannah Wallace, and had children, viz: William, Hannah and John Comegys. He married a second time Francina Worrell, and had one daughter, Ann Worrell Comegys.

William Comegys, son of Nathaniel and Hannah Wallace Comegys, married Elizabeth Ward, daughter of Col. John Ward of Cecil county, Md. (Col. Ward was a Revolutionary soldier and his great grand children living in Kent county, Md., now possess the epaulets which he wore at the battle of Long Island), and had one son, John Ward Comegys.

John Ward Comegys, son of William and Elizabeth Ward Comegys, married, 6th of August 1826, his cousin, Ann Maria Comegys, daughter of John and Ann Comegys, and had children, viz: Mary Virginia, Columbia, Sommerfield, Edward Glanville and John Ward Comegys.

Hannah Comegys, daughter of Nathaniel and Hannah Wallace Comegys, was born in 1771, married Benjamin Comegys, and had one son, Bartus Comegys.

Bartus Comegys, son of Benjamin and Hannah Comegys, married, 13th of Oct. 1818, Evelina M. Dorsey, daughter of Vachel Dorsey, of Baltimore county, Md., and had children, viz: Elizabeth D., Benjamin, John P., Essex D., Philip T., Catharine C., Sallie M., and Mary C. Comegys.

Elizabeth D. Comegys, daughter of Bartus and Evelina M. Dorsey Comegys, married Robert W. Cliffe.

John P. Comegys, son of Bartus and Evelina M. Dorsey Comegys, married Georgianna Mitchell, and had children, viz: Bartus, Evelina M., Harry D., Persehouse and Caroline Comegys.

Benjamin Comegys, son of Bartus and Evelina M. Dorsey Comegys, married Mary Bartlett, daughter of William E. Bartlett.

Ann Worrell Comegys, daughter of Nathaniel and his second wife, Francina Worrell Comegys, married James Ringgold, and had children, viz: Mary and Francina Ringgold. She survived her first husband and married John Myers Comegys, and had children, viz: Nathaniel, Hannah and Anna Comegys.

Jesse Comegys, son of William and Ann Cosden Comegys, married Mary Everett, and had children, viz: Cornelius Maria and Sarah Comegys.

Sarah Comegys, daughter of Jesse and Mary Everett Comegys, married John Wallace, and had children, viz: Frank, Sophia, Cornelius, Araminta, Comegys, Benjamin, John and Arthur Wallace.

Jonathan Comegys, son of William and Ann Cosden Comegys, married Mary Griffith and had the following children, viz: Ann, Edward, William, Mary, Ariana and Jonathan Comegys.

Ann Comegys, daughter of Jonathan and Mary Griffith Comegys, married John Comegys, son of the first named Alphonso Comegys, and had children, viz: Alphonso and Ann Maria Comegys.

Jonathan Comegys, son of Jonathan and Mary Griffith Comegys, married Harriet Stradley; 12th of Jan. 1815, and had children, viz: Mary, Edward William, Sarah A., Eliza and Ariana Comegys.

Edward William Comegys, son of Jonathan and Harriet Stradley Comegys, married Georgia Comegys, daughter of John Ward Comegys, and had children, viz: Mary Virginia, Columbia, Sommerfield, Edward Glanville, and John Ward Comegys.

Sarah A. Comegys, daughter of Jonathan and Harriet Stradley Comegys, married B. F. Harris of Pittsburg, and had children, viz: Cornelia and Franklin Harris. She married a second time Mr. McLain and had one daughter Eugenia McLain.

Ariana Comegys, daughter of Jonathan and Harriet Stradley Comegys, married Mr. Stewart of Pennsylvania.

Cornelius Comegys, the youngest son of William and Ann Cosden Comegys, born the 4th of July 1758, was a gallant soldier and in many respects a remarkable man. On the 1st of July 1776, he left Chestertown as sergent in the Flying Camp. On its way to Fort Washington the regiment stopped in Philadelphia and he was in the city on that memorable day, the 4th of July 1776, and participated in the dread and sublime emotions and rejoicings of that awful moment. After the fall of Fort Washington he was placed in charge of the invalid soldiers and conducted them to Hackenseek in New Jersey. At the expiration of his term of service he again entered the army and served as ensign in General Washington's army, at White Marsh, after the battle of Germantown. In September 1778, immediately after the British had evacuated the city, he removed to Philadelphia, and upon the organization of the Government, under the Articles of Confederation, he received the appointment of a clerkship in the Treasury Department of the infant Republic. He was also assigned to the duty of preparing and signing the Continental currency. In the year 1782 he retired from public life and entered the counting-room of Willing & Morris & Robert Morris. He soon became a great favorite with the firm, and in 1784, with the assistance of the credit of the acting partners was enabled to commence business as an importing merchant of dry goods. Into his business he carried the same habits and qualities which made him a brave and faithful soldier and won the esteem of all who knew him, whether in the tented field, in Governmental employ, in the counting-room, or behind his own desk. On the 4th of July 1840, being then 82 years of age, he wrote this history of his eventful and honorable life for the use of his children. A shorter sketch, written in July 1842, is now in the possession of his nephew, Mr. Samuel Comegys.

Cornelius Comegys married, first, Miss Paul of Philadelphia. His second wife was Catharine Baker. They had children, viz: Hannah Comegys, who married Mr. Mason and had one child Kate Mason, who married Mr. Smith; Julia A. Comegys, who married Mr. Sargent; Josephine Comegys and Ella Comegys, who were the first and second wives of Mr. Gilmore; Jacob Comegys, who married Miss Lee, of Boston; and Mortimer Comegys, who died young. (42)

COMMON SENSE VENTILATION.

The best practical statement I have met about ventilation, writes a correspondent, was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania: 'Air is like a rope; you can pull it better than you can push it. All mechanical applicants for pushing air into a room or a house are disappointing. What we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room; the fresh supply will take care of itself if means for its admission are provided. It has been usual to withdraw the air through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room, with their gradual accumulation of cooled carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the better plan would be to draw this lower air out from a point near the floor, allowing the warmer and upper portions to descend and take its place. An open fine, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one half or two-thirds of the heat carried up chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease, and large though this seem, from its daily drafts on the woodpile or coalbin, it is trifling when compared with doctors' bills and with the loss of strength and efficiency that invariably results from living in unventilated apartments.

BABIES' LEGS.

Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the common deformities of humanity; and wise mothers assert that the crookedness in either case arises from the afflicted one having been put upon his or her feet too early in babyhood. But a Massachusetts physician, Dr. Compton, who has watched for the true cause, thinks differently. He attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with their soles pressed together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they do not attempt to make it when they are socked or slippered. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's soles covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked into the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inward more than another, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been that most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the insides of the knees so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.

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