The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHSTERTOWN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1876. NO. 22.

THE WAY TO WOO.

Don't be in too great a hurry;
Hurries never pay;
Take your time; a wary general
Always feels his way.
Don't pull your line too quickly;
Rather give it play.

Take her sometimes to a concert,
Sometimes to a ball;
Sometimes spend a pleasant evening;
Sometimes only a call;
Sometimes 'twill be far the wisest
Not to go at all.

Do not meet your would-be rivals
With a jealous frown;
Show her that you don't care tuppence
For a man in town.
Praise her other beaux; then surely
She will run them down.

Send her presents—not too costly;
Trifles light as air:
Dainty fruit to please her palate;
Flowers for her hair—
Something that will show you choose
Fairest for the fair.

Vex her sometimes (constant sunshine
Is so dreadful tame;)
Just a little dash of water
Brightens up a flame.
Love that doesn't fizz and sputter
Isn't worth the name.

Then at last, some quiet evening,
(Moonlight nights are stale,)
Drop into her cosy parlor,
Looking very pale.
Strive to hide your woe unuttered,
But be sure to fail.

Mention first some vague intention
Of a journey west;
Darkly hint of secret sorrow,
That forbids you rest;
Whisper that 'tis hard to leave her,
But, perhaps, 'tis best.

Then if she should blush and tremble
With a shy surprise—
If there is no roguish sparkle
Twinkling in her eyes—
Then—then tell the old, old story
Told 'neath Eden skies!

ROSAMOND'S PICTURE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

'He'll never marry you, Puss,' said Joshua Archer.

Little Rosamond, his grand-daughter, looked up, with wistful and startled eyes, as she answered:

'Why not, grandfather? I think—I'm almost sure—that he likes me.'

Rosamond Archer had neither mother nor sister, and had fallen into the habit of making all her maiden confidences to her grandfather, the wooden-legged old soldier of the times of Jackson the Invincible.

Old Joshua took his pipe out of his mouth, and watched the blue curls of smoke as they floated up into air.

'My girl,' said he, 'I think he *does* like you. But he's in debt, my dear. He's terribly tied down with that old mortgage and the notes his father died and left him to pay off. And Hester Harris has a clear thousand dollars of her own. A man can't afford to push Fortune aside when she meets him face to face.'

'If I th ught so, grandfather—'

'Little girl,' said Joshua, not without a kindly pity in his voice, 'you don't know the world as well as I do.'

Rosamond silently rose from her seat, and taking a blue-edged china bowl in her hand, went out to gather currents for her uncle's tea—and to be alone and think.

'If Walter Cheswick can be as mercenary as *that*,' she thought with the big drops of crystal starting to her eyes, 'then there is no truth and honesty left in all the world.'

'Rosa!'

Through the green wall of tall bushes the gleam of a pair of merry hazel eyes glittered upon her, and the next moment, her lover, Walter Cheswick, was at her side.

'I was coming this way, on an errand from the mill,' said he, 'and so I thought I'd just look in. But, Rosa, you are crying! What for?

'I—I don't know!' faltered poor Rosa, hanging down her head.

'But you must tell me! Dear Rosa, your tears fall like drops of fire on my heart, for I love you, Rosa.'

'Oh, Walter!'

'I have loved loved you this long time, dear,' he went on, tenderly pressing her hand in his; 'only I dare not ask you to share my uncertain future. But some day, Rosa, when I have paid off these debts, and have a home to offer you, will you come and be its little queen?'

And Rosa, half-crying and half-laughing, promised that she would.

'Rosa,' said she, with a demure sparkle in her blue eyes, 'Hester Harris is much more of an heiress than I am. She has a thousand dollars of her own, and I haven't a thousand cents.'

'I love you,' said Walter, 'and I don't love Hester Harris! There's the end of it in, one little one. And although I don't deny that a thousand dollars would be very acceptable to me, still I don't propose to sell myself for any such sum of money as that.'

Half an hour later, old Joshua Archer was electrified to feel Rosamond's arms around his neck, her soft cheek laid against his stubby beard, and to hear her whispered confession.

The next morning was one of those brilliant August days when the leaves scarcely stir in the golden rain of the sunshine, and the purple hills seem outlined like crayon sketches against the dazzling blue of the horizon; and old Joshua was sunning himself on a wooden bench in front of the house, when up trotted a party of gay young equestrians from Heathview House, ten miles away.

'Can we get a glass of milk and something to eat?' demanded Dallas Houghton, the fore-runner of the party, as he sprang to the ground from his high-mettled gray horse.'

Old Joshua Archer shook his head gravely.

'No, sir, this is not an *inn*,' said he quickly.

'Not an inn? Why, there's the sign swinging now,' said the young gentleman, pointing with one finger up toward the warped and dilapidated board, on which was painted, in letters well nigh washed out, the legend, "*Entertainment for Man and Beast.*"

'Yes,' said Joshua; "there's the sign, to-be-sure, just as it hung there in my son's days. He kept tavern here; but I don't.'

'How provoking!' said one of the ladies. 'And now we shall have to ride on six miles further—and I am so thirsty!'

'No need of that, no need of that!' alertly interrupted the old soldier. 'It ain't an inn, to-be-sure, but my granddarter, Rosamond, will be proud to give you a glass of milk and some of her home-made gingerbread, if so be as you'll alight. Walk in, walk in!'

He stumped on in advance of them, and Rosamond, flushed and pretty, brought out her pitcher of milk and plate of brown gingerbread at once.

But one of the guests, a middle-aged gentleman, quite bald, with shining black eyes like beads, walked straight past the table to the chimney-piece, where a dark canvas hung, inclosed in a cheap frame of painted pine.

'What's this?' said he. 'Eh? What's this?'

And he lifted a pair of gold eye-glasses to his eyes, and gazed intently on the object before him.

'That?' said Joshua Archer, rather deprecatingly. 'Oh, that belongs to our little Rosy! It ain't much to look at, I know, but she thinks it's better than the blank wall. It's laid up in the garret these twenty years, and she brought it down last spring. 'Gran'ther,' says she, 'it'll just cover the stove-pipe hole!'

'Where did you get it?' asked the gentleman.

'There was an old furrin gentleman died here when my son Zabdiel kept tavern—died of typhoid fever—and he set a deal of store by it. It was his wife, mebbe, or his mother—that there woman with the child in her arms. He had no relations as ever any one heerd of. Zabdiel buried him, him poor creeter, and there was the end of it. But he lay and stared at that pictur to the last, a mutterin' his furrin lingo. Most likely it was some relation o' his'n.'

'Not exactly,' said the dark gentleman, with a curious smile hovering around the corners of his lips. 'It's a Madonna! One of Carlo Sforza's. Quite genuine. And do you say it belongs to this little girl?'

'Yes, sir,' said Rosamond, coloring and casting down her eyes under the dark lightning of his. 'Father gave it to me for my play-house.'

'What will you take for it?'

Take for it? Take for that ugly bit of black canvas that people had almost grudged house room to? Rosamond could hardly believe her ears.

'I—I don't know, sir!' she stammered. 'I don't quite know what it's worth. Would ten dollars—'

'Ten dollars!' cried out the gentleman. 'I'll give you a thousand!'

Rosamond put her hands resolutely behind her back.

'Sir, that would be cheating you! It isn't worth so much money.'

The old *virtuoso* smiled grimly.

'Child,' said he, 'what do you know of art? Is it for you to decide what a Carlo Sforza is worth? A bottle of ink, please!'—to old Joshua, as he pulled out a pencase and a morocco leather paper-book from his vest pocket.

He knocked the frame off at once, rolled up the black and age-stained canvas, and carried it off, as old Archer afterward remarked, 'as carefully as if it were a baby.'

While Rosamond, staring at her cheque for one thousand dollars, could hardly believe that the whole thing was not a dream.

'But, grandfather, is this money all mine, to do what I like with?'

'Of course it is, child.'

'Then I'll give it to Walter to pay off the mill mortgage with, and we can be married at once.'

The old man looked fondly at his granddaughter.

'A woman all over,' said he. 'Well my lass, do with it just as will make you happiest.'

Walter Cheswick refused to accept the money at first and then he said he would take it as a loan.

'And you into the bargain, my little Good Fairy,' said he, with a smile that was half-choked by a sob.

☞ A little 3-year old daughter of a Methodist minister committed a fault and denied it. Her mother, learning she was guilty, asked her why she told the untruth, when she replied, with great straightness:

CHINESE PROVERBS, MAXIMS, Etc.

The Chinese question is probably one of the most important that has occupied attention for ages or that will occupy attention for a long time to come. Whatever we may think of Chinese immigration, few will deny that they are a remarkable people, the knowledge of many arts and sciences claimed as the result of our modern times being well known to them. The proverbs, maxims, etc., which we give will speak for themselves:

The sage does good as he breathes—it is his life.

One may be decorous without being chaste, but one cannot be chaste without being decorous.

My books speak to my mind, my friends to my heart—all the rest to my ears.'

The wise man does not speak of all that he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Raillery is the lightning of calumny.

Man may bend to virtue but virtue cannot bend to man.

Repentance is the spring of virtue.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place; talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue is a novice both in the one and the other.

One may do without mankind but one has need of a friend.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

If the heart goes not with the head the best thoughts give only light; this is why science is so little persuasive and probity so eloquent.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women.

You must listen to your wife—and not believe her.

If one is not deaf or stupid what a position is that of a father-in-law! If, with a wife and a daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to be able to hold out.

The happiest mother of daughters is she who has only sons.

The minds of women are of quicksilver and their hearts of wax.

The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at.

The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet.

The finest roads do not go far.

When men are together they listen to one another, but women and girls look at one another.

The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.

He who lets things be given to him is not good at taking.

At court people sing that they may drink; in a village people drink that they may sing.

Great souls have wills—others only feeble wishes.

The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open and yet you find no one in them.

All errors have only a time; after a hundred millions of objections, subtilties, sophisms and lies the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.

Who is the man most insupportable to us? He whom we have offended and whom we can reproach with nothing.

Receive your thoughts as guests and treat your desires like children.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good will not do it long; he who mingles humor and caprice with it will do it badly; he who only thinks of avoiding faults and reproaches will never acquire virtues.

For him who does everything in its proper time one day is worth three.

The less indulgence one has for one's self the more one may have for others.

Towers are measured by their shadows and great men by those who are envious of them.

We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has always secured his own.

The court is like the sea: everything depends upon the wind.

What a pleasure it is to give! There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this.

The rich find relations in the most remote foreign countries; the poor not even in the bosoms of their own families.

The way to glory is through the palace; to fortune through the market; to virtue through the desert.

The truths that we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE LETTERS.

Letters between the first Governor of Massachusetts and his wife, about the year 1625:

My Most Sweet Husband: How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be pleasings to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors? I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and make all things seem better than they are. I wish that I might always please thee, and that those comforts which we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use the speech to thee that Abigail did to David: "I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord." I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

I have many reasons to make me love thee, wherefore, I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewise to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be two or three weeks before I see thee.—Though they be long ones, God will bring us together in his good time, for which I shall pray. Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee,

Margaret Winthrop.

My Good Wife: Although I wrote to you last week, yet, having so fit an opportunity, I must write to thee again; for I do esteem one little, sweet, short letter of thine (such as the last was) to be worthy two or three from me.

I began this letter yesterday, at two o'clock, thinking to have been at large, but was so taken up by company and business as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expressions of my love to thee, thou art more dear to me than all earthly things: but I will endeavor that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favor and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

I know thou lookest for troubles here, and, when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remember our Saviour tells us, "Be of good comfort. I have overcome the world." Therefore, my good wife, rise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses, thou meetest with in family affairs or otherwise; but still fly to Him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully, in obedience to His holy will, in the course He hath set thee. Peace shall come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest

Thy faithful husband,
John Winthrop.

Most Loving and Good Husband: I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, "Out of sight out of mind." I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to "do you good, and not evil, all the days of your life." I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for the absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy re-presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready: make haste to entertain it.

And so I bid my good husband farewell and commit him to the Lord,

Your loving, obedient wife,
Margaret Winthrop.

IT WAS HE.

A man forty years old, and as long as a rail, went into a bank, Saturday, to get the cash on a $13 check, drawn by a party living at a distance.

'You will have to be identified,' said the cashier as he looked at the check.

'I am the man,' was the reply.

'But I don't know who you are.'

'But I do.'

'You must bring some one here that knows you.'

'Don't I know myself?' exclaimed the check tenderer.

'But I must know you. You may be Tom Jones for all that I know.'

'You must be a consarned fool to think I'm some one else!' growled the man in response.

'You must be identified,' observed the cashier.

'That's my name, I tell ye, and this is me, and if this bank don't be filled I'll lick the hull crowd of you ever belittled that railing!'

The cashier wouldn't pay, and the man couldn't find any one who knew him, and at noon he was waiting for that fellow who passed him in town.

ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

When Peter the Great, of Russia, was inspecting the construction of the first buildings of St. Petersburgh, he took up his abode in a little wooden house, consisting merely of a kitchen and two small rooms. In this house he might be seen with his ministers, and here he received ambassadors.

It happened that in Holland the captain of a ship had heard that on the Baltic and at the mouth of the Neva the foundations of an important seaport were being laid. He determined to set sail for this place, with the hope of being the first trader to the new port, and of purchasing at a cheap rate merchandise that he could afterwards dispose of in Holland.

The Emperor was standing at the window of an edifice on the port when the Dutch ship approached the shores. He was much pleased on beholding it, and he gave orders that the Dutch captain shoul d be sent to him as soon as he disembarked. The emperor determined that the stranger should visit him in his little hut, as if he was a trader of his own rank in life.

On reaching home Peter the Great communicated his project to the empress, and she, to aid his project, assumed the dress of a tradesman's wife.

The Dutch captain, introduced to the supposed trader, received the most cordial welcome, and ate and drank and smoked with the emperor. Nevertheless, on examining the poor appearance and the simplicity of the furniture, he began to fear that he should not gain much by dealing with a man who lived in such a hut, and who was probably very poor.

When the empress appeared he told her that he had brought her a Dutch cheese. She answered with so much grace that he was quite fascinated, and said:

"Here's something to make you a dress," at the same time offering her a piece of cotton goods that he had brought with him. She seemed delighted with this present.

'Oh, ho, Catherine,' said the emperor, 'you will be as fine as a queen. Really, you are in luck to-day.'

Just at this moment Prince Menzihoff, minister and favorite of Peter the Great, entered the room. He was magnificently clad, and quite dazzling with brilliant decorations. Taking off his hat, he stood before the emperer. The Dutch captain was surprised; the emperor perceived it, and made a sign to Menzihoff to withdraw, but the Dutchman exclaimed:

'How is this? You seem to have very fine acquaintances, with whom you are on very familiar terms.

'That's true,' replied the emperor, calmly, 'you may have such friends if you remain here a few days. We have many lords such as the one you have just seen. Always in debt, they are glad to find some one to borrow money of.

The Dutchman was quite satisfied with this explanation, and began to speak of business. In the meantime he was smoking and talking gaily with his host, and actually concluded a bargain with him for a cargo. At this juncture the officer on guard entered to receive orders, and before the emperor could stop him addressed him as 'Your Majesty.'

The captain started from his chair, and exclaimed:

'What, then, am I in the presence of the emperor?'

'Yes, my friend,' exclaimed Peter the Great, 'and here is the empress.'

'Ah, fool that I am!' exclaimed the Dutchman; 'and I who thought I was doing such a good action in giving her a cheese and a cotton gown.'

The empress laughed heartily.

'Come,' said Peter the Great, 'in return for your gown and cheese accept the two thousand silver roubles that the empress offers. As for me, I cannot do too much for the first merchant who has entered my port and my town. I present you with the cargo; and, since your vessel is the first that has entered the waters of the Neva, as long as it can sail over the sea it shall be received in every Russian port toll free.'

Thanks to so many favors, the Dutch captain soon amassed a large fortune.

As to the hut which was inhabited by the illustrious founder of Russian civilization, it still exists—the object of veneration. To prevent it from the injuries it might sustain from the weather, it has been protected by a brick building in the form of an arcade.

☞ 'Circumstances alter cases, you know,' said a Scotch lawyer to an old farmer client.

'Vera true, sir,' replied the farmer, 'and cases alter circumstances as weel; for, man, I mind when ye were young and had but few cases, your circumstances werna owre braw.'

☞ At a printer's festival, the following toast was offered: "Women—devoted only to the press in the domestic form of love."

☞ The man who lives in vain, is more than to satisfy the purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

ROMANCE OF LAMARTINE'S MARRIAGE.

The story of the marriage of the great French poet and statesman is one of romantic interest. The lady was of an English family named Birch, and very wealthy. She first fell in love with the poet from reading his "Meditations Poetiques." She was slightly past the bloom of youth, but still young and fair. She read and re-read the "Meditations" and nursed the tender sentiment in secret. At length she saw Lamartine in Geneva, and her love became a part of her very life. Not long after this she was made acquainted with the fact that the poet was suffering, even to unhappiness, from the embarrassed state of his pecuniary affairs. Miss Birch was not long in deciding upon her course. She would not allow the happiness of a life-time to slip from her if she could prevent it. She wrote to the poet a frank and womanly letter, acknowledging her deep interest and profound respect, and offering him the bulk of her fortune, if he would accept it. Of course Lamartine could not but suspect the truth. Deeply touched by her generosity, he called upon her, and found her to be not only fair to look upon, but a woman of a brilliant literary and artistic education. He made an offer of his hand and heart, and was promptly and gladly accepted, and in after years Alphonse De Lamartine owed not more to his wife's wealth than to her sustaining love and inspiring enthusiasm.

RUN ON THE TURN TABLE.

Jake is an old campaigner among the colored voters, but he is now 'on the fence.' He shook his head the other day and remarked:

'Dar's sumfin' rong in dis here politics now—dat's hones', you heah me?'

'What's hurting the cause now, Jake?' we asked him, as he kicked his heel against the wall.

'Well, I was up dar at de 'Pulican meetin' de odder night—yer 'members dat?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Well, dey had a brass band up dar, didn't dey? An' it played fur de meetin' seberal tunes, such as 'Glory hallylujirum,' an', 'We all drink a stone blin', fill up de bowl,' didn't dey now?'

'I believe they did.'

'Yes, an' de niggers jes' hollered same ez if dey was all right, but dat band turn squar roun' an' play dat Sunday school chune 'Ober dar,' and I'se mighty feer'd when dey counts de votes dat dey all gwine ter be 'ober dare'—on de Dimmycrat side! Dis here politicks train, 'pears to me, has run to de turn table; dat's what's hurtin.'

Then Jake moved away, whistling—'Oh, it's hard trials—great triberlashuns!'

WANTED A LITTLE HELP.

One day last week as a citizen was passing up Twelfth street a wild-eyed woman jumped out of a front door, halted him and excitedly said:

"Come in here—come in for just a minute!"

"What is the matter?" he asked in reply, observing that her face was badly scared and scratched, her clothes torn and that her noise had been roughly knocked.

"Come in—come in!" she whispered.

"You've been fighting!" he said as he backed off.

At that moment a burly big man opened the door and called out.

"Come in here, you old she fiend!"

"Come in and help me pound him!" urged the woman.

"Why, he could eat me up in a minute!" replied the citizen, "I'm no fighter, and I want no trouble."

"I can almost lick him alone," she continued, as she followed him along the walk. If I had some one to hold his legs when I got him by the throat I could choke the grit out of him in two minutes! Come on—come in and act like a Christian and give a poor woman a lift."

The citizen wouldn't stop, and after following him nearly a block the woman turned back, saying;

'If I can get in a good snifer on his noise I can lick him alone.'

Something like a New Shirt.—I say boy, why do you whistle so gayly?"

"'Cause I'm happy, mister."

"What makes you so happy?"

"'Cause I got a new shirt, look-a-here ain't it nice?"

"I don't look very new. What is it made of?"

"Why, 'tis new, 'cause mam made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un."

"And what was dad's old one made of?"

"Why, out of granny's old sheets, what her mam gave her."

☞ "Did she not return your love?" inquired a sympathizing friend of a [illegible] man who intimated that he had [illegible] dealing with him.

"Yes, she returned it, but I only what she wanted for that [illegible] didn't want it."

☞ A man being asked, as he lay [illegible] himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied:—"To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

☞ A young man is said to be in the [illegible] when he is [illegible]

MANNERS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
'Till I am asked to hand my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about.
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring,
I must not play, nor must I sing.
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen, not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.
Must turn my head to cough and sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please."
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil.
Must keep my seat when I am done,
Nor round the table sport or run.
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

RIDDLES.

What makes more noise under a fence than one pig? Two pigs.

Why is a chemist a bad person to have a dispute with? Because he always has a *retort* ready.

What two things go off in a hurry? An arrow dismissed by a bow, and a beau dismissed by a belle.

Where shall a fellow go when short of money? Go to work.

Why are children like jellies? Because as they are moulded so they will turn out.

Why is love like liquor? Because men say it is killing them, but always come back to it.

Why is a compositor like a cripple? Because he can't get on without a stick.

Why is a hotel ghost like an excisemen? Because it's an *inn spectre*.

What is the difference between the outer wall of a bridge and a couple of nice young ladies? The first is a parapet, and the second are a pair of pets.

When does a captain of a steamer become a medical man? When he's docked her.

When does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring.

Why is the letter d like a husband who scolds a sick baby? Because it always makes ma mad.

Why is kissing like a sewing machine? Because it seems good.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Because they ought to be taken up.

What is the similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar-house?—They both refine what is already sweet.

What man must always have his glass before he can begin his day's work? A glazier.

When may young ladies be said to be economical? When they resort to tight lacing to prevent waist-fullness.

What did Noah's bees do when afloat? They keep the arc-hives.

When is a small baby like a great banker? When he is a *wroth child*.

☞ An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir!"

"Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger, or a scoundrel; but I said you were 'little Else'"

☞ "Oh, gracious, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat of Mrs. Quigg, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her new bonnet came home that she couldn't get up, but dear sakes, Jane, that didn't matter nothing, for she just put her hat on, and lay with her head out of the window all the afternoon."

☞ "Wherever you find many men, you find many minds," exclaimed a public speaker.

"Taint so, by jingo!" responded one of the auditors. "If you'd only ask the whole crowd out to take a drink, you'd find them all of one mind."

☞ A nurseryman [illegible] he would supply all sorts of [illegible] plants, especially pie-plants of all kinds. A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for one package of custard-pie seed and other mince-pie plants.

☞ A young lady, following Shakespeare's play with the book, remarked to her companion:—"How beautiful those [illegible] are! Some of them are quite [illegible]

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0181