The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1876. NO. 27

A COUNTRY WALK.

BY MARY R. DODGE.

'Twas earliest autumn; up the road
To where the shade-trees blended,
And where the gathering sunbeams glowed,
My willing steps I wended.

Around the barn the trodden way
Curved carelessly, and drifted
Whether in ricks the rowen lay,
By swarthy hands uplifted.

And farther on, a little space,
It passed a neighbor's dwelling,
Where thrift bare sign of rustic grace,
A humble peace foretelling,

Up, speeding o'er the stony path
To gain the summit shaded,
My foot, I'm sure, not often hath
Been sweetlier persuaded.

For it is not stone or hill that makes
Our walk in life seem weary
But grief which silently o'ertakes
The heart—aforetime cheery;

Which chills the glow of eastern sun,
And dims its westering fringes,
And with an all-pervading dun
The bluest heaven tinges;

And lay the listless foot upon
The cobble's roughest edges,
And bids the thistle seem the one
Lone blossom of the hedges.

But I had bidden Grief good-by,
(Had bound her with a tether,)
And only happiness was nigh,
And we two strolled together.

We laugh at boulders and at broom
That hemmed the downy thistles,
As, bent to clasp their purple bloom,
We spurned the horny bristles.

We plucked the hawk-weed that the bees
In earnest haste were sipping,
Into each azure cup with ease,
Their bills demurely dipping.

We found wild carrot even a joy,
So fair its fine-spun feather,
And beauty everywhere, though coy,
Amid the tawny heather.

The mint, the golden-rod, the fern,
The pink of sweetest clover,
The cardinal-flower whose petals burn
With crimson blushes over;

The grasses that o'er reaching run
Through all the tangle, threading
The brown with silver; and the sun
About us softly spreading,

Were just so many witcheries
To hold us by the splendor
Of generous sunlight from the trees
That made the hill-top tender.

Yet on we went, and stept athwart;
The butterfly's gay showing,
Whose lightsomeness might well assort
With our still gladsome going.

The techy hornet scarcely held
A terror in his winging,
While all around us soothing swelled
The calm cicada's singing.

And so we reached the bower of shade
Through which the sun was gleaming,
And in its dappled ambuscade
Yielded to pleasant dreaming;

And dreamed this dream—that he who will,
Finds peace in lowliest places,
And if he scales the stoniest hill
Alert, but for its graces,

His eye, grown quick to nearest things,
Shall read the wider pages
Of distant vision, as though wings
Were his to span the ages.

Not idle then my morning walk,
That led me, by the sweetness
Of little wild flowers' simple talk,
To learn of life's completeness;

To see that in the humblest ways,
—Which tend to higher glories,
God's love is there, and cheers the days
With myriad charming stories.

A blue-knot—the marriage tie.

A Romantic death—Suffocated in tears.

Legal-tender—A lawyer's offer of marriage.

Tag dance for hungry men—Cutting the pigeon wing.

The best remedy for stumping men—Revenue custom.

An Essay on Mud—A girl's attempt to explain a kiss.

The popular dance of the fresh-peanut-ites—The nut-can.

The finest steam are whistled, because they style-ish-ness.

Most men travel faster than cold; any body can catch cold.

Hugh Walworth's Oath.

BY F. H. B.

'Do you love her, Hugh?'

'More than my life, Will.'

'Then, man, why don't you tell her so!'

'No, Will., I never will tell her so.—Never, never, never,' Hugh Walworth said, starting from his chair and pacing the room.

'Come, come, Hugh, don't give me a dramatic rehersal now, but sit down here and tell me what the trouble is," said Will. Laurence—Hugh's most intimate friend, and just the best-hearted fellow in the world. With almost womanly tenderness, he passed his arm around Hugh and drew him down beside him.

'No, Will.; although I love Clare St. Clair, I shall *never* tell her so. Not even if by so doing, I could win her But that is not likely. I can now hear the ringing laugh that would greet my love-making, see the mocking curl of her proud lips. I was not far away when Gus. Howard made a fool of himself.'

'Gus Howard and you are very different persons, Hugh, and I think would meet a very different reception—'

'He is handsome, rich, and of one of the oldest and best families of our State, and—'

A' vain, conceited, brainless fop. I honor Miss St. Clair for the way she sent him forth. He would have understood no other reception.'

'He is only one of the very many she has won by her witcheries to laugh at, and cast aside their hearts as little worthless baubles. She has no heart. She cannot have, or surely she would have given her love or sympathy, at least, to my cousin Paul—dear, murdered Paul—so true, so noble, so loving! He was worthy the purest woman's love Will., my boy, standing over Paul's lifeless form, I swore I would *never* tell Clare of my love; I would fly from her; battle with and conquer this love. Ah, *then*, when my grief was above all other feeling, I though it would not be hard. I must get away from here. Will., far away, where I shall never hear her name, and never see her. Six months has past since I stood beside Paul's coffin, and made that vow, and instead of banishing her from my heart, I love her! I love her!'

'Hugh! I have heard it whispered that Paul's death was not accidental: yet, *I* do not credit it. Why will you?'

'Why, because he wrote me of his love said said: 'It I cannot win Clare, I shall have nothing to live for. I cannot, I *will* not, live without her.' I feel *sure* he went to her, told his love; was rejected; and in his agony—'

'*No, no, no.* Paul Heywood *never* intended that terrible crime, I know; and you know how fond he was of hunting.—He went forth for that purpose, and it was by a sudden and unexpected discharge of his gun, that he was killed. Now, do not charge Miss St. Clair with his death. She never trifled with Paul, I feel confident'

'Then, why did she exclaim: 'Oh, I might have saved him from this!' as she stood beside him? She dreamed not that I was near'

'I know not, Hugh. Be this as it may, I do not think you should feel thus toward Miss St. Clair. She is wonderfully beautiful; and men will love her. If she has not yet learned to love any of them, I cannot, for my life, see why *you*, of all men, should feel bad about it, *particularly*, so long as she does not refuse you.'

'Would to Heaven I could think as you, Will.! If I could believe that Clare had nothing to do with my Cousin's sad end—well, I might be happier. But my oath is recorded on high, and—'

'There, never mind about that; but tell me, how long have you known Miss St. Clair?'

'Ever since she was twelve, and I a youth of fifteen. We were quite devoted to each other for about six weeks, while spending our vacation in the village of P——, she visiting her uncle; I mine. See, here is a little trinket she gave me then,' Hugh said, taking from his pocket-book a little golden heart and holding it up. 'And I teased and worried auntie until she gave me from her chatelaine a little anchor. I gave it to Clare, and told her all of my hopes were in her, and that as long as I kept her heart she must never give it to another. She said she would never want to. Oh, she was an earnest, true little love then.'

'Well?'

'Well, we parted, I going back to college, she to school. I used to write to her through a cousin of hers, and she would answer—such dear, sweet little letters! Then, after a half dozen or so passed between us, she said she could write no more; that her mother said it would interfere with her studies, and she was too young to think of a lover.'

'Even though I shall write no more, you may be sure I'm thinking of you—too much, I guess,' she wrote.

'There were beautiful girls all around me, nearer my own age. Soon I imagined myself desperately in love with the sister of my most intimate friend—little Clare was forgotten. I [illegible] her. Oh, how I've watched her! Eager, famishing for one look, to tell even of a remembrance of the old times! But now this must soon end. I will cross the ocean again, never to return! Now you have my story, Will, and we will never speak of this again. Come, let us go out for a walk!'

'All right, Hugh. But I must express my opinion first on this subject, and then if you wish, henceforth and forever, hold my tongue. If Clare St. Clair is a heartless coquette, I think you taught her the first lesson.'

The friends took up their hats and sauntered down town. Hugh was very silent, only replying to Will's remarks in monosyllables.

'I've turned the current, I think, by giving him a glance at himself,' Will. said.

* * * * * * *

'Clare St. Clair, when will you be content with this cruel game you are playing? I've just seen poor Henry Carrington. I should think you had a lesson severe enough in Paul's death. Do you wish another to die for love of you?'

'Cora, stop. How can you? How dare you say such dreadful words to me?—Were you not my cousin, and dearest friend, I could not forgive it. Oh, girl, I wish I had a heart. Paul might have won it. Dear, noble Paul! I loved him as I should a brother, if I'd been blessed with one. But, Cora, Paul never told me that he loved me. I *never* refused him. Thank heaven, he never asked. It would have been a deep sorrow for me to have lost his friendship. I have only one thing to reproach myself for. I might have kept him near me that day. He wanted me to go out riding. I feared he might speak the words I dreaded to hear, and so excused myself. Cora, you *must* believe me! Paul's flight from this world was accidental. I *know* it. He had promised to see me that evening.'

And the beautiful, heartless, cruel girl, as her discarded lovers called her, dropped her head and wept bitterly.

'Forgive me, Clare. I *do* believe you. I wish others knew of this—Hugh Walworth particularly. Have you seen much of him lately?'

'No—yes. I have seen him often, but he only bows. He has never approached me—never spoken a word to me since Paul's death. I believe he hates me.'

'Clare, I'm going to tell you a secret. Will. Laurence— my Will. now—we are engaged, dear,' Cora said, with a beautiful blush mounting her fair face—'he told me that Hugh loved you—that his heart was breaking for that love—but that he had heard the story about Paul, and by his side had sworn never to tell you of his love.'

Paler and paler the beautiful face grew. So still and cold she sat, that Cora in terror caught her in her warm, loving arms, and caressing and chiding in turn, she managed to bring something like a life-glow to the soft cheek. And then the 'beautiful coquette' sobbed:

'For this I've been waiting for years, and now to hear that it will never, never come! Oh, Cora, because I've been loving Hugh ever since I was a little girl I've had no heart for any one else.'

'There, dear, don't grieve. It will surely end all right. Hugh was not himself when he made that rash vow. He must, he will break it!' Cora said, soothingly.

'You do not know him. He never will,' Clare said, sadly.

'We shall see,' answered the gentle cousin.

And so she went away to find her Will and with him set her wise little head to work to find some plan to secure the happiness of their friends. They parted to meet again the next afternoon, when both would have had more time to work out a plan. But while these lovers were worrying their minds and hearts, Providence had taken care of the case.

Hugh, determined to fly from the girl he loved so dearly, had fixed upon the day of departure. Then an irresistible yearning came over him to see her once more. He started off toward her home, a beautiful country seat, two miles from W——. He thought, perhaps, he might meet her, or, hovering near, might watch her at the window on the porch, or wandering amid the trees and flowers. But he was doomed to disappointment. After lingering until near twilight, and failing to catch a glimpse of Clare, Hugh called a boy who was working in the garden and inquired if Miss St. Clair was home.

'No, sir. She went out for a drive. I hope she will be back soon, for the road is in an awful state. Them workmen, cut it up dreadful this afternoon, and it is dangerous travelling now,' the boy answered.

Hugh started off at a rapid gait, for what he scarcely knew himself. He had gone possibly a quarter of a mile, when he saw a light suspended in the road as a warning of a dangerous place. Almost directly after came the sound of a horse's hoofs. And then, as the little phaeton came in sight, he heard a sound of alarm from the horse. Another instant, and the terrified animal came flying madly on, on to the very danger whose warning signal had frightened him. A few seconds more, and it would be too late to save

lifeless before her.

Down on the ground beside him Clare sank, pillowing his head in her lap, and entreating him to open his eyes, to speak to her.

'Oh, I have caused this! To save me he will die. *Hugh*, dear *Hugh*, open your eyes! Speak to me! Listen to me!' she cried.

Slowly the eyelids raised, the pale lips tried in vain to speak.

'See, see, *Hugh*! Look! here is your anchor! I've worn it every hour since you gave it to me. *Hugh*, I never trifled with Paul. Oh, believe me, *Hugh*! Don't die! Try to live,' she cried.

And then, as his eyes closed again, and the head sank heavier in her arms, forgetting all, everything, but her love for him, she pressed her lips to those so pale and cold, crying:

'Oh, *Hugh*, my darling, you will never know how I have loved you so long. If you die, I shall die too.'

Again and again she pressed her lips to his. Surely the hand she had clasped gave back a gentle pressure.

'Yes, yes, he lives!' she cried. 'I must get help. But how can I leave you?'

His eyes opened again, and with a pleading look were raised to hers. Voices reached her ear; footsteps were coming.

'Thank God. *Help* is near, *Hugh*.—You will live. Try to for—'

She did not finish the sentence. She remembered then what Cora had told her.

'Yes, I *must* live now,' he whispered, clasping closer her hand.

The frightened horse, with the remnant of the phaeton, carried quickly home the news.

Mr. St. Clair, with two of the men, started to hunt for Clare.

Hugh's injuries, although quite severe, proved to be not of a dangerous character. A week afterwoads, he was able to be sitting on Mr. St. Clair's porch with Clare beside him.

'Mr. Walworth, in all probability you saved this reckless little girl's life; for, just the same thing over again, I fear,' said Mr. St. Clair, coming up.

'No, sir. *He* saved my life because he wanted me for himself, and—and—'

'I am waiting your permission to call Clare mine, sir,' *Hugh* said, clasping her hand, and approaching the old gentleman, who grasped *Hugh*'s and exclaimed:

'Have her? yes; certainly you shall. I am glad to get somebody to take her off my hands. She is more than I can hold. The most wildest, and most reckless little piece. But the truest, most loving daughter that ever blessed a father's heart.'

And so ended *Hugh* Walworth's resolve. I'm *not* sure that his oath was broken. But I'm quite confident that Clare St. Clair was perfectly satisfied of his love, although I can't remember ever having heard him *tell* her of it: and will have to admit she did *most* of the love-making herself. But *Clare Walworth* was told to her heart's content how much she was loved, and it is twice as welcome and so much sweeter coming from a husband's than a lover's lips.

ARRESTED UNDER PAINFUL CIRCUMSTANCES.

A gentleman of the name of Boucherat has just been arrested in Paris under exceptionally painful circumstances. He was seen walking along the Rue de Rennes, supporting on his arm another gentleman who appeared to be struggling with contending emotions. Suddenly a policeman espied M. Boucherat in the act of plunging his hand into his companion's pockets. When he withdrew them they were full, and he was then observed to transfer their contents into his own pockets. These movements caused the policeman to fall into a grave error, no less than that of mistaking M. Boucherat for a common thief. At the guard-house, whither the latter was conducted in spite of his most earnest protestations, he explained that he had long been a sorrowful witness of the misery which is caused by intemperance, and had resolved to devote his life to the noble mission of escorting drunkards to their homes when they were unable to take care of themselves. At the same time, as all labor must be paid or the laborer would starve, he had made a practice of taking "the obolus of friendship" from the purses of those to whom he had rendered signal service. The commissaire de police expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the explanation, but suggested that it had better be repeated to a magistrate, and that it would be even expedient for M. Boucherat to pass through the formality of a trial for petty larceny.

☞ One of the fashion papers informs us that full dress requires glove with from four buttons up to ten and twelve. This may do for some folks, but there is one young lady in this city—and she is as beautiful as a dream, too—who swears, no, she doesn't swear, but enswerates with an earnestness that is as forcible and convincing as profanity itself—that she [illegible] think of wearing a [illegible] than seven-button [illegible] of elegance [illegible]

IN THE GLASS.

It was early morning, and Thomas, Lord ——'s valet, had waited on his master's American guest to see what he desired him to do for him.

Thomas was too well-bred to appear to notice anything remarkable, but there certainly was something odd in the gentleman's manner, and he had not the look of one who had enjoyed refreshing slumbers. Twice he seemed on the point of propounding a question—twice he checked himself. At last, just as the man turned to leave the room he spoke:

'Thomas?'

'Yes, sir,' said Thomas, turning toward him again.

'No matter, Thomas.'

'Very well, sir.'

Thomas had his hand on the lock of the door this time, but again the gentleman spoke:

'Thomas, I have been awake all night.'

'My lord will regret to hear it,' said Thomas, too respectful to appropriate the information.

'Something very odd disturbed me,' continued the gentleman. 'Have you any reason to believe that any of the women servants have lost their senses?'

'Any of the maids, sir,' said Thomas. 'Oh, no, sir. My lady's own maid is a most sensible person. So is the young lady's, extremely respectable and settled, indeed. As for the cook and—Oh, no, sir. I am sure none of the maids are out of their senses, sir.'

'One of the maids kept me awake all last night,' said the American.

'One of the maids, sir!' cried Thomas.

'Yes, Thomas,' said the gentleman. 'She kept running into my room at least every half hour to look in the glass and admire herself.

'She came out of that door,' and he pointed to one in a corner, 'and walked straight up to the mirror; the light from the night lamp fell upon her face; she seemed to catch my eye in the glass each time and smiled at me as she did so. I only saw her face in the mirror, but it was very pretty, though very pale. She wore a short quilted skirt, a little black boddice, and full white sleeves. She had a gold cross tied about her neck by a black ribbon, and wore a little cap on her black braids—a very young girl with a perfectly French face, Thomas. Do you know her?'

Thomas made no answer. He looked at the gentleman steadily and grew very pale. Something had startled him out of his good manners. At last he spoke:

'If I have the honor of understanding you, sir, the young person came through this door.'

'Yes,' said the American.

'More than once, sir?'

'About once an hour, from midnight until dawn.'

'She was young, pretty, and French-looking, and wore a quilted skirt, a boddice, and a cap, sir?'

'Exactly, Thomas.'

'May I beg you to do me the favor of looking into this room, sir?'

The gentleman followed Thomas to the door through which he asserted that the young person had passed: and saw nothing but a closet about twelve feet square, with no door save the one that opened into the large room, and high in the ceiling a little window through which a bird could scarcely have flown. It contained no furniture whatever.

'You will acknowledge, sir,' said Thomas, very gravely, 'that an ordinary young person must have remained here if she had entered, as you think she did, sir, and that we should now find her here sir.'

'There must be a secret door—or—or something!' cried the American. 'I am not mad, and I was wide awake. I—'

'Yes, sir,' said Thomas, still more solemnly. 'As I remarked, an ordinary young person could not have contrived to disappear; but I am well aware that the young person you have seen is not an ordinary person, sir. She has been an apparition, sir, for more than two hundred years.'

'An apparition!' cried the American gentleman.

'Yes, sir,' said Thomas; 'an apparition, sir. I think you have seen Lady ——'s gentle-woman Rosette, sir. It is ten years since she was seen before to my knowledge, but she *has* been seen very often. Yes, sir, it must have been Rosette.'

'I should like to hear more about Rosette,' said the gentleman.

'Yes, sir,' said the valet. 'This is a very old family, and they have lived on this estate for a long while—since the time of Queen Elizabeth, I believe, sir—and about two hundred years ago there was a Lord Herbert—my present master is Lord Herbert, sir—

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

'One thing, however, the English servants did not like—she brought a foreign maid servant with her from France—a girl named Rosette, and as pretty as a picture.

'My lady thought all the world of her, and would never let any other woman be about her in her own room, and of course the people were jealous and talked against Rosette, and the women began to say something about the way my lord looked at her. Though, to be sure, women will be suspicious. However that might be, my lady loved her, and I think that she thought too much of herself to be jealous of her maid, until one day, sitting before her glass, Rosette combing her hair for her, she heard her husband come into the room. Her back was toward him, and Rosette was behind her, and they forgot the mirror, and so, sir, she saw in it without stirring, both their faces, and she saw the girl smile at her husband, and she saw him smile back at her, and she did not need to see any more. Ladies are very quick sir, as we all know. She understood everything but she never stirred, and she never said anything to him, no nor to the maid, sir.

'This was her room, sir. In that little closet Rosette had her bed, to be ready if she called her. But one morning my lady's bell rang furiously and the maid who answered it was told to do my lady's hair, for Rosette had gone back to her native country.

'All the time she was doing it the girl thought she heard a faint, moaning sound, and was frightened, and went back to the rest pale and trembling, and before night it was very well known in the house that that little closet there was not only locked but nailed up.

'There was a coldness between my lord and my lady, and they kept very much apart; but she had told him also that Rosette had returned to France, and no one ever saw the girl again.

'After that my lord seemed to take to his wild ways again, in a measure, and drank a great deal, and my lady lived very much alone. She never had a regular maid, and she was harsh to those who waited on her. There never were any children, but they both lived to be very old indeed, and at last my lady died in this very room, and was buried in the church yonder. You may see her tomb there—Lady Maud ——, aged eighty.

'My lord was as old as she by that time, but as soon as the funeral was over he went into my lady's room and stood a long while before the locked and nailed door.

'Then he said to himself: 'I cannot die until I know,' and ordered it to be opened.

'They sent for the blacksmith to do it, and all the while my lord sat in his great arm-chair staring before him. There were hundreds of nails in it. People said afterward that all my lady Maud's life there used now and then to be a little sound of hammering in her room when she was alone, but they were all out at last, and the lock was forced and my lord arose and tottered into the closet.

'A bed stood there still, and some gowns hung on the wall, and over the bed one was lying with cords twisted about it. Then they looked closer, and the maids began to scream, and one old woman who remembered Rosette, had called out her name, and my lord turned his pale old eyes upon them like a ghost, and said: 'God forgive me, and have mercy on their souls,' and held out his hands to be helped back to his own room, which he never left again.

'It wasn't much that they found, only a few bones and an ornament or two, but it was plain that the girl had been tied hand and foot and bound to the bed and left there to die—if she were not murdered outright by the jealous lady. As for the smile my lady saw, he talked of that in a wandering kind of way on his death-bed. So it came to be known. But ever since, sir, whenever there is going to be misfortune in the family, whoever sleeps here in this room sees Rosette come out of her closet and smile in the glass. No one ever sees her face, only its reflection.

'She was seen before one young lady——it is two generations ago, sir—eloped with a very inferior person.

'She was seen before my master's father died, and before my master's brother was killed at the Crimea. I hope no trouble will follow now, sir.'

'I trust not,' said the American. 'Perhaps it would be best not to mention this to any one.'

'Very well, sir,' said Thomas, [illegible] the room.

As for the [illegible] where the [illegible] ration [illegible] of [illegible]

HER "WINGS."

She haulted at the stamp-clerk's window in the postoffice the other day and asked:

"Could I procuah a postal cawd heah?"

He thought she could.

"Two thents or one thents?" she inquired.

One cent, he told her, and she took one. As she received it she asked:

"*Have* you any pwen and ink-ah?"

He had, and handed them out. She held the pen poised for half a minute, as if trying to remember the name of some dear friend, and then she touched it with care. On the fingers of her left hand were nine rings; on the fingers of her right hand were eight more. Nine and eight makes seventeen, and none over. She wrote "*H*-e-a-r—," and then the pen gave a spatter.

"Oh! dear, my wings bwother me so-ah," she exclaimed, trying to get a new rest for her elbow.

Then she went on and finished the "r" and began: "O-g-d—," when the pen spattered again, and she threw down the card, returned the pen, and said:

"I won't wite to him aft awal, for I can't wite natural with my wings on."

Then she rubbed her hands together, shook herself and walked out.

TEN RULES FOR FARMERS.

1. Take good papers and read them.
2. Keep an account of farm operations.
3. Do not leave implements scattered over the farm exposed to snow, rain and heat.
4. Repair tools and buildings at the proper time, and do not suffer a subsequent three-fold expenditure of time and money.
5. Use money judiciously, and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap.
6. See that fences are well repaired, and cattle not grazing in the meadows, grain-fields or orchards.
7. Do not refuse correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things.
8. Plant fruit trees well, care for them, and get good crops.
9. Practice economy by giving stock shelter during the winter, also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half-rotten or mouldy.
10. Do not keep tribes of dogs and cats around the premises, who eat more in a month than they are worth in all their lifetime.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

That young lady will make a good wife who does not apologize when you find her at work in the kitchen, but continues her task until it is finished. When you hear a young lady say: "I shall attend church and wear my old bonnet and waterproof cloak, for I fear we shall have a rain-storm," depend upon it she will make a good wife. When a daughter remarks: "Mother, I would not hire help, for I can assist you to do all the work in the kitchen," set it down that she will make somebody a good wife. When you hear a young lady say to her father: "Don't you purchase a very expensive or showy dress for me, but one that will bear best," you may be sure she will make a first-rate wife.

☞ They are taking evidence in a divorce case for cruelty; the husband is under examination; his wife, prostrated with grief, is weeping bitterly, covering her face with her handkerchief. "Now, says the Judge, "are you not ashamed to have thus brutally treated your wife, a tender young woman of twenty-five?" The wife suddenly raises her head. "I beg your pardon," she says, "twenty-four only;" and she [illegible] gives way to her grief.

☞ This note from a Chicago girl to her lover was made public through a law suit:

"Dear Sam: [illegible]'s watermillions is ripe. Co[illegible] some poetry like you bro[illegible] for you will ever flo[illegible] down a tater row. [illegible] your arm, and [illegible] them raving rights [illegible] other things. Come next S[illegible] don't fule me."

☞ At a prayer meeting lately, a colored [illegible] worked up with religious [illegible] got up and exclaimed: "O, [illegible] Lord—come down [illegible] some through [illegible] I'll pay for de

---

☞ [illegible] by a party at which a [illegible] all his friends. [illegible] said on, entering the [illegible] Popper, how glad [illegible] to see all your friends mus-

---

☞ "I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an [illegible] in his garden, "how [illegible] in the onion bed?"

"No," says Pat. "I am digging [illegible] the earth and leaving the hole."

☞ A writer in the Future say [illegible] seventh pay dirile most men [illegible]

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0203