The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1877. NO 36.

THE MAN OF MANY WANTS.

An Old Poem Resurrected.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score,
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread—
And canvas-backs and wine—
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire;
And cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife—
Affectionate and fair—
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind—
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiments refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want, alas!—can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?—
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and peace—
The ensigns of command—
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind
That after-ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want—absorbing all—
Is when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The Mercy of my God.

Washington, August 31, 1841.

☞ Society is infected with rude, cynical and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom no public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by, and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight.—*Emerson.*

☞ The Vermont Legislature has enacted a law providing that every saloon, restaurant, grocery, cellar, shop, billiard room, bar-room, and every drinking place or room used as a place of public resort, where intoxicating drink is unlawfully sold or kept for sale, shall be declared a public nuisance.

☞ The worship of Buddha is slowly but surely losing ground in Japan. Last year, in a single district, seventy-one Buddhist temples were converted into dwelling houses, and during the past six years no less than six hundred have, in the same district, met with a similar fate.

☞ A Marysville (Cal.,) man has for some time been depositing five dollars in a bank every month, that his dog and his mule might have something to live on in case of his death. As the dog died a few days ago the mule is now sole heir.

☞ A rich man in Anaheim, (Cal.,) threatened to have a poor man ejected from a house because the rent was not paid; and the poor man's mode of vengeance was to get into the rich man's hall-way and play on a jewsharp.

Lotty's Walk to Boston.

It was nine o'clock in the morning.—By the roadside sat a little child A rough-looking man came driving slowly by. He had red hair, a thick, red beard and light blue eyes, so light that they seemed almost white.

The man was nearly at his journey's end, but something in the child's face attracted his attention. Perhaps it was because he had a little girl in his rough home that he had left a few hours ago, and the pitiful expression in this young face touched his father-heart.

Almost instinctively he stopped his tired-horse, and looked down upon her. He saw that she was pretty. Her large dark eyes were raised fearlessly The little, blue-check sun-bonnet had fallen to her shoulders, and the thick, flat, brown curls were plastered on her forehead by the perspiration caused by walking in the sun.

Presently a clear, musical little voice reached his ear.

'Is Boston very far off, now?'

'My next stopping place, puss. Are you going to Boston? There's the long bridge 'way yonder, to cross, and you're there.'

The child drew a long breath of relief. 'I'm so tired?' she said. 'Guess I'll rest a little longer.'

'Where d'ye come from?' asked the drover.

'Way from Thornville,' mentioning a town about twelve miles off; and she lifted her old sun-bonnet to its proper place, and tied the string.

The drover took his basket, which was filled with crackers, and ham, and cheese and as the place happened to be some what secluded, he clambered down from the high wagon and seated himself beside the child.

'Hungry?' he asked.

'Yes, sir' she said, simply.

'Then, eat,' and he filled her hands with crackers. 'So you are going to Boston—sich a mite as you? Well! well!'

'I'm going to see Dr. Iris. Do you know him? she queried eagerly 'He lives on Tremont street, and fixes people's eyes. That's all he does do. One of his neighbers told my mother about it, and she says that he almost makes the blind see. I walked all the way from Thornville.'

The drover paused in the act of taking a huge bite of his improvised sandwich.

'You walked?'

'Yes, sir.'

'When did you set out?'

'Yesterday, in the afternoon. Mother thinks I spent the night at Cousin Sara's and I did mean to, 'cause I wanted her to go with me: but she was sick, so I came right on.'

'Whew! Walked from there, eh? Where'd you spend the night?'

'In a barn.'

'What? In a barn? Well, you are one of 'em. Your mother must have a sight of faith in you.'

'O; she don't know it. I mean she don't know I've come all this way. I stay days some times at Cousin Sara's.—And there's Betty at home—she's my sister, and, though she is lame, she can do a good bit; but but I couldn't bear to see mother suffer so.'

'If that don't beat all!' exclaimed the drover, after a long stare of admiration. 'She's the pluckest little critter ever I did see. Well, all I hope is that you may do what you come for; but I don't know. Dr. Iris, I s'pose, is one o' them rich fellers that wants big fees.'

'But I don't want him to come for nothing,' said the child.

'Don't?'

'No, I'll pay him when I am grown up.'

The drover threw back his head, opened his huge mouth, and uttered two or three explosive sounds, that were, I suppose, laughter to him.

'Well, that's too good!' he roared.—'I'm blessed if ever I saw anything so funny in all my born days. A kitten like you talk about paying when you're grown up. How old may you be now, miss—miss—'

'My name's Lotty, and I'm nine next May,' said the child, with a serious manner and nothing daunted by his air of amused interest.

'Well, well, I never!' muttered the drover, rising and stretching his drawny frame. 'But come, I'll give you a ride as far as Boston, any way;' and the next moment he lifted her, as if she had been a feather, and placed her on the seat beside him.

So they jogged along behind the staid old horses, while the man pointed out the sights Everything was novel and delightful to the little woman. The long bridge, the sparkling water, the vessels, and sail-boats, and steam tugs; the glint of the sun upon the river; the fine carriages that rolled past them .Everything she saw she treasured, that she might carry the picture home fresh to her mother, and beguile the long, dark, painful hours with the story of her experience.

Leaving her with some pennies in her hand, and as near to the place of her destination as he conveniently could, the drover went on, quite lost in admiration of this brave, little soul; and Lotty began to look about her.

The noise of the streets, the hurrying, jostling throngs, the noise and clamor of the news venders and street merchants, almost frightened her. In all her life she had never seen such bewilderingly fine things as the shop windows displayed. It was as good as a trip to the show, and a thrill of genuine pleasure caused her for a moment to forget the errand on which she had been taken upon herself.

It was a long time before she found the location she desired, and then poor child, she lingered about the door with the sensitive fear of a novice. She had pictured to herself so terrible an object, terrible mainly because of the dignity and power with which she had invested the skillful oculist, who could do, it seemed to her, almost what he would with disease, —she had so pictured him I say that the thought of meeting such greatness, embodied, probably, in the form of a tall, princely personage, who could scarcely deign to look upon her, caused her poor little heart to throb almost to suffocation. At last she summoned up sufficient courage to pull the door-bell. A handsome, motherly-looking woman opened the door for the doctor's servant, who usually attended to it, was busy putting the doctor's horses in harness. 'I don't think the doctor can see you now, little girl,' said the housekeeper, looking somewhat disdainfully upon the small figure and homely cape-bonnet, in whose disfiguring shadow the soft, brown eyes, were almost hidden from sight. Lottie faltered then What should she do in the great crowded city, if her mission had been in vain?

'O, please let me speak to him just a moment! I came all the way from Thornville, and I haven't anywhere to go.'

She burst into tears The sob and the pathos of the child's tones had penetrated into the interior of the house.

'Who is it, Mrs. Sanderson?' spoke up a singularly manly voice, as some one crossed the hall.

'Only a little girl, sir. She's come a good distance, she says, but as it's after hours, I thought—'

'Never mind; let her come in. I'll give her a minute or two.'

Another second and Lotty, her brain all in a whirl, found herself breathless and trembling in a bright-looking room standing in the presence of a slender, light-haired gentlemen, whose smiling eyes, like two benignant suns seemed to send light and cheer into her poor, cold, frightened, little heart.

'Well, anything the matter with your eyes, little woman? Come here and let me see.'

Lotty, too frightened to speak, went forward mechanically.

'They don't look like it. Suppose you take off your bonnet and let me examine them more closely.'

Lotty pulled off the dingy head-dress disclosing one of the sweetest and fairest faces that heaven ever lent to earth.

'It isn't my eyes, sir, it's mother's,' she said, falteringly.

'Oh! And who is mother?'

'It's Mrs. Gaddis, sir, and we live in Thornville.'

'We do? But that's a long distance from here.'

'Only a few miles, sir. I walked in since yesterday.'

'Walked! Coming, John, in a few moments,' he added, as the servant came to the door. 'Did you say you walked?'

'Yes, sir. I felt so bad for mother, because she can't sew any more, and that's the way she earns our living. For Betty is lame in the hip, and can't go out to service, and mother, now she can't see very well, cries a good deal to think she can't work, and that makes her eyes worse. I thought if you would give me something for them that would cure her, I would thank you so much! And if you'd please to wait till I'm grown up, I would surely pay you the money for it—I'd be certain to pay you every cent.'

The doctor looked her all over from the curly crown to the coarse shoes, all dusty and travel-worn. Then something came into his eyes which he winked away, and he put his hand on the child's head.

'You are a brave little girl,' he said, and that was all.

She dared not raise her eyes to his face while he drew on his long ridding gloves. She did not see the pressure of his lips, and then, the half-amused smile that curved them, as he looked forward to the growing up of the mite who stood trembling before him.

'Come!' he said, in a voice that made her start and thrill to the heart with joy, though she did not know why. But she looked up and saw that he was moving towards the door.

'I am going to see your mother,' he said, smiling like a prince, and oh, what pleasant eyes he had They seemed as if they might look life into your eyes that were dead.

'Seven years ago,' he said, 'I was at Thornville, and wearied out with a long walk. I was a student, and I stopped at a cottage door and rested. A sweet-faced woman, with a little girl in her arms, gave me some cool, fresh milk to drink. Who knows but it was your mother?'

He took her hand in his, and to the surprise of the portly housekeeper, led the little girl, with her homely frock and her old sun-bonnet, to his wide, substantial buggy. Then placing her carefully upon the seat, he got in beside her, and they went off together.

The afternoon sun sent its mild beams over the country lanes and fields, when at last little Lotty, her scheme triumphant drove up to the cottage house.

They found the widow in terrible consternation, and Betty, the lame girl crying; for news had just come that Lotty had gone off to the city by herself, and the fond, mother-heart pictured all sorts of catastrophes for her child. But when the doctor told his story, and presented the brave, little girl, the mourning was turned into joy.

No pains were spared to restore sight to the eyes, [illegible] and soon

family, in fact; procured help for Betty, a nurse for the mother, and the benefit of a good school for the little Lotty. And sometimes he tells her that he is waiting very patiently for her to grow up, that she may fulfil her promise, and pay him for having restored her mother's sight; and I have not the least doubt in the world but she will do it.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

Apropos of what Mrs Livermore's late lecture on the above important question, said the Davenport Democrat thus sensibly answers:

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them not to paint and powder.

Teach them to wear thick warm shoes.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Bring them up in the way that they should go.

Teach them to do marketing for the family.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents

Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.

Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes and stick to it.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of beaux.

Give them a good, substantial common school education.

Teach them every day, dry, hard practical common sense.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining-room and parlor.

Teach them that a good round rosy romp is worthy fifty delicate consumptives.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them that the more one lives within their income, the more they will save.

Teach them the further one lives beyond their income, the nearer they will get to the poor house.

Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing—if you have time and money to do it with

Teach them to cultivate a garden, and drive a road team or farm wagon.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen oil plated loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—and at a suitable time let them marry.

☞ The little daughter of a very wealthy man happened, not long ago, to hear her small schoolmates congratulating themselves and one another upon the regularity with which their fathers said grace at the table. Her father not not say grace, and, oppressed by a sense of inferiority, the little one wept that evening and besought him to do it. He said he thought it was time he began, and asked a blessing with all proper feeling at breakfast next morning. A younger sister of his little bonilist, a young lady still in the nursery, who had not heard the previous conversation, looked up surprised; then her face cleared.

"I know what you does 'at for, papa," said she; "it's 'tause you're gettin' poor!"

SPIRIT-LOVE.

I am alone, my own love,
Thou art not near me now;
Yet in my dreams it seems, love,
At thy dear feet I bow.
Still thou art brought in thought, love,
Close to my yearning heart;
Still on thy breast I rest, love,
Even when far thou art.
'Tis my soul meets and greets, love,
Thine as it floats to me;
Dost thou not feel it steal, love,
Softly a-near to thee?

☞ At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys:

"Why is the Connecticut River so called?"

A bright little fellow put up his right hand.

"Do you [illegible] James?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and runs through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant [illegible]

☞ The editor of a French newspaper in speaking of the dedication of a new cemetery near Epernay, says then "M. Gambetta and the ministers of [illegible]

HATTIE HYDE.

I am Hattie Hyde, an old maid, at least not a young one, and I intend to remain so.

But I came very near getting married last spring, and I will tell you how it happened.

I am thirty-five, and not absolutely ugly—at least, when I look in the glass, I see reflected there a good fresh complexion, sparkling hazel eyes, and an abundance of brown hair.

I might have married two or three times, only I wasn't really in love.

But when Clarence Raymond came down to spend the vacation with his aunt, Mrs. Richford, I must confess to a little womanly flutter around the heart, for he was tall and handsome, and in short, just the hero of romance that I had always dreamed about.

'Hattie,' said Mrs. Richford—we were quite confidential friends, and called one another Hattie and Pamela, and borrowed each other's books and all sorts of things—'Hattie, I think Clarence rather fancies you.'

'Do you?' said I, feeling the tell-tale blushes coming into my face, and my heart began to thump beneath the pretty lace tuckers of Valenciennes and pink ribbon that I had taken to wearing every day.

'I am certain of it,' said Mrs. Richford; 'and how nice it will be to have you for a cousin.'

'Yes.'

It was very nice to be engaged.

He gave me a lovely cameo ring, choicer and more antique than any diamond could have been.

It had been his mother's ring, he said, and he repeated the most delicious poetry, and vowed that it expressed the very sentiments of his heart.

And we had wanderings in the cool, fern-scented woods, and I began to wonder whether I should be married in white satin or a dove-colored traveling dress and pink ribbons in my hat.

One evening, just after Clarence had returned to his unavoidable engagement in the city, old Uncle Elnathan came to visit me.

Uncle Elnathan was one of those persons of whom we are apt to ask, 'Why were they ever created?'

He was a venerable old gentleman, with long silver hair that fell over the collar of his bottle-green coat, and cloth gaiters that irresistibly reminded one of a black pussy cat, and he took snuff and talked through his nose.

'Harriet,' said Uncle Elnathan, 'is this true?'

'Is what true, uncle?'

'All this fol-de-rol about your being engaged to a man ten years younger than yourself. Harriet! Harriet! I thought you had better sense.'

'It's only five years, uncle,' said I, pouting, 'and I suppose that I have a right to get engaged without sending to you for a permit?'

'Harriet, this is not a subject to be flippant about,' said Uncle Elnathan. 'You may depend upon it that this young man is a mere fortune hunter. You have property, Harriet, and he has found it out.'

'Uncle!' I cried, starting up, 'I will not listen tamely to such aspersions upon the character——'

'Well, my dear, you needn't get excited,' said the intolerable old gentleman, tapping his hand upon the lid of his silver snuff box. 'You are not a child, Harriet, nor yet a sentimental school girl. Let us talk the matter calmly over.'

'I decline to discuss it, sir,' was my dignified reply. 'My mind is made up, and no amount of meddling interference can induce me to alter it?"

'But aren't you just a little pert towards your old uncle, Harriet?'

So my uncle went away, silver hair, snuff box, pussy-gaiters, and all, and I sat down to make a memorandum of the things I should require for my wedding outfit, for I had fully resolved to make an especial visit to London on that business.

Ah, the delight of reveling over counters full of choice, flimsy laces, billows of bridal silk, oceans of tulle! It brought the color to my cheeks only to think of it.

And, besides, was it not necessary that Clarence's wife should have all that custom required?

I did not care for myself so much, but I was determined not to disgrace Clarence.

So one radiant September day, when the sky was as blue as the bluest ribbon, and the very leaves hung motionless in the yellow atmosphere, like ships at anchor upon a sea of gold, I took the early train from B——, with a purse full of money buttoned in under the pocket of my polonaise.

I had read all about the horrid stories about pickpockets, and didn't mean to part with my bank notes except for value received.

I felt a little flutter at first, and [illegible] ventured to look [illegible] as if [illegible]

succeed.

Women could perhaps understand how I felt in the fairy land of those great circles of fashion that exist only in London—glittering halls where the poor sewing-girls or the laborer's wife are treated with as much consideration and respect as the millionaire's lady, or the young damsel who cannot get on a glove for the diamond ring on her finger.

I bought the wedding dress, white rep silk and a veil of tulle, suspended from a garland of orange blossoms, and I selected a blue silk, and a peach colored silk, and a maroon silk, and—dear me! what is the use of cataloguing them all?'

Other girls have been brides-elect before me, and they all know just how it all was.

And as for those who havn't just let them wait until their turn comes.

And then, as the sun began to decline on its western way, I felt excessively and unromantically hungry.

'Is there a nice ladies' dining-room near here?' I asked.

One of the shopmen went with me to the door to point out a glittering establishment, with its windows full of hot-house fruits, and morsels of glaces and delicately tinted cakes.

Dear me! London is the place to feel one's insignificance.

I do not think that I, Hattie Hyde, ever felt so small in the whole course of my life as I did walking over the floor of M. Recambier's Parisian restaurant, with a waiter running on before to point to a marble table, sparkling with cut-glass and silver, and another following on behind, carrying my traveling-bag and parasol, while an elegant Frenchman, curled and perfumed, stood in the middle of the floor, bowing as if he were under eternal obligations to me for so much as coming into his establishment.

I sat down, feeling much as if I were an impostor, venturing meekly to look around a little after the waiter had simmered away.

Then, for the first time, I noticed a superbly dressed young lady, one or two tables beyond, in a lovely hat, with a long, lilac willow plume, and hair like a shower of gold.

'Oh, how pretty she is," thought I. 'How proud her lover must be of her.'

I leaned the least bit in the world forward, to see the young man.

Good heaven!

It was Clarence!

And I sat staring, completely concealed from his view by the golden hair and the lilac willow plume. I could hear his light peculiar laugh.

'You wouldn't have me yourself, Kate,' said he; 'you have only yourself to blame for it.'

'That's no reason you should throw yourself away,' pouted the lady.

'She's a desperate old maid,' said Clarence, 'as old as the hills and twice as antiquated. But she's got the money. A man in my position has got to look out for the money, you know. Kate, would you like to see her photograph?'

And then the two heads were close together for an instant, and the young lady's rippling laugh mingled with Clarence's mellow tones.

'The idea of carrying such a thing next to your heart!' said she.

'It does seem rather outrageous, don't it?' said he. 'But when we are married all that sort of thing will be over. I'll see that she finds her level.'

Yes, thought I, now thoroughly disenchanted.

And I got up and hurried out of the restaurant, nearly stumbling over a tray, a dish of oysters, and a cup of coffee.

'I—I've changed my mind,' said I, flinging a sovereign toward him. 'Never mind those oysters.'

I took the next train to B——, and wrote a scathing note to Clarence the same evening.

Do you want to know what was in it?

Of course, like all women's letters, the best part of it was in the postscript.

'Our engagement is at an end. H. H.

'P. S.—The next time you examine ladies' photographs in a crowded restaurant, it might be well to examine your neighbors.

Clarence had some sense after all. He never came near me with useless apologies.

I gave the wedding dress to little Dorothy Miller, who was to be married in October, and who could not afford a trousseau.

I suppose I shall wear out the blue and the peach color, and the maroon, in time.

Oh, I forgot to say that [illegible] was very angry. It [illegible] had promised to [illegible] that he had [illegible] old of the [illegible]

And I [illegible] tears of vexation that I could shake into the Ryde.

☞ Opinions of persons are often dull in money; as the shining metal when it descends through only a stone.

VARIETIES.

The grub that makes the buckwheat fly—Buckwheat cakes.

Things past may be repeated, but not recalled.—*Livy.*

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.—*Tennyson.*

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volumes of the week.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.—*Hare.*

The most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals itself after sympathy, and not before it.—*George Elliott.*

Value the sympathy of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in sunshine.

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematic I have enough within myself.

Modest men conceal their joys as well as their sorrows, for they consider the one as undeserved as the other.—*Jean Paul.*

Piety gilds mortality with rays of immortal light; and through faith enables its possessor to triumph over sin, sorrow, tribulation and death.

Mental pleasures never cloy. Unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, improved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

God gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest. In like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

There is no merit where there is no trial; and, till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.—*Aaron Hill.*

Milliners in Paris who furnish ladies out of town with their hats, send for their photographs before they make the selection of shape and color of trimmings.

Atlanta, Ga., is a good place for a poor man. According to the local paper, a good dinner can be had at some of the restaurants for the sum of ten cents.

Say nothing about yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

They are finding frogs in the [illegible] rocks of Tennessee, and they [illegible] frogs at that. The wonder [illegible] frogs sat still and let the stone [illegible] them.

The books that make a sensation are those that are unreadable. They are like indigestible dinners. The dinners that easily digested are never spoken of the next day.—*Dumas.*

The Harvard Library now numbers 200,000; Yale's library has 100,000; Cornell and Brown Universities have 40,000 each; Dartmouth has 50,000, and Michigan College, 22,000.

With every exertion, the best man can do only a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—*Washington Irving.*

Ireland is prospering. The bankers there say that the deposits in the saving institutions are largely on the increase, and that the working classes and peasantry are doing well and saving money.

A traveler in the East once saw a man who had lost his legs by leprosy, mounted on the shoulders of one who had lost his arms by the same disease—the first-mentioned sowing grain while the other did the locomotion.

The remains of a balloon have recently been found on the coast of Ireland. In the car were human bones—an incomplete skeleton—and a leather traveling bag, containing papers so mouldy as not to be deciphered.

☞ Two little boys were met after dark by a fellow who demanded their money. Said one of them:

"I have no money."

This might have been a sufficient answer. But the other made assurance doubly sure by adding, innocently:

"And I haven't any pocket to put money in."

☞ To prevent sea-sickness—stay on shore.

To cure drunkenness—drink cold water.

To keep out of the [illegible] debt.

To please [illegible] mind your own business.

To preserve [illegible] life—keep out of the kitchen.

To allay [illegible] eat a hearty supper.

☞ [illegible] Springfield, Mass., [illegible] evening prayer, a [illegible] exclaimed, "and bless [illegible] and Uncle Benny." [illegible] a moment's pause, the ex- [illegible] tenure, "and his name is Hop-

☞ The Roxbury News says: "The measure seeks above to accomplish a degree of perfection which will require a competent engineer with a stated salary to run it."

☞ We one hear, with a man who is [illegible] that the wind is in the [illegible] to him with some

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0243