The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1877. NO. 8

HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT.

The following is a portion of a poem read by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes before the Harvard Class of '29, Jan. 4, 1877 :

I feel indeed as if we rather need
A sermon such as preachers tie a t[ext] on :
If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,
She earns her grave; 'tis time to call the sexton !

But if a fight can make the matter right,
Here are we, classmates, thirty men of mettle;
We're strong and tough, we've lived nigh long enough—
What if the Nation give it us to settle?

The tale would read like that illustrious deed
When Curtius took the leap the gap that filled in,
Thus: "Five-score years, good friends, as it appears,
At last this people split on Hayes and Tilden.

"One-half cried, 'See ! the choice is S. J. T.!'
And one-half swore as stoutly it was t'other;
Both drew the knife to save the Nation's life,
By wholesale vivisection of each other.

"Then rose in mass that monumental Class—
'Hold, hold !' they cried, 'give us, give us the daggers !'
'Content, content !' exclaimed with one consent
The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-baggers.

"Fifteen each side the combatants divide,
So nicely balanced are their predilections;
And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,
A tribute to their obsolete affections.

"Man facing man, the sanguine strife began,
Jack, Jim and Joe against Tom, Dick and Harry,
Each several pair its own account to square,
Till both were down or one stood solitary.

"And the great fight raged furious all the night,
Till every integer was made a fraction;
Reader, wouldst know what history has to show
Is net result of the above transaction?

"Whole coat-tails, four; stray fragments, several score,
A heap of spectacles, a deaf man's trumpet;
Six lawyers' briefs; seven pocket-handkerchiefs;
Twelve canes wherewith the owners used to stump it;

"Old rubber shoes; old gloves of different hues;
Tax bills—unpaid—and several empty purses;
And, saved from harm by some protecting charm,
A printed page with Smith's immortal verses;

"Trifles that claim no very special name;
Some useful, others chiefly ornamental;
Pins, buttons, rings and other trivial things,
With various wrecks, capillary and dental.

"Alas, one flag—'twas nothing but a rag,
And what device it bore it little matters;
Red, white and blue, but rent all through and through,
'Union forever' torn to shreds and tatters.

"They fought so well not one was left to tell
Which got the largest share of cuts and slashes;
When heroes meet, both sides are bound to beat;
They telescoped like cars in railroad smashes.

"So the great split that baffled human wit
And might have cost the lives of twenty millions,
As all may see, that know the rule of three,
Was settled just as well by these civilians.

"As well. Just so. No worse, not better. No.
Next morning found the Nation still divided;
Since all were slain, the inference is plain,
They left the point they fought for undecided.

If [illegible] true, as I have told it you—
This tale of mutual extermination,
To minds perplexed with threats of what comes next,
Perhaps may furnish food for contemplation.

To cast no[illegible] to help them count their votes
Is asinine—nay worse, accidian folly;
Blindness like this [illegible]
And [illegible]
I say once more, as I have said before,
If voting for our Tildens and our Hayes
Means only fight, then, Liberty, good-night!
Pack up your ballot-box and go to bivouac!
Until your descendants [illegible]
You patriotism of Fusts, Greys and Seamy;
[illegible]

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY L. V. S.

The night was coming on murky and dark, and the strong south wind blowing over the water evidently betokened a storm.

Some fishermen in a skiff rowed hastily toward the shore, looking at the ominous clouds and then at the rising tide with lengthening faces.

'A gale to-night, for sartin,' one of them said.

'And the Weissenburg is due, too,' the other added.

Two figures, that of a man and woman came around the point of rocks and walked leisurely over the shingles.

'Whitredge from the Grange, and old Peter Karl's grandaughter,' the elder fisherman said.

'He means no good, either, in my mind,' his companion muttered.

'It'll bide ill with him if he means harm, I'm thinking.'

By this time the men had reached the shore, and, mooring their boat, they hastened off in the direction of the village.

Gray Whitridge and his companion was unobstructed, and looked over the sea.

'If the Weissenburg attempts to come into port to-night it will be dangerous work,' Gray said

The girl started nervously.

'Do you expect your father and Miss Howard soon ?'

'This week.'

An indescribable something came into the girl's face, and her eyes grew dark.

Twice her lips opened to speak, but no sound issued from thom.

Gray felt the hand lying on his arm tremble.

'Are you cold, Heth ?' he asked, bending over her tenderly, and drawing her shawl closer about her neck.

'Not cold.'

'And not afraid, my sea nymph ?'

A half contemptuous curl of her lips answered it.

'I did not mean it, Heth.'

She looked up into his face and smiled. That smile was quite enough to tell that she loved him.

At that instant a great shaggy dog came bounding over the sand, and stopped at Heth's side.

'I must go home,' she said. 'Bruno has come. And he has his collar off! The wreckers are going out.'

'Then they must expect a dreadful storm ! What if Ada should be drowned?'

'Who?' she turned upon him quickly.

'Ada Howard, my adopted sister'

'Oh, yes, I had forgotten her name was Ada.'

Her voice was natural, but her face was almost as stormy as the sky.

As she walked over the beach toward her home, she kept whispering the name 'Ada, Ada,' to herself, as if some way that name was to thwart her destiny.

That night the Weissenburg was stranded upon the rocks not half a mile from the harbor; and with the roaring of the storm and the dashing of the angry waves upon the shore were mingled also the groans and shrieks of the shipwreck crew and passengers.

Heth went down upon the beach because she knew Gray Whitridge would be there, and it was impossible for her to sleep at home.

The wreckers going and coming in their boats, lights were hurrying to and fro, everybody was hard at work, and all the time the storm howled and roared as if its only work were to destroy human lives.

Gray's father, Squire Whitridge, somebody told Heth, was safe; but the lady, they said, was probably drowned.

She had not been found yet, and it had been a full hour since the vessel struck and filled with water.

'Help! help!' a man's voice shouted close beside Heth, and turning, she saw by the light of the torch, Gray Whitredge carrying a woman's form in his arms.

A stout fisherman came at their call, and together they plunged into the darkness with their burden.

Heth followed with quick footsteps.

She meant to see this woman, though instinctively she felt that it was Ada Howard.

At the first fisherman's cottage they came to they halted and entered.

Heth stood outside, unmindful of the rain, which came beating into her face, and looked through the window at them. They laid the form upon the bed, and the fisherman's wife brought blankets and spirits, and they went to work.

For an hour they seemed to have little or no success. She lay like one dead.

Once they moved away, and Heth saw the woman's countenance.

It was Ada Howard. How still she lay. And her face, how white and ghastly

Would life ever come through those veins again ? A handsome face it was, for all its pallor; too handsome to come between any woman and love.

Heth's breath half stopped as Gray took a mirror and held it over her mouth.

She knew they would tell the story of life or death, and their fears seemed to have crept over her also.

But the worst was over. She could tell that by their actions. Life was coming back.

The fisherman's wife moved about slowly now, putting away household things and leaving Gray by the bedside.

Heth watched them closely. Gray was saying something to her now and then, and she looked he[illegible] doubtfully, shaking her white head in [illegible]

'He dares to kiss her like that!' she said, under her breath. 'Does he think that I am a dog ?' And her hand unconsciously struck against the window, causing it to rattle.

The fisherman's wife stopped at the noise, and coming to the window, put her face against the glass and looked out.

Heth shrank back into the darkness and waited till the woman disappeared.

Then she took her station again. She did not mean to leave without seeking the eyes which Gray was smiling over.

Long before she had known or loved Gray Whitridge, she had heard marvellous stories of this same Ada's eyes, of their depth and brilliancy, of their wondrous power; and since Gray had kissed her so, Heth was sure there was danger to her from those intoxicating eyes.

Gray moved across the room for some thing, and she saw the woman's face turn and her eyes follow him.

'She loves him and he knows it—a blight upon her !' she said bitterly. Is that what I came out to learn to night ?'

The storm did not answer her question, but kept on in its desolating march.

By and by a carriage came through the rain, and Gray and his carriage rode off to the Grange, and Heth went home.

The next night she watched for Gray, though without expecting to see him.

She was disappointed.

At the usual time he came. She was in no very agreeable mood.

She could not forget Gray's look as he had kissed the woman's lips the night before, and his first words were not such as to molify her.

'You knew my father and sister came last night, Heth,' he said, as they walked down the beach. 'I believe your grandmother was out.'

'Yes,' she answered, looking over the water, half unconscious of his words.

'Did you know your dog saved Ada ?'

'Bruno ?' she asked sharply.

The dog which had come out with her started at the sound of his name, and bounded up to her.

She struck him a fierce blow. 'Go home, I don't wan't you.'

Gray went on without noticing her movement:

'It was a terrible storm. Father was one of the first saved, but Ada we could not find until your dog dragged her up.'

She dragged her mantle about her.—She had heard quite enough of this wonderful adopted sister of his.

'I must go home,' she said.

'What is the matter ? You have not been out ten minutes yet.'

'Nevertheless, I must go.'

Gray looked at her keenly; he knew very well that this girl loved him, and he ought to have known whose name had brought the frown to her face. But he seemed unconscious of it. She turned to go, but Gray's voice stopped her.

'I am going to bring Ada down to see you, may I ?' he asked.

'Certainly.' She looked at him, her eyes flashing.

A carriage came over the beach toward them.

'There they are now,' Gray said.—'Wait.'

But Heth had caught a glimpse of the silver mountings of the Whitridge family before him, and was already off nearly out of hearing. She hurried home, but when out of sight she turned off, and going to a bluff of rocks overhanging the sea, climbed upon them and sat down.

She was quite alone; nothing to be seen before her but the sea and sky. It was a place where Gray and she had often been together, and as she sat there all the tender words he had ever said to her came back with tenfold power. How she had loved this man !

And how she did love him now ! Was this woman to come between her and all her happiness ? This woman who had all the world could offer, and she had nothing—nothing to make her life sweet but Gray Whitridge's love ?

She had never thought of it before, but now it came to her that such a man as Gray would never take a poor fisherman's daughter to be his wife. He had not intended it at first, likely.

What had he meant, then, oh, what ? Heth remembered with a shudder how one wintry night a forsaken, abandoned woman had come to their cottage and begged a shelter from the cold. What if that woman had been herself.

'Oh, Heaven ! That could not have been what he made me love him for,' she moaned out, in an agony of woe.

Then starting up, she hurried down the rocks as if pursued by some deadly foe, and made her way swiftly home.

From that time Heth Karl was changed. What was in her heart no one knew.

But she was sobered and silent, and kept herself aloof from all.

To Gray Whitridge she was invisible, would not see him.

He went down himself first, expecting to see her on the beach.

But she was not there. Then he called at her grandfather's cottage.

Heth was not in, he was told.

Afterward he took Ada Howard down. His success was as ill as before. As a last resort he sent her a note.

It remained unnoticed and unanswered.

In the meantime Heth was watching him. She saw him ri[illegible] every morning, with [illegible] ed close by his side, [illegible] into her beautiful eyes; and when gay parties from the Grange went off on sailing excursions, she could not help but notice who seemed to be Gray's first care and thought.

It was a dreadful night for Heth's eyes and his presistent attempts to see her only confirmed her in the horrible belief that he had never loved her as an honest man should love.

Once when she was returning from the village, she came face to face with Gray; but he could not stop her without using violence, and there was a look in her face which warned him not to touch her. She walked past him as stately as a queen, and neither looked upon him nor noticed him in the least.

There were other eyes looking at her beside Gray's. The fisherman who had spoken so threateningly of Gray weeks before, when they were upon the beach.

As she moved off, he came up before Gray and lifted his hat.

'I'm not so rich as your honor, he said, but I know what is right, and I'm that girl's friend. If you mean honestly by her, well and good. I'm not the one to interfere. But if you mean what such men as you sometimes mean, when they hunt out poor handsome girls like her, then you'd better be careful, and may be stop now; for as sure as my name is Joe Betzer, you shall suffe r for it.'

'You say that to me ?' Gray's face was white and anger.

'If you're honest, I mean all right; but as I said, if you're not, then I do say it to you.'

The man walked off, leaving him in a towering passion. If it had been about any one else, he would have felled the man to the earth. But Heth ! That was different. The man's staunch words, and stancher friendship for her, were almost enough to commend him to Gray's favor, deep as he considered and felt the insult to be.

One two and three months went by, long sorrowing ones to her, and not the most pleasant to him. But she at last found something to do.

Her mother had been a scholar, and she had been educated carefully, too carefully, alas ! for a fisherman's daughter, but she had never thought of turning her knowledge to any particular use, until now when the dreadful monotony of her life was becoming unendurable.

In looking about to find some way to break it, she thought of teaching.

The minister of the village wished a governess for his daughter.

She heard of this, and applying at once, secured the place.

Gray heard of this, and determined to see her.

And he was hungry to hear her voice again.

Gray rode to the village the first week of her teaching and put a note in the office saying that he awaited her at her home, and he begged her, whatever she might think of him, not to refuse him this one request for seeing her for fifteen minutes.

She found him there when she went home.

She had made up her mind, after reading the note, to see him once more at all events, and end it.

'You wish to see me, I understand,' she said, coolly, stopping in the path whence she had met him before her own door.—'Say what you have to say here, if you please.'

Such coolness astonished him.

Gray could hardly believed she was the same person he had known in days gone by.

'Yes, I have tried to see you many times since we walked the beach together, Heth.'

He meant to stir up all memories, but he was unsuccessful.

A shriver ran through the girl's frame, and her lips paled, but she answered steadily.

'Never mind about the past. I have done with that.'

'I thought you loved me once, Heth ?'

'Indeed ! Persons make great mistakes sometimes. You may have done so.'

'Why will you talk so ?'

The voice she answered him with was clear and silvery:

'I believe I can talk as I please, Mr. Whitridge.'

Her icy tones made him beside himself. He took a step toward her.

'By heaven, you shall speak once as you used to !' he said in a fierce tone.

She raised her hand.

'Stop ! No nearer ! I will talk, if you wish it and tell you what is in my heart, too. You thought I loved you. Well I may have done so, possibly I did: but I have learned wisdom since the Weissenburg founded upon our shore. Listen !' She bent toward him a little. 'Go home and marry Miss Howard as soon as you please; but remember all your life that Heth Karl was too strong and too pure for such as you to drag down to perdition, much as she might have loved you ! Go !'

'A bitter falsehood ! I love you.'

But she was shutting the door behind her, and did not hear his words.

If she had, she would not have heeded them.

He sprang into the saddle, and striking the spurs into the horse's side, rode fiercely away.

She stood at the window and looked after him, smiling as she did so, though her heart was in agony.

As he came upon the hard road, she saw his horse rear at something, and then, with a plunge, throw him upon a pile of rocks by the roadside and bound [illegible] one wild, and, mastering [illegible] men who were working with their boats at the water edge, to follow her, she ran over the road toward him.

He was senseless when they reached him, and the blood was coming from an ugly wound in his temple.

The men took him up and carried him to her cottage, and then ran for a physician.

She bound up his head carefully and then lifting one of his arms, which dangled by his side and was evidently broken, she held it up tenderly till help should come.

If it had not been for his moaning she would have believed him dead, he lay so pale and still.

When the men returned she started for the Grange.

She had quite forgotten herself, and was only thinking of whose face he would most wish to see when he awoke.

When he came back to con-ciousness, Ada Howard was bending over him.

'Where is Heth ?' he asked, seeing whose cottage he was in.

She stepped to his side.

'Keep quiet, you must'

He looked at her inquiringly.

'Am I much hurt ?'

'We hope not. Your horse threw you, and one arm is broken. That is the worst.'

'I am sorry to trespass on your kindness,' he said, 'but it will not be long Is the carriage here, Ada ?'

Heth's eyes filled.

He saw it as Ada answered.

'Yes, but the physician says you must not move till morning.'

'I will remain and trust to the future to pay the debt,' he said, his eyes meeting Heth's.

The carriage went home without him, and Peter Karl dozed over his pipe while Heth watched her patient.

'Did you find me first ?' He asked, opening his eyes suddenly, when she thought him asleep.

'Yes.'

'Then you must have been watching me, else how would you have known I was thrown ?'

'I saw you, true.'

Then you love me ! I did not believe it when I left you, but I do now. I want you Heth, for my wife. You have wronged me terribly. She was looking straight into his eyes, as if she meant to read his inmost thoughts. I love you better than any mortal woman.

The world and Ada you have forgotten, she whispered, without taking her eyes away.

The world will welcome you as my wife, and Ada is betrothed to my brother. He knew I loved you and meant to marry you long ago.

Joseph Betzer received a special invitation to their wedding, which took place at the Grange a month afterwards.

☞ The following advertisement is taken from a Canadian newspaper:

"Wife—A Bride Wanted.—A preacher, 30 years of age, who has traveled six years in the Lord's vineyard with an eye single to His glory—well recommended for his faith fulness and truth, desires to marry a good lady who has talent and ability to assist the cause, a gift to sing, able to weigh an argument, and some skill in presenting it by talking and writing, and worth $2,000. None need apply without reciprocating frankness and sincerity, and giving sufficient guarantee of the above qualities; photograph, age, etc., stating whether settled or unsettled in religious belief. But doctrinal ideas nor perfection will not be the test, though candor and amiability, and opportunities, influences, and circumstances of past life will be considered. Also, it will be necessary to give some reason of the hope that is within, and show willingness hereafter to unite her whole soul in the work of righteousness, with resignation to the will of God, show a seeking to walk according to His Word, and a true desire to know what God requires. Any one who would fill the bill please address," &c.

☞ The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "Two members of the Sportsman's Club were out on a deer hunt the other day. Coming to a thicket that looked like an excellent covert for game of all kinds, particularly deer, they separated and began beating the bush. In a short time one of the hunters heard a crackling of sticks, and saw a dun-colored object with what he took for the antlers of an enormous buck, running through the thicket. He blazed away, and called to his companion, who also fired, and down dropped the game, as dead as a door nail. One of them started immediately for a granger's house near by to procure a wagon to haul the deer, while the other sat down under a tree to wait. In the course of an hour the Nimrod returned, accompanied by the farmer, who drove the wagon. On looking at the animal, the farmer at once recognized his old dun mule, that had served him faithfully for fifteen years. The sportsmen paid the farmer $35 apiece, and without hunting for any more deer returned to the city."

☞ The Judge was very fond of quoting law Latin in order to give dignity to his remarks. One day, in passing sentence on a prisoner, he said—

"In accordance with the *lex non scripta* I sentence you to three months' imprisonment."

"What does he mean by that talk ?" said a lawyer who knows no more of Latin than of trigonometry.

"He means," explained a rising member of the bar, anxious to display his familiarity with the dead languages, "that he decides according to law and not to [illegible]."

☞ [illegible] girl has one consolation [illegible] pretty young lady she will [illegible] she lives [illegible] a pretty old one.

THE WIFE OF BUNYAN.

There is only one instance, in the whole history of England, of a woman making her appearance at Westminster Hall, and before the Judges of Assize, in order to make a formal defence in favor of the unfortunate. That woman was the young and interesting wife of John Bunyan.

She, first of all, had the courage to appear before the House of Lords, to ask the Supreme Court of Appeals to relax the rigors of persecuting law. Their Lordships, it is said, rudely told her to go to the Judges of Assize, who condemned her husband, and she did so. At the Assize Court, Sir Matthew Hale presided, accompanied by Judge Twisden, a magistrate of ferocious temperament, whose countenance strangely contrasted with the mildness and placidity of the Lord Chief Justice. We are indebted to John Bunyan himself for a description of the conduct of Judge Twisden on this memorable occasion. He says: 'Judge Twisden snapped at my poor wife, Elizabeth, and angrily told her that her husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he would promise to preach no more.'

But Elizabeth, however much she loved her husband, was more enamored of the Gospel, and she gave the Court to understand that her husband could not purchase freedom at the expense of keeping silence about the mercy and compassion of God. 'It is false,' continued Elizabeth, 'to say he has done wrong; for at the meeting where he preached they had God's presence with them.'

'Will he leave off preaching ?' roared Twisden.

'My Lords,' said Elizabeth, 'he dares not leave off preaching as long as he can speak. But, my Lords,' she proceeded, with tears in her eyes, 'just consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and all of them have nothing to live on while their father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people. Oh, my Lords, I myself, *'smayed* at the news when my husband was apprehended, and being young and unaccustomed to such things, I fell in labor, and was delivered of a dead child.'

This was too much for Sir Matthew Hale, who now interposed with the ejaculation—'Alas ! poor woman ! He then inquired what was her husband's calling.

'A tinker, please you, my Lord,' said his wife; 'and because he is a tinker and a poor man, he is despised and cannot have justice.'

The Lord Chief Justice told her that her husband had broken the law. There was but one person in the realm who could pardon her husband, and that person was the king. But how was the broken-hearted wife of a tinker to find her way to the footstool of a monarch? 'Alas: poor woman,' he said, 'I am sorry for your pitiable case.'

Elizabeth now became convinced how vain it was to expect justice from an earthly tribunal; and with a heroic glory which can only be found in the annals of the Christian faith, she pointed to her tears as she departed, and uttered words which never shall die as long as the English language exists. 'See these tears,' she said; 'but I do not weep for myself. I weep for you when I think what an account such poor creatures as you will have to give at the coming of the Lord.'

This scene took place not only before John Bunyan was known as the author of a book, but before he had ever conceived the outline of his 'Pilgrim's Progress.' He was kept in jail, in order that he might not preach; but by this persecution he was enabled to write a book in his prison cell, which was preached to England for many generations, and which will edify and enlighten the world to the uttermost posterity.—*London Christian Globe.*

☞ Helen Hunt gives the following account of a dog in Colorado that had never seen a woman: 'As we halted three dogs came bounding toward us, barking most furiously. One of them stopped suddenly, gave one searching look at me, put her tail between her legs, and with a pitiful yelp of terror turned and fled. I walked slowly after her; she would look back over her shoulder, turn, make one or two lunges at me, barking shrilly, then with the same yelp of terror run swiftly away; at last she grew brave enough to keep her face toward me, but continually backed away, alternating her bark of defiance with her yelp of terror in a way which was irresistibly ludicrous. We were utterly perplexed by her behavior until her master, as soon as he could speak for laughing, explained it. 'Yes see, that 'ere dog's never seen a wo[illegible] afore! She was reared in the woods. I hain't never took her nowh[illegible] that's jest the fact on't; [illegible] to make of a woman.' [illegible] and dreamt. The [illegible] good friends at once, [illegible] snuffed us, and licked our hands as she spoke to them. Poor Sprouse being beset and hooted furiously with warning and menace whenever I patted one of the other dogs, but if I took a step nearer her, she howled and fled in the most abject way.'

☞ Grass [illegible] and not bitters.

VARIETIES.

An atrocious jester advised a dropsical prisoner to get "bailed out."

If every man wants a fair show in the world let him go to the circus.

A man may weaken himself by always poring over his own weakness.

The heart is a crystal palace; once broken it can never be mended.

True wisdom in general consists in energetic determination.—*Napoleon.*

The conceited man is a great comfort to himself and needs no sympathy.

It isn't the man who yells the loudest that comes in ahead on the race.

The man who keeps his temper at all times is the best man every time.

We can hardly learn humanity and tenderness enough except by suffering.

At a distance small men are thought to be great, and they should stay there.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.—*Macaulay.*

One must leave certain minds in undisturbed possession of their idiosyncr[illegible]

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must certain[illegible]

Hope is a good breakfast, but [illegible] supper.

Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself.

No conflict of man is so severe as [illegible] labors to subdue himself.

Who knows not love in sorrow's night, he knows not love in light.

To-morrow is the day on which [illegible] men work and fools reform.

There is no service like that [illegible] because he loves.—*Sidney.*

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

To my inward vision, things are achieved when they are well begun.

As words can never be recalled, [illegible] only such words as you never wish to call.

A medical journal says an orange eaten before breakfast will cure the appetite for whisky.

Combat all thy discontent [illegible] prayer, every care through faith, every fear through hope.

Dewdrops at night are diamonds in the morn; so the tears we weep here are pearls in Heaven.

If you will add little to little, and do it repeatedly, it will very quickly become much.—*Hesoid.*

To those who are half their lives merely busy, the remaining half is often spent without quiescence.

Pride is increased by ignorance [illegible] assuming the most who know the least.—*Gay.*

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.

A party of one hundred [illegible] left Massachusetts the other day for the Rocky Hills.

Flocks of wild geese are doing great damage to the wheat fields in Colusa county, California.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

To make the best of the good and the least of the evil of life is the best philosophy of life.

Pride and weakness are Siamese twins knit together by the indissoluble hymen.—*Lowell.*

Solitude is well enough, says an impecunious exchange, until you want to borrow something.

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.—*Burke.*

There are some kinds of men who cannot pass their time alone. They are the flails of occupied people.

At a [illegible]town apple dumpling party 40 persons ate 200 dumplings. One man ate 24 and another 18.

We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

Wh[illegible] has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it [illegible] alone.

The [illegible] that t[illegible] their play, [illegible]

You [illegible] distr[illegible] after [illegible]

A [illegible]

[illegible]

Hate is [illegible] pleasure., it need [illegible] before, to see how quickly envy pursues [illegible] hatred

Lord Palmerston once said, speaking of the Turks, "What energy can be expected of a people with no heels to their shoes?"

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