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Go Down Where the Sea Waves are Kissing the Shore.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Go down where the sea waves are kissing
 the shore,
 And ask of them why do they sigh?
The poets have asked them a thousand
 times o'er—
But they're kissing the shore as they've
 kissed it before—
And they're *sighing* to-day and they'l
 sigh evermore;
Ask them what ails them?—they will not
 reply,
But they'll sigh on forever and never tell
 why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a
 sigh?"
The waves will not answer you—neither
 shall I.

Go stand on the beach of the boundless
 deep,
 Where the night stars are gleaming on
 high,
And hear how the billows are *moaning* in
 sleep,
On the low lying strand by the surge-
 beaten steep—
They are moaning forever whenever they
 sweep.
Ask them what ails them? they never
 reply;
They moan, and so sadly, but will not tell
 why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a
 sigh?"
The billows won't answer you—neither
 shall I.

Go list to the breeze at the waning of day,
 When it passes and murmurs "Good-
 bye;"
The dear little breeze! how it wishes to
 stay
Where the flowers are in bloom—where
 the singing birds play;
How it *sighs* when it flies on its weari-
 some way!
Ask it what ails it? it will not reply;
Its voice is a sad one—it never told why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a
 sigh?"
The breeze will not answer you—neither
 shall I.

Go watch the wild blasts, as they spring
 from their lair,
 When the shout of the storm rends the
 sky;
They rush o'er the earth and they ride
 through the air,
And they blight with their breath all
 that's lovely and fair;
And they *groan* like the ghosts in the land
 of despair;
Ask them what ails them? they never
 reply;
Their voices are mournful, they will not
 tell why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a
 sigh?"
The blasts will not answer you—neither
 shall I.

Go stand on the rivulet's lilly-fringed side,
 Or list where the rivers rush by:
The streamlets, which forest trees shadow
 and hide,
And the rivers that roll on their ocean-
 ward tide,
Are *moaning* forever, wherever they
 glide:
Ask them what ails them? they will not
 reply;
On, sad-voiced, they flow, but they never
 tell why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a
 sigh?"
Earth's streams will not answer you—
 neither shall I.

When the shadows of twilight are grey on
 the hill,
 And dark where the low valleys lie,
Go, list to the voice of the wild whip-
 poorwill,
That sings when the songs of its sisters
 are still,
And wails through the darkness so sadly
 and shrill;
Ask it what ails it? it will not reply;
It wails and as ever—it never tells why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a
 sigh?"
The bird will not answer you—neither
 shall I.

Go list to the voice of earth, air and sea,
 And the voices that sound in the sky;
Their [illegible]
There's a sigh in each chord, and a sigh
 in each key,
And thousands of sighs swell their grand
 melody;
Ask them what ails them? they will not
 reply,
They sigh—sigh forever—but never tell
 why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a
 sigh?"
The voices won't answer you—neither
 will I.

☞ Every [illegible] should be able to bake bread, and to knit stockings before marrying.

[illegible]

THE LOST BANK NOTE.

'James,' said Mrs. Garret, while sitting at breakfast one morning, 'I don't like that new girl. I have my suspicions about her.'

'About Ann!' returned Mr. Garret in surprise. 'Why, it's only a few days ago that I heard you boasting to Mrs. Brenmer you had the best cook in New York.'

'So she is a good cook. I don't expect to get such another for twice the wages. It is not about her work—she does all that well—but I've no trust in her.'

'What has she done?'

'What has she done?' echoed the lady, somewhat sharply. 'Nothing, of course, or I'd soon send her packing! But she's shy, and secret, and won't tell me anything about herself; and has ridiculous airs about sleeping alone, and won't even allow Amanda inside her bedroom door. There's something wrong, depend upon it. If there wasn't a screw loose somewhere she wouldn't be here for such low wages.'

'If that's a fault against her you can raise them.'

'There, James, you may as well go to your office, if that's all you have to say,' cried the lady of the house. 'But mark my words, before you go, I'll find Ann Walker out before long.'

Mr. Garret sighed as he left the house. He well knew that remonstrance would avail nothing, for Mrs. Garret's prejudices were as the laws of the Medes and Persians, changeth not, so he took himself off without another word.

'Amanda,' cried the lady, when left alone, 'bring Horace up.'

In response to this summons a large slatternly girl of eleven or twelve made her appearance from the basement with a little boy in her arms, who made a snatch at an egg stand and knocked it on the floor in passing the table.

'You awkward, careless gypsy!' cried she, with great spirit, 'that's the second thing you've broken this morning. Who do you think is going to pay for all you destroy? Come here, Horace, love, and have a nice piece of toast. What's Ann doing Amanda?'

'She's dressing the turkey, mum.'

'Did she scour the front steps this morning?'

'Yes, mum; she got up at five o'clock to do it.'

'Go and tell her I expect her to wash the drawing-room windows before dinner.'

'Upon my word,' muttered Mrs. Garret, resentfully, as Amanda retired to carry her message, 'I'll pull her pride down for a bit. Must wash the steps at five o'clock in the morning forsooth lest folks see her at all. I'll take that out of her.'

In a few minutes Ann came up to clear the dishes off. She was tall and well proportioned, about twenty years of age, her face pale, refined in features, not handsome, but singularly intelligent and earnest in its expression.

She looked a little anxious and troubled as she noiselessly arranged the room, and when she was ready to go, she said, in a very soft voice:

'May I ask a favor, ma'am, that the cleaning of the front windows be put off till early in the morning?'

'No,' answered her mistress, curtly, 'I want them done now.'

'I don't wish to be seen by passers-by,' she urged, almost pleadingly. 'It is of importance for me not to be seen by—by some one who might know me.'

'You will obey my orders, girl, or leave the house!' returned Mrs. Garret, beginning to quiver with temper.

The servant courtesied and withdrew.

In a few minutes she was at the windows, but in a close sunbonnet, to Mrs. Garret's unspeakable disgust.

'I think I can see through my lady,' was her inward comment. 'She's some jailbird the detectives are after. I'll lay a trap for her, and if she not caught in it, my penetration isn't much.'

Rising from her sewing machine, which she had been busily plying in Master Horace's behalf, while her brain as busily revolved she unlocked her desk, took from it a twenty dollar note, carefully marked the number, and dropped it, as if by accident, under the edge of the table. Then she sat and basted some more work, making enough rubbish about the floor to insure the servant's having to use her dustpan before dinner. By the time this was accomplished she discovered little Horace and the machine in such danger of coming together that, first driving that innocent to the other side of the room, and then picking up her scattered shuttle and reels, she called Ann up stairs to put the parlor to rights, and she then left the room, taking Horace with her.

When Mr. Garret came home to dinner at noon, he saw by his wife's portentous face that something dreadful had occurred.

'James,' said she, solemnly, 'I have found that girl out in a theft.'

'Who? Amanda?'

'Pshaw! no, [illegible] girl, Ann. She has just helped herself to twenty dollars [illegible]'

[illegible] cried Mr. Garret [illegible]

'Yes, it [illegible]

[illegible]

you must go immediately and fetch a policeman.'

Bewildered, though far from convinced by the proofs of Ann's guilt which his spouse cited, Mr. Garret suffered himself to be sent off on his errand of justice, and soon returned, in company with a detective, armed with a warrant, and Ann was imperatively rung up, while Amanda was ordered to remain, that she might take a warning from the event to take place.

'Ann,' said her master, feeling very small, 'Mrs. Garret misses some money, and this man has come to'—

'Find it, my dear,' subjoined the officer, who had been regarding her with undisguised interest. 'So if you'll hand over the keys of your kit we'll proceed to business instanter.'

'And,' said Mrs. Garret, sternly, if the stolen property is found in your possession, you will go to prison, miss—that you shall.'

'Ann's white face slowly kindled with a deep horror; her lips turned pale: her breath seemed to leave her a gasp.

'You accuse me—of theft?' she faltered.

Mr. Garret silently put her in a chair. She looked as if the shock would strike her dead.

'Do you deny,' demanded Mrs. Garret, none the less spitefully for this attention, 'that you picked up that twenty dollar bill that was dropped on the carpet, just on this spot, this forenoon? Haven't you got it in your pocket, or trunk, or hidden about your bedroom at this moment? Go on Mr. Officer; she's determined not to confess. It was a national bank bill for twenty dollars, numbered 109,946.'

'Seems to me I've seen your face before this, my gal,' muttered the officer, confidentially. 'You'll please fork over the key of your kit.'

With trembling hands Ann waved him off, and untied a ribbon from about her neck, on which a small key was suspended.

As she gave it to him a sort of sob shook her, and large tears rushed in a torrent down her cheeks.

'I'll show the way,' said the mistress of the house, sure by these signs of sorrow that the note was about to be discovered. 'James, keep your eye on the unprincipled wretch, for there's no knowing what she may do.'

Arrived at Ann's miserable bedroom, the officer first coolly rifled the pockets of all the dresses to be found hanging up, and not finding what he sought, dragged the single trunk out under the skylight and unlocked it.

Very neatly arranged were poor Ann Walker's simple belongings. Some daintily frilled underclothing, smelling lavender; her modest Sunday apparel folded by itself in silver paper; a box of plain linen collars and cuffs one or two books of such unexpected titles as 'Longfellow's Hyperion,' 'The Holy Grail,' by Tennyson, and some of Madame Michelet's in the original French; and a beautiful mother-of-pearl desk in the very bottom with the initials 'A. W. A.' in a silver monogram on the top.

'Now I'm blessed if this ain't a pretty kit for a servant girl,' remarked the detective, taking out the desk and proceeding to pry it open with his penknife.

'A wholesale robber,' groaned Mrs. Garrett, clasping her hands; 'and to think that I have harbored—'

'Hallo,' cried the detective, opening the lid, and taking out a silver photograph case, richly chased, and garnished with an elaborate monogram, 'Who is this?'

Then the pair had a fine surprise.

Opening the case, they saw two *cartes*—one of a majestic looking military man, apparently about sixty, the other of a young girl, clad in silks and richest lace, whose face bore the exact similitude of Ann Walker.

'Ay the hooky!' ejaculated the officer, a light breaking all over his face, and astonishment prevented further articulation.

Taking a greasy pocketbook out of his breast-pocket he opened it, and drew forth a photograph, which was Ann's vignette.

'Them two's the same gal?' asked he eagerly.

'Yes,' answered the woman, with a glance.

'I thought I had spotted that gal the minute I see eyes on her,' cried the man exultingly; 'and to think of me finding her after all, and three of us shunting for her these six months. I'm a made man. Won't the general plank down the thousand pounds reward? Hoorar.'

'What do you mean?' asked Mrs. Garret.

She now began to believe she had been sheltering a very great criminal indeed.

'What do I mean?' grinned the detective. Why, ain't you made the orderdest mistake, missus, you ever made in your life. You've heard of General Arnim as lives in the marble palace up the Hudson?'

'Of course I have—indeed, have some acquaintance with him.' 'He would give the universe to scrape' [illegible] might [illegible]

'That's unlucky—for you,' observed the officer, with an obvious absence of sympathy; 'for you see this here cook, as [illegible]

[illegible]

'To think that her penetration should [illegible]

[illegible]

gise for my mistake?' she gasped, I'll die of shame outright!'

'Meantime we haven't found the bank note,' observed the officer, with some malice prepense. 'Shall I go on with the search?'

'No, no! For gracious sake, leave me! Let me think!' groaned our friend, in real anguish of mind.

So the officer went down stairs with a very different manner from that in which he had ascended.

Meantime the following interview had taken place between the master of the house and the accused.

'Sir,' said the latter, as soon as they were alone, 'I think you have the feeling of a gentleman. Farther concealment is useless, and before I leave this house I owe you an explanation.'

Mr. Garrett thought this was the beginning of a confession of guilt said very sadly, but kindly:

'Yes, Ann.'

'I am not what I seem,' pursued Miss Arnim, in an agitated manner. 'You may have heard of, six months ago, General Arnim's daughter, who disappeared'—

'Heavens!' muttered Mr. Garret, He now feared poor Ann was insane.

'My father,' continued Miss Arnim, 'wished me to marry a gentleman who was in every respect repugnant to me. I having already given my heart to another, whose want of forturne was his only fault. I would not disobey my father by following the dictates of my heart, yet how could I go through the daily sorrow of thwarting his expressed wishes! I resolved to escape from both temptations for a time, and I could think of no way in which I could more securely hide myself than by going into service for a time I confided my story to the good manageress of the 'Domestic's Training Institution,' who was a friend of mine, and through her influence I came here with the determination of doing my duty as conscientiously as it was possible. You have seen the result, Mr. Garret.'

She burst into tears, though her eyes flashed through them with proud indignation.

By this time the earnestness of her manner and the calm refinement of her language had carried the conviction of truth to listener's heart. He gazed at her in amazement and distress, while a flood of tears dyed brow.

The detective now entered, and with a deeply respectful obeisance to the woman whom he had treated so insolently ten minutes ago, said:

'Please to accept my humble service, Miss Arnim, and to pardon my mistake, What can I do for you, miss?'

'Bring me a cab, if you please,' said Miss Arnim. Then turning to her former master, she said pleadingly:

'Let me ask as a particular favor, sir, that I may be permitted to go without meeting Mrs. Garret again. I can imagine now,' she added, with a trembling voice, 'what innocent and friendless girls feel, when they are suspected wrongfully.'

Little more remains to be said. The young lady had her wish, and returned to her father's house without another encounter with her amiable mistress; and so over,oyed was the General to receive back her whom he had bitterly mourned as lost by his own cruelty, that her engagement to Mr. Melville, a young lawyer, was immediately afterward arranged with much rejoicing.

Little Master Horace proved, some weeks afterward, to be the real cause of that bank note's disapperrance. It was found stuffed into the cavity under the shuttle of his mamma's sewing machine.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Are you ready for winter?

Have you found the old pants, vest or coat you promised your poor neighbor's ragged and shivering boy?

Did you offer to assist neighbor Jones, who has been sick so long, to gather his corn, which now needs attention and should be taken to mill?

Did you lend Hodson your team when his was disabled to get out of the stable, to get his wheat to market, thus enabling him to pay off that mortgage and save his home?

Did you accidently upset a load of wood before old Aunt Mathe's door when you saw her huddling in a sunny corner, because there could be no fire in her humble cottage?

Have you settled in full with your laborers and given each one his due?

Have you provided food and proper shelter for the stock on your farm.

Are your tools and machines well cleaned and under cover?

Do you think you are always right and all who differ with you wrong?

Have you paid your debts and saved a surplus to enable you to avoid new ones?

Have you provided fuel for your house, and filled your pantry and cellar?

Have you subscribed and paid for the *Chestertown Transcript* for 1877, and have you asked your neighbor to do it also?

If you can answer all the above questions as they should be, your autumn's work is done, and well done, and you are ready for the pleasures, relaxations and enjoyments of winter.

[illegible]

From the New York Observer.

THREE RICH MEN'S WILLS.

Probably a more remarkable concurrence of deaths cannot be named: the three richest men of New York died within fourteen months. Mr. William B. Astor died in November, 1875, Mr. A. T. Stewart in April, 1876, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in January, 1877.

All these men were conspicuously rich: richer than any other men who have lived in this country, richer than the most of rich men in older countries. Great landowners holding entailed estates, may have property valued at higher figures than the estimate of these men's wealth, but they were the three rich men of the age, and have all died in this city within a few months of each other.

And they left WILLS. It is well to make a will. On many accounts this is better than to leave one's property to the disposition which the law makes of one's estate if he dies without leaving a will. Because wills are so often disputed and broken down, and the dead man's will defeated, it is said it is useless to make one. But there are very few wills disturbed compared with the great number made. Now and then a great will case fills the public mind, and the details are read with eagerness. An estate is broken up and the property is frittered away as the testator did not intend. But these instances are very few. On the whole, it is best to make a will, and to make it when in full health, and to make it very plain, and to add as few codicils and explanations, and provisos, as possible. These complicate matters, and make room for suspicion and doubt, and oftentimes render the last state of the will worse than the first.

I have lived in the midst of the community where these three men died, and have heard and read numerous criticisms on their wills. It is curious to observe how easy it is to make a will for another man; to find fault with his will when he is dead, and to say what he ought to have done with his great wealth. No one makes a will that satisfies the public, and very few wills satisfy the heirs. We all have great talents for disposing of other people's money. Our judgment is so much better than that of the man's who has just departed, that we make a will as he ought to have made it, and charge upon him a great lack of good sense together with a large amount of folly. It is often so with us in our criticisms of living men. When money is to be raised for a good cause, we see at a glance that old Mr. Jones might give a thousand dollars and not feel it, but as to our giving fifty, we do not see it at all. I have often noticed that a church debt is paid off on paper, by this process of giving for other people. But as they did not come to the mark we had set for them, the debt was not paid.

These three wills (of Astor, Stewart and Vanderbilt) have not met the approbation of those who get nothing by them. And as they are disinterested parties, having expected no more than they got, perhaps their judgment ought to be taken as worth something. Two points in some or all of these wills strike me as unequal and unwise, but others will not think so. There is an evident intention on the part of all three men, to keep their great properties in bulk after they were gone. No one of them made provision for scattering it largely. Mr. Astor might have adorned the city in which he had lived. Mr. Stewart was expected to do great things for the metropolis, whose people had helped him to his millions. Mr. Vanderbilt might have made monuments for himself by munificent charities. But they left all this mainly to others, and it may or may or may not be done. How we would have spread it all abroad, if it had been ours to give! And now it is quite likely that any one of us with the same money, and the same experience, would have done very nearly the same thing, had we been making our will. I say again, we must not judge except as we are willing to be judged.

All these men saw the results in business of the one-man power. The best form of government, in the world is an unlimited despotism, if the despot be right. The best managed business is under one man's mind. These successful men saw this, and reasoned into the future that after they were dead and gone, it would be better for the accumulation of property, and the prosperity of the business they had pursued, to mass their forces, putting the great portion, the lion's share, into the hands of one man, so that it may go on from year to year growing, and thus perpetuating the name of him who laid the foundation of this mighty pile.

But what an idea men have that daughters ought not to have so large a portion as they leave to their sons. Generally speaking they ought to have more, if the property be unequally divided. They are not able to make money so readily as men are, and they certainly have just as strong claims upon the parental bounty. [illegible]

[illegible]

children around him, to suppose that he is not *indebted to them*. He made his money by their aid in more ways than he knows, and those whom he least esteems as helpers in his business may have been of the greatest benefit. And it does not look well, let the business world view it as they will, for a man to cut off his daughters with a pittance, and give his property to the boys. "Share and share alike" sounds well, and unless there are reasons in particular cases why it is wise to discriminate against an undeserving or untrustworthy heir, it is parental to treat them all as children.

But one cannot help wishing that these great fortunes, so far beyond the *wants* of heirs, might have been made sudden and great benefactions to the city and world.

No good comes to any one by the vast surplus of money poured into the lap at once. What is the good of it but to do good with it? To keep it does not pay. You cannot eat it, or wear it, and the enjoyment of having it is so purely selfish that there is no pleasure in it.

Money is a good. The love of it, greed, avarice, is the most sordid of all vices. Because money is good only as it helps us to do good and get good, it is right to labor for it, and pray for it, and enjoy it. Money, saith the best of books, answereth all things. Only a fool despises it. And he wants it when he is hungry. But there is a glory in giving it with a free hand guided by good sense. And wouldn't I like to have fifty millions or so to give away by will? IRENÆUS.

VARIETIES.

Ketchum & Kissum is the name of a New York law firm.

Virginia City now supplies China with most of her silver bullion.

There are forty-eight millions of dollars in the Brooklyn savings banks.

Italy now possesses 1126 periodical publications, including 387 diurnals.

Oranges on the tree bring but a cent apiece in Tampa county, Florida.

It is now proposed, in New York, to establish a reading club for ladies.

There are 14,007,522 children of school age in the United States and Territories.

At a dolls' fair in Chester, England, 2,700 wax and china beauties were exhibited.

Bethlehem, Pa., makes her tramps earn their lodging by cracking stone in the public highway.

Paris has 35 theatres and places of amusement, exclusive of the skating rinks and concert halls.

'A prudent man,' says a witty Frenchman, 'is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far.'

Brisk times ahead. The ladies of Grand Rapids, Mich., are all taking lessons in physical culture.

Five choirs of 300 singers each have been organized for the Moody and Sankey meetings in Boston.

Several British publicans have been fined under the adulteration act, for selling gin "extended" with water.

A Chinese prohibitory decree has stopped commercial intercourse between Russia and China.

Troy, N. Y., the centre of the linen collar trade, boasts of 36 collar and shirt manufactories and 15 laundries, all in full operation.

A large hawk was lately captured in the woods near Chester, Pa., the bird's feet being frozen to the limb of a tree, so that it could not fly.

Some articles of jewelry recovered from the Brooklyn Theatre fire still remain unclaimed in the hands of the Police Property Clerk of that city.

Lumber cutting has begun in the immense forests of California, and a large increase of wealth in that State from this source is expected.

A large snow bank, at Rutland, Vt., was recently carried into the boiler room of a factory and melted in order to find a valuable ring a lady had lost in it.

One beautiful trait in a true woman's character is her invariable readiness to smooth her husband's temperament, even if she has to do it with an aching heart.

There are 325 students at Vassar this year, a considerable falling off; but then it gives the girls more room to trail their skirts.

Men intellectually great are few and far between, men in whom greatness and virtue equally combine are still more rare to be met with.

A mountain is made up of stones, and friendship of little matters, and if the stones hold not together the mountain crumbles into dust.

Wit is the [illegible]

[illegible]

From the New York Observer.

RATS AND MICE.

Dogs, cats and owls are the natural enemies of rats and mice. Perhaps the greatest enemy the rat has is his own species. They devour each other in innumerable numbers, especially if driven by hunger: for with rats, as with men, "hunger knows no law." If every rat brought into the world alive were to live to full age, a famine would ensue. They begin to breed when four months old, and have from four to six litters a year. Mr. Shaw, an English writer on the rat, says: "My little dog Tiny has destroyed 2,525 rats, which, had they been permitted to live, would, at the end of three years, have produced 1,633,190,200 living rats." Put several rats in a cage, and then introduce a wounded one; he will soon be devoured by the others, and then (if food is kept from them) one after another is devoured except the conqueror; now turn him loose, and farewell to every rat he meets unless he encounters one stronger than himself.

Rats and mice are generally considered filthy in their habits. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is true they often go among unclean objects, seeking for food, but they are careful not to soil their fur, and, when done eating, always wash their face and paws, sitting on their hind feet like a squirrel. When rats or mice drink, they lap the water like a cat, and when done go through the necessary ablution.

Every one has noticed the long tail of these animals; it is more than a fifth foot to them; being prehensile to a large extent, it assists the animal in leaping to a greater height, acting like a spring. Rats are good scavengers, and there is no telling how much they devour of the seeds of loathsome fevers and other diseases.

When I was a boy a rat was caught in a singular trap. Foraging in the cellar, he went over a pile of clams, one of which had its shell partly open. The rat's tail fell into the open shell, which closed tightly. Away went the rat to his hole, large enough for his body, but too small for the clam. I drew him forth, and slew him then and there. Twice, I have caught them in a steel trap, from which they have escaped by eating off the leg; this they frequently do when caught between the foot and knee. A friend of mine caught one, not long since, nearly white; it belonged to the gray species.

Not long ago, I found a field-mouse in her nest the wood-pile, nursing her young. Gently lifting her by the tail (she remained perfectly quiet), I brought her to the house, the little ones still clinging to her, and deposited the whole family in a trap—a breakfast for our cat.

A newspaper article recently stated that a Brahma hen would eat mice. I saw a hen—not Brahma—swallow, one after another, a whole litter of field-mice, picking them up like grains of corn. About two miles from my house is a large brick residence, which is the home of a colony of Albinos. These mice are perfectly white, with pink eyes. The first were [illegible] fifteen years ago; several were [illegible] last year.

One more line, and I am done. [illegible] best way to kill a rat or mouse [illegible] him first. [illegible]

CIVIL RIGHTS IN ST. [illegible]

Klientopf, the barber on [illegible] says the St. Louis Times, [illegible] civil rights bill. He was [illegible] front part of his shop [illegible] a sprucely dressed darkey [illegible] entered and remarked:

'I want to get shaved.'

'All right,' responded Mr. K., 'have you a cup?'

'No.'

'Can't shave you unless you have your own cup.'

'I'll buy one. Will you sell me one?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'How much is it?'

'Five [illegible] dollars.'

'What [illegible]

'Five [illegible] dollars.'

'You [illegible] me from getting shaved?'

'Do you [illegible] cup?'

'At [illegible]

'Yes.'

'No [illegible]

'Git, then.'

Klientopf [illegible] the attitude of a [illegible] catapult.

[illegible]

The stream in the millpond [illegible] servant, and rushes gladly [illegible] wheel; what good is it creeping listlessly through the valley?