The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1877. NO. 41.

DRIFTING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal cracks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates,

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

* * * * * * *

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

☞ A Danbury man related to a horror stricken crowd in a grocery store, the particulars of a narrow escape he had from a terrible death. He was crossing a long railroad bridge on foot, when he was surprised to see a locomotive coming around a curve, and tearing toward him at a terrific speed. The bridge was too narrow to allow of escape at either side, and he did not dare to jump into the yawning abyss below. In a flash he took in the situation and formed his plan of action. He started on a swift run toward the on coming locomotive, and when within a few feet of it he concentrated all his muscle and nerve into one effort, and leaped straight up in the air. The fearful monster shot under him, and he came down on the bridge, saved from death, but seriously shaken up by the rapid descent. There was a moment of deep silence upon the close of this narration. Then one of the company sighed, and shut up his knife, and unexpectedly said: "What's the use of presence of mind when a man can lie like that?"

☞ The chief objection to the system that merchants have of making up their accounts on New Year's seems to be that a man has only a week to enjoy a Christmas present from his wife before he gets the bill for it.

☞ The past is disclosed, the future conceived in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of: the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the sciences and experience that past ages have unveiled.

☞ Gold is the only power which receives universal homage.

ISABEL'S DREAM.

BY J. W. B.

'Miss Isabel, there's a man below who wishes to see your father.'

Isabel Huntley turned to her father, who was seated in his great easy arm chair, pale from recent illness, and said hesitating:

'Are you able to see him, father?'

'Yes, Isabel, let him come up.'

The servant vanished, and presently re-appeared, ushing in this time a man of vulgar appearance, with black hair and abundant whiskers. He wore a loose coat, which fitted him badly, and his whole appearance was inferior and repulsive.

'I believe I am speaking to Mr. Huntley,' he said.

'You are right in your supposition,' said the old gentleman, turning slowly toward him, and speaking in a dignified tone.

'Well, Mr. Huntley, you and I have got a little business to talk over,' said the visitor, with a familiarity that savored of impudence; 'so, if you don't object, I'll take a chair.'

And he extended his big, rough hand towards a chair that stood betwee him and Isabel.

'I don't know you, sir,' said Mr. Huntley, coldly.

'No, very likely not. My name's Goodge, solicitor, New Inn'

'Well, Mr. Goodge, what may be your business with me?'

'Just what I'm coming to, if you'll have patience.'

'Sir,' said Isabel, 'my father is just recovering from a fit of illness. Would it not be better to defer your conversation about business till he is a little stronger?'

'Well, that's as you say, but really I don't think it would be for his interest to delay it. It's very important business, I may say.'

'Go on, said Mr. Huntley; 'I am not strong, as my daughter says; but I think I am strong enough for the business you speak of. Go on. I will give best attention.'

'I am sorry to bring you bad news—I am, really; but perhaps you remember endorsing for Mr. Henry Faulkner, promisory note of £2000.'

Mr. Huntley turned pale.

'Well,' he said, with difficulty, 'what then?'

'It's just this. The note's due, and Faulkner can't pay; and the long and the short of it is, that I've come to you for the money.'

'Was the note given to you?' said Mr. Huntley, with difficulty suppressing the ortward show of agitation into which this communication threw him.

'No,' said Goodge, 'but it passed into my hands. I am the one you have to deal with in the matter.'

The old man sat a moment as if stunned.

'Sir,' said he, 'I confess that I was unprepared for this. I was doubtless imprudent in endorsing: but Mr. Faulkner, who is the son of an old friend, assured me positively that he could and would meet his promissory note when it becomes due.'

'Oh, they promise anything,' said Goodge, coarsely. 'All he wanted was your name.'

'Don't believe it, father,' said Isabel, in a low voice. 'I can't think so meanly of Henry Faulkner.'

'It was cruel to leave me in such a strait,' returned her father, very much agitated. 'I cannot meet it without selling this place, and reducing myself almost to penury.'

'Don't be downcast, father,' said Isabel. 'I'll work for you. I can give music lessons, and we shall go on, never fear. Besides, I can't help thinking there is some mistake.'

'It does look bad,' said Mr. Huntley, 'Henry Faulkner is just now abroad.—It looks as if he had purposely left me to meet this obligation. It is shameful,' said her father.

'Believe me, he is incapable of such a thing,' said Isabel, earnestly. 'It will be all right in the end.'

'I see you are in trouble, Mr. Huntly,' said Goodge. 'May be it isn't convenient for you to pay this money?'

'It is not.'

'Suppose we compromise, then. I'll let you off on a certain condition'

'Name it, sir,' said the old gentleman, considerably surprised.

'Well, there's no use in beating about the bush. I often come down to Richmond, and I've known your daughter by sight for some time, though perhaps she hasn't noticed me. She suits me. If she'll promise to become Mrs. Goodge you shall have no more trouble about this money.'

'Do you mean to insult me, sir?' demanded Mr. Huntley, incensed.

'Insult you! I should think not. I only ask your daughter's hand, and promise to pay £2000 for it. I can maintain her in good style. I've made a heap of money by discounting, and I am not in much danger of the work-house,' he added with a chuckel.

Isabel gazed with terror and disgust at the coarse man, who had the effrontery to think of her as his wife.

Mr. Huntley, feeble as he was, rose to his feet; and, supported by his trembling limbs, pointed to the door, saying, 'leave my house, sir? Sooner than, my daughter should marry you, I will end my days in the very place you have just mentioned,' he replied.

'Oh, you are on the high horse, are you?' said Goodge sneering. 'Well, I'll leave my offer open for three days. May be you'll think better of it.'

He rose from the chair, and with a familiar nod to both, left the room.

'This is horrible!' exclaimed Mr. Huntley, sinking back into his seat.

'Don't think of it, papa. We will pay the money, if we must, and I'll become a governess. We shall get on: never fear.'

But age was less hopeful and elastic than youth. Mr. Huntly was not to be comforted.

'Papa,' said Isabel, suddenly, 'I have had a strange dream for three nights in succession. I wonder if there can be anything in it'

'What is it?' asked her father, languidly.

'I dreamed that under the pear-tree in the corner of the garden there was an amount of treasure concealed. If it had been only once, I should have thought nothing of it; but three times is certainly singular.'

Her father looked excited.

'It is very singular,' he said. 'And Heaven grant that there may be something in it.'

'But do you give any credence to it, papa?'

'I do, and I will tell you why. My grandfather was, in the latter part of his life, of disordered intellect, which betrayed itself in the fancy that every one around him wanted to rob him. During his illness a sum of £4000 in gold was paid him. This disappeared, and was never afterwards discovered. If it should happen that he got up secretly and buried it, it world be most singular.'

'Let us test the matter!' said Isabel, promptly. 'I will send for Mike Flaherty to dig under the tree, and if anything is concealed it shall be found.'

'Do so, my child, at once. If only we can be successful, that bad man will be prevented from doing us harm.'

Mike Flaherty was a laborer whom Mr. Huntley employed from time to time in his garden. He lived in a little cottage a quarter of a mile distant.

Isabel despatched the servant for Mike. Luckily, he was found at home, and came to the villa immediately. Isabel set him to work, but did not tell him what she expected to find. So great was her interest that she stood by while he dug. At length, about two feet below the surface his spade struck against something hard.

'Bedad, it's a big stone I've struck, I'm thinking,' he said.

'Dig carefully around it,' said Isabel, 'and bring it up.'

She waited with ill-concealed anxiety. At lenght Mike Flaherty exclaimed in wonder:

'Why, it's a box, Miss Isabel.'

'Lift it up Mike.'

'It's powerful heavy, miss,' said Mike tugging at the burden.

'Bring it into the house,'

This was done in a few minutes.

'That will do.' Now fill up the hole, Mike.'

Left to herself, Isabel, with a hatchet, broke open the box, and was overcome by the sight. It was full of gold pieces. Her dream had come true! The exultation of Mr. Huntley may be imagined.

'It is my grandfather's gold,' he said. 'But it will not do to have such a treasure in the house.'

So the gold was once transferred to the keeping of the Richmond Bank. It was found that it amounted to exactly four thousand sovereigns.

'Now we can pay this man, and bid him defiance,' said Mr. Huntley, greatly relieved.

Three days later, Mr. Goodge presented himself at the Richmond villa.

'Well, Mr. Huntley,' he said, 'have you thought better of my proposal?'

'I treat it with the contempt it deserves, said the old gentleman.

'Then,' said Goodge, turning purple with rage, 'I'll sell you up.'

'Suppose I pay you?'

'But you can't.'

'I will give you a check on the local bank this moment.'

'Have you funds there?' asked Goodge suspiciously.

'Do you mean to insult me?'

'Well,' said the baffled villian, 'then you may pay me'

'Hold,' said a new voice; 'I shall have something to say first.'

All parties turned at the unexpected command. There stood a young man of very fine appeance, who had just then entered.

'What does this mean?' he asked, looking at the speaker.

Henry Faulkner!' exclaimed Isabel, in a low, sweet voice; but he checks glowed with joy.

An explanation was soon given. It appeared that Goodge had written to Faulkner, voluntarily offering to renew, and requesting him to give himself no trouble about the promissory note. Then he visited Mr. Huntley, and, pretending that Faulkner had broken his engagement, claimed his money. It was only a trick to secure the hand of Isabel.

Goodge slunk from the room, perceiving that the game was up. Henry Faulkner remained. Before he had left the house Isabel had made a certain promise, which was redeemed three mbuths later at the altar. Her marriage portion consisted of the gold which had been brought to light, after fifty years concealment, by the strange instrumentality of her own dream.

☞ "Bright [illegible]," said a young printer to his sweetheart. She made a——at him, and planted her ☞ between his 2 i's, which made him C* * *

☞ A California woman is the proprietor of a line of stages.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

HOW LITTLE BOYS TREATED THE COMMON SCHOOL QUESTION IN 1856 AND HOW THEY TREAT IT NOW.

From the Danbury News.

1856—A mother is combing her boy's hair. It is time for him to go to school. But he don't want to go. His face is twisted hideously

Mother—Stand still, Tommy, or I won't get your hair combed in time for school.

Tommy (sullenly)—I don't care.

Mother—What's that? Don't talk like that! You do wan't to go to school?

Tommy (positively)—No I don't, teether.

Mother—But how will you get your education if you don't go to school?

Tommy—I don't want no education.

Mother—If you don't go to school now, when you have got the chance, you will grow up ignorant, and when you are a man you will have to do the commonest work. But if you go to school and mind your mother and teacher you will grow up wise and respected

Tommy (with increased sullenness)—I'd rather dig ditches for a living when I was a man than to go to an old school all the time.

Mother (in some animation)—There! Now you start your boots, or I'll start them for you.

He started them himself.

1876—A mother is combing her boy's hair. It is time for him to go to school But he dosen't want to go. His face is twisted hideously.

Mother—Stand still, Tommy, or I won't yet your hair combed in time for school.

Tommy (superciliously)—Oh, shoot the school.

Mother (amazed) What are you talking about?

Tommy (briefly)—Cheese it.

Mother(indignant—*Thomas!*

Tommy—Go soft.

Mother(resentfully)—I am not pulling your hair. I want you to go to school and be a great man when you grow up.

Tommy—Wipe off your chin ma.

Mother—My chin? There's nothing on my chin, young man, and I don't want any more fooling from you. Your father is doing everything he can to got you an education, that you may grow up not to be a shame to us, and here you are not a bit grateful.

Tommy (sarcastically)—Tell pa to pull down his vest.

Mother (aghast)—Pull down his vest

Tommy (briefly) Yes, or go hire a hall.

Mother (still more aghast)—Hire a hall? Well, I never! Not satisfied with a three-story brick school house, heated with a furnace, but we must go and hire a hall for you! Well, I declare!

Tommy (in a suppressed voice, as he dove for his hat)—Oh, ma, what a muff you be!

And he darted from the house, leaving the amazed woman staring at the door through which he disappeared, with extended mouth.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

You think you love the man who is coming this Sunday night to visit you! And he acts as if he loves you! Suppose he "declares himself," and asks you to become his wife. Are you prepared to say to him, "I love and will trust you through life with my happiness, and the lives and weal of our children!"

He is jolly, gay and handsome, and all the darts of Cupid are twinkling and sparkling in his eyes; but still those eyes always find expression from the love of a true soul?

And to-night he says many pleasant things, and draws pretty pictures for the future.

Does he go to-morrow to work which gives promise of the fulfillment of your desires in life?

Does his ambitions and achievements satisfy you?

Does his every-day life shine with the noble endeavors of a trustworthy man?

If you think and desire a companion in your thinking—one who can unlock the deepest depths of your mind, to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and morality? Is he doing all he can to build up future usefulness and happiness in which you can share and feel blessed? These are questions which the experience of after years make many women weep in bitterness of soul that they were not thought of before they answered "Yes."

☞ Conundrum from the Danbury News man:

"Did you ever notice how few really good looking woman travel?'

☞ A society to promote the extinction of cats is talked of in New York, and their unfeline cruelty cannot be mollyfied.

☞ To save quarrelling with the life insurance company, a Chicago women stopped her husband's funeral procession before the office and sent word to the President to satisfy himself.

☞ While Stokes was on his way from Auburn to New York an equal number presented him with [illegible], one which was printed, "Cussed [illegible]." Stokes subsequently declared [illegible] visiting the Centennial.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

'What's this 'Somerard' affair all about, pa?' inquired Burdock's eldest daughter of him the other day, as the family were sitting around the table, after it had been cleared of the supper dishes.

'Why in the world, Nellie, don't you read the papers, and keep yourself posted, and be able to converse fluently upon the topics of the day, like everybody else?' he asked, sharpening his razor on a strap for the morning's use.

'I don't have any time, pa, to read all about such things,' said the young lady, sorting her worsted for the motto she was working.

'Time!—why, hang it, you've got time enough to learn the Chinese language, if you'd a mind to try,' he remarked, trying the edge of his razor on a hair.

'Well, nobody expects a girl to know all the stuff that's in the papers,' remarked his fair daughter.

'That's just where you're mistaken, girl. Every person ought to know what's passing on around them, and be able to express their opinions,' said the old gentleman, putting up his razor and going off to bed.

One day last week the girl wanted a new hat, and remembering her paternal's remarks, she hunted up a couple of old papers and set herself to work to master their contents. After a couple of hours study she laid them aside, and smiled gently to herself as she thought how she would astonish and please the old man and how he would cheerfully launch out his pocket book and count out the ducats for the proposed new bonnet. So great was her impatience to exhibit her knowledge that she could hardly wait till he had finished his supper, before she remarked:

'So Tweed's got back, pa.'

'Yes, dear; they've got him safe enough at last,' he replied, looking at her with a slightly surprised look.

'I see he had a very stormy passage in the Herald yacht,' she observed, tinkling her knife and fork together.

'Steamer Franklin, you mean, not Herald yacht,' he corrected pleasantly.

'And so they put him back in jail?' she continued.

'Yes, dear,' he said, looking more and more astonished at her.

'But it's a pity they didn't find the boy with him, isn't it?'

'What boy, Nellie?' he asked.

'Why, wasn't he the man that stole poor little Charley Ross?' she asked simply.

'Hadn't anything more to do with it than the man in the moon,' he replied, his face clouding over with disappointment again.

His daughter kept quiet after this for a few moments, then as he took his seat in the easy chair near the fire and stroked the cat, she handed him his slippers and remarked—

'So South Carolina's been decided for Hayes, pa.'

'Yes, that's so, dear; I'm glad to see you've been posting yourself a little,' he said, brightening up again.

'And that'll make Tupper the Governor, won't it?' she asked, innocently.

'Tupper? Lord! no. He's an author, child, not a politician; he hadn't anything to do with elections,' he explained.

'Well, wasn't Sitting Bull elected in Florida?' she asked.

'Sitting fiddlesticks! why, he's an Indian chief, girl,' he said, sadly, his face putting on its gloomy look once more.

'I didn't mean Sitting Bull, pa, I mean Carl Blaine; I knew it was some funny name,' she said, seeing she had made a mistake.

Burdock groaned to himself, stroked the cat the wrong way, and made no answer.

'An' the turning boards in Louisiana have stuffed Ge neral Sheridan,' she prattled on.

'Goodness, Nellie! what are you talking about?' asked Burdock, nervously.

The young lady kept quiet for five minutes by the clock, then the recollection of the new hat with the nodding feathers, spurred her up to fresh effort, and she opened on him with—

'Do you think there'll be a war in Europe, pa?'

'I hardly know, dear. Russia appears to be very firm in her demands, and affairs over there wear a rather stormy appearance,' he answered, thoughtfully.

'Well, I do hope Cuba will conquer Turkey anyway, for I think those awful Turks are just perfectly hateful.

'Do for pity's sake keep quiet, Nell, till you know what you are talking about,' he said, irritably.

'I do know what I'm talking about, and the papers did say that Russia was going to help Cuba to take Ireland,' she replied, looking as if she was going to cry.

'I believe to goodness, girl, you know less than a big, green poll-parrot!' he exclaimed, angrily, going out into the kitchen to talk to his wife.

Miss Burdock is [illegible] over, and an air of [illegible] innocence, and informed her mother yesterday in a burst of confidence—

'I wouldn't read another line of those nasty, mean, story-telling papers if I had to go bareheaded all winter.'

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A correspondent of the Scientific American says: I have not seen a bedbug or a flea in my house for many years. If an army of them were to be brought in, mercury would speedily exterminate them—but I think cleanliness the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common house fly I do not molest, believing that it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of effluvia and the animalcules which always arises from the putrefaction of decaying substauces during warm weather. So also with the birds, which are quite numerous during the summer. Instead of shooting them or setting up scarecrows to frighten them away, I throw out every possible inducement for them to build their nests in my fruit trees. The birds capture a large share of the insects in the larva state, and thus the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for future worms. As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early to take the worms or not. For the residue of insects which infest my vegetable garden, I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which the white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility. The bug or worm which cannot find vegetation unflavored with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere and leave a garden unmolested. A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will clean house plants from lice in a very short time. If mosquitoes or other blood suckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash thrown into their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and storeroom free from ants and roaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution and stuff it into a hole, which can be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communication with the depot of supplies.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Among the changes in general opinion during one or two generations, none is more remarkable than that regarding the life and character of Napoleon. What was once considered as peculiar to the intense national hatred of the English, is now common among intelligent Frenchmen in their treatment of the great Emperor. Observe the close of the following paragraph from the British Quarterly Review, referring to Lanfrey's third volume of the History of Napoleon I.:

"If Napoleon does not deserve severer reprobation than almost any man with whom history makes us acquainted, moral distinctions lose their validity, and crime is graduated by station and success. Beyond all reasonable doubt, Napoleon was the greatest liar, the most treacherous diplomatist, the most unscrupulous politician, the most ruthless tyrant, and the most reckless of bloodsbed and murder of any ruler in modern history. We have read this volume with this criticism of the author constantly present to us, and we deliberately say that—making more than due allowance for those necessities which are the tyrant's plea, and which are sometimes held, if on no other grounds, yet on that of exceptional temptations, to justify exceptional morality—he makes no statement and passes no judgment for which he does not patiently adduce detailed and abundant evidence; nor have we once felt that the depth and strength of his moral detestation is in any degree in excess; more frequently it has seemed inadequate to this man's enormous crimes against human society. History would be worthless if it did not gibbet the author of the Russian expedition, the treacherous appropriator of Portugal and Spain, and the unscrupulous tyrant of Holland. After the venial homage which too many have paid to Napoleon's successful acquisition of unequalled power, it is an unspeakable satisfaction to find a Frenchman sternly bringing his falsehood, treachery, and tyranny to the tests of ordinary moral principles, and estimating at its true worth the meretricious and treacherous glory which these purchased. 'Let us,' he says, 'abandon the discreditable sophisms which have too long served as an excuse for crimes of which we can only prevent a repetition by representing them in all their frightful reality.' It will be many generations before the evils which Napoleon wrought for France will be remedied."

☞ No wri[illegible] and [illegible] the brea[illegible] all of [illegible] of an [illegible] to meet [illegible] small-[illegible] of the [illegible]

We must row with the oars we have, and as we cannot order the wind, we are obliged to sail with the wind that God gives.

A PUZZLE.

God made Adam out of the dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan;
My body He did make complete;
Without an arm or leg or feet,
My ways sad actions did complete.

He fashioned me without a soul;
A living being I became;
And Adam gave to me a name,
Then from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew.
My Maker's laws I did obey,
From them I never went astray;
Thousands of miles I run in fear
But seldom on the earth appear.

Now God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me;
But soon from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again;
Without an arm or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole,
And labor now both day and night;
To fallen man I give great light.
Thousand of people young and old,
Now by my death great light behold;
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the distant shades below.
What am I?

VARIETIES.

That which with the heart is loved, with the heart is lamented.

Patience is a power in a man, warning him to reign his spirit.

Knowledge will become folly if good sense do not take care of it.

It never was a wise thing yet to make men desperate, for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

Every one who works at some useful occupation makes the times better for others as well as for himself.

The weather in France is so very unseasonably mild, as to alarm the agricultural interests.

A firm in London, who lately advertised for a gatekeeper, received in one week 900 answers.

There are now 120 prisoners in the Charleston (S. C.) jail. Only twelve of them are whites.

A Belgian Court has set aside a lady's will because she was under the influence of a belief in spiritualism.

While at Cairo, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil declined the proffered hospitality of the Khedive.

The Berkshire (Mass.) product is so very clear that a new[illegible] to read through three feet of it.

The people of Mass[illegible] took out of the savings ban[illegible] $2,400,000 more last year than they put in.

Life is the jailer, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.—*Lowell.*

Pray for the poor, and now and then throw in a loaf of bread, basket of potatoes or barrow of coal.

Set your mark high in the world, and then move toward it. Do not wait for somebody to lift you up to the place you aspire to—lift yourself.

It is authoritatively asserted that Professor Huxley wears "nines," which is evidence enough that he was not ever here on a bootless errand.

Always try to have a worthy competitor. Set the hare to run with the tortoise, and he will probably fall asleep and lose.

It is a fact that savages who live on plain, simple fare, do not attain so great an average age as the civilised people who indulge in rich cookery.

Ceylon's coffee estates have enhanced from $400 and $500 per acre to $650, brought about by the continued high prices of the product.

In Texas, by a late enactment, physicians must pass examination in all branches [illegible] before they can collect [illegible]

Bread [illegible] purchased with unearned money, is never so sweet as that which has been [illegible] by the sweat of one's brow.

Inquisitive School Board officer to Hibernian parent—"Was your boy born in Glasgow?" "Nae, sor; an' I hope he never will be."

When [illegible] exclaim "God help the poor," he [illegible] are not shirking your own responsibility in the matter.—*New York Express.*

In [illegible] I ponder how quickly fleets the [illegible] of human strength and action, manly courage and his power.—*Bryant.*

There is a time we know not when, a point, we know not where, that marks the destiny of man for glory or despair.—*Addison Alexander.*

The nearest living relative of the old Revolutionary soldier, John Stark, is a [illegible] daughter, now living in the old family mansion at Dunbarton, Vt.

☞ Mrs. Muloch Clark knows what she is talking about. She says to her son:

When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle;
Better far to sleep
In the hungry deep,
'Neath white sheets of foam,
And of seawed tangle.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0264