The Chestertown Transcript.

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The New Fertilizer DISTRIBUTOR

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It is the Only Force-Feed FERTILIZER DISTRIBUTOR in the World.

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GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Said Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.

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PARIS GREEN and *LONDON PURPLE*

For the Destruction of Potato Bugs, and other Insects, for sale at the lowest price. T. W. WICKES, Druggist

A CHILD'S DEATH.

Thou touchest us lightly, O God, in our grief,
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous hours;
All was bright, but Thou camest so dreadful and brief,
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children! My children! They clustered all around me,
Like a rampart which sorrow could never never break through;
Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me,
In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

But the youngest! O Father! How lovely he was,
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like eyes;
Thou lovest thy soul-born! and had I not cause
The treasure Thou gavest me Father to prize?

But the lily bed lies beaten down by the rain,
And the youngest is gone from the place where he grew;
My youngest! My brightest! Oh let me complain,
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat through.

I murmur not, Father! My will is with Thee,
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine,
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, Oh Father!
But see!
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was mine.

Thou hast taken the youngest, he was fairest to me,
Thou hast taken the fairest, 'tis always the way,
Thou hast taken the dearest, was he dearest to Thee?
Thou art welcome, thrice welcome, yet woe is the day!

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of thy choice,
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him with mirth;
He sings up in heaven with his sweet baby voice,
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

But, Oh! for that voice which is thrilling through heaven,
One moment my ears with its music to shake!
Oh, no! Not for worlds would I have him regiven,
But I long to have back what I would not retake.

I grudge him, and grudge not, Father! Thou knowest
The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow;
It is thus in Thy husbandry, Savior! Thou sowest
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

Thou art blooming in heaven, my blossom, my pride!
And thy beauty makes Jesus and angels more glad;
Saints mothers have sung when their youngest born died,
Oh, why, my own saint! is thy mother so sad?

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, my child!
Thou art his; I am his; and thy sisters are his;
But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild,
To think that her son is an angel in bliss!

Oh! Forgive me, dear Saviour! in heaven's bright shore,
Should I still in my child find a separate joy,
While I lie in the light of Thy face evermore,
May I think heaven brighter because of my boy!

JAY GOULD'S EYEBROWS.—"How Jay Gould lost his eyebrows," is the subject of a thrilling romance constructed especially for the St. Louis Republican. He had his all staked on Union Pacific, and the stock had been worked up from nine to about sixty-six. A case likely to make his fortune or ruin him was before the supreme court at Washington.—When the decision was to be rendered Gould hired a private wire and took his seat at the New York end of it. The first of the opinion began to come over the wire and it was a mere history of the case.—"Oh, shut him off," cried Mr. Gould, "and ask him whether the decision of the lower court is affirmed." The answer was awaited with breathless anxiety. Gould sank in his chair as pale as a dead man, those about him were much concerned for fear that if the decision was adverse he would be killed by it. The operator at length gave the news that the decision of the lower court had been affirmed. Mr. Gould was prostrated, though the decision gave him millions. He was carried to his home in Fifth avenue, and a long sickness followed. All his hair came out, including his eyebrows, and those nature never restored.

☞They had not been married long, so they sat down to play "checkers." In the middle of the game she said:

"Then do I jump these two men and get a king? Of course I do.—Crown me. I've got the first king," and she chuckled hysterically.

"No you ain't, either. I didn't mean that move," said he. "If you can't play checkers without cackling like a men you'd better give it up. I'll take that back and move here; now, so. Now then you can move."

"Over here?" asked the wife.

"Certainly. That's very good," and her husband gobbled two men.

"I didn't see that. I'd rather put it here," she remonstrated.

"Too late now," said he, pegging away for the king row. "You should study your moves first."

The records of some fast trotters:

2:11¼, S. Julien.
2:11⅜, Maud S.
2:13¾, Rarus.
2:14, Goldsmith Maid.
2:14⅜, Hopeful.
2:15, Lulu.
2:15½, Smuggler.
2:16¼, Lucille Golddust.
2:16½, American Girl and Derby.
2:16⅝, Occident.
2:17, Floster.
2:17½, Dexter.

Corn is the worst used of all the cereals. No matter how fruitful it is, it is only grown to have its ears pulled.

(CONTRIBUTED STORY.)

AUNT MILLICENT'S MISTAKE.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"Good morning, Edna," came pleasantly from Aunt Millie, as I paid her my accustomed morning visit. When I looked at the invalid chair, and the prisoner it held, and heard the gentle, patient voice, I felt ashamed, for I was boiling over with wrath, and against my mother, too.

Dear Aunt Millie,' how could she be so patient. An invalid for many years, and much of the time a great sufferer. And yet no murmurings escaped her lips; no repinings because she was deprived of that freedom to roam, that is so dear to all of God's creatures. And here was I, in the enjoyment of health, surrounded by every comfort, with no seeming care or trouble, allowing my passions to rule me, because my mother had that morning informed me that I must positively see no more of Harvey Burton.

"What is the matter, Edna?" said Aunt Millie, for she was quick to perceive that my eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"Oh, Aunt Millie," I cried out, unable to restrain myself, "mamma is so absurd. I have the most trouble of any one in the world. She has just declared that Harvey Burton shall come here no more, and that I must not see him again, and all because of foolish rumors she has heard of him, the most absurd of which is that he is a gambler."

"Dear Edna," said Aunt Millie, soothingly, "your good, kind mamma would not assert anything of the kind, unless she was assured of the truth of it."

"Oh, Aunt Millie," I wailed, "if you knew Harvey you would agree with me that some one has misrepresented him. Besides, I told him what mamma had heard and he assured me it was false. He has plenty of money, then why should he gamble. He has but recently inherited an estate from a deceased uncle, and he has no need to resort to games of chance."

"Dear Edna," said Aunt Millie, "it is not always because of need that gamblers are made, but because of a strange infatuation that draws them on. Bring your little stool," continued she, "and sit beside me," and the shadow of a great pain crossed her countenance, "and I will tell you why your mother is so moved at your choice."

Placing her beautiful hand (which by the way I had often envied her, and playfully asked her to will me when she died,) on my head, she said, "Edna, many years ago, Millie Langly was considered a beauty and a belle in the circle in which she moved. To look at me now, after years of suffering, you can find but little trace of what I was once so proud of. So vain indeed that it brought me where you now see me. And yet I thank God that in his providence I was brought to know myself, but I am anticipating.

"My mother was left a widow with two children—your father and myself, with nothing to raise us on but the great love of her whole heart, and her own exertions. And nobly she bent herself to the task of providing for us, and raising us in respectability. Only the recording angel can ever tell how many privations she underwent for our benefit. Suffice it to say, she gave us a good education, and we never knew what it was to want. My brother loved her to idolitry, and I thought I loved her too in those days: but, oh, Edna, I have learned long since that I loved nothing but myself. As I grew to womanhood I became conscious that beauty was my portion, and I determined to make the most of it.

"Deep was my ruling passion, and when I met with others that could command what I so much desired, I railed at fate that my lot had not been cast higher in the social scale. The influence of friends combined with a fair education, had secured me a lucrative position as school teacher, but I fretted at such a tread-mill existence. I wanted to be free to roam at my will, and to surround myself with luxuries that my taste craved, and all the good that was in my existence I threw away for the chimera that I was pursuing.

"Of marriage I had no very definite idea, except as a means whereby I might rise to the position I coveted. And so, although I knew honest Tom Webster, my country lover, expected me to marry him, I did not hesitate to take up with what I considered a better offer.—Percy Neville, I thought, would suit me much better. He made me handsome presents, spared no expense in escorting me to places of amusement drove a splendid team, and in short made me the envy of all the girls of my acquaintance.

"My mother did not fancy him from the first, and frequently tried to show me the folly of such a step. Besides, my brother had been well informed that Percy was a gambler and a spendthrift, but I turned a deaf ear to all their pleadings, and one night before my mirror I made my choice. I looked at my reflection in the glass and soliloquized, "would I not be a fool to bury myself in the country where there are no amusements, and no place to go except the village church? Nothing to look at but the fields and woods; and the latest styles never heard of until they are a season old. And my beautiful white hands that I looked on with pride, how could I preserve them in all their softness as a farmer's wife? And then to sit down opposite to a red-faced farmer at table for three hundred and sixty-five days, in the year," I laughed at the idea, and later on in evening I repaid all my mother's kindness and love by marrying Percy Neville without her knowledge."

Bitter tears were now rolling down Anut Millie's face, but she continued:

"I will not attempt to describe my mother's grief, or my brother's indignation, when they found we were married. Suffice it to say, that before we were married a month, my husband appeared to me in all the deformity of a new character. How could I have been so deceived. True he surrounded me with luxuries, but it was only to gratify his own taste, not mine. Indeed mine was never consulted. And the adornments of dress the most expensive were lavished upon me, not because I enjoyed them, but to show to the world how he could dress his wife. Just as a merchant would show off his goods to the best advantage on a fine model.

"To me he was harsh, cruel and exacting when we were alone. In company he was courteous, sometimes fawning, but under this mask I suffered more from his refined cruelty than from his gross harshness, for I did not want the world to know what a mistake I had made. He would frequently spend hundreds in foolishness, but the money for household expenses was doled out to me in dribs, that I might realize my dependence. If I met him with a show of affection, he said I made him sick. If I treated him with coldness and scorn, he became furious.

"I have often thought that if he had treated me kindly I should have loved him, for I was somewhat estranged from my mother and brother, and that the better part of my nature would have prevailed. But his treatment aroused all the evil that was in me, and for every act of injustice on his part, I hurled back bitter words of defiance, and our home became a very hell. His losses at the card table led him to the wine cup, and our utter ruin was only a question of time.

"One morning, after a night of unusual loss, he arose in such a humor as to be totally unbearable. I was feeling very unwell and could not brook his temper.

"He ordered me to perform a service for him, and I refused unless addressed in a different manner. I taunted him with his harshness, and said I should be glad if I might never look on his face again.

"Fatal wish! In a moment of frenzy he raised his hand to strike me, and in trying to avoid the blow I fell headlong down the stairs.

"When I awoke to consciousness, I was in a darkened room, but as my surroundings began to assume a familiar appearance, I found I was in my own bed. In a moment my mother was beside me, but she looked strangely care-worn I thought. Had I been ill, I asked feebly, and my mother answered with a nod. I could not even make the exertion to think, and so I fell asleep. When I awoke again the doctor was beside me, as I afterwards learned at his request that he should be sent for as soon as I regained consciousness.

"Slowly my mind regained its activity, and I began to wonder where was Percy, why had he not been near me? But I was too proud to ask for him, as I distinctly remembered our last quarrel. After that all was a blank.

Some weeks elapsed before I learned the particulars of that fatal morning. They put me off with the assurance that I was too weak to bear excitement, until my suspense became unbearable, and it was deemed best to tell me.

"My fall down stairs had been a terrible one, injuring my spine to such an extent as to paralyze my lower limbs, and leave me the hopeless cripple you have always known me. The supposition is that he thought that I was dead, as he went to his room and with his pistol blew out his brains. So we were found by the neighbor who hearing the fall and the report of the pistol, burst open the door and came in.—There was no person in the house except Percy and myself, our servant having left us a few days previous.

"My mother and brother were sent for and I was removed in an unconscious state to the bed, from which I was never more to rise without help. In a few hours my babe was born, and soon father and child, victims of our worst passions, were buried out of my sight without my knowledge.

It was found that my husband had squandered everything and was in debt, so that I was left helpless and dependent. And now came my bitter days of trial.

"Your father had married and was prospering in business beyond his expectations, and to his home I was brought, and my mother was induced to make it also her home, so that she could attend to my wants. But from the bitter anguish I endured to know that I had set my mother's and brother's counsel at defiance, and feeling that now I was utterly dependent upon them, I lashed myself into a fury and prayed to die. I thought God had afflicted me beyond all precedent, never once realizing that my own perverseness had brought forth legitimate fruit. Your mother was a Christian, and to her kind love and teaching I owe all that I know of peace. Your father's unceasing kindness and sympathy, and your mother's daily example of patience and piety, at last led me to leave my case in the hands of him that doeth all things well. And now, peacefully all the days of my appointed time can I wait, until the change comes:

"Now, Edna," she continued, after a slight pause, you can see why your mother objects to Harvey Burton. And now leave me for awhile that I may——"

"Oh, Aunt Millie," I exclaimed, interrupting her, "what a pang it has cost you to tell me all this," and kissing her pale cheek I promised it should not be in vain.

"Go and make peace with your mother," was all she said.

Since that morning I have frequently met Harvey Burton, but my mother's heart has long since been made glad by knowing that Aunt Millicent's mistake has opened my eyes to his true character.

The reason a mule's ears are so long is that he has kicked himself away from their front ends.

IN THE LONG RUN.

This old-fashioned saying
So slightly expressed,
And carelessly uttered,
Is one of the best.
Oh ponder, young trifler,
With young life begun,
The deep, earnest meaning
Of "in the long run."

For "in the long run" boys,
The seed will spring up
That was sown in the garden
Or dropped in the cup.
And, remember! no roses
Will spring from the weed,
And no beautiful fruit
From unworthy seed.

How many a stripling
In trouble to-day
By riotous living
With comrades so gay!
With character shipwrecked
And duties undone,
Will be sorrow's harvesting
"In the long run."

And "in the long run,"
The toiler fares best
Who performs honest labor
And takes honest rest.
Who, contented and happy,
Hastens not, in a day,
Or a year to heap riches
That will pass away.

The good and the evil
That bide on the earth
The joy and the sorrow,
The pain and the mirth,
The battles unheeded,
The victories won,
Will yield what was sown, lads,
"In the long run."

PIE EATERS.

The Senate pie stand, says the Hartford Times Washington correspondent, was one of the stands closed up by authorities. It was kept by a crippled woman named Mary Burch. During the time Mary has kept it she has had as customers many of the leading men of the nation. Senator McCreary, of Kentucky, the most humorous speaker that has been in the Senate since the days of Nye, was a regular customer of Mary's stand; so, also, was Zack Chandler. David Davis could be seen there every day the Senate was in session, drinking his glass of milk and eating his piece of pie, for which Mary charged 8 cents.

Chandler was a great pie eater. I remember one day of hearing Senator McCreary invite Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, up to Mary's stand. Said McCreary, whose strongest point was his economy and saving—he saved, it is said, $35,000 out of the $40,000 he received as salary for the eight years he was in the Senate:

"Ransom, you have lunched me several times, now come and take a lunch with me."

Ransom accompanied him, expecting, of course, to be led down to the restaurant, but McCreary walked direct to Mary's pie stand.

"Mary," said he, "give us two glasses of milk and five cents' worth of ginger cakes."

Turning to Ransom he asked, innocently:

"Ransom, do you like ginger cakes?"

Ransom said he did, but he drank the milk only, while McCreary consumed the five cakes.

Another day he met Conkling the Great walking along the hall. Stopping him, he said:

"Conkling have something?"

Conkling said:

"Certainly."

McCreary went over to the stand and, handing Mary two pennies said:

"Gives us two of those long sticks of candy."

Taking the largest he handed Conkling the other, and the pair walked off.

One day Mary was asked if Senator Davis ate in proportion to his size. She answered:

"No, he don't eat much, but he is good pay, which is more than some of them."

Senator Davis, beside his $1,000,000 farm, has at least another $1,000,000 lying around.

Mary made a cake, which was known as the two-cent cake. It was make of better material than the ordinary penny cake. Chandler was noticed munching on them one day by a friend, who asked if he could stand such food.

"Stand it?" he replied. "No, I stand it. My liver is too active, and I eat these to stop it a little."

ABOUT LYING.—"Where were you when the first shot was fired?" asked a Galveston lawyer.

"I was lying down on the sofa."

"Where was your husband?"

"He was lying down on the gallery."

"And you children—where were they?"

"They were lying down on the bed fast asleep."

"Any other member of your family lying down?"

"Well, if my brother-in-law was here I expect he would be lying down in the court house. He is a lawyer, unless he has reformed recently."

"Did you catch anything on Sunday, when you went fishing, Johnnie?"

"Nothing," said Johnnie, "till I got home, and then maybe I didn't."

The crow rarely opens its mouth without caws. It would be a great blessing if this example were universally followed.

It takes a whole Legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change hers by the act of a single man.

"Never mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young pastor just being ordained.

☞An umbrella and a dime novel are the usual baggage which the girl of the period takes with her to camp-meeting.

THE PRIME OF LIFE.—Between the ages of forty-five and sixty a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to an attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgement. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two over sixty, he arrives at a standstill. But athwart this is the viaduct called the turn of life, which if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without boat or causeway, to effect his passage. The bridge is however, constructed of fragile material, and it depends how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout or apoplexy are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge on in safety and with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "the turn of life" is a turn into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers having reached the utmost expansion, now begin either to close like a flower at sunset or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in beauty and vigor until the night has entirely set in.

☞A boy's essay on statesmen: Thar wuz a statesman. His collar wuz 16 and hat wuz 5. He went to a metin to orate. He said: "Ax me a question if you want to no." So when he was a swetin under his shirt a man hollered and he said: "Wot is tarif anyway?" And the statesman he larfed kinder short, and he said: "I want no fooling around me. I am a bad man and carry a kane." So he gave his kane a whirl and laid it on the table.—Then this awful man down among the spitons sed again: "How much is tarif a peck anyway?" An the statesman sed, real hot: "I am a free man and I won't be adjourned, so I demand the law." And then the law, dressed as a polishman, got the orful man by the back hold and took him to the kaboze. An when in the kaboze he did not ax any more tarif queshons, but fot the cokroches all night. An the statesman went home with his kane.

☞They tell a good story of Grant, albeit a little too rough to be fully committed to print, which illustrates the degree of harmony existing in the Republican party among the leaders. While Gen. Grant was riding the Gunnison country on horseback, a month or more ago, the party came upon a pretty little creek with a very bad name. Major Wright, who was in advance with Gov. Routt, told the governor that he didn't know how it was given, but that it had always gone by the name of "Son-of———" creek. The governor said he would tell the general, and dropped back to do so.

"This pretty little creek has a curious name, general," said Routt, "and nobody round here knows how it got it."

"What is that?" asked the general.

"They call it 'Son-of——— creek,' replied the governor.

"Oh, yes," immediately responded Grant, "in honor of Carl Schurz, I presume."

FASHION FANCIES.

Ivory white is the favorite shade.

Red mitts give a brilliant effect to a black costume.

Ashy blonde is the new shade of fashionable dyed hair.

Ladies on all occasions adorn themselves with flowers.

Spotted and small figured fabrics grow in popular favor.

Capes of white cashmere embroidered in flowers and lined with satin are the last symptoms of the mantle fever in Paris.

Neither hoops nor large bustles are worn. Clinging skirts are quite as fashionable as the more bouffant styles. The fullness about the sides of dresses is merely formed by folds and shirrings of the dress material or some kind of trimming. This especially appears on very dressy toilets.

Has everybody forgotten the dismal time when a flounce of lace was fastened to the brim of every girl's hat, and when the poor things all seemed to be growing cross-eyed? The flounce of lace is coming once more, and once more the features of the girls will only be discernible through a cloud of black lace.

☞"De Lawd," says a colored preacher, "made each one fur a speshul purpose, an' de chap who was created to use a shovel, will git busted ebery time he believes dat he was cut out for a statesman."

☞A San Francisco man has been indicted for snoring. It was shown that his nose could be heard clear across the street and that on certain nights he had kept as many as ten persons awake.

☞It is now the style in France for wedding ceremonies to last three days, and it is said the Chicago girls are thinking about adopting the custom and thus postpone the time for a divorce.

☞When, on some of your journeys, you stop at a wayside inn and ask for a dinner, be a little wary of the landlord who briskly replies, "Yes, I can give you as good as we have ourselves.

All Sorts of Clippings

Sheet music—snorin.'

No 8 by 7 business in 1880.

J. Ames Garfield—his mark—329.

A free press—hugging a girl.

Who hath woe?—the teamster.

Board of trade—a store counter.

There are 2,750 languages.

Two persons die every second.

Sound moves 743 miles per hour.

The average human life is thirty-one years.

Slow rivers flow four miles per hour.

Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

Light moves 192,000 miles per hour.

Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1729.

The first printing press in this country was introduced in 1829.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach in 1490.

The baker always has his hour of knead.

Song of the cook—Hold the fork, fry ham coming.

Emotional weather finds vent in a great sigh—a cyclone.

A flaming youth—Burns in his boyhood.

Queer kind of a bath—immersed in thought.

Sweating one's daily bread is a pore way of getting it.

It is argued in favor of vegetarianism that "hogs eat corn."

A Pittsburg reporter alludes to "the light gumelastic toe."

The entire population of the United States could stand in Boston.

A tramp might drown some of his sorrow by going in bathing.

Kansas is as large as England and Scotland together.

About 3,000 watches are sold every day in the United States.

Did you ever know a fool who was aware that he was a fool?

A rose tree of Hanover is said to be over a thousand years old.

It is said that in the Welsh language an infidel book does not exist.

Until the year 1776, cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

A man who lays wagers may not be as solemn a man as a deacon, but isn't he a better.

That young man is entering surely upon a downward course who treads on a banana peel.

Any one of the States of Georgia, Illinois, Iowa and North Carolina is as large as England.

The young lady who married her father's coachman, says she was driven to it.

When a pick-pocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

Out West they call a bribe a "pecuniary compliment," and say no more about it.

Considering he is "corked up," the end man in a minstrel show makes considerable noise.

The youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a miss-guided young man.

When does a horse enjoy his food most? When he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

Never bother a tailor long at any time. He may have pressing business to attend to.

Making a joke is like throwing a top. If it doesn't come down on its point it will not spin.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always first to be touched by thorns.

The impecunious man who married an heiress, always speaks of her as a "capital" wife.

We are told that the doctors are daily discovering new diseases. Let's abolish the profession.

Did you ever see a drinker or a smoker that couldn't leave off at any time if he wanted to?

Up to July 15th there had been built in the United States this year 2,228 miles of railroad.

Capt. Dick King, of Waco, Texas, has fenced his farm of 353,000 acres with 175 miles of wire.

It is said from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 is invested in the telephone business in this country.

M. Victorien Sardou, is said to have already received $24,000 as the proceeds of "Daniel Rochat."

A man should try and make the best of everything, especially if he is a baker.

Apples are so cheap in Ohio that it doesn't pay the wind to blow 'em down.

Many a tramp would be thankful for cold ham, but none of them relish the cold shoulder.

The man who thinks "the world owes him a living," will probably find it in the almshouse.

An advertisement in a newspaper began thus: "To be let immediately, or sooner, if necessary."

It was noticed a few nights ago that after a burglar broke into a store a fire immediately broke out.

Spring time—when her father's coming.

Did you ever see a young man who carried a cane who would not repel the insinuation of lameness?

Consistency may be a jewel, as has been reported; but no capitalist has yet been found willing to lend money on it.

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