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R. H. COLLINS, T. D. BOWERS
EDITORS.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1903.

A PRICELESS PARADISE.

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.
If some weird gnome should seek my home,
Some genie, fairy, witch,
To blink my eyes with every prize
Of life, and ask me "Which?"
I think I'd choose, in half a trice,
This boon: to never ask the price.

I would not claim a gilded name,
Or be a financier,
Nor would I hold the wide world's gold;
And yet I somehow fear
I'd ask a just sufficient slice
That I may never ask the price.

A coat-of-arms has meagre charms
To men of modern views,
Yet were it mine to make design,
I know which one I'd choose:
An open purse, with this device,
"He never, never asks the price."

Is Heaven a state, a place, a fete,
A rapture, or a rest?
The question's old and each may hold
His own opinion best;
But my idea of Paradise
Is where one need not ask the price!
—Saturday Evening Post.

THE MERMAID AND THE SCHOONER.

The following clever "yarn" was written by Sidney Greenfield, a Harvard student. The story was written per order as part of Mr. Greenfield's initiation to the staff of the Harvard Advocate. It had in it a specified atmosphere, and was funny. How well Mr. Greenfield surmounted the difficulties is left to the reader.—Editor.

"Dan'l, Dan'l, I'm afraid you're a liar," said the first old salt to the second old salt regretfully. "It don't taste right to call you that when I'm a-drinkin' your good beer, but jest the same, no mermaid never talked—not even a she-mermaid."

"Well, all mermaids is she ones," grumbled old salt No. 2, "an wot do you know about mermaids, anyhow?" "Oh, not much, not much, Dan'l, but I knowed one onct, an' she never talked—all the time I knowed her she never said a word—jest smiled sorter sweet, like I would if you was to order a pot of arf-an'-arf."

Dan'l ignored the hint. Well, as I was a-tellin' you," went on the old man, "I knowed her when I was on the little Scud. It was like this. We was in the Doldrums—not even driftin' it was that hot—but the cap'n allus kept a lookout at the masthead. He said it was safer, an' besides it shaded the shadder all over a-tryin' to keep cool. The lookout he said 't wasn't fair to put him any nearer the sun, and he allers squirmed a lot, so's to make his shadder wiggle and hard to foller round."

"One day it was jest noontime, an' the cap'n was gettin' mad, 'cause the shadder ran right down the mast, an' the deck was so hot he couldn't sit on it, when George (he was the lookout) yelled down a-wavin' his hand:

"Mermaid ahoy, on the port bow!" "Wot's that?" says the cap'n sarcastic like, "where'd you get your licker George?"

"But George he yells the same thing agin."

"Ow do you know it's a mermaid?" inquired the cap'n.

"By her clo'es," says George.

"Wot's she got on?" says the cap'n agin.

"George he simpers a little—Mostly blue serge, cap'n," he says.

"The cap'n gets his glasses, an' soon we all sees her. She was sure a peach. Long, easy strokes she was takin', an' a-combin' of her way yaller hair. We seen George was right about her clo'es. Arter awhile she gets up reel close, an' George he calls out:

"Cap'n, I wante come down offen the masthead."

"I order you to stay," says the cap'n, "there's enough on deck already." An' he glares round at us fierce like. "Go below, all," says he, "this is a delicate matter, an' I must talk with the lady in private."

"So over the rail he leans an' gives her wot he thought was a fascinatin' smile."

"Don't be afeard, my dear," he says, "I got a purty little gal at home wot looks like you."

"You ain't," says the cook, "she wouldn't ave yer!"

"Go below, sir, an' mind your own business," thundered the cap'n. "An' you go too, Sam'l," he yells at me.

"I can't, cap'n," I says as she was a-smilin' bewitchin'ly at me, "I reely gotter swab the deck."

"But it warn't no use, an' down I hed to go. We was all down in the fo'c'sle a-cursin' him, when down comes George, all in a heap, an' we seen the cap'n's boot silhouetted aginst the sky."

"Boys," says George, when he was himself's gen, "it's simply outagin'—that's wot it is. I was a-sittin' on the mast-head an' she a-smilin' up at me, jest like a stufed-glass winder, so wot could I do but smile back? The cap'n he seen me. 'George,' says he, reel soft, 'come down here, George, an' help me talk to the lady.' W'en I got down he grabbed me by the neck an' kicked me down the hatch like you seen. 'Take that,' he says, 'fer flirtin'."

"While we was all sympathizin' with George, cook he sneaked up to the hatch an' peeked out at the cap'n."

"Wot's the old man doin'?" we asks, as he comes back sudden.

"He's winkin' at 'er, an' holdin' out a couple of pertaters to 'er. 'Come 'ere, my dear,' he says, 'an' have something nourishin' with me.' When he sees me he throws one of the pertaters at my head, an' that's why I came down."

"Well, we all stayed in the fo'c'sle till mess, while the cap'n was a-tryin' to fascinate the mermaid. We let us come on deck agin' he was hoppin' mad an' the skin was all burnt off his bald head, where he'd had his hat off."

"Wot did she say to you, cap'n?" I asked him.

"Nothin'," he says, "an' you can do the same."

"There she was floatin' peaceful, still smilin', and a-combin' of her hair that was spread all round her like a fishnet. I never seen a purtier sight. George he fell right in love with her."

"I knowed it," he says, "I knowed the milt I seed her she was my affinity. 'She ain't got no fin wot I can see,' says the cook, jealous, 'an' she ain't your nothin'. I likes her a little myself.'"

"George he got mad."

"Look-a-here cook," he says, "'oos' mermaid is she, anyhow? 'Oo seen her first? I did,' he says, 'an' she smiled at me and held out 'er shinin' arms to me. You wante look out.'"

"For the matter o' that, she smiled at me too, an' every other A. B. on board," says the cook, but he couldn't worry George."

"Well, she must 'ave thought they was me," he says."

"That night the cap'n sent us below agen an' we could hear him talking to her and flirtin' outragin', but she didn't seem to have nothin' to do with him. Arter about an hour of this George he jumps out of his bunk an' gets his jack-knife."

"Don't kill 'im, George," says the cook, "he don't mean no harm."

"I ain't. I'm a-cuttin' a little hole so's I can see my affinity," says George, and soon he had one cut just above the water-line about three inches square, then he stuck his lips an' one eye out an' gave a long low whistle. She come jest like a dorg."

"Don't you listen to that nasty old capten," he says to her soft an' sweet, "come up here reel close."

"I draws a curtain over the tender passages that ensued. Suffice it to say that we didn't get no sleep that night for George and his affinity. The next morning he stuffed the hole with his other shirt, the red one with the yaller spots, before we went on deck."

"Men, says the cap'n, callin' us all up ter the quarter-deck, 'I hopes none of you is so dead to all moral obligations as to be talkin' or communicatin' with that shameless critter. Last night, in the still night watches, says, he-it seem to me as if I heard words of love addressed to her from the fo'c'sle. This is a schooner we're on,' he says, 'an' not a spooner, an' if—'

"Oh, Lawd!" gasps the cook, "look at 'er!—Jest look at 'er! She's done it now!"

"He frills in a fit an' we leans over the port rail. She was a-lookin' scandalous, but I had ter laff."

"George," asked the cap'n in an orful voice, is that your garment she is a-wearin', may I ask?"

"Sure enough she'd pinched the red an' yellow clo'es wot George had stuffed the hole with, an' was puttin' it on, graceful and smilin'."

"Oh, George, George, wot does it mean?" says the cap'n, mournful this time, "an' you with one wife at 'ome."

"Huh, wot's one wife to a man like me?" asks George, defiant an' immoral, an' Lord knows wot else he'd have said if somethin' sudden hadn't happened. The little 'Scud' gave a lurch to port, an' we all jumped oyer to the starboard rail. Then she listed that way an' began to go down by the head. We could hear the water chuggin' in the fo'c'sle."

"Lord forgive me, it's the hole I cut," yells George, "we're all drowned men!" "You see it was this way: When we all rushed over to the port rail arter she'd taken out George's wearin' apparel it must have just put that hole below the water-line, an' down we had to go."

"Man the boat!" says the cap'n, an' we only pulled clear in time to see the little 'Scud' whirl round twice with her stern in the air an' go down with a swish. "Wot became of the mermaid, you asks, Dan'l? Why don't you want ter know wot become of us? We was picked up next day by a Cape Horner, an' the last we ever see of that mermaid she was takin' her long easy stroke to the eastward with the first pink rays of the risin' sun a-lightin' up George's red an' yaller garment."

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Town Ordinance No. 46. Our Big Stock

(PASSED MARCH 24, 1883.)

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All persons unable to pay the fee for vaccination may apply to any of the physicians of the town, and the Commissioners of Chestertown will be responsible for fees.

Be it therefore ordained and enacted by the Commissioners of Chestertown, that whenever Small Pox, Varioloid or other dangerous infectious disease shall prevail in Chestertown, and there shall be no suitable hospital or place for the reception of those persons affected with such disease; or when there may be such hospital and it shall not be sufficient for the accommodation of those effected; or for any other reason in the discretion of the Commissioners it may be thought best not to send such sick to such hospital, then the Health Officer of the town, or if there be no health officer, then the physician in charge of such case (who shall for such purpose be deemed a health officer) shall take or direct such measures in regard to the members of the family of the sick person or persons, and in regard to the other inmates of the house where such sick person or persons shall be as in his opinion may be necessary to disinfect them and to prevent the propagation of the disease, and to this end he may establish such reasonable quarantine as he may deem necessary against said house and the inmates thereof; and it shall be the duty of the Health Officer or Physician; and any person publicly exposing himself or herself in violation of said quarantine shall be subject to fine of Fifty Dollars for each offence. And all persons so offending shall be forthwith arrested, and taken before some Justice of the Peace, and upon nonpayment of such fine, such offender shall be committed to the Public Prison of Kent County until discharged by due process of law.

By order,
TOWN COMMISSIONERS.
M. Wilber Thomas, Clerk.

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