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THE DYING GIRL TO HER SISTER.

The dream is past! I'm dying now,
There is a dampness on my brow;
The pang is o'er without a sigh
I'll pass away and sweetly die;
But oh! that pang has cost many a tear!
'Twas hard to yield up friends so dear.
But that is passed—I'll weep no more.
With me the dream of life is o'er.
And now, dear sister, nearer come,
And tell me of that happy home;
Shall I its pearly gates behold,
Its streets all paved with burnished gold?
And in that clime so strangely fair,
Say, shall I feel a stranger there?
Or will their harpstrings sw[illegible]
To welcome me a child and [illegible]
But softly sister softly sp[illegible]
all pain—[illegible] pain!
[illegible] one to earth again.
[illegible] and—so often clasped of old—
Thy soft, warm hand, for mine grows cold,
And now, dear sister, let me rest
My wearied head upon thy breast,
And fold my arms about my form,
It shivers 'neath death's dark cold storm.
But sing me, sister, ere I go,
Our song—our childhood's song, you know—
And let its gentle numbers flow,
As last you sung, soft sweet and low—
And when its last faint echoes die,
And the bright tears steal from thine eye—
I shall not heed them as they stray,
I shall be gone—far, far away.

Written expressly For the Observer.

COUNTY SKETCHES.

In the year 1695 the question of the limits of Talbot and Kent came up. All that fertile tract of country lying south of Corsica Creek and north of Wye River had belonged nominally to Kent Island since its first settlement. For many years, however, it had been practically a part of Talbot. Many of its people were warmly attached and closely related to those south of Wye. Indeed the district seemed physically and naturally a part of that county. With Kent Island, it had few sympathies and little connection.—At this time Kent Island held sway over all the present Queen Anne's, Caroline, North Talbot, and Kent or "North Chester Country." It seems ridiculous that so small a body as the Kent Islanders should dictate to several thousand freemen.

Talbot only wanted the Wye—Corsica country; was quite willing to let the Island have all the rest.

But when the Legislature got to parcelling [illegible] away from Kent all she had, but even sold that Island itself into bondage. Henceforth Talbot included all the mainland, and the Island up to Corsica Creek; that body of water being the southern boundary of Kent. This cutting up of territory was at that time actually necessary on account of the disturbed condition of the whole Eastern Shore. Matters did not seem to go right. Justice was unequally distributed. Trade did not prosper. The whole country seemed to be burdened with its own weight. This condition of things was dangerous, more on account of Indians than anything else. That troublesome people grew more and more restless as they saw the whites increasing and themselves dying out. They fought, they fled, they prayed. In vain. In peace and in war they met the white man as an enemy. Their only resource was the scalping knife. Despair lent them courage; necessity lent them obstinacy. Chief among these desperate tribes were the Susquehannahs, Matapeakes and Nanticokes. The Susquehannahs dwelt in the north-Cecil and Baltimore Counties—the Matapeakes lived principally on Kent Island; they also had possessions in Kent, Talbot and Queen Anne's. The Chester River was lined with their villages, and many remains still exist in Spaniards Neck on a farm of Col. Emory's called "Indian Town." This tribe was fierce and warlike, though at first friendly and peaceable. They dwindled rapidly away, and scarcely a mention of them occurs in history.

The Nanticokes were confined to the lower Peninsula altogether, some few predatory tribes occassionally raiding into Talbot. Considering themselves the sole representatives of their race, now that the Susquehannahs and Matapeakes had submitted, they obstinately adhered to murder and pillage till exterminated after a long series of troublesome wars.

In order that their savage foe might be effectively repelled it was necessary for the settlers to contract their battle grounds as much as possible. An extended territory is hard to defend. Broken up into portions easily handled, possessing accessible centres of authority and defense, it may defy attack.

From this feeling arose the dismemberment of Kent in 1695. In the assembly of that year it was agreed that "The Island of Kent be added to and made part of Talbot county. That part of Talbot lying on the north side of Corsica Creek, running up the main Eastern Branch to the head thereof, and then with a course drawn east to the outside of this Province shall be the southerly bounds of the County of Kent and on the north by the county of Cecil."

Corsica thus became the dividing line. All below it was Talbot; all above it was Kent.

In 1694 the port of Oxford, to be hereafter known as Williamstadt, was incorporated. Somehow Williamstadt did'nt suit; it was dropped and Oxford continued Oxford. Ten Commissioners were appointed to lay out the town. They were:

Mr. Edward Mann, John Edmondson, Clement Saile, John Neale, Judge Hawkins, (then Mr. Hawkins,) Thos. Robins, T. Robins Jr., the "Hon. Col. George Robotham," Thos. Smithson, and Robt. Smith. This port had jurisdiction over all the others ports on the Eastern Shore. Two of the commissioners, Judge Hawkins, and Col. Robotham, were from our district. This shows the wealth and importance of it at that time.

We approach the end of the first period of our Sketches.

We are about to leave that confused epoch in which our county was not a county but a part of several, a piece of [illegible] Neale had a right [illegible] who succeeded Judge Ma[illegible] Kent Island said it was here by priority of claim, but could show no proofs.—Talbot said it could and should have nothing but a piece of Talbot. Kent county held half and wanted the other half.—Delaware looked greedily on and declared the "back country" (now Caroline) belonged to her. Thus each of her neighbors coveted possession. She must have been a very desirable accession then.—They made such a noise about it. Let us take a glance at her in those days.—Scarcely ever again in her whole career shall we find her so rich, so prosperous, so smiling.

The Indians had been exterminated or driven out. Peace beamed upon the maize fields and warmed the land. Corn, wheat, but above all, tobacco, sprang up as if by magic under an ebony hand—Enter the Negro! Yes it was he, the African man eater, that set things going in this wise. Englishmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, perished in the sweltering suns, the cold dews of this changeable climate. They had not yet become acclimated. Their Savior, the negro, arrived.

He reached Virginia in 1620. He did not get into Maryland till 1660. Large swarms came in 1690. Hence the sudden increase in wealth at that time.—There were at this time in Queen Anne's immense estates. The Tilghmans, of "Hermitage," held thousands of acres, the Bennetts, the Hemsleys, the Frisbys, the Courseys and DeCourceys, the Ringgolds, the Hawkinses, the Marshes, the Formans all held large plantations, manors, counties, you might almost say, either wholly or partly within the present Caroline and Queen Anne's. To work this land successfully an immense and steady force was required, a constant force that was ready at any time for anything. Hence the introduction of slaves. Slave ships sailed up the Chester and Wye, some from Virginia, others from Africa direct. Soon the planters had a plenty of cheap and reliable labor. Whether it proved so in the end is another question. It certainly proved so then. It is highly probable that in these times, Queen Anne's was by no means populous.—Large plantations forbid the idea of a thickly settled country of freemen, when those plantations are worked by slaves alone. Then too, in all the old records we have the same names constantly recurring; names that no one bears now-a-days.

This proves it again. They were very aristocratic too—very. Every family married into itself, would'nt mix with any other "crowd," to use a phrase from a quaint old writer on the subject. At last these mesalliances got to be so frightful that the Legislature about the revolution had to forbid a man's marrying his grandmother! This is followed by a list of thirty other relatives with whom he shoud'nt connubiate!

Its a solemn and awful fact! You may see it on the roll of laws for February, 1777.

In 1664 the pillory, stocks and ducking stool were instituted on Kent Island. Their exact location is not exactly known. Neither is it now discoverable where the old Court House used to stand. Of Clayborne's forts, Kent and Crayford, not a vestige remains.

EDUCATION.

Queen Anne's had, in common with the other counties, no public schools at this time. But she took an active part in the formation of King Williams school, at Annapolis, (afterwards St. John's College), in 1696. Several of her citizens were on the Board of Trustees. Here is the list:—Governor Nicholson, Sir Thos. Lawrence, Col. George Robotham, Col. Chas. Hutchins, Col. Jno. Addison, Messrs. Cony, Hewett, Robert Smith, Kenelin Chseldyne, Henry Coursey, Edward Dorsey, Thos. Eutels, Thos. Tasker, Francis Jenkins, Wm. Dent, Thos. Smith, Edward Boothby, John Thompson and John Bigger.

Wealth was then essential to even a rudimentary education; and even the very wealthiest not unfrequently neglected it. In examining the Court records for this county we found that even up to the middle of the 18th century, the richest and most powerful men in the country could not even write their names.

Names that have descended to us surrounded by all the lustre of political and social influence, are indicated frequently by a single scratch.

POPULATION.

In 1650 the population of Kent numbered 149. From this time it rapidly increased. Revolutions, rebellions were comparatively over.

The Matapekes had been crushed and conciliated. Immigrants arrived, and Kent was soon smiling and thrifty. I can find no census, or any means of arriving at any, for many succeedings years. In 1660 the whole province numbered about 12,000. I do not think Kent could then claim more than a twelfth. This ratio decreased of course with the increase of counties. In 1790 Queen Anne's and Kent, the original Kent Island county, had nearly assumed their old place, a twelfth. In that year they contained together, nearly thirty thousand people.

HABITS AND DRESS.

We do not mean to compare our ancestors with pigs; perhaps the parallel would be too forcible and striking; but we do mean to say that they occasionally behaved in a very piggish manner. I refer to their fashion of eating. Blissfully ignorant of any such thing as a fork, with primeval and [illegible]antine simplicity they used—their fingers, and I have reason to believe, but I do not vouch for it that those fingers were cleansed, not on damask napkins as ours are, but on the woolly heads of certain little "culled individuals" posted around the table. This for obvious reasons I do not believe. Knives were supplied, it is said, by rapiers, daggers, &c., lately reeking with an enemy's blood! But this only in the earliest times. Few chairs were used. Stools and benches took their place. One writer says "they made a free use of the napkin." We suppose so, if their fingers were forks. This chronicler says nothing of "collud pussons."

As for dress they were well provided. Velvet and silk then frequently composed the male attire. Buff coats, plush lined cloaks, silken vests, leather breeches and "stockings," enormous beaver hats with curling feathers, big ruffs, alarming collars that turned and twisted in every conceivable direction; these latter succeeded in 1689 by the cravat; gilt hat bands, parti-colored stockings when not leather, and silk garters. This was the dress of a cavalier, manor, lord or gentleman, to which a dagger, finger-ring and gold brooch were indispensable. The poor man was a reduced edition of the same.

At funerals we indulged in a little extra drinking. Indeed there seems to have been a little extra drinking everywhere. Then, we had vineyards here in Queen Anne's. Then some of our sunny slopes produced delicious wines. Some early French and German settlers brought the secret of making it, over with them, and with them it seemed to have died.

As for crime, we had very little of it, although everything you did in those days, nearly, was considered such. We wonder how they kept clear of it. Treason have wiped out all minor offenses seems to dling was horrible. Perfectly safe.—No gentleman would do it. Nevertheless a "gentleman" did do it in 1676.

"Henry Ward of Cecil county, gent. (Cecil then possessed much of the present Queen Anne's,) being a member of the Lower House in 1674, and informing the House that he had lost a very good horse in the country's service in the late expedition to Whore Kills, the Assembly allowed him 1800 lbs tobacco in the Public Levy. But it being now made evidently appear that he lost no such horse, and that his said allegation was igregiously false, &c., he was by this Act fined 4,000 lbs. tobacco, &c.

Cattle stealing was then considered a genteel accomplishment. Captain Brad-nox, High Sheriff of the Isle of Kent, was brought to the bar for it. His influence and that of Secretary Hatton got him off. One fellow swore the beef was eaten in "hugger-mugger," that a sentinel kept watch while they eat it, and one of the guests was told to say nothing about it.

In 1654, if a man "got tight," swore, told a lie, slandered, "tale-bore," refused to go to church, &c., he had his nose slit, his back lashed, or his property confiscated! That was the law. We hear of no execution of it in Queen Anne's, that is, Kent, though Richard Bennet, Chief Puritan, then dwelt among us.

This Richard Bennett, though lavishly villified by Mr. McSherry, seems, notwithstanding, to have been a mild and temperate man. We hear of his committing none of those cruel acts usually attributed to his class. He lived very quietly on his plantation, and after displacing Vaughan in the Island, we hear of his disturbing no other public officer or office. At that time and even up to the Revolution our county was over-run by bears, wolves, crows and squirrels.

Not so badly, however, as Worcester and Somerset. We had no Legislative provision against the bears; they had.—100 lbs of tobacco was paid for every head "entire and fresh killed." But the wolf seemed to have been much more feared. Two hundred pounds of tobacco was set as the price of his head.

Indians killed a good many and sold them to speculators for an inconsiderable sum. These speculators took them to the Justices and got the 200 lbs. But no wolf or bear head was purchased of an Indian unless "green, juicy, and fresh killed."

RELIGION.

The earliest Church in Maryland was the Anglican or Episcopal, then the Roman Catholic, then the Methodist. Claybornc, an Episcopalian, brought over with his settlement the Rev. Richard James, an English Clergyman. Hence the Episcopal Church in Maryland dates back to 1632, and its origin was in Queen Anne's county. Therefore it deserves attention. Its history throws light on much of our county history, but unfortunately it is like our county history is being obscure and confused.

The Rev. Mr. Crane, in a pamphlet on the subject seems to think that Chester, now Centreville Church, [illegible]ose ruins may yet be seen near Centre[illegible] at "Hibernia," was built between 40 and 1650. This *must* be a mistake. No settlement, other than Kent Island, existed on the Eastern Shore previous to 1649. At least there is no record any, and I am disposed to think that [illegible]tt's was the very first, anyhow in Q. Anne's. Besides Mr Crane's assertion is based merely upon a surmise. It can interesting fact that the present Church at Centreville contains portions of the original edifice, constructed more than 200 hundred years ago, and a silver [illegible]lice and flagon over a century and a half old.

The erection of the Church at Church Hill sheds a gleam of [illegible] on the age of our town. The [illegible] brick building has stood for one hundred and forty two years, having been completed about 1730. Before that the church had been of wood and was then in the most wretched and delapidated condition. This would place it at the very earliest about 1670 or '80. But the name Church Hill does not date that far, it is not even called a village, town or collection of houses in the provision (1729) for building the new Church. It is merely spoken of as land about the mill.

This places Church Hill next in age to Queenstown.

The Episcopal Church was undoubtedly the wealthiest and most popular in the county—which is owing to its having been the Church established by law. Methodists, Catholics, and Presbyterians, all, were taxed for its support. And that is how it grew. The minister's salary was provided in the regular list of taxations, and all denominations contributed to the erection of churches with they never entered. Old Chester Church has been honored in her long life by the ministration of one celebrated man, the Rev. R. Smith, for many years after Bishop of South Carolina.

The Methodist perhaps can show a much more lustrous name. Bishop John Emory.

A curious bit of local history is brought to light in the list of Commissioners appointed for the Church Hill Church in 1729. It shows who some of the principal men in that day were—as the richest and most influential men of the community were chosen for that office. They are:

Col. R. Tilghman,	Capt Andrew Price,
Jas. Earle,	Humphrey Wells,
A. Thompson,	Betsey Pemberton,
Maj. Wm. Turbutt,	John Chaires,
J. Hynson Wright.	

In 1728 this Church presented a petition to the General Assembly in which they grieve that their "youth ran hither and thither of a Sabbath from place to place and are 'going' even as the savages and Indians."

WYE ISLAND.

This tract was owned, and we believe settled by the Chews. It formed part of the estate of Philemon Lloyd Chew, who, dying about 1770, left the whole Island to his sisters, Mrs. Jno. Beale Bordley and Mrs. Paca. Hence it is variously called Chew's, Wye, Bordley's and Paca's Island.

It followed the fortunes of Kent, and was like it, incorporated successively with Talbot and Queen Anne's.

In 1775 the Bordley estate was perhaps the finest in Queen Anne's. One wheat field alone comprised 300 acres. Everything, buildings, ground, &c., portrayed the elegant taste of their owner, the celebrated Jurist, Beale Bordley.

It was famed throughout the province for its beauty and neatness. Its productiveness fully illustrates the natural capacity of our soil when treated well.

Wye Island is historic as having been trod by the greatest patriot, Wm. Paca, and the greatest Jurist, Judge Bordley, that Maryland has ever produced.

To be continued.

AMUSING SCENE.—There was an amusing scene on board the Louisville mail boat the other day. There was the usual conglomeration of passengers in the cabin just before the boat landed; and amid the general hubbub of conversation, a man remarked, incidentally:

"Now, in New Jersey where I live—"

Instantly, an old man, who had sat moodily and silently pondering by the stove for some time, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Stranger, are you from New Jersey?"

"Yes."

"And willin' to own it?"

"Yes sir; proud on't."

"Harrah; give us your hand!" cried the old man, fairly dancing with exultation. "I'm from New Jersey, too, but never felt like declaring it afore. Shake! I'm an old man. I've travelled long and far. I've been in every city in the West—steamboated on the Ohio and Mississippi—been to California, over the Plains, and around the Horn; took a voyage once to Liverpool—but in all my travels, hang me, if this aint the first time I ever heer'd a man acknowledge that he kum from New Jersey!"

Mr Hyde having married a Miss Teller, and the "fatted calf," having been killed in their honor, it gave an editor a chance to say that "it was not the first time cattle had been killed for the Hyde and Teller."

A sign on a Western Seminary reads: "Freeman & Hugg. School Teachers.—Freeman teacher the boys, and Hugg the girls." Isn't that nice?

The Popular Capacity for Scandal.

Dr. J. G. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, has a trenchant article in the January number on popular scandal. He writes:

One of the most saddening and humiliating exhibitions which human nature ever makes of itself, is in its greedy credulity touching all reports of the misdemeanors of good men. If a man stands high as a moral force in the community; if he stands as the rebuker and denouncer of social and political sin; if he be looked up to by any considerable number of people as an example of virtue; if the whole trend and power of his life be in a high and pure direction; if his personality and [illegible] his character most improbable, then most readily does any such allegation find eager believers. It matters not from what source the slander may come. Multitudes will be influenced by a report against a good man's character from one who would not be believed under oath in any matter involving the pecuniary interest of fifty cents. The slanderer may be notoriously base—may be a panderer to the worst passions and the lowest vices—may be a shameless sinner against social virtue—may be a thief, a notorious liar, a drunkard, a libertine, a harlot—and all this matters nothing. The engine that throws the mud is not regarded. The white object at which the foul discharges are aimed, is only seen; and the delight of the by-standers and lookers-on is measured by the success of the stain sought to be inflicted.

As between the worlding and the man who professes to be guided and controlled by Christian motives, all that is natural enough. The man bound up in his selfish and sensual delights, who sees a Christian fall, or hears the report that he has fallen, is naturally comforted in the belief that, after all, men are all alike—that no one of them, however much he may profess, is better than another. It is quite essential to his comfort that cherishes and fortify himself and his course of life condemned. He listens with ready ears, and is unmistakably glad. We say this is natural, however base and malignant it may be; but when people reputed good—nay, people professing to be Christian—shrug their virtuous shoulders and shake their feeble heads, while a foul scandal touches vitally the character of one of their own number, and menaces the extinguishment of an influence, higher or humbler, but [illegible] with shame or raise them with indignation.—If such a thing as this is natural, it proves just one thing, viz: that those men are hypocrites. There is no man, Christian or Pagan, who can rejoice in the faintest degree over the reputed fall of another man from rectitude, without being a scamp. All this readiness to believe evil of others, especially of those who have been reputed to be eminently good, is an evidence of conscious weakness under temptation, or conscious proclivity to vice that finds comfort in eminent companionship.

There is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor, and absolute incapacity to believe an evil report about good men except upon the most trustworthy testimony. Alas, that this large and lovely charity is so rare! But it is only with those who possess this charity that men accused of sin against society have an equal chance with those accused, under the forms of law, of crime. Every man brought to trial for crime is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but, with the world at large, every man slandered is presumed to be guilty until he proves himself to be innocent, and even then it takes the liberty of doubting the testimony. Every man who rejoices in scandal thereby advertises the fact of his own untrustworthiness; and every man who is pained by it, and refused to be impressed by it, unconsciously reveals his own purity. He cannot believe a bad thing done by one whom he regards as a good man simply because he knows he would not do it himself. He gives credit to others for the virtue that is consciously in his own possession, while the base men around him, whether Christian in name or not, withhold that credit because they cannot believe in the existence of a virtue of which they are consciously empty. When the Master uttered the words, "Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her," he knew that none but conscious delinquents would have the disposition to do so; and when, under this rebuke, every fierce accusor retired overwhelmed, He, the sinless, wrote the woman's crime in the sand for the heavenly rains to efface. If He could do this in a case of guilt not disputed, it certainly becomes his followers to stand together around every one of their number whom malice or revenge assails with slanders to which his or her whole life gives the lie.

In a world full of influences and tendencies to evil, where every good force is needed, and needs to be jealous cherished and guarded, there is no choicer treasure and more beneficent power than a sound character. This is not only the highest result of all the best forces of our civilization, but it is the builder of those forces in society and the State. Society cannot afford to have it wasted or destroyed; and its instinct of self-preservation demands that it shall not be suffered. There is nothing so sensitive and nothing so sacred as character; and every tender charity, and loyal friendship, and chivalrous affection, and manly sentiment and impulse, ought to entrench themselves around every true character in the community so thoroughly that a breath of calumny shall be as harmless as an idle wind. If they cannot do this, then no man is safe who refuses to make terms with the devil, and he is at liberty to pick his victim where he will.

Management of Flowers in Winter.

House plants require a vast amount of care every day and from week to week. They need especially to be guarded against exposure to sudden changes of temperature. Where a number of pots with flowers are placed near a window, during a cold or cloudy day, unless the temperature of the apartments is properly maintained the flowers will be seriously injured by the cold. In a cold day unless the sun shines brightly on the flowers, or at night, unless the batten shutters of the window are closed, no colder place can be found in the apartment, than close to a large window. Many florists seem to forget their flowers during cold nights, leaving them near the window where they are liable to become severely chilled. The best place for flowers during a cold day or night is on a high table near the middle of a large room. The higher the table the better for the flowers. For this purpose a large table on castors should be provided so that a portion or all the pots can readily be rolled to the middle of the apartment. All plants are invigorated and rendered more luxuriant by exposure to the full influences of the noonday sun. Yet, on cloudy and windy days, it will be quite as well to keep them near the centre of a room, away from a cold window. If any one doubts that a foot or two from a window is the coldest place in the room, let him place a thermometer a few inches from the glass for half an hour, and then transfer it to the middle of the room, and he will perceive that the instrument will indicate a marked variation of temperate. Plants in pots are frequently placed outside of a window during a cold yet sunshiny day. But such exposure injures the stems and leaves far more than we want to suppose.

Growing plants require heat. Cold air is exceedingly detrimental even to hardy plants. If one would have his plants thrive satisfactorily at all times, he must avoid all transition from a high to a low temperature. The injury done to tender plants during one cold night, when during ten days of warmness, be received. If one will cultivate luxuriant flowers, he must first learn to love them, as they cannot be expected to flourish by neglect.—Flowers require much more water than most persons suppose. When they are exposed to a dry and dusty apartment, the dust that will settle on the leaves daily should be washed off at least twice every week. When the stems and leaves of plants cannot be sprinkled in the apartment where they are kept, each flower-pot can be placed in a large sink, or on a broad extended oil cloth on the kitchen floor which will collect all the drippings. The leaves should have a generous drenching with tepid water.

Never allow flowers to be watered or sprinkled with cold water, especially in cold weather. Tepid water is always better even in summer. In many instances flower-pots, are only two-thirds filled, whereas they should always be filled to the brim with the best and richest soil that can be obtained. This is more important when pots are small than with large ones. Even the roots of small plants require all the space that a pot holding several quarts will afford. Growing flowers like to send out their roots far and wide. It is an excellent practice to save the soap-suds of washing days, and warm a supply every day for watering the flowers. But, after soap-suds have been applied, every leaf and stem should be washed with clean rain-water to remove the alkali of the suds. A spoonful of aqua ammonia, mingled with a quart of water, will greatly improve the water for house plants.

A FUNNY MISTAKE.—Old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimering fire, opens one eye and gets a glimps of them, as they stand up in the obscurity, mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries; "Gif fum 'fore me," and relapses into sleep. After a while, opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders, says: "Gif from 'fore me, I say; I kick you in de fire if you don't; I will, shu'—" and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant; he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see the enemy advance upon him, and exclaims: Wha', where you comin to, now? Rumph! my own foot, by golly!"

"Tom, spell cat, rat, hat, bat, with only one letter for each word." It can't be did." "What! you jest ready to report verbatim, phonetically, and can't do that! Just look here: c 80 cat, r 80 rat, h 80 hat, b 80 bat.

A gentleman recently travelling in the country, called out to a boy, "where does this road go to, my lad?"

"Well, I don't know where it goes, but it's always here when I come along."

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would marry no one who could not keep her a carriage and horses. We presume her favorite air is "Wait for the Wagon."

How to Treat Strangers.

A Sabbath-school missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and, taking her by the hand led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cherry manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, [illegible] all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward, and said:—

"Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes, "I have no sister, sir."

"O! one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary—"a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone and needed somebody to be kind to her."

SWALLOWING PENNIES.—If a child swallows a pennie should not some purgative be given at once to expel it? No, it is very rare that any [illegible] there is more danger when a purgative is given, than when not given. We have had occasion to observe this many times, and no doubt others have.—The first thought of most parents, after a child has swallowed some insoluble substance, is to give physic. This stimulates the bowels, inducing contraction, which in some instances is dangerous, and so softens the fecal matter that the penny is more likely to be entangled or lodged in the folds of the intestines, in which case great danger may result. It is far better for the child to eat freely of such food as shall produce a large fecal formation to surround the insoluble substance, in which case the danger is very slight. Women and a full [illegible] to swallow a key through the body in forty-eight hours with out harm. On the other hand, we have known a cherry stone to produce death, and grape seeds to produce serious intestinal disorders. Children should early be taught to use care and precaution in what they take into their stomachs.—Still, the accidental swallowing of insoluble substance, if not large, should never lead to the unwise practice of trying to physic it away. The reason why there is little danger when no physic is used, is because the thick lining membrane of the bowels and the local matter around the foreign body prevent entanglement and bears it on till expelled.—*Herald of Health.*

"Doctor," said a lisping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding schools, to a friend of ours who had just been introduced to her at an evening party—"Doctor, which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brillianthy? Thum admire tholidity, but ath for me, ath Thakspere thayeth in hith "Bride of Abydoth," 'I prefer tholidity and brillianthy combined.'" The doctor sank into the nearest chair.

A Louisville man who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition, he told the doctor that just as he "kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later information shows that what ailed him was the old man's boot.

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that owned him. "If ever I turn Mormon and marry another helpmate, she shall be [illegible] your own dear sake!" "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife: "In my opinion another would be a super-nu-mary."

"Remember, Mrs. B." said Bobus, in a fluster, one day, "that you are the weaker vessel."

"May be so," said the lady, "but I'll take care you shan't forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger spirit in it."

Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain, a local paper said: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart could not."

On a woman with red hair who wrote poetry:

Unfortunate woman! How sad is your lot!
Your ringlets are red, but your poems are not.

Mis Amy R····, of Iowa, weighs three hundred and fifty-two pounds. No man will marry her for fear of big-Asy.

Christ-ingle is the old Celtish term for Christ of the hearth.

Thurlow Weed has quit indulging in his last name.