

The Camden Journal.

VOL. XLIX.

CAMDEN, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1890.

NO. 10.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Knelling, white-robed for their rest,
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Shant the moonlight's silver bars
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children—
And the mother's head drops low
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow),
"Take our souls!" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of His garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing far away the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We, who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp the standard
Which, today, you watch from far;
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose stern eye can never sleep,
In the warning of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies;
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies;
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never fails
Take our souls eternally.

MY MANICURÉ.

"The Northumberland," New York,
Oct. 1, 188—. Dear Mr. R. C.:—
Will you kindly send one of your
assistants to my rooms Saturday, at 12
M., and oblige,

Yours truly, E. S.

Such were the contents of a letter,
sent by me one memorable Saturday,
to a well known manicure establish-
ment. I was in the habit of having
my nails treated at home every Satur-
day. Having a large flat, it was not
only convenient, but eminently proper.
Besides, the manicures were only too
pleased to come, knowing that there
was a double fee to be gotten.

I had had thin manicures and fat
manicures, manicures tender and man-
nerless tough—blonde, brunette, stupid
and fascinating manicures—but had
always found them to be essentially
vulgar, with an eye to the main chance,
fond of flattery, able to give and take
in a game of chaff, in short, young
women thoroughly able to take care of
themselves, and, unfortunately, showing
it in every line of the face and in
every curve of the figure.

So when at breakfast my man an-
nounced Miss J—, the manicure, I
arose with my paper, crossed over into
the library, dropped into an easy-chair
in the lordly fashion so common to
New York club men, with an absent-
minded "Good morning!"

A tall figure in gray arose, greeting
me in a low tone, and immediately
proceeded to wheel a low chair up to
mine. I held out my hand mechanically—
a soft hand took it. I can feel
that touch now! I was startled!
Ridiculous! I, an old society and
club man, who had made love to every
woman who had ever crossed my path.
I, whose love-making had always been
of the eyes and lips, never of the heart,
I feel a thrill! Most certainly aston-
ishing!

My hand must have trembled, for
she looked up a moment, with a quick,
but penetrating glance.

For an instant only—down went the
head again over her work.

After awhile I regained sufficient
composure to scrutinize her more closely.
All I could see was a white and
rosy cheek, and a mass of short curl-
ing auburn hair—not the dyed auburn
which I so heartily detest, but the nat-
ural auburn of a person of sandy com-
plexion.

"My very color," thought I. I be-
gan to long for a fuller view of her
face. She should look up.

"Do you do much of such work,
Miss J—?"

"Only on Saturdays," was the dig-
nified response. No change. Rather
exasperated, I assumed my most ele-
gant manner:

"Can not I have the honor of your
company some evening to dinner?"
knowing the average manicure's weak-
ness.

"That will fetch her!" to myself.
It did, but not in the way expected.

"Thanks; I never go out at night!"
"But may I not call on you then?"
persisted I.

"I beg your pardon. I don't re-
ceive, socially, gentlemen whom I meet
in business."
"I beg yours!" I managed to gasp
out.

"Whew! What a cold plunge that
was," mentally. Completely routed, I
resigned myself to an awkward silence.
Something I had accomplished, though,
and that was a glimpse of a large but
handsome mouth, filled with lovely
white teeth, and a pair of blue eyes
that I shall not forget to my dying
day.

And what a superb hand! Large
and white, with nails beautifully trim-
med and polished. "Badge of her
profession," was my cynical comment.
And how deftly they wielded the
spiderlike scissors, on which were en-
graved the initials "M. J.!"

But she was finishing now. I be-
gan to feel nervous about paying
money to such a superb creature.

She arose, packed up her instru-
ments and put on her hat, which she
had laid aside.

I handed her double the usual
charge, my hat's worth. She took it
calmly, thanked me and passed out,
with a bow and smile, I holding the
door open for her, and speechless as a
sixteen-year-old boy.

I was consoled by the thought,
however, that I should see her again
the following Saturday. Judge of my
disgust, to find another sent in her
place, who knew nothing of Miss
J— at all.

The following day I called on Mrs.
C—. Madame did not even know
Miss J—'s address—she was not one
of her regular operators, but had been
sent to her, her own staff being pre-
viously engaged. So sorry, etc., etc.

Months rolled on. I had contracted
the bad habit of promenading the
streets, in the hope that Fortune would
be kind to me—that I might meet her
accidentally.

I never did.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. S.—
To whom shall I present you? Oh! I
know. My niece. Awfully clever
girl. Supported her mother and her-
self for a long time after her father's
death. An uncle left them a legacy a
month or two ago, sufficient to enable
them to resume their rightful place in
society. Where can she be? Don't
see her anywhere. Never mind. I
will later." Thankful for my escape
from this paragon, I left my hostess
to receive her guests, and threatened my
way through the crowd of gay mask-
ers, at last gaining the shelter of a
friendly door-way leading into a con-
servatory, against which I leaned with
a sigh of relief. I had come to this
"bal masque" of Mrs. W—'s princi-
pally to escape from my own company.

My spirits were not in keeping with
this gay assemblage, and I soon found
my thoughts wandering when—
"How do you do?" a soft voice at
my elbow said. "You do not seem to
recognize old friends."

I started. Where had I heard that
voice? There was the self-same tremor
again! Was I in my dotage? Could
not a lady speak to me without my
losing my balance? Truly, it seemed
not.

"You have rather the advantage of
me, with that mask on," said I, con-
fusedly, almost falling over a plant
standing near. I clutched the door-
frame to steady myself, breaking a
finger nail in the effort.

Recovering somewhat, I took the
outstretched unglued hand—striving
all the while to penetrate the disguise.
There was something familiar about
the large white hand, with the well
polished nails, about the curly auburn
hair, but—that was all.

The tall figure was so draped that
it was an utter impossibility to tell
anything regarding it. The eyes
were hand one, but the mask prevent-
ed their color from being detected.

"You have broken a nail," examin-
ing it critically. "Allow me to trim it
for you," and the while retaining my
hand.

"Certain," I helplessly stam-
mered.

Then came forth a pair of scissors.
Snap! snap! the rugged edges were
trimmed.

Are those initials engraved on them?
Yes. What are they? Ye gods! "M.
J.!"

"My manicure!"

"And Mrs. W—'s niece!"
I married my manicure. We have
two little manicures, whose nails are
personally treated by their mother.—
[Chatter.]

Blowing the Horn for Lost Children.
Distracted parents who lose their
children in the crowds at public resorts
on holidays would be glad if a curious
Berlin custom were adopted. At the
Berlin Zoological Gardens any keeper
finding a lost child takes the little one
in charge and blows a trumpet. Hear-
ing the note the mother or father in
search of the missing youngster at
once makes for the spot and the search
is ended.—[Chicago Herald.]

The Track Walker.

"The railroad track walker occupies
an important position of trust," said a
conductor to a Star reporter the other
day, when the train had been stopped
by a signal. "On his care depends
the safety of every train and of every
life which passes over his section of
the road. The broken plate for which
he signalled us was a very little thing
in itself, but had it been neglected our
train might have been thrown from
the track and several people killed.

"I have been a track walker myself,
and would have been one yet but for
the fact that I had a friend in the
superintendent's office who aided me
in getting my present position. The
railroad man's motto is 'once a track
walker, always a track walker.' He
goes on duty in the morning, rain or
shine, at five o'clock, or at the same
hour in the evening, if he is on the
night shift, and remains for twelve
hours. He has a certain section of the
track to cover, and he is required to
go over it at the rate of about two
miles an hour. He must look carefully
at every foot of the rails, fish plates
and angle plates and loose bolts.

"An experienced man can tell a loose
rail at a glance, and a few blows of
his hammer soon sets matters right.
His outfit consists of a wrench, a ham-
mer, a few bolts and spikes, a lantern
if working at night, a flag, and torpe-
does. In case of his discovering a
serious damage to the rails which he
cannot repair without stopping a train
which he knows is due, he places two
torpedoes about five yards apart, and
some two hundred feet from where he
will be at work on the rails. This
allows him to work at ease, and their
explosion warns the engineer of what
is ahead."

Mrs. Hayes's Goat.

The telling of a joke upon oneself
requires more self-denial than the ma-
jority of persons care to exercise. It
has the advantage, however, of hurting
nobody's feelings, and of affording a
field for legitimate exaggeration. The
late Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was
especially fond of recounting her own
defeats and mishaps, as this anecdote,
which she told one evening at a dinner
at the White House, will show:

It was at our home in Fremont, one
evening in November, when without
any warning the thermometer began
falling and snowflakes filled the air.
I was alone in the house with my
youngest children and their colored
nurse, Winnie. The men servants had
gone to their homes before dark.

Suddenly I thought of poor Chris-
topher Columbus, our long-haired pug-
nacious Angora goat, out in the pas-
ture. It seemed cruel to leave him
there without any shelter, so presently
I went and asked Winnie to get a lan-
tern and come with me.

At the barn we found a great box,
into which we put some straw, and
together we rolled and pushed and
carried that box across the road and
into the pasture.

Christopher saw the light, and came
toward it. We retreated behind the
fence, and tried to coax him into the
place of shelter. Imagine our senti-
ments when he mounted to the top of
the box, and there took up his abode
for the night!

His Well Runs Gold and Silver.

There is a wonderful well down
near Del Norte. It is an artesian well
with an abundant flow of water, suf-
ficient to irrigate a considerable
amount of land. That would be
enough for any one but a San Luis
man. But this is mineral water. It
is effervescent, very palatable and ex-
tremely healthful. Nor is this all:
the force of the water brings up from
the depths an occasional lump of na-
tive silver or a gold nugget. The
frugal farmer has placed a sack of
wire netting over the mouth of the
well to catch the metal and prevent it
from choking the cows. Local sci-
entists claim that at a great depth and
under enormous pressure the water
is washing away a ledge of rock whose
softer parts go into solution and give
the water its mineral qualities, but
whose gold and silver, not being dis-
solved, are brought to the surface in a
metallic state.—[Pike's Peak Herald.]

To Remove a Cider From the Eye.

The traveling public may be inter-
ested in knowing that the proper way
to remove a cider from the eye is to
rub the other eye. Rubbing the af-
fected eye only inflames it and very
rarely removes the offending cider.
This statement is vouched for by med-
ical authority, and one trial will con-
vince the most sceptical.—[New York
World.]

A Correct Statistician.

"A French statistician claims that
the human race gets shorter every
year."
"He's dead right. I had \$10,000 a
year ago. Now I've only got \$5000."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DOROTHY DIMPLE'S SEWING LESSON.
Dorothy Dimple must learn to sew,
For Dorothy Dimple is six, you know;
And a lady of six, with dollies three,
A first-rate workwoman ought to be;
Or else those children so young and dear
Will have to wear rags, 'tis very clear.

Dorothy Dimple, so gay and sweet,
Possesses a work-box all complete;
A silver thimble that fits in a shoe,
Needles, and cotton, and scissors too;
A bag full of buttons of every size,
And a nice little packet of hooks and eyes.

Dorothy Dimple begins to sew,
Hobbedly-cobbledly, to and fro,
It looked so easy, she can't think why
The stitches persist in going awry,
Nor why her fingers have suddenly grown
As awkward as bits of stick or stone.

Dorothy Dimple is sure that she
And that tireless needle will never agree;
Poor little worker, she's losing heart
At sight of those stitches so far apart,
The cotton has got in another knot!
She is tired of sewing, and oh, so hot!

Dorothy Dimple, dear little maid,
Hesit' much patience, I am afraid;
She takes off her thimble, puts it away,
Thinks she has done quite enough for today;
Says that her dollies in rags must go,
Because their mother can't learn to sew.

Dorothy Dimple if you but try,
Work will come easier by and by;
Remember, dear, that a mother of three
A first-rate work-woman ought to be,
Then try with a will, and soon I know
Dorothy Dimple will learn to sew.

—[Daughters of America.]

THE FOX AT HOME.

The fox burrows into the earth like
the rabbit. The fox's burrow is called
by sportsmen its "earth," and at the
end of it is the nursery for the baby
foxes, snub-nosed, playful little crea-
tures, with tails not at all resembling
the beautiful brushes of their father
and mother. In some of our larger
woods, on a still, moonlight night,
were you to visit the "earth," you
might see the little foxes gamboling,
rolling over, and playing with one
another like so many kittens, whilst
their father and mother would be out
watching near the rabbit warren, or
stealing a fowl from Farmer Giles'
hen roost to make them a meal.—
[Detroit Free Press.]

A NEW REMEDY.

If there was anything Jenny hated
to do it was to wash dishes, but all the
same she had to do to three times a
day.

She went to stay awhile with grand-
ma, and flattered herself she would get
rid of dishwashing there.

But grandma thought that dish-
washing was the very work for little
girls.

"I can't wash the dishes this morn-
ing, grandma," said Jenny one day as
they cleared off the table, "for my fin-
ger is sore, and the dishwater makes it
smart."

"No matter if it does smart a lit-
tle," grandma said; "it will do it
good. Dishwater is very healing."

Half an hour after grandma came
out, expecting to see the dishes all
done, but, instead, Jenny had dipped
out a little of the water into a tin cup,
and there she sat soaking her fingers
in it!

It was a long time before she heard
the last of her "dishwater cure."—
[Youth's Companion.]

HOW A DRAGON-FLY FORAGES.

Mr. E. Giles of Bombay, India, re-
ports that he was standing one hot
morning in the porch of his house,
when his attention was attracted by a
large dragon-fly of a metallic-blue
color, about two and a half inches long
and with an extremely neat figure, which
was cruising backward and forward in
the porch in an earnest manner that
seemed to show he had some special
object in view. Suddenly he alighted
at the entrance of a small hole in the
gravel, and began to dig vigorously,
sending the dust in small showers be-
hind him.

"I watched him," says Mr. Giles,
"with great attention, and, after the
lapse of about half a minute, when the
dragon-fly was head and shoulders
down the hole, a large and very fat
cricket emerged like a bolted rabbit,
and sprang several feet into the air.
Then ensued a brisk contest of bounds
and darts, the cricket springing from
side to side and up and down, and the
dragon-fly darting at him the mo-
ment he alighted. It was long odds
on the dragon-fly, for the cricket was
too fat to last, and his springs became
slower and lower, till at last his enemy
succeeded in pinning him by the neck.
The dragon-fly appeared to bite the
cricket, which, after a struggle or
two, turned over on his back and lay
motionless, either dead, or temporarily
senseless. The dragon-fly then, with-
out any hesitation, seized him by the
hind legs, dragged him rapidly to the
hole out of which he had dug him,
entered himself, and pulled the cricket
in after him, and then, emerging,
scratched some sand over the hole and
flew away. Fine for the whole trans-
action, say, three minutes."

Keep Off of White Sidewalks.

If a man wants to avoid being pros-
trated by the heat, he needs to be care-
ful how he walks over a white side-
walk with the sun on it. In very hot
weather people wear white or very
light clothing because it repels the
heat, while dark clothes absorb it. It
is just so with these white pavements.
They never get so hot as dark ones,
and are easier on the feet in conse-
quence, but they reflect the heat on the
person who walks over them. It is
better to walk in the street than on one
of these white heat reflectors when the
sun is shining on it.—[St. Louis GLOBE-
Democrat.]

VICTIMS OF VODKA.

Most of the Russian Peasants
are Slaves to Drink.

What an American Correspond-
ent Saw in Russia.

Undoubtedly the lower strata of the
Russian population are the drunkenest
people under the sun. Looking back
over our road, as the thought occurs
to me, says Thomas Stevens in a letter
from Russia to the New York World,
I remember no village, save Volosovo,
in which drunken people were not
very much in evidence. At every
wayside track where we stayed over
night the fore part of the night would
be more or less of a pandemonium,
from the shouting and singing of roys-
tering moujiks (peasants) filled with
vodka (an alcoholic beverage made out
of rye. I have seen gangs of gray-
haired old men, sea-sawing, flinging
their arms about and making fools of
themselves generally in the sight of
the whole village, yet not attracting to
themselves so much as the curious or
reproachful gaze of a single woman.

On Sunday all the men seemed to
be drinking and carousing and all the
women were sitting in little circles in
front of the houses gossiping. The
one sex seemed to be absolutely ob-
livious of the proceedings or even the
presence of the other. The drunken-
ness was sad enough, but the indiffer-
ence of the women to it was the sad-
dest of all.

Sometimes, but not often, were
drunken women. Near one village we
met a crowd of drunken men and
women, as merry and picturesque a
set of subjects as Bacchus himself
could wish.

Hand in hand they reeled along and
sang; now and then they stopped to
dance and to express their joy in wild
laughter. They halted and sung for
us a melodious bacchanalian song, well
worth listening to, as we rode past.
The men were in red shirts, black
velvet trousers and top boots. The
women were in all the colors of the
rainbow, with red veils in the ascen-
dancy. Arriving at the little old di-
lapidated inn by the wayside the
merry-makers, one and all, removed
their caps and crossed themselves de-
voutly, then proceeding on their way
struck up another bacchanalian re-
frain.

Soon we reached the groggery. It
was a cheap log house, roofed with
tin, and with a little porch at the door.
On the porch stood an old moujik
with a gallon demijohn of vodka, from
which he was filling glasses holding
about a third of a pint. He seemed
to be treating the crowd. One of
these portions costs 15 copecks, or
about eight cents. The best vodka is
made from rye, the worst from pota-
toes. A moujik can get howling
drunk for 15 cents.

On Sundays and holy days the vodka
shop is the rallying point of the male
population. His rags may be insuffi-
cient to cover his nakedness, his house
may be upon the verge of starva-
tion, but the improvident moujik
hands out his last kopeck for the
vodka, then runs in debt. He pledges
his growing crops, his horse, his only
cow, engages his labor in advance at a
fearful discount. He becomes insol-
vent and is unable to pay his share of
the mir's taxes.

Thus far, my informant said, the
government had been inclined to deal
leniently with him. If unable to pay
his direct taxes, it was because he had
drank vodka, and had thereby paid
them several times over. So reasoned
a paternal government that had deliv-
ered him from serfdom, a weakling
to be nursed and borne with patiently.
So had it borne with him for twenty-
nine years, wavering between the duty
of teaching him the lesson of a little
self-reliance by hard experience and a
reluctance to resort to extremes. Be-
ginning with the present year, how-
ever, the moujik who fails to pay his
taxes is to be flogged. From twenty
to thirty stripes may be administered,
and a fine of five kopecks goes with
every stroke.

Keep Off of White Sidewalks.
If a man wants to avoid being pros-
trated by the heat, he needs to be care-
ful how he walks over a white side-
walk with the sun on it. In very hot
weather people wear white or very
light clothing because it repels the
heat, while dark clothes absorb it. It
is just so with these white pavements.
They never get so hot as dark ones,
and are easier on the feet in conse-
quence, but they reflect the heat on the
person who walks over them. It is
better to walk in the street than on one
of these white heat reflectors when the
sun is shining on it.—[St. Louis GLOBE-
Democrat.]

New Zealand Superstitions.

The New Zealanders imagine that
the souls of the dead go to a place be-
neath the earth called Reinga. The
path to this region of the soul is a
precipice close to the seashore at the
North Cape. It is said that the na-
tives who live in the neighborhood
can, at night, hear the sounds caused
by the passing of spirits through the
air. It is a common superstition with
them that the left eye of every chief
becomes a star as soon as the chief
dies.

Shungie, a celebrated New Zealand king, once ate the eye of a valiant chief, thinking thereby to increase the brilliance of his own "eye-star."

Sometimes apparently, it was thought
that there was a separate immortality
for each of the eyes of the dead, the
left ascending to heaven as a star, the
right in the form of a spirit, descend-
ing to Reinga.—[St. Louis Republic-
an.]

Admanant.

"Tha's right, Mr. Bronson," said
the landy, as the boarder broke his
goblet, "break what you can't eat."
"I'd be pleased to, Mrs. Laybird,"
retorted Bronson, "but with these
Liscuits of yours that would be im-
possible."—[Epoch.]

Fogs in Newfoundland.

There is one subject upon which I
find St. Johns people to be touchy—
fogs. As everybody knows, the Atlan-
tic current sweeps through the Atlan-
tic from the Pole directly past the east
coast of Newfoundland, and that its
chilly waters, meeting those of the
warm Gulf Stream, cause the frequent
fogs which prevail for many miles at
sea off Newfoundland. Some parts of
the coast are never free from these sea
clouds, and many a poor fisherman in
his dory, has been separated from his
companions and lost in the heavy fogs
which hang over that great submerged
island known as the Grand Banks, the
home of the cod and the great fishing
grounds of the world.

Whether or not it's because the fog-
gier the weather, the better the fishing
—and everybody in St. Johns is in-
terested in the fisheries—I don't pre-
tend to know, but it is certain that
the good citizens of St. Johns will
never admit that it is foggy in the
city. A fellow passenger on the
steamer, Mr. Bowers—a truth-loving
Newfoundlander—assured me that I
would observe as a striking meteorolo-
gical phenomenon when I reached
St. Johns that a dense fog frequently
hangs over the ocean and around the
cliffs at the entrance to the harbor, but
never—no, never—did the fog reach
the city. "It is most remarkable, sir,"
he said.

And so it would have been. But,
alas! when I stumbled against my
friend Bowers on Water street in a
fog so thick you could not see the as-
sured me that it was not a genuine sea fog,
but only a slight mist.—[New York
Herald.]

The Rose Bath.

The rose bath is a luxury far off,
desirable but unattainable, so says the
practical mind, but not so. The lux-
ury of the ancients can be obtained by
the nineteenth century maiden at a
cost second to nothing. The bath of
roses can be made as follows: The
warm water, in quantity amounting to
the usual requirement of the bath, is
first softened by stirring into the tub
finely sifted oatmeal, into which also
is added half a pint of glycerine; lastly
put into it two drops of attar of roses.
If the massage treatment be available,
use it by all means; if not, let a coarse
towel and hard rubbing serve the pur-
pose of the massage system. This
bath is simply fine, as it softens the
skin and blends perfume into each
line of the body. After all, to ob-
tain it is a simple thing, too, the two
drops of the attar of roses being the
greatest expense of all.—[St. Louis
Post-Dispatch.]

Fought a Duel With Howitzers.

A strange duel was fought in a
sparsely settled part of Sonora, Mexi-
co, about fifteen years ago. Captain
Villeneuve and a lieutenant of a bat-
tery of light artillery belonging to one
of the posts had some trouble about
who was the best shot with the moun-
tain howitzer.

They quarreled and agreed to settle
it with the howitzer at 500 yards.
They took neither seconds nor assist-
ant gunners, but from the top of
small hillocks they fired explosive
shells at one another.

The captain was wounded by a frag-
ment of a shell, but they fired ten
shots before either was disabled,
though each was covered with dust.
Finally the captain landed a shell
under his adversary's gun and the ex-
plosion so mangled the lieutenant that
he died before they could remove him
to the post.—[Galveston (Texas)
News.]

New Zealand Superstitions.

The New Zealanders imagine that
the souls of the dead go to a place be-
neath the earth called Reinga. The
path to this region of the soul is a
precipice close to the seashore at the
North Cape. It is said that the na-
tives who live in the neighborhood
can, at night, hear the sounds caused
by the passing of spirits through the
air. It is a common superstition with
them that the left eye of every chief
becomes a star as soon as the chief
dies.

Shungie, a celebrated New Zealand king, once ate the eye of a valiant chief, thinking thereby to increase the brilliance of his own "eye-star."

Sometimes apparently, it was thought
that there was a separate immortality
for each of the eyes of the dead, the
left ascending to heaven as a star, the
right in the form of a spirit, descend-
ing to Reinga.—[St. Louis Republic-
an.]

Admanant.

"Tha's right, Mr. Bronson," said
the landy, as the boarder broke his
goblet, "break what you can't eat."
"I'd be pleased to, Mrs. Laybird,"
retorted Bronson, "but with these
Liscuits of yours that would be im-
possible."—[Epoch.]

The Happy Man.

By day, no biting cares assail,
My peaceful, calm, contented breast;
By night, my slumbers never fall
Of welcome rest.

Soon as the Sun, with orient beam,
Gilds the fair chambers of the Day,
Musing, I trace the murmuring