

# The Port Tobacco Times.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Volume 30.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JUNE 5, 1873.

Number 6.

## An Interesting Story.

### A VERY SUSPICIOUS LETTER.

Her name was Julia Gigzjig, and she was remarkably handsome—for a woman. Making the allowance for her sex, I think she was almost as beautiful as I am, although her mustache was a decided failure, and her shoulders—well, if you fancy the “polished marble” kind, such as poets rave about, why, you ought to see mine! Still Julia had a very fair kind of a shoulder, considering her sex. The right one I refer to, for as to the left, that was about three inches too high.

If you admire sloping shoulders, though, Julia's would have suited you admirably, for they did slope beautifully.

Miss Gigzjig's neck was not quite so swanlike as mine; still it was quite swany. Her complexion was good.—Yes, I should say that her skin was nearly as white as milk, though it had an aure tint that I never could account for, except on the supposition that she used too much of Bartlett's Liquid Blueing in her washing water. I have another idea, though, regarding that aure tint. It might have been caused by the reflection of her large and very brilliant blue eyes, for she had a pair of the bluest eyes that ever winked.

Julia's form was not quite so firmly rounded as mine; but you must remember that she was a woman, and I don't believe I am. Her features were decidedly fine, and so was her hair, which was of a golden hue, and very luxuriant. In fact, taking Miss Gigzjig altogether (and you could not take her any other way), she was, as I remarked before, a very handsome woman, considering her sex.

I was not alone in this opinion of Julia's physical charms. For instance, Billy Jagazjig went so far as to declare that

*“She was of all sweet perfumings  
The fairest prototype.”*

But I didn't think Billy really meant that. It was altogether too poetical to be true, and he knew it; but then he was in love, and when a man is in love he don't care what he says in praise of his mistress, unless he's a real conscientious young man, just like George Washington and me.

Miss Julia Gigzjig was an only daughter. I suppose that was what made her feel so lonely. That was what made her hanker after my society, perhaps. Her father was a nice old gentleman, with a real nice jolly red nose, and he owned the nicest house in Yangtcheoo, and his wife was just the nicest old lady you ever saw.

I loved Julia. I loved her for fourteen years steady and I love her still. It is a peculiarity of mine, that when I once get to loving a woman I can't stop. There are men, you know, that can.

I live in Yangtcheoo. My name is Tompkins Thompson, and I'm the best looking, most agreeable, and the richest young man in town. If you don't believe what I say about my personal beauty, just send for my photograph. Any young lady in Yangtcheoo will tell you how agreeable I am. As to my wealth, I am worth between forty and fifty millions. It was left me by my father, who belonged to a “ring.” As I have no very extravagant tastes, I generally manage to squeeze along on the interest of my money, without expending any of the principal.

Well, as I said before, I have loved Julia Gigzjig fourteen years. She knew that I loved her, for I told her so several times. One night I asked her if there was anything that could induce her to change her name.

“Tompkins,” said she, gently lowering her left shoulder to conceal her emotion, “Tompkins, do you mean it?” “Honor bright,” said I. “The fact is, my dear, although I believe Gigzjig to be the most euphonious name that ever mortal bore, it's nothing but a bore to write it, for the g's will get mixed the best I can do. Now if you could be induced to change it to Thompson, you would make me the happiest man Yangtcheoo ever held within its limits.

Quickly taking off her chignon, she laid her head down upon my bosom, and rolling her beautiful blue eyes into position, she said, in that sweet voice

of hers, the melody of which has so often set my teeth on edge, “ask pa.”

Then I kissed her ruby lips, and pressed her one-sided form to my wildly throbbing bosom.

“O my darling!” I cried, “this is too much.” “Now, Tompkins,” said Julia, “don't let out your emotions to any great extent till you find out what the paternal G. has to say about this proposal of yours. Let us go to him together.” “Where is he—in the library?” I asked, rising, and taking her hand in mine.

Perhaps you never noticed in your reading that “the stern parent” is always in the library when wanted by his daughter's lover? Well, he always is in works of fiction. But as this isn't a work of fiction, you won't be surprised to learn that Mr. Gigzjig didn't hang around the library a great deal, and on this particular evening he was smoking his pipe on the piazza.

Julia, having adjusted her chignon, we went out together, and I told the old gentleman just what troubled me.

“Mr. Gigzjig,” said I, “I love your daughter, and your daughter loves me. We have concluded that we would like to get married, if you are willing. I believe I'm a gentleman of a good moral character, and my credit is good at the grocery store. I think I can make your daughter happy if you'll only give me a chance to try. I can't offer her just such a home as I would like to at present, but perhaps we shall be just as happy in a cottage as we could be in a palace. I have not much to offer, I know. My heart and lute, and a trifle of between forty and fifty millions of dollars is all the store that I can conveniently bring at present, but as the poet says, ‘poor and content is rich enough,’ and I am content, or at least, I should be, if I could call this darling one-sided creature mine.”

I paused to breathe, and Mr. Gigzjig removed his pipe from his mouth.

“Tompkins,” said he, “rather than you, but you've got a rival in my affections, and the said rival has only this minute left my presence. He asked me for my daughter's hand.” “But you didn't—” “No, I didn't give him a decided answer. I told him if he would get into some respectable business, then, if he could show me that he was able to support a wife, why, perhaps I'd let him have Julia.”

“And my rival's name?” “Is Jagazjig, familiarly called Billy. But as he is only worth twenty millions, while you are worth forty, why, if Julia thinks she likes you well enough to marry you, why, blow me! if I stand between two loving hearts.”

“O my father!” cried Julia, “canst thou doubt that I love him?” And she folded me in her brawny arms.

“Well, no, not after such a proof of your affection,” answered the old gentleman. And without any more ado, he arose and remarking confidentially, “Bless you, my children,” went into the house, leaving Julia and I to bask in the light of each other's smiles, and to snicker over our good fortune.

Like the late John Q. Othello, of Venice (I saw him at the Boston Theater the very night that he stabbed himself), I am “one not easily jealous,” and yet, I must confess that I've always been somewhat jealous of William Henry Jagazjig. I know Billy isn't one-half so handsome as I am. He hasn't got my way midnight hair, nor my classical features. As for eyes—well, say what you will, a glass eye can't compete for beauty with such a pair of soul-melting orbs as I wear. And then Billy's has an infernal bad habit of rolling over and leaving nothing visible but the whites, which plays the very deuce with his “killing glances.” Any well regulated mind can easily understand how it must destroy the effect of the most soul-thrilling glances to have one's eye flop over! You have got to pop it out, and then pop it back again, and by that time your opportunity is lost. See how it is, don't you?

But women are strange creatures. They always marry just the men that you think they ought not to marry.—I heard of a woman who married a man with only one leg, because as she said, two-legged men were so common.—Now, wasn't it quite as natural that my Julia should love Billy Jagazjig because he had only one good eye? Women are fond of variety, and I must

confess that it is rather monotonous having so many two-eyed men around. Don't you think so, gentle reader?

So you understand now, I hope, why I was jealous of William Henry. When I left Julia that night, after having gained the old gentleman's consent to our union, you would naturally suppose that I was happy, but I wasn't. No; I thought of Bill, and I remembered that Mr. Gigzjig had said that he had an affection for him, and I remembered that Julia, although admitting that she loved me, had never said that she didn't love Billy more. You may think that I had little cause for jealousy, so far, at least; but you don't know women so well as I do. I think I'm pretty well acquainted with the sex, for you must remember that my mother was a woman.

Yes, I passed a miserable night, thinking of William, and I remained pretty comfortably miserable all the next day. It's all very well for a woman to say that she loves you, but there is nothing satisfactory to me in such a declaration, unless the lady declares explicitly that she loves me better than she does any other man. This is a peculiarity of mine, although I assure you that I'm not naturally inclined to be jealous—O no!

Loving Miss Gigzjig as I did, it was perfectly natural that I should endeavor to satisfy myself in regard to the exact state of her feelings for me. Consequently I called at her house the next evening, with a firm determination to have a perfect understanding with her. When I reached the house I found Julia was out. “Ha! out, eh! And perhaps at this very moment,” thought I, “she is walking with William of the virtuous optic.”

I turned away with a determination of seeking her through every street in Yangtcheoo. As I walked down the path toward the gate, my eye fell upon a piece of white paper lying right in the path before me. I picked it up. Great heavens! it was a letter, and could I believe my eyes? It was Julia's handwriting! and it commenced,

Dear William!

I read that letter. I don't remember now that I was at all curious as to its contents, but I did get interested in it, I will admit. That you may understand just how interesting it was, I give you a copy of it. Here it is:

“DEAR WILLIAM.—If you love me come to me at once. Come, ere it be too late.—It is as you feared. He loves me. He asked my hand in marriage, and father has given his consent to our union. Nothing is left for us to do but to elope, for I can never, no, never be his bride. O William, my Billy! come to the arms of your own AMELIA.”

I folded that letter carefully and put it in my pocket. Then I tore my hair. “Pon honor, my dear reader, I don't think I ever felt worse in all my life. If my memory serves me, I think I was slightly profane upon this interesting occasion. I am pretty sure that I made some remarks about the female sex in general, and Miss Julia Gigzjig in particular, that were not at all complimentary.

Now I enjoy a little fun just as well as any man you ever saw, that is, generally speaking. But I don't like any such practical jokes as it was evident Miss Gigzjig had been playing upon me, in thus leading me to believe that her heart was all mine own. And why did she give William to understand in her letter that she was obliged to marry me if she remained in Yangtcheoo? Why did she sign her name “Amelia”? Why did she tell me, why did she tell her father, that she loved me when she didn't? That was what I wanted to know. I couldn't understand it at all.

“O, I shall go mad!” I yelled; and I was somewhat mad already.

Well, while I was tearing around there in the front yard, groaning and grinding my teeth, who should appear but Julia?

“The radiance of her beauty seemed  
To make the light through which she came,  
But her beauty didn't have any effect upon me now. No, I stood and glared at her.

“Tompkins, what aileth thee?” she asked, in her birdlike voice.

“Canst thou ask me, perjured one?” I inquired.

Well, she thought she could, and she did, and she looked as innocent as a lamb the while.

“O, false and cruel creature!” I cried, “wouldst thou break my heart? Wouldst thou drive me to distraction?”

Go—go to thy William—go to your Billy. Let him slip to his bosom his own Amelia.”

“His who?” “His own Amelia,” I repeated; and I think she began to understand my meaning then, partially.

“O you've found it out?” she cried, trying to throw herself into my arms. “You are decidedly cool about it,” I remarked. “Perhaps, Miss Gigzjig, you think there is no harm in thus trifling with a young gentleman's affections. Perhaps you can go on doing this thing with impunity; but no, you shall suffer for it! I'll strike you through your Billy! I'll have his heart's b—— not I'll will have his glass eye!”

That shot took effect, and she wilted. I thought that she snickered, but I may have been mistaken. I saw my advantage, however, and determined to follow it up; and flouted it before her eyes.

“Now do you know what I mean?” said I. “Do you recognize this letter?” She snatched it from my hand, and then burst out laughing. “O Tompkins! where did you find this? I've hunted for it all over the house.”

“I dare say you have, Miss Gigzjig, and it's a great pity that you couldn't have found it instead of me.”

“Billy? Why, Tompkins, you didn't think that?”

She just folded me in her arms then, and kissed me fourteen times without stopping to breathe. “Why, you foolish fellow, that is only a leaf from my great story, entitled ‘Kaura, or the Belle of Moscoe Hill,’ now being published in the New York *Bleacher*. Didn't you know that I was an authoress?”

“An authoress?” “Yes.” “And you don't love Billy?” “No, I don't love any body but you.”

“O Julia! come to these arms.” She came. Then we kissed.

“And now, Tompkins, promise me one thing,” said Julia. “Anything, darling.” “Promise me that you won't take Billy's glass eye.”

“I won't take anything but you, dearest,” I said. And I didn't. I don't think this is much of a story, dear reader. I know my wife could write a great deal better one; but then she writes fiction, while I stick to facts.—*Ballou's Monthly.*

## The Wonders of the Deep.

During the recent passage of the British exploring ship Challenger from England to the West Indies, the sounding line and dredge were kept constantly going. The former showed that a pretty level bottom runs off from the African coast, deepening gradually to a depth of 3,125 fathoms at about one third of the way across to the West Indies. If the Alps, Mont Blanc and all, were submerged at this spot, there would still be half a mile of water above them. Five hundred miles farther west there is a comparatively shallow part, a little less than two miles in depth. The water then deepens again to three miles, which continues close over to the West Indies. At the deepest spots both on the east and west side of the Atlantic, the dredge brought up a quantity of dark red clay, which contained just sufficient animal life to prove that life exists at all depths.—No difficulty was experienced in obtaining these deep sea dredgings, and it was merely a question of patience, each haul occupying twelve hours. In depths over two miles little has been found, but that little was totally new. One of the lions of the cruise is a new species of lobsters perfectly transparent. Not content with obtaining animals with eyes so fully developed that the body may be said to be an appendage, a new crustacean has now been dredged up, in which the body has cut itself clear of the eyes altogether, and the animal is totally blind. To make up for its deficiency Nature has supplied it with the most beautifully developed, delicate lady-like claws, if one may use the term, it is possible to conceive. Nearer the West Indies, in a depth of only half a mile, some similar creatures were brought up, and here the claws, longer than the body, are armed throughout with a multitude of spike-like teeth, looking more like a crocodile's jaw than anything else. At a short distance from Tenerife, in a depth of a mile and a half, a rich and extremely interesting haul of sponges and coral was obtained, but the latter was unfortunately dead.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their business. One is that they haven't any business, and the second that they have no mind.

## Poetry.

From the Aldine for June.  
THE STAMPEDE.

Do you like horses?  
Well, so do I;  
But I look out, though,  
When a storm is nigh:  
They lose their wits,  
And crazy then  
I suppose it's because  
They are so like men.

Did you ever see 'em  
Out on the Plains  
Capture a mustang?  
It's worth your pains:  
You throw for the head,  
And catch the same;  
Then blow in his nostrils—  
The creature is tame!

But about being scared?  
I was going to say  
That horses in storms  
Is no child's play:  
Old trappers know it,  
And light 'em shy,  
When thunder begins  
To growl in the sky.

I was riding once,  
When a tempest came;  
The sky and the earth  
Was a sheet of flame:  
My good horse trembled  
In every limb:  
'Twas enough for me—  
Too much for him!

I gave him the spur,  
And dropped the rein;  
I don't care to take  
That ride again!  
Pshaw!—how he flew,  
Outrunning the wind—  
Till I suddenly felt  
There was something behind!

I turned in my saddle,  
And saw by the glare  
Of the blinding lightning  
That something was there!  
A herd of wild horses,  
Maddened with fear,  
Were coming upon us—  
Were close in our rear!

I wheeled my horse round,  
I hardly knew why,  
I pulled him up, and waited  
The death that was nigh!  
What mad tossing manes—  
What light in their eyes—  
What plunges,—what swiftness—  
What terrible cries!

I rose in my stirrups,  
And gave a wild yell;  
Picked out the head stallion,  
Fired—and he fell!  
They parted,—went round us,  
We escaped! Indeed?  
But I made up my mind—  
No more stampeed!

## Selected Miscellany.

### Notes on Ghosts and Goblins.

Among the most perplexing circumstances in the common belief about ghosts, are the accepted ideas about ghostly habiliments. For instance, why should so many ghosts be clothed in white? If the answer is that grave-clothes are white, we may inquire what a ghost wants with grave-clothes? It might as well refuse to appear without a coffin. And then, many ghosts have appeared in their habit as they lived. If we inquire what is the real conception in the ghost-seer's mind as to the nature of the vision, we find a difficulty in understanding what idea is formed by the real believer in ghosts respecting the vestments in which spirits make their appearance. This is an old difficulty. In fact, it has probably occurred to every one who has thought over a ghost story. So soon as we come to the description of the ghost's vestments there is always a hitch in the story. For my own part, I must have been a very small child indeed, when I first pondered over the question, Who made the ghost's clothes?

Of course there is no difficulty in the case of those who believe only in ghostly apparitions as phantoms of the brain. Here a distinction must be drawn. I am not speaking of those who regard such apparitions as either due to a diseased action of the brain or to the power of fancy in forming real objects indistinctly seen, the picture of a departed friend; but of those who look on visions of the dead as produced by supernatural impressions on the brain. Those who think that at the will of the dead a vision may be caused to appear, can of course understand that the vision would either be clothed in the garb which had been worn during life, or in grave-clothes, or in such other dress as suited the circumstances under which the vision appeared. But this view is not ordinarily adopted by those who regard apparitions as supernatural phenomena.—They commonly regard the phantom as something really existent in the place where it is apparently seen. The dead person is *there* in some form; some essential entity representing him has the power to transport itself from the place of the departed into the presence of the living. This ordinary idea of ghostly visions is aptly rendered in Hamlet's address to the ghost. He does not speak of it as a vision, but to it as something real, although not understood.

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with the airs from heaven or blasts from hell,<  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou comest in such questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath open'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again.

Nor does the poet shrink from investing the ghost with the garb of life.—This had been already shown in the first scene. “Such,” says Horatio, “was the very armour he had on, when he the ambitious Norway combatted.” And now Hamlet asks—

What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

Again, it is curious how thoroughly the conventional idea of a ghost or goblin is associated with the thought of a shrouded face. It may be that this is partly due to the circumstance that while the imagination may quite commonly present to us the idea of a vision in all points complete except in the face, it can be but rarely that real objects are mistaken for the actual features of a deceased friend. Be this as it may, the ghost has been pictured with concealed face from time immemorial. So Flaxman draws the ghosts encountered by Ulysses in Hades, and no really fearful ghost has shown its face since the days when fear came upon Eliphaz, the Temanite, “and trembling which made all his bones to shake; when a spirit passed before his face and the hair of his flesh stood up; and the spirit stood still, but he could not discern the form thereof.”—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Calling the Dead.

Everybody will remember that Matilda Heron, the actress, while in California some years since, married a very popularly known as “Harry Byrne,” from whom she subsequently parted. Upon his death, a year or two ago, Miss Heron went to San Francisco in the hope of securing a portion at least of the handsome property he was said to have left, in which effort, we believe, she failed. Byrne was universally admitted to be a man of rich and scholarly literary attainments and of original and eloquent genius as an advocate. Among the many instances of his power as a prosecutor, the following from a “Frisco” paper, is perhaps the most striking:

Some time in the year 18—, a gentleman from one section of the country, being displeased with the conduct, actions or words of another from the other part of the country manifested his disapproval by deliberately shooting him down.

In his hour of need the influence of his element was employed; his sectional friends flocked around; eminent counsel were engaged, among whom were the names of such men as Baker, McDougal, and Tingley, the leaders of the bar. Byrne, who occupied the position of District Attorney, being at that time a very young man, felt it his duty to call to his assistance a man of rising talents, who was then winning his way, to the high position he afterward attained—Elisha Cook.

The day of trial commenced, but it was conceded on all sides that the prisoner, with his eminent counsel, his command of money, and his throng of sympathizing friends, would cheat the gallows and mock at justice. After the evidence was all in, Mr. Cook made an able and brilliant opening for the State, but to no avail. Then followed the counsel for defence. They were forcible, able, and eloquent. They wrought a powerful effect upon the jury, and it was palpable to all that there was scarcely a possibility of a verdict antagonistic to the prisoner.

Mr. Byrne rose in the court-room and amid deep silence proceeded to close for the prosecution. Pale as the white walls around him, with long and flowing black locks, his eye burning and glowing like a blazing coal, he tore the veil of sophistry, veiled around the subject, by his adversaries, and laid the bold and awful facts before the jury. Now rising to awful denunciation, he seemed a Nemesis to the cowering criminal before him; now he turned his voice to low persuasion as he sought to mould the jury to his wish. But, as he paused, after a tremendous effort, his eye persuaded him that, unless he called to his aid some new and startling line of action, the verdict would be against him.

At the time an old eccentric man was bailiff of the court. One of his peculiarities was to sleep through the arguments of counsel, and naught could arouse him save the command of the court or the voice of the district attorney directing him to do some official act; but at these well-known sounds he would start from his seat with an alacrity remarkable for one of his years.

Turning to the old man, (who was enjoying his usual nap), Byrne, to whom this idiosyncrasy was well-known, pointed his finger at the peaceful lineaments of his countenance, and enlivened his faithful attention to his duties. “But,” said he, “has in this case left one duty unperformed.” Then with a voice that thrilled through

men's hearts and made the rafters ring: “Mr. Bailiff, call Williams Adams.—The old man sprang from his seat, and hurrying across the court-room to the entrance beyond, called, in a weird, thick manner, the dead man's name, “William Adams, William Adams, William Adams, come into the court.”

The criminal shivered in his seat, men's blood flowed coldly, and the silence was as death. Justice seemed crying to heaven for retribution; the faces of the jurors grew white and blue, and each man glued his eye upon the door-as if he expected the apparition to answer the summons.

“Gentlemen,” continued Byrne, “that witness can never come. The one who can relate to you the circumstances of this tragedy lies in his cold and silent grave. No bailiff's voice can rouse him from eternal sleep; naught save the clarion blast of the Archangel's trump can pierce the adamantine walls of his resting place.—He has been deafened forever by him who stands arraigned at this bar.—Base, brutal, bloody man, upon you hangs this awful responsibility.—Your hands have dabbled in his blood, and as the instrument of outraged society, I demand your conviction.”

Genius triumphed. Justice was vindicated, and the prisoner expiated his offence on the scaffold.

Curious Habits of Plants.

From “How Plants Behave,” by Prof. Gray, we extract the following: “Some Orchids, whether wild ones, such as Ladies Tresses, or those various and more gorgeous ones, mostly air plants of tropical regions, which adorn rich conservatories, curiously resemble butterflies, either a swarm of them, as some of the smaller ones in a cluster on a long, light stalk, fluttering with every breath of air; some are like a large, single, gorgeous, orange and spotted butterfly; another takes its name from the resemblance of its flowers to moth. Can the likeness be a sort of decoy to allure the very kinds of insects that are wanted for fertilizing these flowers? \* \* \* When a fresh and active tendril in climbing comes in contact with a neighboring stalk, or any similar support, it hooks or coils its end round it, then having secured a hold, it shortens by coiling up its whole length, or a good part of it. This commonly draws up the climbing stem, nearer to its support, and make it easier for the younger tendrils above to gain their hold. A tendril which has taken hold and coiled up, usually becomes stouter, rigid, and much stronger than it was before.—One which would break with an ounce weight, becomes capable of supporting two or three pounds.”

EXPERIMENT ON SOUND.—The following beautiful experiment, described by Professor Tyndal, shows how music may be transmitted by an ordinary wooden rod: In a room two floors beneath his lecture-room there was a piano upon which an artist was playing, but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding-board of the piano, extended upward through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture-table. But still no sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, which was thrown into resonance by the ascending thrills, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture-room. A guitar and a harp were substituted for the violin, and with same result. The vibrations of the piano-strings were communicated to the sounding board; they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carried into waves, and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.

A farmer went into his field one day, and found his men “lying off” under a tree, when they should have been at work. Taking a silver dollar from his pocket, he exclaimed, “I will give this to the laziest man among you.”

All, save one, jumped up and claimed the prize.

“That fellow has won it,” said the farmer, pointing to the man still sitting on the ground and he stepped up to hand him the dollar.

“Won't you please put it in my pocket?” was the thanks he received.

Carl Pretzel says: “Der young man vot did said der world owed him some lifin was lately turned der door out on akound he's landlady was unwilling to take on her shoulder plade der indebtedness of der world.”

Those who prosper in youth know little what dark and cloudy days may be in reserve for them.

“I meant to have told you of that hole,” said an Irishman to his friend, who was walking in the garden with him, and tumbled into a pit full of water. “Nomatter,” says Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, “I have found it.”

Instruction ends in a school room, but education ends only with life.