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# The Kent News.

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## Select Poetry.

### BY-GONE HOURS.

How often, in some quiet spot,
Where busy footsteps venture not,
We sit and muse
On days and years now fled away,
On pleasant hours that would not stay,
To make our lives all bright and gay,
And hope infuse.

The thoughts of days that we have spent
In murmuring, or in discontent,
Will then arise
And cause a thrill of heart-felt pain,
Could we but call them back again
Unto our God, we'd not disclaim
To lift our cries.

The hours we've spent in peace and joy,
When sin and sorrow did not alloy,
Is like a calm
Upon the boisterous sea of life,
When tossed by waves of angry strife,
Which on life's ocean oft are ripe,
A soothing balm.

The hours we've spent in love to God
Shall cheer us, ere beneath the sod,
From care we rest;
While those we've spent in worldly sin
Must all be pardoned ere within
The pearly gates we life begin,
Forever blest.

### Who are Our Friends?

Are they those who fawn and flatter
Round us, in our joyous hours?
Who help us in Life's fair spring garden,
To cull its tempting brilliant flowers?
Who whisper in our willing ears
Vows of pure unchanging love?
Who cling to us with fond affection,
Till changing fortune comes to prove
That all those vows so softly spoken,
Are scattered now—ay, rudely broken?

Who are our friends? It cannot be
That all alike are false and cold;
I'll not believe friendship's a name
That every day is bought and sold:
That flatteringly it bends the knee,
To beauty and prosperity,
And turns away with haughty eye,
From those who live in poverty;
Ah! no—e'en now, I'd rather die,
Than think that friendship's all a lie.

### POPULAR RETRENCHMENT.

Children are often sagely told, that they "don't know what is good for them." The saying is as true when applied to large folks, and their conduct proves the fairness of the application. When hard times or a fear of hard times, come over a land, on what do they begin retrenchment and economy. On the back?—No, madam: you clothe yourself with the finest and rarest still. With the stomach?—No, sir: you pamper it with every delicate meat as usual. On luxuries?—No, Mr. Sybarite: you drink the choicest, and smoke the most exquisite, in wanted profuseness. No, no, deluded big children! you begin with the printer: you cut off books as if they were a pest, and you either stop your paper or refuse to pay for it. You seem to imagine that you are merely animal, without a soul or intellect. Your action indicates this, anyhow.

Verily, the public has been spoiled.—Books and papers have been furnished at so low a rate, and with so little recompense to author and printer, that they are lightly esteemed, when they should be held above all price; and the consequence is, that the printer, who makes but a scanty living at the best of times, is left to crumbs or starvation when a real or fancied necessity for retrenchment exists. Out upon such retrenchment! Wear less costly gear—eat plainer food—drink less and smoke less, or none at all, rather than cheat your soul and mind of their due portion. Buy good books, and take and pay for an honest and decent newspaper; and as upright, God-created beings, you will be the better and richer for it.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.—Who are they? They are those who, when boys, were compelled to work, either to help themselves or their parents, and who, when a little older, were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who, as young men, had their wits sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more available than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Hence, in reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their youth passed in self-denials of food, sleep, rest, and recreation. They sat up late, rose early, to the performance of imperative duties, doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night the work of another. Said a banker of high integrity, the other day, and who started in life without a shilling, "For years I was in my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours." Let not then, any youth be discouraged if he has to make his own living, or even to support a widowed mother or sick sister, or unfortunate relative, for his has been the road to eminence of many a proud name. This is the path which men have often trod, thorny enough at times, at others so beset with difficulties as to be almost impassible; but the way was clear, sunshine came, success followed—then the glory and renown.

WASHINGTON IRVING ON JOHN BULL.—In looking over Irving's happy but truthful description of John Bull in his "Sketch Book," we find the following, which is so apropos to the present time that we copy it:

"He (John Bull) cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbors, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel and consider whether his interest or his honor does not require that he should meddle in the broil."

### Our Friends the Small Birds.

We have at last discovered that we were doing our little feathered friends great injustice. All the while that we regarded them as destructive enemies, and were shooting and snaring them, they were rendering us most valuable service. It was on the Continent that the destruction of small birds had been carried to the greatest extent, and therefore it has been there, more than in England, that the change of opinion has manifested itself in a marked manner. In France it has been deemed a matter of sufficient importance for public officials to make reports to the Emperor on the subject, and a Napoleonic edict having followed, the small birds of France may consider themselves, like the Pope of Rome, and some other small people, under Imperial protection. A great Swiss naturalist has been advising farmers and gardeners to use every means to entice birds to their gardens and orchards and fields. What a change of fortune for the little feathered gentlemen! They have been mercilessly persecuted, and now they are to be positively petted!

The animal creation is like a well-balanced machine; and in the wanton destruction of small birds we have only disturbed the working of that machine.—Man's ignorant interference has at last been carried far enough to produce results that have opened his eyes to the blunder. Small birds live on insects chiefly. The insects bear a proper proportion to the birds. If we kill the birds the insects are in excess, and soon do the mischief we only supposed the birds to do. The farmer and gardener have not been wrong in thinking that birds took their grain and their fruit, but they have been mistaken in supposing they came for that purpose principally. They came to dine off insects, and only took a little fruit and grain by way of dessert; and it can be satisfactorily shown that what the bird takes in that way is more than saved by the service he renders in destroying insects. Very astonishing are the results of accurate observation as to the amount of destruction effected by birds among the insect tribes. What would be a very tedious and almost impossible task for human hands, birds will accomplish in a surprisingly short time.

In the year 1848 a continental land proprietor had his orchard overrun with immense swarms of a very destructive species of caterpillar. He employed scores of hands to scrape off the eggs that were deposited by millions on the stems and branches. It was of no avail, and the trees began to show signs of decay. Toward the winter a number of titmice and wrens visited the orchard, and by the middle of the next summer they had cleared all the trees of caterpillars. The birds that are most serviceable are swallows finches, titmice and redtails; but sparrows, starlings, jackdaws, rooks, etc., destroy large quantities, and though they consume some vegetable food as well, unless their number be very great, they "pay for their keep" by the work they do. A single pair of sparrows will carry to their nest about three hundred caterpillars in a day, and if they do help themselves to a little fruit they are well worth all they cost in that way. The Swiss naturalist before mentioned says that in a neighbor's garden he saw three rose trees that had become covered with tree-lice to the number of at least two thousand. At his suggestion a marsh titmouse was placed in the garden, and in a few hours the rose trees were perfectly clean. A couple of night swallows have been known to destroy a swarm of gnats in fifteen minutes. There is a spider very destructive to woods, called the pine-spider. It multiplies at an alarming rate—a single female will lay eight hundred eggs at a time. Birds, however, destroy them faster than they multiply, it having been calculated that a single titmouse, with her young, will consume thousands daily.

What a lesson there is in all this concerning the wisdom of the Creator, and of the ignorance of man! Man ignorantly thinks creatures useless, or worse than useless, because he does not perceive for what use the Creator designed them. In the pride of his superiority over the lower animals he presumes to disturb the balance settled by Infinite wisdom. He all but destroys one class of creatures, as if they were not wanted in the scheme of animated nature. The evidence of his mistake soon appears in its effects. If this wanton destruction of birds had not come to an end, there is reason to believe that Europe would ere long have been visited with a plague of insects that man could not have destroyed, and could only have been destroyed by our sadly ill-used friends, the small birds.—*Meth. Recorder.*

CANNONADING HEARD TWO HUNDRED MILES.—A gentleman from Hunter's Bottom, in Kentucky, states that the cannonading at Fort Donelson was distinctly heard at that point. It is two hundred miles in a straight line from Fort Donelson. The sounds were so distinct that the people were of opinion that a great battle was raging at Louisville. The Madison Courier also states that the sounds were indistinctly heard at that point. There must have been something of a noise at Donelson.

"WILLIAM, if you go out in the street, I'll whip you." "But mother if I let you whip me now may I go out afterward?"

### The Battle at Fort Donelson.

#### Interesting Particulars.

The correspondent of a Chicago paper writes from the fort on the 18th, as follows:

The number of field pieces taken in the Union victory here is much larger than heretofore telegraphed. We have at least 70 guns: among them are bronze and iron rifled pieces, of English manufacture.

The prisoners will amount to full fifteen thousand, all contrary assertions notwithstanding. The small arms captured are full twenty thousand.

The number of rebels killed is at the least calculation 800, and their wounded more than double that number.

So far as I can ascertain the Federal loss was 300 killed, 700 wounded and 241 missing—total 1,250.

The following account is furnished by a correspondent of a New York paper:

THE MANNER OF FLOYD'S ESCAPE.

Surprise has often been expressed in my hearing that Pillow and Floyd should have been able to escape with five thousand men, a number of pieces of cannon, and a supply of the best arms. This will seem an easy task when it is remembered that we had no force about the fort on the opposite side of the river, and that steamers were lying near Dover, and had been conveying provisions to the rebels for several days, without fear or molestation.—All that Pillow and Floyd had to do, therefore, was to go down to the boats, cross the Cumberland, and go up on the opposite side as far as Nashville. It was generally supposed that we had troops and batteries to defeat such a movement, but we had not; and that we had not is a great mistake, for which some one—I know not who—is responsible.

Floyd, I learn, carried with him about ten of the best of the forty guns taken from us at Manassas—the remainder having fallen into our hands.

RECKLESSNESS OF LIFE.

On Saturday a young man, James Hartley, who had lost a brother the previous day, swore to be revenged, and in one of the sorties by the rebels, attacked six of them single-handed, killed three of them, and then lost his own life.

Corporal Mooney, an Irishman, seeing that the staff of one of the regimental flags was shot away, picked up the stars and stripes, and wrapping them round his body rushed over the parapet of the outworks, and crying "Come on, my brave boys," was blown to pieces by a shell.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

A Lieutenant Colonel in an Iowa regiment, during the fierce contest of Saturday afternoon, had nine bullets put through his coat, and yet sustained no injury.

Peter Morton, of the 13th Illinois, had the case of his watch, which he wore in his upper vest pocket, immediately over his heart, torn away by a canister shot and the watch still continuing to keep time.

The life of Reuben Davis, of the Kentucky 5th, was saved by a silver half-dollar in his waistcoat picket. A rifle ball struck the coin in the centre, and destroyed the figure of liberty on its face.

FRATERNIZING.

The Union and rebel officers harmonize very well socially, and pass the time pleasantly in conversation, and what would seem strange at first thought, discuss the question of slavery with amiability and suavity, and often agree almost entirely in opinion. Many of the enemy's necessary expenses have been generously anticipated and defrayed by their deadly enemies of last week, and the benefitted parties seem to be duly grateful.

THE SCENE AFTER THE SURRENDER.

The spectacle presented as our troops entered the place was one to which no description can do justice. The appearance of the rebel soldiers was grotesque in the extreme. Without uniformity in dress, few of them wore anything that could be called a uniform, unless it were a white or striped blanket, worn in the Indian fashion, enveloping nearly the whole person.

I have had large opportunities to-day for observing the intercourse between our soldiers and those of the rebels, and the results of such observations are gratifying in the highest degree. Our artillery upon entering the fort fired a salute, our army did *some* cheering, and our bands played the Star Spangled Banner, the Red, White and Blue, and some other national airs. But in a whole day's walk about the place I witnessed not a single instance of insulting boastfulness, or conduct that was calculated to wound the personal feelings of a fallen enemy. Indeed, it was difficult to realize that these men in various colored blankets and those in blue overcoats *were* enemies, or that these were prisoners and those captors, so considerately did they treat each other.

Many of our officers have discovered, in the secession captives, old friends and school companions in years gone by. A Federal lieutenant has found his brother in the captain of a Tennessee company, who has resided in Nashville for many years, and married a Mississippi widow.

Buckner says he could readily have escaped with Pillow and Floyd, but was *too honorable* to do so. His men had stood by him, and he was resolved, in the hour of adversity and defeat, not to abandon them.

THE BURNSIDE VERSION OF AN OLD SAYING—*Wise* you are, *Wise* you be, but you are not *Wise* enough for me.

### OUR FLAG.

Lift, lift the eagle banner high,
Our guide to fame—
On ocean's breezes bid it fly,
Like meteors wafting through the sky
Their pomp of flame,
Till wide on every sea unfurl'd
It tells to an admiring world
Our name.

Oh! proudly burns its beacon light
On victory's path—
Thro' Freedom's dawn, thro' danger's night,
Onward, still onward, rolling bright,
It sweeps in wrath—
Still lightning-like, to him who dares
Confront the terror of our stars,
Its scath.

Still heavenward mounts the generous flame
And never tires—
Does Envy dare insult our name,
Or lurking falsehood brand with shame
Our buried sires?
The armed Colossus thunders by,
Wide wave our stripes—the dastard lie
Expires.

### SKETCH OF GENERAL GRANT.

Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant, who commands the United States land forces on the Cumberland, was born at Point Pleasant, Clairmont county, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and entered West Point Military Academy from Ohio in 1839, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as brevet second lieutenant to the Fourth Infantry. He was promoted Second Lieutenant at Corpus Christi in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under General Taylor at Palo Alto, Resecа de Palma and Monterey and under General Scott from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and was twice promoted for his bravery. When he resigned the service on the 31st of July, 1854, he was a full Captain in the Fourth Infantry. After his resignation he settled in Saint Louis county, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Governor Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted a Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was engaged as Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General in several of the contests in Southeastern Missouri; and his course as commander of the southeast district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized, and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah and stoppage of communication and supplies to the rebels via the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in the reader's mind. The rest of his course, as commander there, is too well known to be repeated here, and certain it is that his action, in every instance, has been applauded both by his superior officers and the people. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and General Grant was assigned by General Halleck to the command of it.

### The Die-in-the-last-ditch Sham.

In speaking of the surrender of the large force at Fort Donelson, a correspondent remarks: By the by, what has become of all those furious and unconquerable Rebels that were determined, in any extremity, to "die in the last ditch?"—Was it not Jack Downing who said he had always noticed that those persons who talked so glibly about shedding their last drop of blood were very particular about shedding the first? With equal point it might be remarked, that the rebels should die in the first ditch more frequently, before they acquire the right to talk of perishing in the last.

Just now, for example, we have fifteen thousand prisoners who have not died in any ditch, nor manifested any desire to do so, though they have had a magnificent opportunity.

A NEGRO'S ACCOUNT OF THE WILDCAT RETREAT.—A gentleman whose slave accompanied a young Confederate officer on the Wild Cat expedition, asked the darky, on his return to Nashville, how long the army was on the march from its encampment to the battle-field. "About four days," was the reply. "Well, how long were they in marching back?" "About two days, massa." "Why, how is that, Joe? Could the men travel any faster back, when they were broken down with four days' march and a severe fight, than they travelled forward, after a good rest in camp?" "Oh, I'll tell you what made the difference, massa," said old Joe; "it was the music. They marched towards Wildcat to the tune of Dixie. When they marched back, the tune was, "Fire in the mountains—run, boys, run!"

"WHEN YOU IS ABOUT, WE IS."—The Booneville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial* writes:

These Missouri niggers know a great deal more than the white folks give them credit for, and whether Missouri goes for the Confederacy or for the Union, her slaves have learned a useful lesson. I was struck with the apt reply of one of a crowd who came from a big house to the road to see us pass the other day. Says I, "Boys, are you all for the Union?" "Oh, yes, massa, when you's about we is." "And when Price comes, you are secesh, are you?" "Oh, yes, massa, we's good secesh then. Can't allow white folks to get ahead niggers in dat way." The darkey understood the whole question and the game played.

### A Heroic Kentucky Union Girl.

A Paducah correspondent of the Louisville Journal, writing under the date of February 11, says:

In these times of terror and peril in this district, some of the most heroic acts have been performed; but perhaps the noblest of all was perpetrated a few days since, by a young lady of Graves county, well known to the writer, Miss Ann Bassford. Her father and family are devotedly for the Union. The old man having information that the notorious H. C. King (expelled from our Legislature for treason) and his robber band intended to visit his house for the purpose of taking horses, guns, &c., hid his gun and brought his horses to this place. Whilst here three of King's robbing band visited the house, demanded the gun, and alarmed Mrs. Bassford, who ordered a son of fifteen years old to fire the gun and deliver it over. The boy, after considerable search, found the gun; the robbers then demanded a pistol, which they were informed belonged in the family, whereupon the daughter, some seventeen years old, told them she knew where the pistol was, but they could not get it. The robbers insisted, with loud, vulgar oaths, but the girl was determined, and seeing that they were foiled at this, they ordered the feeble, sickly boy to mount up behind one of their clan, as they intended to take him to Camp Beauregard in place of his d—d Lincoln father. The boy and mother, in tears, protested, but to no effect, and the boy was in the act of mounting, when the heroic sister stepped between her brother and the robbers, and, drawing, cocking, and presenting the pistol, ordered her brother back to the house, and, with eagle-piercing eye fastened on the robbers, and death dealing determination in her countenance, dared them to hinder or touch her brother, and she would lay the robber dead at her feet. Suffice it to say the three secession brigands scampered off and left the family without further molestation.

RICH SCENE IN THE WHEELING LEGISLATURE.—The Wheeling Legislature having finished the business before it, adjourned on Thursday evening. Immediately previous to adjournment the following rather rich proceedings transpirired: Mr. Ratcliffe offered a resolution proposing to ascertain if the Senate would accept the ten commandments without amendment, if first passed by the House. He remarked that no proposition from the House had ever gone to the Senate without coming back amended. He desired, before the adjournment, to submit something which would meet their approbation. The speaker appointed Mr. Ratcliffe to communicate the passage of the resolution to the Senate. Mr. R. accordingly picked up the resolution, and amidst great laughter, proceeded to the Senate chamber. He subsequently returned and reported to the House that the Senate insisted that there were 13 commandments, and refused therefore to accept the House resolution without amendment.

A MARRIAGE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The following extract from the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1750, may not be uninteresting to our readers:

"Married in June, 1750, William Donkin, a considerable farmer, of Great Tonsen, (near Rothqury,) in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton a great quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, &c., which was concluded with eight half anklers of brandy, made into punch, 15 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 90 bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 559 ladies and gentlemen, who were diverted with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was concluded with the utmost order and unanimity."

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—A soldier of a New York regiment, stationed at Hall's Hill, Fairfax county, Va., discovered, in an unoccupied house, a volume in manuscript, which proved to be the order book of Gen. Washington, commencing March, 1776, and reaching through several years. It contains general orders, special orders, details of officers, courts-martial, plans of battles, official reports of engagements, &c. These orders were signed by Gen. Washington himself, as well as several other generals. The signatures of the several generals occur on almost every page.

PALPABLE TRUTH.—An exchange paper very aptly and truthfully says:

"Before you go shopping, take the advertisements of a newspaper. The man who advertises liberally is a liberal dealer; he sells more goods than old fogies who hide their light under a bushel, and is, therefore, able to sell cheaper."

A MAN who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue. If in whisky, then he is a rogue in spirit. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed. If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain. And if he cheats when he can, he is in deed, in spirit, in grain, a measureless rogue.

A LITTLE girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly enquired, "who took care of the babies?"

### Money in the South.

A Norfolk correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch gives this graphic picture of the difficulties attending the present condition of Confederate currency:

"Leaning over the counter a puzzled volunteer was endeavoring to reckon up the change just paid out by the sleek haired clerk. Before him lay a quantity of mutilated bills, ragged and dirty pieces of paper, bits of card-board, printed checks, a few copper pennies, milk tickets, postage stamps, and other interesting specimens of the present outrageous "coin of the realm." Over and over again the puzzled volunteer essayed to count the pile of villainous currency, and over and over again he failed to find it satisfactory. It was too much for his rustic arithmetic; the problem was too difficult to solve upon only ten fingers. The bystanders laughed. The money was spread out upon the show case as young ladies lay cards upon a table in telling fortunes, and the soldier stood before it searchingly examining every piece. "Do you call this money?" he asked, taking up a small yellow parallelogram looking very much like the brass card on the top of a sardine box. "Do you call this money?" holding up an advertisement of fine Havana cigars—"and this," a bit for 15 cents, in which some weak-minded printer had gone raving mad in different kinds of type, "*Good for one shave;* (readind slowly) *Dick, the barber*—" "Do you call this money?" The sleek haired clerk was puzzled also. "It'll pass all over town; indeed it will, sir." Once more the soldier scrutinized the ragged and incongruous pile, and grasping it in one hand, soliloquized: "So this is money—money? ha! I call it stuff. Why a man might hold his hands full, and then have but 37 cents."

THE editor of the Vicksburg Sun once heard of a venerable old preacher, in the backwoods, of plain manners and limited education who became indignant at the prolonged apathy of his congregation and gave vent to his feelings in a burst of pulpit eloquence. We do not know that our readers have ever seen it; we therefore publish the following extract:

"My dear beloved brethren, I have been preaching to you for the last six months and if in all that time I have done any good to your souls, I don't know it. You sit every Sunday as if your souls were secure. I tell you, you are wholly mistaken. You seem to think that it is all right, and that when you die, you will lay hold of my coat tails, and that I will take you straight to heaven. But if you do not do better, I will fool you yet, because it is my present intention to go up in a round-about."

NOT YET DECIDED.—A traveller stopped at a public house in Maine, for the purpose of getting dinner. Dismounting at the front door he knocked, but received no answer. Going to the other side of the house, he found a little white-headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, while with the other she was giving her little lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveller knocked on the side of the house and cried out in a loud voice: "Hallo, here, who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered: "Stranger, that's what we are trying to decide?"

THEY have a story in Chicago about a drunken captain who met a private of his company in the same condition. The captain ordered him to "halt," and endeavored in vain to assume a firm position on his feet, and to talk with dignified severity, exclaimed.—

"Private Smith, I'll give you t'l (hic) four o'clock to gissober in."

"Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you'r (hic) a—sight drunkerniam I'll give you t'l five o'clock to gissober in."

A FORMIDABLE FOOTE.—Commodore Foote telegraphs to the Secretary of the Navy, in allusion to his wound received at Fort Donelson, that "his foot is painful but not dangerous." We beg pardon for taking liberty with the gallant Commodore's name, but the thought is irresistible that he is both a "painful and dangerous" Foote to the Rebels just now.

THE UNION FEELING.—The love for the Stars and Stripes is spreading in the South. The articles upon the subject of Fort Donelson, in the Southern papers, have a mournful tone, and the Rebels acknowledge that they been severely thrashed.

IT is refreshing to come across such a gem as the following:

The first bird of spring attempted to sing;
But ere it had sounded a note,
He fell from the limb—a dead bird was him:
The music had friz in his throat!

EXPERIMENTAL Philosophy—Asking a young lady to marry you. Natural philosophy,—Looking indifferent, and saying you were only in fun, when she refuses you.

"WILL you take some grapes, monsieur? asked a gentleman of a Frenchman. "No, sare," he replied; "I don't swallow my wine in ze shape of pills."

AT an infant school examination, a few days ago, the examiner asked, "What fish eat the *little ones?*" The *big' uns*" shouted a little urchin.

SWIFT proposed to put a tax on female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.