Democratic Watchman.

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☞ Customers will find my stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
☞ Farmers' and Physicians' from the country are invited to examine my stock.

Original Poetry.

For the Democratic Watchman

The Fainting Heart.

BY MARY T. WILLIAMS.

The sand-grains scarce falling quickly sped,
And despair's twilight shadows gathered instead
And the faint heart turned from this darkening sphere
And sighed for a day more bright more clear,
For as fortune oft frowns on the flattered and great,
So the world's pearly shrine turns to frowns of hate

The fainting heart grows fainter still
As the future with darker shadows fills,
Oh! what can relieve the darkened soul
Or erase grief's name from life's scroll
What can set a star in the far off height,
Or give futurity's brow with light?

High up in the pinnacled tower of fame
Is a radiant brow and a glittering name,
But oh! methinks 'tis the midnight light,
And the flattering garlands in charon's sight
And the faint heart turns from fame away
For a *trace* will lie to a blissful day

Far away where the soul spurns me
Where nature bow at each spot's feet
There power and glory all cement with
A power for the feeble, a throne for the brave
Crowns crumble thrones totter and sceptre rust
All earthly glory is a fleeting dust

Bold glittering Plutus with hasty stride
Comes hastily forth with his mimic pride,
But the faint heart turns in sorrow away,
And sighs like the moon of declining day,
Glory and fame wealth and honor were mine,
But oh! fainting heart bliss was never thine

"O where shall I seek for that radiant gem?
For the crowns of earth and the honor of men,
And the glory of deeds and the fame of the dead,
Are less in my sight than the dust we tread,
And the dump of death wraps the smile of all,
In the shadowy fold of life's sable pall"

But a bright star glimmered through the far off cloud,
And faith threw aside mortality's shroud
And hope softly whispered "beyond the star
There is a clime of far more pure more fair
Than the vaulted sky of earth's cloud,
And its plains are walked by a happy band

The fainting heart bid its sorrows wing
And to faith and hope still trusting clings
And is wafted away by the Angel Love
To that pure bright sphere in the realm above
There a fadeless crown is in that throne is given
And the soul strikes a harp in the courts of Heaven

Corydon, Morgan Co., O.

Miscellaneous.

The Disguised Lover

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what, he was to Midas whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment that it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence, its whiteness is gone, it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps, and lamplighters never pass him without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and only once, I saw him cross the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate him, and before I could utter one word, it was filled with mud. The careless block head lay at my feet, full length in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation, he once purchased a suit of precisely mud color. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times—he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance, at least, unscathed. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring horse pond; true, he received a shower bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat, was "to gild refined gold—to paint the lilly." "Tom will be a neat man yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour, it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom; he had been leaning on some newly painted window blinds.

His shoeblack declares that "he can't see no use in blacking his boots when they never remain black;" and his washerwoman, with a very proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, *not from any ill will*, but as she declared with uplifted hands, "if any one should ask me if I washed Mr. Smith's clothes, what could I tell them?" But there were very few things in this world with which Tom could have more easily dispensed, than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement, one morning I strolled over to Tom's rooms. As I ascended the stairs, I heard his voice in a very decided tone, "But it must be done, so there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply, "anything within the limits of possibility, but to make a coat in ten hours—I will *promise* anything in the world, but I really fear I shall be unable to *perform*."

"If double your price would be any object"—

"Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it;—certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it; it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and measures passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I require your advice upon a very important affair; which of these cravats do you think most becoming?" and he spread before me some half dozen, of every hue and fashion.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball, is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest friends will never know you. But you cannot support the character, if you had taken that of a chimney sweep, now; but that would have been too natural. Tell me truly, Tom, what does all this mean?"

"Why, the fact is, Frank," passing a hand through his hair, redolent of macassar; "I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You, doubtless remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you."

"Now, it so happened, that of all the good advice I had ever given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a sloven to a fop?

"Pray, where are you going this evening," I continued, "that, you must have a new coat so suddenly?"

"Going? nowhere in particular. I had indeed, some idea of calling upon my old friend, Mr. Murray; no harm in that I hope?"

Conviction began to flash upon me.

"Your old friend, Mr. Murray and his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in your visit, I suppose? I heard she arrived in town last night."

"Now, upon my word, Frank, you mistake me entirely. I did not know that she was in town last night—when, I ask, that is when I did not know anything about it."

"And so you were there last night, too? Really, this is getting along, bravely."

"Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know everything. I called last evening to see Mr. Murray on some business about that real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a boa constrictor—my beard was three days old, my collar ditto, and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and somehow or other, I forgot all about the real estate."

"And so you are going again to night and this is the secret of your new coat?"

By no means. I wanted a new coat, and tailors are always so long, you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favorite—that is, I mean blue"——

"Oh, go on—don't stammer—blue is her favorite color, is it?"

"The fact is, I rather take any thing of this wine—the fact is, good wine, isn't it? I have been two voyages to the Indies—the fact is, I suppose I rather fancy I am a little in love. Take some of that sherry.—What are the symptoms, Frank—a queer feeling about the heart and something that drives the blood through one like lightning?"

"Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia—short and chubby isn't she—with red hair and a little squint eyed?"

"Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have been tempted to do so a great many times; but if you don't stop that nonsense, I will".

"Quite valiant in defence of your lady love. Well, Tom, I will confess that she is a very lovely girl, and to morrow I will come and learn your success. So, good morning."

"Well, Tom, what success?"

"Would you believe it! she did not recognize me."

"Not recognize you?"

"No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such style, he came up, shook hands with me, and, without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And, would you believe it! the little witch did not know me. I think I shall not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousion, he said, clear *enough*, but an incorrigible sloven. And Julia said he dressed like a barbarian—just think of that, Frank—a barbarian! She shall pay for that, yet. Such eyes—and she steps like a queen. Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference in a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference, clean linen makes."

The last time I saw Tom, he was scolding his eldest son for coming into the drawing room with muddy boots.

At a festival, a pretty miss waited upon an editor with a pie plate of antique manufacture, in the centre of which espied the following interesting couplet:

"One sweet kiss,
Is the price of this."

This excited his feelings, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, he motioned the young lady to his side and pointing his knife to the line, said; "Your pay is ready whenever you present your bill."

The locusts have made their appearance in Egypt, or Southern Illinois, and cover the woods and orchards in swarms.

"Female Shams."

Some of the journals thus designate the "extension skirts" paraded so extensively in front of stores, swinging over the heads of passers by, and staring in people's faces from the windows. The epithet is suggestive, and has awakened in us several trains of thought. In the first place, how many articles made after the patent, but with ladies in them, might not be called "shams," with equal justice? The affectations of the toilet—we dare no longer call them mysteries, sunned and aired as they are—cover a great deal of coarse and common reality, not veneering with wood of fine and polished grain. Society, in every circle above the savage state, wears cosmetics, and it is but seldom its real complexion is seen except in spots. There are fictions walking around us in full blown crinoline, and in the "woven hair" of evening costume; in sombre and in gorgeous colors; in sweeping train and in "reform" short skirts; in all and every style which, if the mask were plucked off, would be seen to be a sham shown and to have features very different from those exhibited in public. Perhaps it is not at all time expedient to invade the conventionalism of those whose aim is to please us or to unroll the swathings of shams from the facts which, after all, will be found dry mummies, but it is well to remind ourselves now and then of the reality trappings conceal from the general view.

But shams do not belong alone to the fashionable and wealthy; they are found among those who rail most loudly at the affectations of such. One prim matron sets herself up to censure all who differ in opinion or in practice from herself, another despises those who love dress, and is a slattern by way of example of the virtue of self-denial. Both are shams, for self adulation, and the desire of self-display, are at the bottom of their fancies. There are those blister planters of humanity—those nettles that irritate wherever their contact is felt—cross grained fault finders and scandalmongers; and there are smooth, unctious creatures hardly less troublesome, who would obliterate the distinction between vice and virtue. There are shams of the type of the Indian tigress, and of that of the angel of mercy. Florence Nightingale of late has had numerous imitators, who mimic her actions without emulating her nobleness of soul.

Miss —— distributes tracts, prays for the heathen, abhors theatres, and rails at all amusements; yet disgusts those who live with her by her sanctimonious aspect, and her self-sufficient assumption of spiritual excellence. She begs hundreds for doing good at a distance, while she is a thorn in the side of her own family. She is a religious sham; and there are many varieties of this type. Mrs —— has "the first minds of the country" to grace her soirees, and writes brilliant articles for a fashionable monthly, while her children run neglected in the streets, and turn out nuisances. She is a literary sham. Another puts forth novels that vaunt a lofty moral, yet outrages propriety in her own conduct. The social shams may be called Legion. They meet us at every turn. The most dangerous are mischief makers and scandal-mongers, who wear all kinds of masks; some of soft and delicate painting, resembling the gentle and soul beaming lineaments of a true hearted woman; some of gaudy brilliancy, that catch the unskillful and the inexperienced; some stern and sombre, in imitation of the grave dignity of truth; some chameleon like and iridescent vary to suit different tastes. The Father of Lies has many devices for sugaring his productions, and even palming off the spurious as genuine on his unconscious co workers.

The Tent of Napoleon.

The camp tent of the Emperor Napoleon, which preceded him to Italy, was made by Alexis Godillot, and is in white and blue striped tent-cloth, doubled. Its height is about fifteen feet. The interior is divided into three compartments—a saloon, bedroom and dressing-room. Doors in the cloth permit a passage from one room to the other, and windows are pierced for ventilation. An iron bed, folding seats and three small tables—one for the toilet—compose the furniture for the Imperial residence. The tent is remarkable for its perfect finish, the facility with which it can be put up and taken down, and its general adaptation to the purpose for which it was destined. It was made five years ago, for the war in the Crimea, and started on its journey as far as Marseilles, but the Emperor, changed his mind then, and the tent had lain ever since in the flag room of the Tuileries. But, what is curious, the iron bed now in this tent, the toilet furniture and the table service in silver belonged to the first Emperor, and accompanied him in nearly all his campaigns; and as the campaigns were so many victories, Louis Napoleon is going to throw himself upon the destiny of these victorious wash basins and sauce pans. He hopes, on the fields of Marengo and Lodi, to sleep upon, and draw inspiration from, the same bed on which dreamed and schemed his great uncle, and on which he planned the great battles that have made the name of Bonaparte so illustrious. As a superstition, there are more absurd ones than this of Louis Napoleon!

Pennsylvania, this year mines nearly a million and a quarter tons of coal.

Attempted Murder by a Lunatic.

A YOUNG LADY CHASED BY A NAKED DRUNKARD

A desperate attempt to murder a young lady, Miss Jane Le Roy, was made on Saturday morning last, by an Irishman named Patrick Ryan, while laboring under an attack of frenzy, produced by excessive alcoholic indulgence.

It seems that Miss Le Roy, who kept house on Main street, near the Hill, for her brother, Mr James Le Roy, the Attorney, was seated in the kitchen on Saturday morning, about 7 o'clock, when she heard the sound of a person chopping wood in the yard. On looking out of the window, she discovered a man, *stripped entirely naked*, walking toward the door, with a large axe in his hand, and acting in a wild and excited manner.

Notwithstanding her alarm at the unwonted sight, she retained presence of mind enough to lock the front and back doors, and to run up stairs to her bedroom, where she locked herself in. Presently she heard the madman—for such she was now convinced he was—breaking in the back door, a job he accomplished in a short time. Once in the house, he went around in an aimless manner to upset everything he could lay his hand upon. He rummaged the drawers, overturned the chairs, tore papers, set things out of their places, but apparently without any intention either to rob or destroy. He entered Mr. Le Roy's bedroom and broke open a satchel containing some law papers, which he tore; he pulled out the drawer of the washstand, the contents of which he threw about, and committed other similar follies.

All this time Miss Le Roy sat in her bedroom, trembling with terror, and hoping against hope that he would pass by her door without attempting to enter, but it seems that the lunatic, with a cunning not unusual in such cases, was all the while aware of her whereabouts, and finally came to her chamber door and demanded admittance.—She was not answering, he again called upon her to open the door, or if not he would break it down and kill her when he got inside. The terrified woman kept still, and was almost frantic with terror at the prospect before her, as the madman, at length, grown impatient, dashed in the chamber door, and sprang into the room, axe in hand.

Miss Le Roy, scarcely knowing what she was about, opened the window and jumped to the ground below, a distance of some twenty feet, and ran for the fence, which is some four feet high and with an agility that is truly surprising as she is a small, delicate woman, sprang over it with a bound, and ran across the corn field toward the river, calling for help. The madman had cunning enough left not to follow Miss Le Roy out of the window, but ran down stairs, on which he dropped his axe, but on arriving in the yard he procurred a club and gave chase to the flying woman. She kept on running, the naked madman at her heels, until she got across another fence, when she fell on a heap of sand, and her would be murderer on top of her—the blow he had intended for her falling on the sand. He recovered himself immediately, and was about raising another blow at her head when several men who were in an adjoining field came to her assistance, and seized the lunatic before the blow fell. It was almost a miracle that Miss Le Roy was not brutally murdered.

It seems that Patrick Ryan, for that is the name of the lunatic, is an Irishman, a carpenter by trade, of dissipated habits. He has been building a house on some property owned by Mr Jesse Blum, but for the last ten days he has been on a drunken spree, which had given him a fit of delirium tremens. On Saturday morning, while still laboring under the effects of his debauch, he went to get his tools at Mr. Leonard's, and then proceeded to a piece of plowed ground on Main street, stripped all his clothing from his person, and, naked as he was born, proceeded to Mr. Le Roy's house, where the scene we have described took place.

Notwithstanding her perilous leap, Miss Le Roy escaped any serious personal injury, though she kept in her bed all day yesterday in a nervous fever.

Ryan recovered himself sufficiently, in about an hour's time, to know the mischief he had been committing, and he admitted that on all probability he would have killed the lady had he overtaken her. He was taken to jail by Mr John Fisher and Mr. Watson, and will probably by tried to day.—*Rockford (Ill.) News, June 20.*

QUICK IN HER APPLICATION.—"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons;" suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish you that. Take this from Solomon":

"It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide-house."

"Do you mean me sir?" inquired the lady quickly.

"Oh my good woman," was the grave responce, "you will never make a good sermonizer! you are too soon in your *application*.

"Shall I See You There."

While pursuing my professional studies in Connecticut, it was my privilege to engage as a teacher in the Sabbath school. We met in a large shell of a church; it was certainly the most awkward place to worship the Lord in I ever saw, especially for a people abundantly able to build a better house; and there were great square pews—*pens* we used, in our rudeness to call them—for the boys to play in; and they were up so high, nobody could see them but the minister;—and he was up so high, as to be cut off from all sympathy with the people, and had something else to do besides looking after the naughty boys. But fortunately near the top of these pews, and just about up to the faces of the little boys and girls, there were openings, and as my class was gathered in a wing pew by the side of the pulpit, it was very pleasant for me, when my exercises were over; and I don't know but it was allowable then, in my younger days, to let my eyes run down through the long, broad aisle and see those jewels, the eyes of the little boys and girls, all glistening through the openings.

There was one class in the school that excited a good deal of attention. It was a class of twelve little girls, all nearly the same age—about seven or eight. Their teacher happily adapted all she said or did to their minds. She would take a stool, and sit down in the centre of the pew. And here we see one advantage of the old fashioned pew—she could have her scholars all around her, her head would come up just about to the heads of the little girls. She believed in being on a level with her scholars in every way she could; and there she would sit and look at them, and they would sit and look at her; she would sit and talk to them, and they would sit and listen to her; she would sit and smile on them, and they would sit and smile on her—eye answering to eye, and heart beating warmly with heart.

One Sabbath there was more than usual interest. Afterwards I learned the reason. It seems that one of their number whose name was Helen, expected to leave town the next morning with her parents, for Illinois—what was *then* the Far West—and the teacher seized upon this circumstances to illustrate the religious truth, that she and her class, I presume, about parting and meeting in a better world. There was a silence for a moment; when Helen, as if she had a mission to fulfil, fixed her black eyes upon her teacher, and with deep emotion and flowing tears, said "My dear teacher, if I go away, and am a good girl, when I come to die, and go to heaven, shall I see *you* there?" O, what a *question from a* Sabbath school scholar to her teacher!—"Shall I meet you in heaven?"

The next morning she left; and the first intelligence they had from her, a few months after, was, that "little Helen" had taken sick, and had died. In her last sickness she spoke sweetly of the Sabbath school of her classmates, of her teacher, and more sweetly of Jesus, and fell asleep in the Saviour's arms. The teacher is still laboring in the service of her Master. Ere long her time will come; she will go home, and then, I trust, that question will be practically answered—teacher and scholar will meet in heaven.

My fellow laborers, shall we not strive more earnestly to prepare the dear children and youth to meet us in heaven? My dear children, will you not try harder than you ever have done to meet your teachers, your pastor, your parents in heaven? Shall we not all be more earnest to meet in that great Sabbath school above, with Jesus for our teacher, and we happy learners forever.—*Tract Journal.*

A QUEER STORY.—The Philadelphia North American learned a queer little bit of history lately. A few days since, a citizen in order to prevent his creditors from getting his property, signed off some $20,000 in real estate to his stepsons. Stepsons had deeds recorded, and in about three days had real estate converted into money, without stepfather knowing anything of the matter.—Having converted real estate into money, stepsons started for the west, leaving stepfather to "grin and bear it" as best he can. Stepfather having put all his property out of his hands, now finds himself without sufficient funds to go in pursuit of stepsons. It now looks as if stepsons has sold stepfather and got stepfather into a tight place. Stepfather begins to think that he might have better settled with his creditors. In endeavoring to be "smart," he has reduced himself to two shirts and a bootjack.

Mr. Fudge, in describing an interview with his Mary Ann says: She put one arm around my neck, and tother one whar the circling goes round a hoss, tuk the inturn on me with her left foot, and gave me a kiss. My toes felt like as if minnies were nibbling at um—a cold streack run up and down my back like a lizzard with a turkey hen after him in settin time, and my stummick was hot and onsatisfied like.

Some one blamed Mr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that's the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—its a human privilege."

A large sized "elephant," with yellow skin, is now on exhibition at Pike's Peak, and is attracting many visitors.

[From the Milwaukie (Wis.) Sentinel, June 18.]

Dreadful Tragedy—Murder and Suicide.

Yesterday morning the police received intelligence of a frightful tragedy that occurred the previous evening about eight miles from the city, on the new road between the Howell and Kilbourn roads. The circumstances as related to us by Chief of Police Beck, and others, are as follows:

Adam Rettig, hitherto a respectable and well-to do farmer, who resides in the locality above described, on Thursday evening between 6 and 7 o'clock, sent his two sons away to a neighbor's on some errand, and at the same time, directed his daughter to go out in the yard and milk the cows. No sooner had the children got away from the house than Rettig seized an axe, and while his wife's back was turned, (she attending to some household work at the time,) he dealt her a dreadful blow on the head breaking her skull, and knocking her senseless to the floor. While thus prostrate and bleeding before him, he placed the muzzle of a double barrell pistol against her side and discharged it—the balls, grazing against the rib bones, passed up under the shoulder blade and came out at the top of the head. Not satisfied with this, the wretched man then took a kettle of boiling water and poured it over her from head to foot, while life still lived, and shrieks and tortures worse than death. Two days, Rettig then went out to a smoke house in his yard and taken an old rifle which he had previously left there, already loaded with a long quick fastened to the trigger, placed the muzzle under his chin and blowed his own brains out! And thus ended the bloody drama.

The daughter in the meantime, hearing a noise, was coming towards the house, just in time to see her father enter the smoke house, but before she could reach the door he had shot himself. This was a dreadful shock to the poor girl indeed, but who can imagine her horror at the bloody spectacle that met her gaze when she entered the house! There lay her mother weltering in blood, but still breathing vigorously. The neighbors were alarmed, and medical aid procured as soon as possible. The poor woman, however, was past all help—but she lingered through the night, though insensible. It is said that there is no hope of her recovery.

Rettig had lived in this country for upwards of twelve years, during which time, by prudence and economy, he had laid up the snug little sum of $12,000, besides having a well stocked and cultivated farm of eighty acres. He was half-brother of Matthias Stien, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, and, as far as we can learn he lived an irreproachable life. Of late years, however, he had been characterized by extreme eccentricity on one subject, namely his wife's fidelity, and lately this idea worked upon him to such an extent that he frequently accused his best friends of designs upon her chastity, and this, no doubt, led to the dreadful deed. He was insane. His wife is said to have been a most excellent woman.

A BOY'S HEAD CUT OFF BY A LOCOMOTIVE.—An accident occurred on the Cleveland and Toledo railroad, some two weeks since, which, strangely enough, has never been put in print until now. An extra train containing some of the leading officials and stockholders of the road, was approaching Grafton, coming toward the city at a rapid rate. Just before the engine reached the Black river bridge, a small boy ran up the bank of the river and stood on the abutment. He was a foot or so from the rail and evidently fancied himself secure from all danger. The engineer, Mr. Rust, saw him, and shouted to him to get out of the way.—The boy heard him, but did not stir from his perilous position. He was laughing and indulging in all sorts of boyish grimaces, when the engine struck him taking his head entirely off! The engineer did not see the boy until he was almost upon him, and of course it was impossible to stop the locomotive in time to save him. The unfortunate lad's name was Henry Freeman. He was twelve years old. His parents live near Grafton.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.—At a party one evening several contested the honor of having done the most ordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One party produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went round that this could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money he had lent him.

"The palm is his," was the general cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," says he, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owner two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator, "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty, unheard of deed; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize is—"

"Hold," cried another, "I've done more than that."

"Impossible!" cried the whole company.

"I've been taking my paper for twenty years, and paid for it every year in advance!"

'Twas no use, he took the prize.