

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1856.

VOL. 2.—NO. 38.

LIFE IS REAL.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.
Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, the stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!
Trust not the Future, however pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God overhead!
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time;
Footsteps that, perhaps, a Sorrower,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn sea,
A forsaken and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

EGYPT.

Our late Minister to Greece, Mr. Pryor, made a visit to Egypt during his absence, from which he wrote the following interesting letter to the *Richmond Enquirer*:

CAIRO, December 17, 1855.

I need not protest my reluctance to postpone my return on any pretence of pleasure or profit. I am tired of travel, and I long for home with the passionate yearning of an exile; yet I could not resist the temptation of a visit to this famous land.

If Egypt yields to Greece in classic interest, in the seductive influence of luxurious climate it claims an incomparable fascination. It is the Elysium of reverie. Under the soft, but subdued glow of its cloudless sun the spirit relaxes its stern self-restraint, is dissolved into a state of tranquil meditation, and floats freely and peacefully over a land where all the energies of nature appear in repose. Nor is Egypt wanting in the higher interests of historical association. Here the most eager ambition of research is bewildered and baffled among the mysterious monuments of the remotest antiquity; here the imaginative mind finds stimulus and sweep for its highest flights.

Since my earliest reading of the Pharaohs and the Pyramids, Egypt has been the land I most desired to explore. At last this wish is partially gratified; but you must be content with a very imperfect record of my impressions.

Alexandria disappoints me. Besides the obelisk which tradition distinguishes as "Cleopatra's Needle" and "Pompey's Pillar," a column with a beautiful porphyry shaft and barbarous stone base and capital, it possesses no monument of antiquity. No lingering ruin attests the splendid civilization of the Ptolemies, much less of remoter times. The city presents a repulsive picture of native degradation and foreign refinement; but the European quarter does not possess enough of elegance and luxury to compensate for the filth and barbarity of the predominant Egyptian population. However, since the trade of the Indies has reverted to its ancient channel across the country, Alexandria has recovered something of its former fabulous splendor. It is the centre already of considerable commerce, and people predict the revival of its prosperity when the Mediterranean and Red Sea are connected by canal—a project now in execution.

Alexandria occupies an important position in the relations of the globe, but its immediate locality is destitute equally of commercial advantage and picturesque effect. It is situated on a low and sandy shore. Its harbor is neither deep, spacious, nor secure. My disappointment in Alexandria increased my impatience to see Cairo, where I was promised such instructive memorials of antiquity and such interesting representations of oriental character.

But first let me express my admiration of the "Valley of the Nile." I have seen it under conditions peculiarly favorable to an appreciation of its glories, and I do not hesitate to affirm that they are poorly celebrated in the most gorgeous descriptions. It is the middle of December, the appearances of nature contradict the calendar, and seem to confound me of confounding the seasons. The thermometer stands at 77 deg. Fahrenheit; the sun glows with summer's heat, and the atmosphere pulsates with the passionate throbs peculiar to the most ardent season of our year. Skirting along the southern bank of the canal which connects the waters of the Nile with the harbor of Alexandria, the railway traverses a portion of the most fertile land in Egypt, and gradually unfolds a scene which equally excites the astonishment and the enthusiasm of the spectator. All his ideas of the succession of seasons and of the possibilities of agricultural productions are confounded. The fallow fields are covered with the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical region. The crops are in every stage of preparation and progress from seed-time to harvest. The young wheat carpets the ground with verdure before the laborer garners the gray sheaves of the old growth. Here an Arab, in scanty dress, with a plough

of the rudest device and a pair of lazy oxen, breaks ground for a future crop. There I see the same corn with stout stalk and silken ear; and in another place the women of the village are preparing the ripe seed for the mill. In immediate proximity are fields of barley, rice, millet, maize, wheat, sugar-cane, and cotton—the last with blooming boll floating on the surface of the artificial lake which supplies its thirst. Such variety and prodigality of vegetable production, nature presents in no other region of the earth. The soil is a black mould of spontaneous, redundant, and exhaustless fertility. Man has but to break its surface, scatter seed, and reap an abundant harvest. No severity of season limits him to a single crop in the year. As he extends but little labor, so is he exposed to no disappointment. As he is not condemned to await the succession of seasons, neither is he dependent on the uncertainties of weather. The science and researches of the present day confirm the figurative declaration of Herodotus, that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile." It is the received theory that the original soil of the valley is a barren sand, which, in the succession of ages, the river has covered over with an inexhaustible deposit of alluvial. But this is not the limit of the beneficence of the Nile. The deserts which encircle Egypt absorb all the moisture of the atmosphere, and rain rarely falls. In the intense heat of the climate the earth would parch if the Nile did not refresh it with a periodical supply of water. The river begins to rise in May. The people watch its progress with intense anxiety, for the extent of its overflow distinguishes between a year of plenty and a year of famine. It subsides in October, leaving an abundant blessing behind. Before it returns to the channel it recruits the energies of the soil, and distributes a supply of water over the land. This water is carefully collected in artificial ponds, and is dispersed in a thousand channels as the exigencies of agriculture require. No where is the system of irrigation so complete; no where are its means so clumsy and imperfect. Its instruments are still the same that were employed in the time of the Pharaohs, and no improvement has facilitated the use of the wheel and hand bucket. Throughout a course of twelve hundred miles the Nile receives no accession of water; yet neither the drain of evaporation, nor the insatiable thirst of the desert lessens its volume or impairs the majesty of its march. It flows now as it did four thousand years ago, distributing its bounty with a lavish hand, yet sustaining no reduction of its regal resources. There is no parallel to this phenomenon in the physical world; only in the extravagance of Eastern fable do we read that the prodigal generosity of an Abdallah of the land could abate nothing of the exhaustless wealth of an Abdallah of the sea.

The current of the Nile is sluggish. Its waters are not less muddy than our Mississippi, but after filtration they are deliciously pure and sweet to the taste. Its banks are low, so that the eye ranges over the valley without interruption. Steam made us independent of adverse circumstances, and I watched the laborious movements of innumerable lateen sail with selfish complacency. Some were laden with corn and fruit; others betokened by the gay flag floating from the mast that they carried a party of voyagers to Thebes and the Cataracts. Nude Arabs pulled these slowly against wind and current; others skimmed lightly on with a favoring breeze. We had a full complement of passengers, and our party was grotesque from variety of race and costume. Every tongue, from familiar English to harsh Arabic; every color, from the fair Circassian to a Nubian negro; every rank, from an American commodore to an Egyptian sheik; every creed, from Protestant preacher to Mohammedan mufti; every dress, from Parisian pants to Turkish trousers—all were crowded together on the diminutive deck of our steamer. A corpulent Turk, smoking his chibouque, presented a perfect image of indolent repose. A party of young officers from the "Sarraf," scheming to elude the vigilance of the eunuchs and penetrate into the presence of the Pasha's harem, sustained the national character for energy and enterprise. An Egyptian soldier, fresh from the Crimea, recounted his fabulous exploits and received the applause of an admiring circle. A pious Mussulman mounted the wheel-house and performed the ceremony of evening prayer with elaborate devotion and ostentatious humility.

The valley of the Nile extends so far in unbroken surface on either side that the eye cannot trace the boundary of fertile fields and luxuriant vegetation. A few scattering palm trees and a group of huts mark the site of an Egyptian village. A diminutive donkey, a camel moving with a meekness of mien that speaks its sorrows and propitiates pity; myriads of aquatic birds, among which I distinguish the snow white ibis and pelican of brilliant plumage; a promiscuous flock of sheep, goats, and cows, with shepherd and driver, are the only figures in the scene. The measured movements of man and the idle browsing of beast harmonize with the comparative vacancy of the landscape, with the motionless shadow of the turbaned palm, the soft glow of the sun, and the Nile's sluggish waters, produce an effect of tranquil repose in the aspect of nature which cannot fail to soothe even the last sympathetic spirit.

Cairo makes no pretension to picturesque beauty of situation, but this deficiency is compensated by other rare attractions. No where else does the traveller find so many surviving monuments of Sarcenic civilization and such interesting exhibitions of Oriental life. Unlike Constantinople, Cairo occupies no middle ground between East and West—in no transition state of semi-civilization. Here I find the Asiatic character uncorrupted by contact with politer people and the fierce fanaticism of the Mohammedan faith unsubdued by the pretensions of rival religions. Every thing I see surprises me by its originality, or recalls some recollection of the romantic reading of my youth. The houses, with arabesque front, projecting gable, and latticed window; the bazaars, rich in gems, silks, and precious perfumes; mosque and minaret of the pure Sarcenic style; turbaned men and veiled women—these are some of the features which impart to Cairo its peculiar interest.

An avenue of sycamore and acacia of profuse foliage and impenetrable shade conducts from the gate of the city to the palace of the Shoobra Gardens. The road is perfectly smooth, runs along the bank of the Nile a distance of three miles, and terminates in a spot where the capricious extravagance of Oriental luxury has wrought its most fantastic wonders. The Shoobra Garden is more like a haunt of fairies than the resort of men. In the shade of orange groves, the murmur of fountains, the fragrance of flowers, and the golden glitter of every variety of fruit, the imagination realizes its visions of a terrestrial paradise. The walks converge to a common centre, where a graceful kiosque stands, but its modest beauty is eclipsed by the splendor of the Pasha's palace. Here a profusion of pearl, silk, and porphyry, floors richly inlaid, walls and windows fantastically painted, baths of purest alabaster, Persian carpets of incredible cost, and divans of crimson velvet, present a gorgeous picture of barbaric pomp and luxury. The citadel is to me the most interesting spot in Cairo, rather for the magnificent view it commands than because of its proximity to "Joseph's Well" or as the scene of the massacre of the Mamelukes. The "tombs of the Kalips," the ruins of Heliopolis, and a back-ground of boundless desert are visible to the east; to the south the quarries and castles of Mount Minsaltem and the interjacent plains; to the west the aqueduct, the ruins of old Cairo, the Nile, and the lovely island of Rhoda, the village of Gizeh, the Pyramids, and far beyond all the limitless sweep of the Libyan desert, a morning's ride from Cairo. We crossed the river just above the island Rhoda, where I saw the Nileometer, and where tradition affirms Moses was discovered in the bulrushes. We landed at the filthy village Gizeh, where hens never set and chickens are hatched by artificial heat. A devious path traverses fertile fields of corn and wheat, and leads us to the object of our journey. At first sight the Pyramids suggest the idea of a vain attempt to rival the mountain monuments of nature, and they impress the beholder with a conviction of man's foolish ambition and miserable impotence.

When, however, we stand under the shadow of their stupendous form and see their summit resting among the clouds; when we reflect on their remoteness and mysterious purpose; when we recall the great events of which they have been the silent witness, and recollect the heroes of history who, from Alexander to Napoleon, have mused in their presence and been inspired by their grandeur; when we contrast their immutable duration with the vicissitudes of human fortune, think how, having survived the fall of empires and the doom of dynasties, they seem to struggle successfully even with destiny itself; when we extend our view forward into futurity, and foresee the countless ages they must endure after the men and things of the present day have perished from existence, perhaps from memory, then they impose upon the imagination with an irresistible power of pathos and sublimity. Contemplating them in this mood, I was impressed as certainly by monument of man ever impressed me before.

Except in the direction of the Minsaltem Mountains, the view from the Pyramid of Cheops embraces nearly the entire extent of Egypt. You trace the valley of the Nile throughout its course, and appreciate its almost fabulous fertility by contrast with the barren sands around it. The figure (and it is no fanciful conceit) of a line of dark green velvet drawn across a golden ground will convey to your mind image of the aspect of the country. The glens did not mingle by insensible gradation, but are divided by a deep and distinct landmark. A single step measures the distance between a soil of inexhaustible fertility and a bleak and boundless waste of desert.

At the fatigue of our ride a lunch of melon and fruit refreshed us for the survey of the interior chambers of the Pyramids. They are approached through a narrow and intricate passage, which the adventurous stranger pursues by the light of a torch and the aid of an Arab guide. The dark caverns have long since been despoiled of their illustrious dead, and are

now tenanted only by bats, who resent the invasion of their territory by scream and flutter. The "King's chamber" is the most remarkable room. It is of the size of a decent parlor, its walls are of polished marble, and an empty sarcophagus occupies its centre. The spirit of silence and solitude which perpetually broods here impresses the mind with an unspeakable sentiment of sadness and solemnity. Yet the mysterious sanctity of the place did not protect it from the violation of profane amusement. Our Arab guides performed a dance in the chamber of death, and broke its profound silence with the echoes of their barbaric choruses. The leader of the dance beat the measure of his steps upon a vacant sepulchre of the Pharaoh's! It was a scene of the most dismal hilarity—a spectacle in which were represented the strongest contrast of gayety and gloom, of mirth and melancholy. The glare of our torches faintly disclosed the wild movements of the Bedouins, but their hideous yells resounded through the remotest caverns in the chamber of death. I was glad to escape from its oppressive air and sad associations. The sun was so nearly set as to allow only a superficial survey of the Sphinx and the Catecombs; nevertheless, I am satisfied with my impressions of the Pyramids. Our return to the city gave us an opportunity to admire the serene softness of an Egyptian moonlight.

The Government of Egypt is the most despotic and oppressive on earth. Tyranny, vice, superstition, ignorance, and disease have degraded the people below the dignity of human nature. In the prophetic denunciation of Isaiah and Ezekiel you may read the condition of this country. Egypt is, indeed, the basest kingdom of the earth.

THE WILD MAN AGAIN.

A correspondent of the *Caddo Gazette*, writing under date of 28th March, from Parialita, Arkansas, on Upper Red River, states that the cold during the present Winter has been in that region the severest within the memory of man. The rivers were frozen solid, and the plains presented an unbroken sheet of snow. The writer relates the following story of an attempt to capture the famous wild man, who has been so often encountered on the borders of Arkansas and northern Louisiana.

"In my travels I met a party from your country in pursuit of a wild man. They had struck his trail at a cane-brake bordering on Brant Lake and the Sun-Flower Prairie. I learned from one of the party that the dogs ran him to an arm of the lake which was frozen, but not sufficiently strong to bear his weight, which consequently gave way. He had, however, crossed, and the dogs were at fault.

"One of the party, mounted on a fleet horse, coming up, encouraged the dogs to pursue, but found it impossible to cross with his horse, and concluded to follow the lake round until he could ascertain the direction taken by this monster of the forest. On reaching the opposite side of the bend, he was surprised to see something in the lake like a man breaking the ice, with his arms, and hastened under cover of the undergrowth, to the spot where he expected him to come out. He concealed himself near the place, when he had a full view of him, until he reached the shore, where he came out and shook himself. He represents him as a stout, athletic man, about six feet four inches in height, completely covered with hair of a brownish cast, about four to six inches long. He was well muscled, and ran up the bank with the fleetness of a deer.

"He says he could have killed him with his gun, but the object of the party being to take him alive, and hearing the horns of his comrades and the howling of the dogs on the opposite bank of the lake, he concluded to ride up and head him, so as to bring him to bay and then secure their prize. So soon, however, as the wild man saw the horse and rider he rushed frantically toward them, and in an instant dragged the hunter to the ground and tore him in a dreadful manner, scratching out one of his eyes and injuring the other so much that his comrades despair of the recovery of his sight, and biting large pieces out of his shoulders and various parts of his body.

"The monster then tore off the saddle and bridle from the horse and destroyed them, and holding the horse by the mane, broke a short piece of sapling, and mounted the animal, started at full speed across the plains in the direction of the mountains guiding the horse with his club. The person left with the wounded man informed me that the party was still in pursuit, having been joined by a band of friendly Indians, and thought if they could find a place in the mountains not covered with snow, or a canebreak in the vicinity to feed their horses, they might overtake him in a day or two."

THE TWO INKSTANDS.—The Inkstand used by the plenipotentiaries was specially manufactured for the purpose. It is a splendid work of art, in the style of the first empire, and the cost is estimated at 11,000 francs.—*English Paper.*

The Inkstand used by Jefferson, in writing the Declaration of Independence, did not cost one franc, and the writing will stand long after the Paris Treaty has been buried in the rubbish of fallen despots.

If you wish to know whether anybody is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to draw a truck for you.

A CAPTIVE RESCUED.

The San Francisco, California *Herald*, received the following interesting account of the rescue of a beautiful young American girl, named Miss Olive Oatman, from a slavish captivity by the Yuma Indians. The whole narrative is of painful interest:

STEAMER SEA BIRD, AT SEA, March 9, 1856.

By the last arrival from Port Yuma, I am enabled to give you the details of the rescue from the Mohave Indians of a young and beautiful American girl, who has been a prisoner for five years. Having made considerably inquiry in Los Angeles and vicinity, I have succeeded in collecting all the facts attending her capture, the murder of her parents, &c., which are willingly placed at your disposal.

On the 19th of March, 1851, a family of emigrants, named Oatman, from Iowa, en route for California, composed of Lorenzo Oatman, wife and seven children, (three boys and four girls), while encamped about one hundred and twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Gila river, were attacked by the Mohave Indians, and all but one boy and two girls massacred in cold blood. The boy, in the dark, succeeded in escaping, and was picked up on the following day by a company of emigrants, about forty miles from the scene of the murder. The little fellow was perfectly exhausted when found, without hat or shoes, and covered with blood. After recovering sufficiently to tell the tale, some of the men started on to ascertain if anything could be done, and on arriving at the fatal place found the boy's version was, alas! too true, the bodies being then half eaten by coyotes. Enough, however, was ascertained to show that the two youngest girls were missing. The boy is now living at the "Monte," near Los Angeles, and distinctly remembers that horrible night.

For years nothing had been heard of these two young girls, and their fate appeared to be wrapped in mystery. About five months since an article or letter was published in the Los Angeles Star, stating that the Yuma Indians had offered to exchange two female prisoners with the officers at Fort Yuma for beads, blankets, &c., and that the latter had refused to trade with or purchase the unfortunate sufferers from the Indians. Col. Nauman, U. S. A., who was at that time en route for Fort Yuma, immediately inquired into the subject, but found the charges against the officers wholly without foundation; and fearful that some possibility there might be some prisoners never before heard of, sent out runners to the different tribes offering heavy ransom for their recovery, in answer to which a Yuma Indian, of the name of Francisco, came in saying, "He could find a young girl ten days travel from the fort." Beads, blankets, &c., were immediately given him, and in twenty days he returned with Miss Oatman.

When brought in she was dressed as all the females of the Yuma Mohave Indians, and on a white man approaching, threw herself prostrate on the sand, and would not rise until suitable female garments were brought her. She had almost entirely forgotten her native tongue, being only able to speak two or three words. Being asked, in the Indian language, her name, she replied "Olive Oatman" is tattooed on the chin, and bears the marks of hard slavery. Her arms, wrists and hands are largely developed. Was a slave for two years with the Mohaves, who sold her to the Yumas. Her youngest sister died about six months ago.

The hair of the young lady being of a light golden color, the Indians colored it black—using a dye made from the bark of the mesquit tree. She was then eleven years old when taken prisoner, which will make her sixteen now, though she is more fully developed than many girls of twenty.

The officers at the Fort have clubbed together and making up a purse for her, and furnishing such clothing as is necessary; also, have placed her in charge of a female residing there, and where every care and attention will be paid to all her wants, and until any relations or friends may come forward to relieve the poor girl from her present dependent position and endeavor to wean her from all savage tastes or desire to return to Indian life. I hope that some of our philanthropic San Francisco ladies will offer their services to either provide a home for her, or use their influence in procuring her admission to the Orphan Asylum.

JOSEPH A. FORT,
Pacific Ex. Co.'s Messenger, Southern Coast.

The Sisters of Mercy, of San Francisco, have notified the friends of Miss Oatman, the young lady recently rescued from the Indians, that they will receive her into their care.

An exchange paper, the editor of which, no doubt lately "set up" with a widow, goes off thus:—"For the other half of a courting match there is nothing like an interesting widow. There's as much difference between courting a damsel and an attractive widow as there is between cyphering in addition and double rule of three.—Courting a girl is like eating fruit, all very nice as far as it extends, but doing the amiable to a blue-eyed beavered one in black crape comes under the head of preserves—rich, pungent, syrup. For delicious courting, we repeat, give us a live 'widder.'"

A SOUTHERN EDITOR has purchased a race horse at an expense of \$2,000, for the purpose of catching the runaway subscribers.

It is understood that our Minister to Spain, Mr. Dodge, finds himself unable to procure a settlement of our many claims upon that government, beyond the mere shadow of a promise. He writes that the Spanish government have admitted the justice of our demands, but that their treasury is exhausted by home demands, and that they have not means to pay off their indebtedness to this country just now, and ask for an extension of time. And this, notwithstanding the Washington Union has, on several occasions, stated, as if by authority, that all American claims on Spain had been promptly settled. The organ is as mendacious as the administration is weak and inefficient. We know not whether the administration is responsible for the lies of its organ, but we do know that it is destined to lie just as fat in a very few months.—*Louisville Journal.*

A SERIOUS LAW, relative to Insurance Agencies of companies located out of the state, has passed our legislature. It prohibits under penalties any company doing business without a bona fide capital of \$200,000, safely invested, and an attorney on whom process may be served, a sworn balance sheet of its affairs to be filed with the Auditor General and published in the counties where agencies are established—and license to be taken out, at a cost of \$200 per annum in Philadelphia, \$150 in Lancaster and Allegheny, and \$100 in any other county—with a tax of three per cent on gross receipts. Agents are to give bond in \$2,000 to comply with the law. District Attorneys are annually to investigate the condition of companies, and report to the Auditor General. The law goes into effect on the 1st of July.

WHOSE BABY IS IT?—The Boston Post has a Paris correspondent who writes that there were those so given to unbelief in the implicit honesty of Louis Napoleon as to credit the rumor that the "sound, lively boy" who has been palmed off upon the empire, is nothing but an usurper, and that he takes the place of a certain girl baby who was the real heir. The fore-said rumor was to the effect that, for some time previous to the Empress's accouchment, it was well understood that whatever the event might be, a fine healthy boy would be ready to be presented as the legitimate child of the Empire. This being so, at once accounts for the fact of the King of Algiers being as big at his birth as his nurse's baby at two months old.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Uncle R.—is rather a tough customer; he lives next door to a pious Methodist. Not long since a circuit minister came along, intending to call upon his pious layman. Mistaking the house, however, he knocked at the door of Uncle R.—who inquired into the nature of his visit. The stranger remarked that he was a circuit preacher, and desired to stop over night.

Says Uncle R.—"What in thunder are earthquakes, d'ye s'pose I care for your earthquakes—I don't want anything to do with your play old circuses!"

The circuit minister began to think he'd gotten into the wrong pew.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND GULF.—The Mississippi Legislature has adopted resolutions relative to the re-opening of river communication between the Mississippi river and the Gulf of Mexico, by way of Lake Ponchartrun and Lake Borgne, and have requested members of Congress to secure, if possible, an appropriation for that object. The old channel was closed by Gen. Jackson, as a military measure, signed to protect the city of New Orleans against invasion by the English in 1814-15.

A lady in the County of Goodland, recently gave birth to three living daughters, all of whom, as well as the mother, were dead at last accounts. It is said that Dr. Monroe's Administration, a lady of Louisiana gave birth to four sons, whom she and Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe all of whom lived to manhood. The same before her death was the mother of thirteen children.

A GOOD ONE.—A gentleman, in his kindness at the table to answer a call for some pie, owing to the knife slipping on the tongs of the dish, found his knuckles barred by the crust, when a wag, who sat just opposite him, very gravely observed, while his plate: "Sir, I'll trouble you for a pie, while your hand is in!"

FUSCA indulges in the following conundrum:

Which is of greater value pyrites, say,
The Bride or Bridegroom?—most the truth
Alas, it must! The Bride is given away,
The Bridegroom's often regularly sold.

EXCESSIVELY modest young lady—
"This a very pretty baby, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, my dear. Boy or girl?"

"He belongs to the female person."

THE MAN WHO "held an off"—
let go for the purpose between
short time, when he "is trading"
not been heard.

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