The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

BY WM. BREWSTER. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 14.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50
If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75
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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

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☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

The Law of Newspapers.

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*
2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*
3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*
4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*
5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*
6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Popular Song.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.

Money is a Hard Thing to Borrow.

TUNE—Same as "Jordon."

The times are so "tight," for the cash is hard to get,
Though all hope they'll have some to-morrow;
And every one looks blue, and are in such a fret,
For money is a hard thing to borrow.
So take down your "shingle" and shut up your shop,
For money is a hard thing to borrow.
Yes indeed!

The banker looks quite brave, as you ask him for the "chink,"
But he pays out the "ready" with sorrow,
For he cannot stand a "run," and he now begins to think
That money is a hard thing to borrow.
Let him take down his "shingle," and shut up his shop,
For money is a hard thing to borrow.
Yes indeed!

The politician stares, office costs a mighty lump,
And the mouth of his purse is so narrow;
It was just to get some cash that he got upon the stump,
Finding money was a hard to borrow.
Let him take down his "shingle," and shut up his shop,
For money is a hard thing to borrow.
Yes indeed!

The merchant is cast down with his loaded shelves in view,
And no customer buys—to his sorrow;
For soon, from Europe, he will get a billet-*duex*
And money is a hard thing to borrow.
Let him take down his "single," and shut up his shop,
For money is a hard thing to borrow.
Yes indeed!

The whiskey maker sighs, for the drouth has killed the corn,
And he looks on the prospects with sorrow,
For he knows his friends wont't stick when he has not a "horn,"
And money is a hard thing to borrow.
Let him take down his "shingle," and shut up his shop,
For money is a hard thing to borrow.
Yes indeed!

But honest men never fear, though there comes a mighty crash,
And a note should fall due on to-morrow,
Just call on your friends, they will spare a little cash,
Though money is a hard thing to borrow,
You can keep up your "shingle," and open wide your shop,
Though money is a hard thing to borrow.
Yes indeed!

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

By J. A. Hall.

The New School Law.

If any friends of general education had doubts of the merits of the new features introduced into our public school system last winter, a few months' experience has served to remove those doubts and inspire the greatest confidence at present, and highest hopes for the future. The new law is now universally popular except in a few isolated districts, where the opposition is confined to a mere corporal's guard, composed chiefly of the open or secret enemies of any system of education designed to reach all classes by a public tax.—Though this hostility may continue as long as selfishness or ignorance shall continue to mislead human judgement it need not be feared. It can accomplish nothing more than deprive the few little communities in which it rules, of the full benefit of our school system. The law is too firmly fixed in the affections of liberal, wise and good to be shaken by such puny efforts.—As evidence of this pleasing fact, I give below an extract from the state educational organ Mr. Burrows, who speaks from intimate knowledge, says, in the last number of the *School Journal*:—

"It has been suggested that a full and careful article, in defence of this new and important feature in the common school system, would now be in place. But we neither have room for it nor suppose it necessary. The repeal of the law, in the midst of the remarkable stir it has caused all over the State in school matters, and before it is known whether that stir is not the first stage of the new and better state of things so long looked for, is an act not within the probabilities of coming events. At the moment too, when New York is seeking to restore the office as the right arm of her system, and when every county in Pennsylvania is organizing and moving under its influence and agency, the repeal of it would be a backward movement. Instead, therefore, of writing in opposition to its repeal, we have given the columns of this and the last number largely to the proceedings of meetings and movements mainly springing from the establishment of the office itself. Facts are the best arguments in such a case.

And "facts," I am happy to say, are, so far as "Old Huntingdon" is concerned, *all affirmative* "arguments." There is scarcely an opposing voice amongst us.—Indeed, our population is too intelligent to "progress backwards" in *any* measure of reform or improvement; and least of all in a measure of such vital importance to the virtue, happiness and prosperity of the generation now living and of those that shall come.

ESSAY,

Read by MISS NARCISSA BENEDICT, *before the Huntingdon County Teachers' Institute, Dec. 22d,* 1854.

I teach, thou teachest, he teaches.
We teach, you teach, they teach.

So says the conjugation of the verb to teach; and it is but the reiteration of the truth, that lessons of profit are taught everywhere and in everything. If it were not so, why has God placed us here amid so many things too great for our comprehension. We are but the poor tools in His hand to be wielded as he pleases, and as long as it is in our power to further His commands and desires should it not be our greatest aim in life to do ourselves, and teach others the same?

They teach. The planetary system teaches the almighty power and wisdom of God. Who but a spirit infinite and eternal, could place in the heavens such beautiful lights to guide the weary traveller as he treads the unbeaten paths of the desert? The wind and storm teach us that we must not always expect the soft and gentle zephyrs to soothe our wayward spirits, but must sometimes feel the chilling blast, if it be only to teach the power of endurance. And deserving all our pity is the man who when assailed by the wind and storm, connot stand bravely up and let it pass over him, as it does over the mighty oak, leaving him as firm as before. If we are fortunate's favorites, the good opinion of the world is ours. Our power can only be known when we encounter, resist, and endure the storms of adversity. It is enough to ennable a person to see the migtly forest tree bend and creak, but in the end raise its head as lofty and proudly as before, saying, "I have been well tried I have passed through the stern ordeal unbroken." The balmy zephyr teaches.—It appears to say, be not discouraged; soothing indeed is its cooling freshness after its day of toil, to feel as it were the hand of God gently passed across the brow saying, "well done good and faithful servant." It appears to breathe in our spirit the word onward, onward, and still on, cease not till life ceases, and then sink into the arms of your Savour, knowing your time was well spent, that you lived not for your own good alone, but for the good of those around you.

The sturdy oak and tiny harebell teach the lesson they were intended to; they show majesty and dependence. The oak appears to say, let the thunder roar and the lightning flash, I challenge them to do the worst, and see how the brave will bear. The tiny harebell hides behind a plant better able to protect it from the strong wind it seeking the gentle zephys as if courting their society. Note the growth of the oak from the little acorn, as with steady perseverance it fights its way through the hard wayside, is trampled down only to re-commence with more vigorous efects to renew its progress, and see how well it is repaid; for in a short period it has grown so much that to the strongest wind it only bends its head.

The fragrant rose and the falling leaf teach us a lesson of the goodness of God in placing such beautiful emblems near us. Purity may be learned from the opening bud to the dying flower; its very breath inspires one to holy deeds. While the falling leaf teaches us we are passing away, and soon be forgotton—that our "summer is past and our hearvest ended;" as the leaf falls to the earth and mingles again with the same, so shall our bodies return again to their native dust and we shall be spoken of only as things that were. The seasons have their lessons.—Spring tells us that now is the time for action and warns us that summer is approaching and the flowers are in bloom, showing that we are still remembered by our Creator, Autumn has come, with its seared and falling leaves, telling us that all things are passing away leaving nothing but old winter to follow in the rear, to improve and enrich the earth with her frost and snow. When the year's profit is summed up, how little have we done deserving praise; on the contrary how much worthy of censure; how much have we learned, that the closing scenes of life are coming, that the frosts of age will soon freeze up the fountains of our heart and hope.

You teach. In the school room, yes 'tis there you teach and there you are repaid by seeing your very mind as it were instilled into others, your very thought returned, and your appearance greeted with smiles; there you have the pleasure of thinking it was you who introduced light into chaos, and saw it diverge in splendor as the light first dawned on the untaught brain. It was there you first noticed the difference in children, with what aptness some hear, and with pleasure receive instruction, while others dull and stupid, will not be entreated to learn those things which are for their own pleasure and benefit. Your example by the wayside is an ever open lesson to the passing world. In social life you teach, and what a wide sphere you occupy there; your example, your words and your works teach all those that come within your atmosphere.

At the fireside your influence is greater than anywhere else except the school.—There you have been taught and there you must teach, kindness, submission, obedience and love.

In your hours of loneliness, you first learned that all was not sunshine, but the sun is not less bright obscured by cloud.—When you feel lonely and forsaken think not it will be ever so.

"But when your heart is pining,
Hope that your future hath,
Each cloud a silver lining
One rose in every path."

In your life and in your death are important lessons to be learned. If you have lived well, you have taught those who come after you how to live. You are all, and each and at all times teachers, and what and how you have taught will be a question for you all to answer.

We teach. What a field of teaching is here exhibited. What a sphere for our powers. As teachers we first note the upward steps of childhood from its A. B. C. till it masters the problems of Euclid.—What a pleasant study is a child. To feel that it is dependent on you for a lamp to its feet, and woe be to the teacher who neglects to train the youthful mind in ways of virtue, truth and honor.

But *what* do *we teach?* Of the cares of life and the issues of immortality. And those lessons must be so given as to draw the attention of the wildest and most way ward. By a steady perseverance a loving desire to improve your charge, and yourself, order and regularity, a firm government, remembering that order is not always preserved by the frowning brow, but by a steady rein, as the driver controls the spirit of a vicious horse.

I teach. Are you learning from me now an humble effort to perform a duty. There are no lessons I teach in my school-room to my scholars of more importance to them than is this lesson for you; for duty by the poet is said to be the stern daughter of the voice of God.

Thou art victory and law,
When empty terrors overawe;
Give unto me made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

Select Poetry.

The Moss Rose.

The Angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay—
That spirit to whom power is given
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose
The Angel whispered to the rose—
"Ah, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair—
For the sweet shade thou givest me,
Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee."
"Then," said the Rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The Angel paused in silent thought;
"What grace was there that flowers had not?"
'T was but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of Moss the Angel throws;
And robbed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed.

Miscellaneous.

CULTIVATION OF TREES.

TRANSPLANTING.—To transplant a tree properly, and in such a manner as to check its growth as little as possible, it must be taken up with the entire mass of its roots, as nearly as possible. Few persons who dig a tree are aware that they are cutting off and leaving in the ground, nine-tenths of the net-work of finely branching fibres.

The best modern practice embraces the following requisites, after the tree has been carefully dug up, the soil properly enriched, and the holes prepared for their reception.

1. Paring off with a knife, those parts of the roots which have been bruised or wounded with the spade, so as to prevent decay.

2. If the weather is dry, or the roots have become dried out of the ground, dipping them into a bed of soft mud, to coat their surface.

3. Setting the tree no deeper than it was before, except it be an inch or two to allow the settling of the soil.

4. Spreading out the fibres in every direction as widely and evenly as possible, while fine mould is sprinkled or sifted among them to fill up the hole

5. Dashing in a few quarts of water when the hole is nearly filled, or by pouring it from a watering-pot while filling, to settle the earth closely among all the fine roots, and leave no interstices. Afterwards, the filling is completed by a layer of dry, mellow earth. This mode of settling the earth is much better than treading with the foot.

SEASON FOR TRANSPLANTING.—A great deal of argument has been used in favor of autumn and spring transplanting respectively, and each season has its strenuous advocates. As a *general* rule, we advise planters to do the work when they have time to do it well; for after all, the treatment of trees has more to do with their success, at least twenty-fold, than the season of the year for setting.

AFTER-MANAGEMENT AND CULTIVATION.—The young orchard having been properly transplanted, the most important part of the management is yet to come. The three chief requisites under this head, are *watering, mulching,* and *cultivation of soil.*

Watering.—If the other two requisites are attended to, it is very rare that any water is needed by the newly transplanted tree. Before the leaves open, very little moisture escapes through its stem and branches. Pouring on large quantities of water at this time, is therefore not only needless, but often very hurtful, by causing water soaked roots, and tending to induce decay. The best way in which water may be applied to such trees, is to wet the bark every day at evening, and oftener if they are shrivelled, maintaining a moist surface if necessary by a thin coating of straw over the stem. Trees apparently dead have been restored to full foliage by this process.

After their expansion the leaves throw off water rapidly. But even then, water will do more harm than good, unless properly applied. We have known many trees killed by drouth, occasioned by watering A little has been poured upon the surface, but which never reached the roots, and caused only a hard crust, depriving the soil of that fine sponge like quality which enables it to retain moisture.—Whenever it becomes requisite to apply water, a few inches of the top should be taken off, the water poured in directly on the roots, and then the earth replaced, taking care to make it fine and mellow.

Mulching, in connexion with a mellow surface, will in nearly all cases entirely obviate watering. This is nothing more that covering the ground about the tree with old straw, coarse barn-yard litter, leaves from the woods, saw-dust, tan, or other material tending to retain the moisture of the soil, which is otherwise constantly escaping from the earth below.—It is usually applied much too thinly, and in too small a circle about the tree, We have already shown that the roots extend to great distances. It is better to leave a small space uncovered immediately about the trunk, otherwise mice may harbor under it and eat the bark.

Newly set cherry trees are almost sure to perish during the heat of dry summers unless well mulched, even after they have commenced a vigorous growth early in the season.

CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL.—The most important of all operations in connexion with the culture of fruit, and that on which the rapid gtowth, early bearing and abundant crops of the trees, and the large size and high quality of the fruit, mostly depends, is the cultivetion of the soil.

"It is the more important, ' says the American Fruit Culturist, "because it is not commen ced and finished in a day, but needs constant attention for years; and in ordinary practice it recieves greater neglect. For, of the thousands of trees which are every year tsansplanted in all parts of the country, the assertion may be made with safety, that more are lost from neglected after-culture than from all other causes put together.

"To purchase and set out fine trees of rare sorts, in a baked and hardened soil, whose entire moisture and fertility are consumed by a crop of weeds and grass, might very aptly and without exaggeration be compared to the purchase of a fine horse and then perpetually to exclude him from food and drink.

"Here is the great and fatal error with a large portion who attempt the cultivation of fruit. We may not incorrectly divide these three classes:

"1. Those who, having procured their trees destroy them at once by drying them in the sun or wind, or freezing them in the cold, before setting out.

"2. Those who destroy them by crowding the roots into small holes cut out of a sod, where, if they live, they maintain a stunted and feeble existence, like the half-starved cattle of a neglectful farmer.

"Others set them out well, and then consider their labors as having closed.—They are subsequently suffered to become choked with grass, weeds or crops of grain—some live and linger, others die under the hardship; or else are demolished by cattle, or broken down by the team which cultivates the ground."

Lazy Boys.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses, have come to what they are, by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach him to work little by little as a child is taught at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry which will forsake him when he grows up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequences is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world; get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or to the alms house.

With the habit of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found.—Where the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habits of the elder in vice. They may be seen hanging around groceries, bar rooms and stores, where crowds gather; but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he becomes thus. No parent, however poor, in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work, make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

Wit and Humor.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

IX—DOESTICKS LOOKS FOR A BOARDING HOUSE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6th, 1854.

Having become, to a certain extent, a fixture, in this high old town, it became necessary to search out a fit habitation, wherein I might eat, sleep, change my shirt, (Damphool blushes,) and attend to the other comforts of the external home, and the inner individual.

My friend Bull Dogge having deserted his late place of residence, (on account of of the perpetual reign of salt mackerel at the breakfast table,) we started together on a voyage of discovery. To describe all the dilapidated gentlewoman, whose apartments we inspected—all the many inducements which were used to persuade us to take up our quarters in all sorts of musty-smelling rooms, and to recount how many promises we made to "call again," would take too much time. Suffice it to say that, at six o'clock in the evening, wearied out and desperate, we cast anchor in the domicil of an Irish lady with one eye. She assured us that her boarders were all "rispictible, and found their own tibaccy, and that there was divil a bug in the place." We took adjoining rooms, and resignedly went down to tea.

I noticed that my cup had evidently sustained a compound, comminuted fracture, and been patched up with putty, (which came off in my tea)—that the bread was scant—the butter powerful—the tea, "on the contrary, quite the reverse"—however, although matters looked somewhat discouraging—'hoping against hope'—I retired to my virtuous sheets; horror of horrors! O, most horrible!!

For two hours I maintained a sanguinary combat with an odoriferous band of determined cannibal insects—armed only with a fire-shovel, I gallantly kept up the unequal conflict—but the treacherous implement broke at the critical moment; I thought I should be compelled to yield—despair filled all my senses—my heart failed me—my brain grew dizzy with horror—hurried thoughts of enemies unpardoned, of duties neglected, and of errors committed, rushed across my mind—a last thought of cherished home, and absent friends, was in my heart, and, with a hasty prayer for mercy and forgiveness, was at the point of yielding, when my frantic eye caught sight of my cast-iron boot-jack; with an exclamation of pious gratitude to heaven (Bull Dogge says it did not sound so to him) I seized it, and, with the desperate strength of a dying man, I renewed the battle, and, eventually came off victorious and triumphant. Weary with slaughter, I fell exhausted on the bed, and slept till morning; Bull Dogge, who had been engaged in the same delightful occupation, appeared at the breakfast-table with one eye black, and his face spotted like a he tiger. We held a council of war, and resolved instantly to quit the premises of the Emerald Islander, who had agreed to "lodge and eat" us, (the she-Cyclops) and who had so nearly fulfilled the latter clause, by proxy.

Another search, and another home.—Here, for a week, things went on tolerably well; the steak was sometimes capable of mastication, the coffee wasn't *always* weak, nor the butter always strong; but one day there appeared at breakfast a dish of beef; (Bull Dogge asserts that it was the fossil remains of an omnibus horse;) it was not molested; at dinner, it made its appearance again; still it was not disturbed; at tea, fragments of it were visible, but it yet remained untouched; in the morning, a tempting-looking stew made its appearance, but, alas, it was only a weak invention of the enemy to conceal the ubiquitous beef; at dinner, a meat pie enshrined a portion of the aforesaid beef—it went away unharmed. For a week, every day, at every meal, in every subtle form, in some ingenious disguise, still was forced upon our notice this omnipresent beef; it went through more changes than Harlequin in the Pantomime, and, like that nimble individual, came always out uninjured.

At the end of the second day Bull Dogge grumbled, to himself; the third, he spoke out "in meeting;" the fourth, he d—mned audibly; the fifth, he had an hour's swear to himself in his own room; the sixth, seventh, and eighth, he preserved a dignified silence; but his silence was ominous; on the ninth day we both left.

Our next landlady had a gigantic mouth, but her nose was a magnificent failure.—We staid with her a week, and left because she seemed to be possessed of the idea that one sausage was enough for two men. For a month longer, we ran the gauntlet of all the model boarding-houses. We were entrapped by all kinds of alluring promises, and perpetually swindled, without any regard to decency; we had a taste of Yankee, French, Dutch, and, I have mentioned it before, (ye gods!) *Irish!*; and we lived four days in an establishment presided over by a red-eyed darkey, with a wife the color of a new saddle. At last, one day in an agony of despair, I exclaimed, "Where, O where, can humbugged humanity find a decent place to feed?" Echo answered, "In the eating-houses." We resolved to try it, and the result is glorious. We have achieved a victory, sir—an heroic, unexpected victory.

And now, farewell, all scrawny landladies, ye snuffy beldames, with your wooden smiles; farewell, ye viparous bedsteads, ye emaciated feather-beds, and ye attenuated bolsters; a long adieu to scant blankets, and mattresses stuffed with shavings; farewell to hirsute butter, and to ancient bread; good-bye, (I say it with a tear,) ye immortal, everlasting beef; farewell to sloppy coffee, and to azure milk, (Damphool says not yet;) farewell, ye antediluvian pies, and you lilliputian puddings; farewell, you two-inch napkins, and ye *holy* table-cloths; farewell, ye empty grates, and rusty coal-scuttles; adieu, ye cracked mirrors, which make a man look like a drunken satyr; farewell, ye respectable chairs, with dislocated limbs; adieu, ye fractured tea-cups, ye broken forks, and knives with hand-saw edges; farewell, in fact, all ye lodging houses, where you *can't* have a latch-key, and where you *can* tell when they get a new hired girl by the color of the hairs in the biscuit.

[I noticed this last remarkable fact, a long time since.]

Give us joy, for we have found a place where things are done up right, where we can choose our own viands, where the beef is positively tender, where there are no little red ants in the sugar, where the potatoes are not waxy, and where, if anything goes wrong, we can inflate the waiter.

In fact, we are suited; if anything runs short, "John gets particular *fits*," and "nuthin shorter;" where we can eat *when* we please, and call for *what* we please; where charges are moderate, and it is permitted to d—mn the waiter for nothing.—And here, in this elysian spot, have Bull Dogge and I taken our daily bread, (beans and butter included,) for the past month, "without fear and without reproach."

As our poetical friend, Thomas Plus, has remarked,

"Joy joy, our task is done, [*some.*"
Our trials are past, and our Restaurant is

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

P. S. Damphool says my concluding quotation is not strictly correct, but what does he know about it?

Q. K. P. D., P. B.

☞ A lady of our acquaintance has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl.

"Biddy," said she one evening, "we must have some sausages for tea this evening; I expect company."

"Yes, mam."

Tea time arrived, with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmerin but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired.

"And sure they're in the ta-pot, mam.—Din't you tell me we must have them for ta?"

A fact.

☞ Indisputable—the right of woman to bare arms.