

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Established April 11, 1854

VOL. NINE.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

NO. 35.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE on Front Street, a few doors east of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.
TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.
 No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.
ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, *Arrears a-line*, Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.
 A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.
JOSEPH FARRING of every description neatly and expeditiously executed, and at prices to suit the times.

IT ISN'T ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
 Let folks say what they will;
 To silver scour a pewter cup—
 It will be pewter still.
 E'en he of old, wise Solomon,
 Who said "train up a child,"
 If I mistake not, had a son
 Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass
 For lord of sea and land,
 May leave the training of a son,
 And bring him up full grand;
 May give him all the wealth of love,
 Of college and of school,
 But after all, may make no more
 Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by Penury
 Upon her bitter bread,
 Whose road to knowledge is like that,
 The good to Heaven a must tread,
 He's got a spark of Nature's light,
 He'll fan it to a flame,
 Till in its burning letters bright
 The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"
 In ornance and restraint,
 Some rascals had been honest men—
 'T had been myself a saint.
 O! it isn't all in bringing up,
 Let folks say what they will;
 Neglect may dim a silver cup—
 It will be silver still.

SWEET ARE THE GENTLE ZEPHYRUS.

Sweet are the gentle zephyrus
 When spring is drawing near;
 Sweet are the warbling of the birds
 Unto the passer's ear.
 Every scene abounds in gladness;
 Azure is the sky above;
 And amidst joys so delicious,
 Who can hinder thoughts of love?
 When with beauty all is teeming,
 When to bloom the flowers spring,
 Love will softly o'er my senses
 Throw his bright and golden wing;
 And my nature and my feeling
 Propel me to bear a part
 In the joys which love impresses
 On a true and faithful heart.

Purer than the stainless snow,
 Lovelier than the flowers gay,
 Half like golden sunbeams bright—
 Heart as open as the day;
 Teeth as white as ocean's pearls;
 Stately, soul-subduing air;
 Heaven knows there is no other
 With my Julia can compare.

Resting in her love securely,
 Knowing that her heart is mine,
 Feeling that she clings to me
 Like the ivy to the vine,
 Calm I glide upon life's waters,
 Riding on the foamy crest,
 Contentment dwells within my heart,
 I indeed am doubly blest.

THE STREET BEGGAR.

Up and down, up and down,
 All day long in the crowded street,
 The chill winds frosting her tattered skirts,
 And bare and purple hands and feet.
 What does it matter? Who is she?
 Only a worthless beggar-bait!
 Give her a crust! It is enough,
 Such as she should be thankful for that!
 Up and down, up and down,
 Past the mansions of wealth and ease,
 Whose grim walls frown on her pleading gaze—
 What to them, pray, are such as these?
 One should not give—it is not right
 To encourage idle vagrants so;
 Better give to some high-sounding fund,
 And know just where your money'll go!
 Up and down, up and down,
 Ah, how her poor feet bleed and smart!
 And the frozen frost in her stony eyes
 Tells how the frost has crept to her heart.
 She pauses to think, sometimes, between
 Her pleadings for, "Only a penny, please!"
 Of her little brother and baby Nell,
 And wonders if God will care for these!
 Up and down, up and down,
 Forward and back, through the busy mart,
 Hush! there's a child there, trampled and torn,
 Under the wheels of a loaded cart.
 Poor little Willie and baby Nell
 Crying themselves with affliction to sleep;
 And a pauper corpse in the station-house—
 And a beggar less for the town to keep!

THE THUNDER-STORM.

'Tis July now in middle way,
 And hot and sultry is the day;
 The atmosphere's of smoky hue,
 And a soft haze is o'er the blue;
 But yet the sun shines warmly down
 Upon the sea, the wood, and town.
 And far and near the arid plain
 Doth seem to look to heaven for rain.
 The air is still on hill and lea,
 And hushed the song of bird and bee;
 The flowers are all drooping low,
 The little streams have ceased to flow,
 The knee have sought the cooling shade,
 The lams have quit the sultry glade;
 And one and all of heat complain,
 And seem to look on high for rain.

The men who throng the public mart,
 And every day take active part
 In business, bustle, pleasure, meet;
 Have all forsake the heated street,
 And lounge around on stoops and floors,
 Or rest within their cooling doors;
 And there in speech is heard quite plain
 The words: "I wish we had some rain!"

And those who labor in the field,
 The sickle or the scythe to wield,
 Have laid aside their sharpened blades,
 To rest themselves within the shades;
 And there a while from the sun,
 The farmer talks, in pleasant tone,
 Now of the grass, then of the grain,
 And untold blessings, should it rain.

Thus man, and beast, and bird, and flower,
 Express their wants in useful hour;
 And he who watcheth o'er all
 Says: "Not in vain shall be their call!"
 Even now, above the mountains high,
 The clouds are spreading 'thwart the sky,
 All dark and heavy, slowly rolling,
 Beneath the King of Storm's controlling.

A breeze starts up, and, with rude gust,
 Burls high in air the light, dry dust,
 And shakes the leaves upon each tree,
 And moves the waves upon the sea;
 While far above the distant town,
 The cold rain pours in torrents down,
 And the loud echoes through the air
 Are followed by the lightning's glare.

As thus the storm the workman sees,
 Unto the house he quickly flees;
 The line alerted upon the glade,
 Quick haste them to the barn or shade;
 The birds in fear of the coming flood,
 Fly swift unto the thickest wood;
 But geese and ducks seem unannoyed,
 And flock the pool, all overjoyed.

The clouds, unfurled in dread array,
 Have shut from sight the king of day;
 And drops of rain begin to fall
 Down lightly from the cloudy pall;
 And as they patter in the rill,
 A moment all the wind is still.
 Again it blows, the tall trees bend,
 And down the swelling floods descend.

Crushing to earth light plants and flowers,
 And glooming this fair world of ours,
 While sending the clouds, in wild commotion
 Go whirling, curling, o'er the ocean.
 The lightnings glare, and blaze, and flash,
 The thunders roll, and boom, and crash,
 And with each shock earth seems to quake,
 And demes to their foundations shake.

Thus, swiftly on some moments roll,
 Revealing dread to many a soul;
 When suddenly, amid the jar
 Of all these elements at war,
 A tree is struck, and tumbles down
 Unto earth's bosom, smoking brown,
 And while the echoes give reply,
 Its limbs are hurled unto the sky.

The roads and streams, in moment's time,
 Have all been filled with mud and slime,
 And roll their murky floods along,
 With ruder laugh, and wilder song;
 While the dark ocean, with a roar,
 All madly surges on the shore;
 And the wild waves far to vie
 With the commotion of the sky.

But now the storm is on the wane,
 And down more lightly falls the rain;
 The thunder's echoes roll away,
 The lightning's flashes cease to play;
 The clouds assume a brighter hue,
 And far behind is seen the blue,
 Which widens as the cloudy mass
 Unto the East doth slowly pass.

And then the sun appears on high,
 And paints the rainbow in the sky;
 But its light fades with the fading shower,
 That comes and goes in one brief hour,
 Yet leaves behind a brighter day,
 With drooping Nature once more gay.
 Yes! hear you not in every grove
 The birds pour forth their songs of love!

And hear you not upon the breeze
 The humming of the merry bees?
 And see you not upon the lea
 The lambskins sporting glad and free?
 And see you not the flowers and grain,
 Stand full of life and strength again?
 Ah, yes! 'tis so—all nature shines,
 And sounds with tones of praise divine.

And as in life: When faint and weary,
 When wide the sky looks dark and dreary,
 And fierce storms burst above our head,
 And all our very soul with dread,
 If we hold to Hope, our anchor, fast,
 And trust in Him, 'twill soon be past,
 And in the place where all seemed night
 The sun will shine as ever bright.

Overwarm friends, like hot potatoes,
 Are quickly dropped.
 A man's money seldom grows
 More than half as fast as his love for it.

RETRIBUTION.

The house was as silent as if deserted—
 —everybody had come home, from riding
 or walking, tired and dusty, and had
 gone straight to their rooms, to lounge
 and doze away the intervening time be-
 tween that and dinner, as Belle Magen-
 ta and I were doing. Ours was a front
 room, looking on the water, and the
 shaded bank; a cool breeze came in
 through the blinds, swelling out the
 muslin curtains, and heavy with fra-
 grance. I lay on the bed in an attitude
 of exceeding comfort and doubtful ele-
 gance; Belle was on the sofa, her hand
 clasped above her head, her little slip-
 pers peeping out from under her white
peignoir, and engaged in the (to her)
 very unnatural occupation of thinking.

"It is odd," she said at length.
 "What is?"
 "Oh! the way things come around."
 "Definite and satisfactory!"
 "But I can't explain, unless I tell you
 what I am thinking about."

"Well, is there any insuperable ob-
 stacle in the way of that? Is it trea-
 son, or are you under oath?"
 "No; but it is a long story."
 "Tant mieux! I am just in the humor
 to hear one; besides, I know the sub-
 ject. I will wager my cameo bracelet
 that it has something to do with Ernest
 Graves."

"How did you know that?"
 "How? Every way. I am sure you
 have met him before. I saw you change
 color, and a peculiar gleam transfigure
 all his face when you were introduced.
 You are a born coquette, Belle Magen-
 ta; but, instead of trying any of your
 artifice on him, you went and sat silent
 in a bow-window. When you talk to-
 gether, though, on the most every-day
 subjects, the jar and recoil of battle is
 in your every word. I have seen him
 bring the blood, hotly to your cheeks by
 a single word—a look. I have heard
 you say some careless thing, and known
 by the deadly fire in his eye that you
 had intentionally stabbed him to the
 heart; and you have been thinking of
 him this last half-hour. You cannot
 deny it!"

"Why should I? One must have
 something to think of; and what better
 than such a handsome fellow as Ernest?
 —or no, not handsome (I hate handsome
 men) but pleasing. You are right also
 on another point (lucky for you that I
 am not Cotton Mather)—we are old ac-
 quaintances."

"I know it; and what did you do to
 him?"
 "I? Really, you are extraordinary.—
 I tell you we are old acquaintances;
 that is all. I met him, two summers
 ago, in the most stupid country-place
 that I ever saw in my life!"

"Well, what else. Remember, honest
 (not partial) confession, is good for the
 soul."
 Belle partially raised herself, and
 gave me a curious look out of her large
 black eyes.

"You want to hear all about it; for
 once in your life, you are actually in-
 quisitive and impertinent; but I don't
 think I am angry. It is so refreshing
 to see you for once a little bit like other
 people; besides, Scheherazade herself
 could not feel more like story-telling
 than I do just now; so listen, my dear
 sultana. Three summers ago, you know,
 I was in disgrace with papa and mamma.
 I had flirted all winter with Jack Ellis,
 who had not a cent, and was as fast as
 he could be; and I think we should
 have finished with an elopement, if some
 of our notes had not miscarried. By
 the way, don't you think it mean in papa
 to read my *billets-doux*? Suppose I did
 run away! Was it any one's business
 but my own? To come back, however.
 They sent me up to Connecticut, to
 Aunt Mabel Reid—papa's sister. My
 dear, you never saw such a place. I
 am confident the North Pole is lively
 and wide-awake, compared with it.—
 There is a dismal beach, and an avenue
 of trees; and under their shade dose
 the houses of some twenty or thirty
 families. If they have any children,
 I never saw them; if they ever go to
 the windows, or sit or stand in the doors,
 I could never find it out. There was a
 store, but the clerk was always so as-
 tonished when I wanted anything, that
 I soon gave up going. The only earnest
 of our not being in the very middle of
 Sahara, was the occasional advent, in a
 rhenumatic carriage, of some of Aunt
 Mabel's friends, who all looked so ex-
 actly alike, that I was continually mak-
 ing the most dreadful blunders; and an
 unaccountable fashion that the little
 church had, on Sunday, of being filled
 up with inexplicable people, precisely as

if every seventh day there was a sort of
 mushroom growth of inhabitants. At
 the little church, I first saw Ernest
 Graves, in close attendance on Alice
 Primers, the only pretty girl in the
 village, and my particular detestation.—
 He had not his moustache then, and he
 is now a trifle broader across the shoul-
 ders; but I should have noticed him
 even in the city—and there, after so
 many weeks of *ennui*, I considered him
 a direct providential dispensation. Like
 all other men, it was easy enough to at-
 tract him. I had only to show a little
 shy admiration—let him catch me half
 a dozen times looking at him, from un-
 der my bonnet, but it did seem as if we
 never could find any body to introduce
 us. People that generally fired off
 names at my head, before I got within
 hearing distance, 'thought I knew him,
 or were not sure that I would like it."
 Mutual friends talked to each other over
 our heads, or across us. We met as
 people in the early stages of flirtation
 always will, continually; and I really
 began to think of dropping a handker-
 chief, or losing a bracelet, when one day
 some good angel put it into Deacon
 Madge's wig—I mean his head—to
 say: "Mr. Graves, Miss Magenta—Miss
 Magenta, Mr. Graves!" and at once the
 bars were down, and we were off togeth-
 er into fairy-land.

"There was none of the formality of a
 first interview; for, in all but words, we
 were well acquainted. We had as many
 reminiscences as though we had been
 friends for the last six months. There
 was a time when we met in the lane, and
 I passed him without looking up; and
 the time at the depot, when he handed
 me into the cars; and the still more
 memorable occasion at church, when
 we sat in the same pew, and he found
 all the places for me. I had not yet
 learned to think of Jack Ellis without a
 pang; and twenty times a day, a chance
 look or word of his took me back to the
 old time. So I liked him first for that;
 and presently I found out he was like-
 able in himself. I had intended, of
 course, to amuse myself; but there was
 a certain something in his look and man-
 ner that warned me not to trifle with
 him. I could not decide if he loved me.
 At times, I caught glimpses of a depth
 and intensity of feeling that made me
 tremble; at others, he was cold as ice
 —impassive as marble.

"The time came for him to go back
 to the city; and then he spoke out—
 Some word of mine—a tear that came
 in spite of myself—unsealed his lips—
 He loved me—had loved me, with the
 first real affection of his life; but my
 last winter's doings had been common
 talk in the little village, and had reached
 his ears. His heart should lie on the
 toilet-table of no coquette. If I could
 love him, well—but if I deceived him—
 I vow, Clara, I was half afraid, he was
 so fierce, so desperately in earnest.

"We corresponded, of course. I had
 nothing to do in that dull place but
 write; and I suppose I scribbled reams
 of nonsense. I had his picture, and
 looked at it fifty times a day. I wore
 this ring (showing on her third finger a
 splendid opal). In short, I developed
 the most aggravated symptoms of the
 disorder; but at last came the autumn,
 and I went back to town. Then Ernest
 wrote me that the time for the trial
 of my fidelity had arrived. If I proved
 true amidst the temptations of the win-
 ter's gayety, his faith in me henceforth
 could never be shaken. I smiled to
 myself; for I felt very secure, and re-
 mained a model of constancy for four
 weeks. You said that I was a born co-
 quette. Could I help being admired,
 and help liking it? Then fidelity is
 stupid. If Ernest had been there, it
 might have been otherwise; but he was
 one of these suspicious beings, who do
 not know the meaning of faith. He was
 constantly accusing me of growing cool-
 ness, indifference, and what not. I had
 continually to defend myself; to reassert
 my affection; till, as I finally wrote him,
 I began to doubt if I had any. You
 should have seen the letter with which
 our correspondence ended—it was truly
 terrible. He vowed the direst ven-
 geance; but it is two years since then,
 and I am still unhurt."

"Well."
 A soft blush began to glow in Belle's
 cheek.

"You remember the evening that he
 came; how we were sitting in the libra-
 ry."—When I heard his name, I had no
 idea that it was my former lover—not
 even when I first looked at him, till I
 remembered a certain peculiar fire of
 the eye, that I had seen in him once or
 twice before. I was vexed at first, I
 thought it such a *mal a propos* thing—

though, of course, nobody knew any-
 thing about it, and nobody was to blame.
 When I found that he wasn't going to
 make a scene, however, and that he was
 always polite and serene, I felt relieved;
 only it was so odd, that even when we
 were alone, he should never, in the most
 indirect way, recall the past.

"Well."
 "What do you mean by that sphinx-
 like 'well'? That is all. He is more
 agreeable than he used to be, and far
 handsomer. He has always such self-
 control, and seems to read my very
 thoughts with those inscrutable eyes.—
 Only one thing I don't like as well. I
 never felt quite sure of him. I can
 never be precisely sure whether he is
 in earnest, or speaking in mockery. In
 the old times, his earnestness bore the
 unmistakable stamp of truth; and tho'
 I wouldn't say it to any one but you, I
 don't think that I liked him as well; be-
 cause I was so sure of him; but now,
 though, he says—"

She stopped short, waves of blushes
 surging up over her face.
 "Go on."
 "I can't."
 "You can. I know already the sub-
 stance of what you are about to say."
 "I wish I had never commenced, but
 since it must be, know that the other
 day he spoke to me again of love. It
 was that rainy evening, when I left you
 all in the parlor, and stole away to the
 library. I was completely wretched;
 it was partly the weather, I suppose;
 and then, lately, old times were contin-
 ually coming back to me. All the
 sweetness and enchantment of that love
 were strong upon me. He looked to
 me as he never did before, and I felt
 bitterly that I had shut myself out from
 his heart forever. I sat down in the
 twilight, and just as I found that I was
 crying, came a man's step at the door.
 I sat still, hoping that whoever it was,
 would go away; but he came in, and
 then I saw that it was Ernest. He sat
 down near me, and commenced to talk,
 pretending to see nothing of my tears
 and agitation. That made it all the
 more intolerable. Remembering so
 vividly all his passionate looks and
 words of old, and how he would have
 comforted me, if he had seen me dis-
 tressed; and to see him now, cold and
 utterly unnerved, simply polite, was
 more than I could bear. I burst out
 into a perfect storm of weeping.

"He got up, and came to me."
 "Belle—Miss Magenta, are you ill?"
 "And I answered:
 "Don't speak so; don't say Miss
 Magenta—at least, to-night. Ernest,
 have you no heart, no feeling?"
 "I had once," he answered, with a
 curious change in his voice, "but I—
 pardon me, I thought you had none."
 "Will you ever forgive me?" I asked
 (Don't smile, Clara, at my new-found
 humility, but he has subdued me, in-
 deed.) He made no answer in words,
 but he clasped his arm around me, and
 began smoothing away the hair from my
 forehead, with the old familiar gesture
 that I know so well; and I—O, Clara,
 I love him as I never did before; but I
 have at times such a vague, uncomforta-
 ble mistrust and fear. He will never
 speak of old times; when I have urged
 him, he answered, briefly, that he has
 suffered so much, that the very remem-
 brance of it is torture; and more anx-
 iously still, he caresses me often, with a
 sort of fierce fondness, but he never
 says, 'I love you!'—never calls me pet
 names, as he used; and when I some-
 times shun him, how dear he is to me!
 his eye never softens, but lights up, with
 something like triumph. When I say
 over these things to myself, I am, at
 times, afraid of him, and yet—"

The dressing-bell cut her revelations
 short. I hardly knew how I dressed
 myself; for I was so stunned and as-
 tonished; but Belle looked marvelously
 handsome in her cool, floating dress.—
 She sat beside Ernest at dinner; and
 when it was over, they wandered off by
 themselves, and I saw them pass the
 dining-room windows. An hour after,
 going down to the river, I came on them,
 suddenly, in a pleasant little summer-
 house. They were talking excitedly,
 passionately; and I could neither re-
 treat nor advance without attraction, so
 I stood, perforce, a most unwilling and
 amazed listener.

She was cowering, rather than sitting,
 on the rustic bench; he stood up before
 her, pale as death, and speaking low and
 rapidly.

"Belle, as I told you, long ago, I truly
 loved you; all the moral wealth of my
 nature I lavished on you—fully con-
 scious that if you deceived me, I was
 left bankrupt, but trusting the honor

and nobility of your nature, that I fan-
 cied you possessed, I told you so. I
 had heard that you were a coquette;
 but I thought it only the natural gayety
 of a young girl. I fancied that beneath
 this carelessness beat the true, pure wo-
 man's heart that you seemed to possess.
 You seemed to love me, and so I shut
 my eyes, and desperately risked my all
 on the venture; and, of course, lost;
 any fool could have told me what a
 quicksand was a woman's love, what an
ignis fatuus her promise. All this time
 I have waited for vengeance—the hope
 of it was all that supported me in that
 bitter time—it has come at last."

"And you don't love me?" she asked
 piteously.
 His face glowed suddenly.
 "I do love you; I shall always, in
 spite of myself, love you, because I can-
 not take back the gift; but I hate you
 also. If you would this moment be
 mine, and I were well assured of a life-
 long devotion on your part; I would not
 take you."
 With a long sigh, Belle fell forward
 on the seat, fainting. She could bear
 no more.

Thinking her dead, I rushed forward
 from my concealment.
 "Heart of ice! monster! you have
 killed her!"
 He shook his head slightly.

"She is made of more elastic materi-
 al." But the next moment he contra-
 dicted his cruel words by kneeling be-
 side her, and covering her face and
 hands with kisses, then stood on one
 side till her eyes slowly opened, when
 he hastily left the arbor.

Not one word said Belle to me on re-
 covering her senses. To this day she
 little dreams that I have her secret.—
 She has almost relinquished society, and
 no one can guess the reason, unless it
 be Ernest, who occasionally meets and
 bows coldly to her on Broadway. He
 should sleep sweetly now; for her pale,
 sorrowful face cannot but assure him
 that his revenge is perfect—his retribu-
 tion complete.

THE SLAVES OF PREJUDICE.—*Death
 Robbed of his Prey.*—There are queer
 people in the world; people with the
 most absurd, unreasonable, and indefen-
 sible prejudices. For example, we have
 met with individuals who had a morbid
 antipathy to anything that was exten-
 sively advertised, no matter what might
 be its actual claims to the confidence of
 the public. These eccentrics looked
 with especial disfavor on advertised
 medicines. They could not see, for ex-
 ample, in Dr. Holloway's magnificent
 system of advertising, covering as it
 does, all the mediums of publicity which
 the world affords, anything but a gigan-
 tic scheme of mere speculation. True,
 they could not gainsay the testimony
 pouring in spontaneously from the high-
 est sources, in favor of his incomparable
 Pills and Ointment, but still they shook
 their heads and muttered "humbug."

Of course, there is no possibility of ar-
 guing with men that never reason. The
 best way is to let them alone. Fortu-
 nately, such specimens of stupidity are
 "few and far between" in this enlight-
 ened era. The general feeling is, that,
 if a thing is in itself excellent, its vir-
 tues should be proclaimed to the four
 winds of heaven, for the general benefit
 of mankind. Hence, the proclamations
 made by Dr. Holloway, through the en-
 tire newspaper press of the world, of
 the properties and operation of his re-
 medies, meets with the cordial approval
 of thinking men. The value of the
 preparations as specifics for the various
 internal and external complaints pecu-
 liar to different climates, or common to
 the world at large, is conceded, not only
 by the masses, but by governments, men
 of science, and candid observers in every
 walk of life. Can such remedies be too
 widely known? Impossible!—*Cincinnati
 Dollar Columbian.*

A Boston paper says that when
 General McClellan visited one of the
 military hospitals in that city he found
 a soldier who had lost his leg. "Where
 were you wounded?" asked the General.
 "At Fredericksburg," replied the sol-
 dier; "but if you had been there, Gen-
 eral, I should not have been hurt!"

"Pa, didn't you whip me for biting
 Tommy?" "Yes, my child, for you hurt
 him very much." "Well, then, pa, you
 ought to whip mamma's music teacher,
 for he bit her yesterday in the mouth,
 and it hurt her, because she put her
 arms around his neck and tried to choke
 him."

Those who walk fastest in going
 to dinner often walk slowest in going to
 work.