

Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. DEVOTION TO PARTY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year. Vol. XL—No. 33.

By M. Fields.

ROCKVILLE, (Md.) FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1866.

Vol. XL—No. 33.

COUNTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Misses Dugan & Walley's SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, Rockville, Md.

THE DUTIES OF THIS INSTITUTION will commence on the TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1866, and parents are requested to enter children at the commencement of the session.

TERMS.

For ten months, payable quarterly in advance: Board and Tuition, per 10 months, \$150 00
Music—Piano Forte, per 11 weeks, 12 00
Guitar and Violin do 12 00
Use of the instruments do 3 00
Painting, per 11 weeks, 4 00
Day-Schools, for 24 classes do 7 00
" " do 24 do 6 00
Fuel, per 10 months, 1 00

Having secured the services of TWO ADDITIONAL TEACHERS, the Ladies of the Seminary take this opportunity to inform their numerous friends and patrons, that they will now be able to accommodate a greater number of pupils, and carry on their school on a much larger scale.

No Day-Schools received for less than ten months. No deduction made for absence, unless in cases of protracted illness.

aug 4-11

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, NEAR BROOKVILLE, Montgomery County, Md.

THIS SCHOOL, located in a healthy and elevated portion of the State, opens on WEDNESDAY, 6th September.

The situation is retired from public thoroughfares, but is easily accessible by daily stages from Washington, D. C. and from Laurel, on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad.

THE BUILDINGS are new and specially adapted to the purposes of the school. The grounds are extensive, furnishing ample space for exercise and recreation.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION includes the usual English branches, the Languages, Music, &c.

Special attention given to careful christian culture, and to household and domestic science.

For Terms, &c., address
MRS. C. HUTTON, A. M.,
aug 11-11

A CARD.

To Parents and Guardians.

THE YOUNG LADIES of a limited CLASS OF YOUNG LADIES for the Scholastic year, commencing the

FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1866.

Her school will be at the residence of Geo. Ferris, Esq. in the city of Rockville.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION will embrace the English branches, French, Latin and Music.

TERMS OF TUITION can be ascertained by application to Geo. Ferris, Esq. aug 11-11

ROCKVILLE ACADEMY.

EDWIN ARNOLD, L. L. D., Principal.

THE DUTIES OF THIS INSTITUTION will be resumed on MONDAY, September 4th, 1866.

TERMS.

For tuition in the ordinary English branches per year of 10 months, payable quarterly in advance, \$20 00
For tuition in Classical, English branches and Mathematics, 30 00
If to these branches be added French or German, 40 00

N. B. There will be an extra charge for fuel and incidentals proportional to the number of pupils, and a per centage of 25 cents per quarter, to defray the expense of repairs to the building.

aug 11-11

A CARD.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE for Montgomery county, as required by the "Internal Revenue Act," the undersigned will attend to business in his line in any portion of this or adjoining counties. His charges will be moderate. He solicits a share of the public patronage.

Letters addressed to him, at Rockville, Md., on business, will be promptly attended to.

aug 10-10

A CARD.

THE undersigned having taken out AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE for Montgomery county, as required by the "Internal Revenue Act," will attend to business in his line in any part of the State. He is the only person in this county who has taken out such license, and, therefore, the only one authorized to act as such.

Any business communication addressed to him, at Clarksburg, Md., will be promptly attended to.

aug 12-12

AUCTIONEERING.

JAMES W. BOWEN respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Montgomery county as Auctioneer. From his long experience in selling, he feels confident that he will be able to render general satisfaction.

He has taken out AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE for this business, and therefore all sales will be legal.

He will attend to sales in any part of the county, and his terms will be such as cannot fail to please. All orders addressed to him at Rockville, Darnestown, or Poolesville, will be promptly attended to.

aug 14-14

OAK PLANK FOR SALE.

HAVING PURCHASED A GREAT QUANTITY of Oak Plank, and placed the same on his farm, near the town of Rockville, the undersigned is prepared to sell the same at short notice.

Apply to **WILLIAMS & MILLER**, at their store, near the town of Rockville.

aug 14-14

An Interesting Story.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

"My boy, my poor blind boy!" This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed father, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die! He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her faded cheeks and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became totally dark to him.

The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with dark pensive eyes which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiring his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, and also whenever their inclination did not take them to London and elsewhere, they had resided near a town on the sea-coast in one of the prettiest parts of England.

Independently of the natural kindness which rarely falls to be shown to those who are blind, there was that about the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests to their intellectual resources and powers of conversation, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp; her intellectually, however, being always subservient to, and fully shadowed by, the superior feminine attributes of love, gentleness and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatsoever!

When they walked out together, his mother took his arm; he was proud of that, he liked to fancy he was some support to her, and many pitying eyes used latterly to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale son on whom she leaned confidently, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength.

But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and, before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining round the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, except her foreboding heart and the anxious son who incessantly lunged over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with a deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better—oh, surely better than when they had last beheld her!

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave baskets and make garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve, and she, a little fifty of three years old of the suburbs, stood beside him, praising his skill and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up, there was no change in the frank and open nature of their intercourse; Mary still made him the recipient of her glib secrets and plans, and dreams, just as she had done of her little griefs and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or stationed herself near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for blind playing, which he extemporized at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary

was, the life of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unkindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would naturally be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid; her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings; but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this, with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke with hope of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dearest mother, in this you are not true to yourself! What! Would you wish to see her in all the springtime of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide, and leader, and support, of one who could not make one step in her defence; whose helplessness alone in the eyes of men, would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her called—our bright Mary called as 'Blind Man's Wife, mother!'"

"But, Edward, if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this, were you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and so in pity answered:—Yes—would I accept her on such terms, and give the oblation she had consented to make, I should, mother, have not studied you in vain, you would have been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us therefore trust Him for the future!"

Ab, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's falling spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark!

She raised herself upon her pillow, and, with her weak arms about his neck, and listened to expressions of ineffable love and faith in consolation, which her son found strength to utter to sustain her soul. Yes, in that hour, her recompense had begun; in loneliness, in secret tears, with Christian patience and endeavor, with an exalted and faithful spirit, had she sown; and in death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, but composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing, which seemed more than usually oppressed.

A rustling was heard and the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

"Hush!" said Edward, recognizing the step. "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!"

The color and the smiles alike passed from Mary's face, when she gazed into the room. "Oh, Edward, Edward, she is not asleep, she is very, very ill!"

"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself, "I have had such a pleasant dream; but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I cannot see you now."

"Night, and the sun so brightly shining. The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard no words—was conscious of nothing, save the painful, labored respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful!"

"Oh, Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For fear sake be calm—my sake too!"

Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my comfort! Edward, never, never! Child of so many hopes and prayers—ah! expressed now! And with her bright vision unclouded, her rejoicing soul took wing, and knew sorrow and tears no more.

Your months had passed since Mrs. Owen's death, and her son was still staying at Woodlands, the residence of Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about two miles distance from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their children devoting themselves unceasingly to him, and striving by every innocent device, to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, avowed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she would listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and rendering it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged; appealed to his judgment, and deferred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

"But, Edward, if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this, were you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and so in pity answered:—Yes—would I accept her on such terms, and give the oblation she had consented to make, I should, mother, have not studied you in vain, you would have been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us therefore trust Him for the future!"

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"No, not farwell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh, Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before."

"Ab, Mary," said Edward, monotonously, "near you I am no longer blind!"

The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in anything towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your sister!"

"Sustainer, consider, guide! Sister above all; oh, yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and setting her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone. "My sister and friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever lost to me!"

She drew back and a few insidious words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing, tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how you were determined to become a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the duke, Edward? Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But I, at least, know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In that way? In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me—to be certain that with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by, must be beautiful, as the index of your soul; I have pictured you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ab, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am! You would not love me if I meant you would not think of me so much."

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the ball to-night, I fancy I should never repine again."

"The ball to-night! I had quite forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer; you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for me. Come, Edward, come and see them too."

They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind.

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughing, "I have guessed. I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us—Ed, good Edward!" and they were loud in their expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently after them, as if she were not there.

"Mary does not like her flowers!" said Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your thinking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go!"

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister, as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward, eagerly, "and let me weave it for her. You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow, usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such mockery to you, poor Edward!"

Then, as if waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters, who were in great delight in their participation of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his task.

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing-room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the ball. Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart—how long this evening will be without her voice, without her footsteps! And yet this is what awakes me to what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not see her smiling at my side, asking me, with her sweet childish earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rattle of her 'daisies,' the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me."

Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself feebly before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, will you not send your sweet spirit shriek when you contemplated this for your miserable son. How strange those last words. I thought of them to-day, while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting.

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while before we set out. You must be so sad. Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness; her white dress falling in a cloudlike drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and clasped his hand upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward, who lent his little help to its adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly? You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart, when life smiles so brightly on you, and guardian angels seem to hover round your path?"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconsciously of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," she returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me, remember, my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

There is a woman's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty self-denying spirit wrestles with himself; when, gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks, is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself, if I deserve it. Tell me, that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this—I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you."

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength, beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must get thus through yourself away."

He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still.

"Mary," he cries wildly, "remember! Blind, blind!"

"Not blind next me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, my resting-place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your comfort, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to own nothing to his pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of this hour, now ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotedness rendered beneficent blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated scene; some, who possess this, will testify to the depths of their hearts how in respect and admiration they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the center of all her happiness; and when the music of children's voices has been heard, her eyes would fall, not even her motherly love for those dear faces, whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to detract her father of a thought, or a smile of the slightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed, since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth still lives, which accompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then. They blazed but as her proud husband says, almost with white hair, to those angels among whom, in heaven, he shall yet be seated, at last—so long!—blind!"

As the quickest way of making a fortune, a contemporary suggests marrying a fashionable young lady and getting her clothing.