

REGISTER.

No. 32. Thirty-two.

Permanent.

In pursuance of an act of the Congress of the United States of America, entitled "An act concerning the registering and recording of ships or vessels," Israel L. Joslin and Seth Padelford, both of Providence, and John P. Jayne, of Warren, in the State of Rhode-Island, having taken or subscribed the oath required by the said act, and having sworn that they, with William Earle, John D. Jones, Richmond Bullock, Israel H. Day, John F. Pond, Thomas Brown, Jr., Vinal N. Edwards, Thomas J. Griffin, Allen Munroe, Jr., Allen J. Gladding, Susan Sprague, Lewis C. Allen, and Jonathan Allen, all of Providence aforesaid, are the only owners of the ship or vessel called the LEXINGTON, of Providence, whereof JOHN P. JAYNE, is, at present, Master, and a citizen of the United States, as he hath sworn; and that the said ship or vessel, was built at Boston, Massachusetts, in the year eighteen hundred thirty-three, as per Register, No. 15, granted at this port, December 4th, 1840, now surrendered, property changed; and said Register having certified that the said ship or vessel has one deck and three masts, and that her length is ninety-four feet two inches, her breadth twenty-two feet two inches, her depth ten feet eight inches, and that she measures two hundred and one tons thirty feet, and that she is a Barque, has a square stern, no galleries, and a figure head: And the said Israel L. Joslin having agreed to the description and admeasurement above specified, and sufficient security having been given according to the said act, the said Barque has been duly registered at the port of Providence.

Given under our hands and seals, at the Port of Providence, this first day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-one.

Louise B. Sullivan
343 Canal St.
Providence
R.I.

A Head in a Bucket.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Finds a Lesson in a Child's Accident.

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NOW.

I leave with God to-morrow's where and how, And do concern myself but with the Now. That little word, though half the future's length, Well used, holds twice its meaning and its strength.

Like one blindfolded groping out his way, I will not try to touch beyond the day. Since all the future is concealed from sight, I need but strive to make the next step right.

That done, the next, and so on, till I find Perchance some day I am no longer blind, And, looking up, behold a radiant Friend, Who says, "Rest now, for you have reached the end."

A little boy of three years, in search of a new toy, found an agate-ware kettle and stuck his head into it. When he tried to emerge he could not. It required the combined efforts of his mother, the cook, an ambulance wagon and a retinue of nurses and doctors to remove the kettle, and consumed eight hours of time.

When at last the uncomfortable head-gear was lifted, the small boy looked at it and said sagely:

"Take it away! I don't want to play with it any more."

A great many men and women of all ages are sticking their heads into kettles every day and thinking it is great fun. When they try getting out, the experience of the small boy is repeated.

Three-fourths of them, unlike the wise infant, however, are ready to play with the kettle again, after the soreness has worn off their heads from the first experience.

There is the "drink kettle" and the "drug kettle," for instance. I have seen a poor silly youth and a poor silly woman—(yes, more than one of each)—plunge head first into these kettles for the pleasure of a new experience.