The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE

Chestertown Transcript

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

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JOB PRINTING.

Late of J. F. Hartman,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 275 West Baltimore St.

BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

☞ The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

SUGAR and BREAD BOXES for sale by
May 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.

COMEGYS & HANDY,

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 70 South Street,

BALTIMORE.

October 21, 1865—y

W. E. WOODDY. J. F. M. WOODALL.

WOODDY & WOODALL,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 11 Bowly's Wharf,

(UP STAIRS.)

BALTIMORE.

☞ Special attention given to the sale of Grain. Oct. 21, 1865—y

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS, WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.

TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,

Commission Merchants,

FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally.*

No. 96 Light Street Wharf.

☞ Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.

Baltimore, November 4, 1865—y

W. H. HINES. W. H. WEST.

HINES & WEST,

No. 90 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Hay, Potatoes,

Onions, Apples, Dried Fruits, Eggs, Fish, Cattle, Wood, Hoop-Poles, &c., &c.

April 1, 1865—tf

E. E. Perkins,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 6 Bowley's Wharf,

Under Corn Exchange,

Will give PERSONAL ATTENTION to the sale of all Grain consigned to him.

Baltimore, August 19, 1865.

WOOD

FOR SALE.—The subscriber is prepared to furnish the citizens of Chestertown with the best quality *PINE, OAK* and *HICKORY WOOD*, seasoned or green, at moderate prices.

WILLIAM FORD,
Oct. 21, 1865—tJ1⁰ Near Chestertown.

WALTER T. HURTT,

PRACTICAL

HAT AND CAP

MANUFACTURER

AND DEALER IN STRAW GOODS,

No. 38 N. Green Street,

BALTIMORE.

Offers inducements to the Citizens and Merchants of Kent and the adjoining counties. Call and examine our stock.

September 23, 1865—6m⁰

WHEELER & WILSON

HIGHEST PREMIUM

Sewing Machine!

W. MERRILL, AGENT,

Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

For Tailoring and Manufacturing,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

W. MERRILL, AGENT,

213 West Baltimore Street,

Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

AT THE

CHEAP CASH STORE

IN KENNEDYVILLE.

SUCH AS *WOOL DELAINES, Calico, Muslins, Cassimeres, Sattinetts and Mediium Kersey;* HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes,

Ladies Wool Hoods, Childrens Hoods,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Also, a good assortment of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware, and all kinds of Goods generally kept in a country store,

At the Lowest Cash Prices!

Particular attention paid to TRADE, and liberal prices paid.

CHARLES W. WARREN.

Kennedyville, October 28, 1865.

The Steamer Commerce

WILL LEAVE PORT DEPOSIT ON *MONDAYS* at 12 o'clock, for PHILADELPHIA, touching at Betterton and Wharves on Elk River, arriving at Philadelphia Tuesday morning.

Leave Philadelphia on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for Wilson's Point, arriving Thursday morning.

Leave WILSON'S POINT on Thursday at 10 o'clock, A. M., for Philadelphia—arrive in Philadelphia Friday.

Leave Philadelphia Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock for Port DePosit, arriving on Sunday morning.

ABEL J. REES, Agent.

Oct. 21, 1865—tf.

Hardware.

HORSE SHOES, Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps, Building Hardware, Nails, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Cotton Cards, Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks.

GOOD NEWS!

GREAT BARGAINS.—We are now offering decided Bargains and no mistake, especially in Cotton Goods. We respectfully call attention to our large and splendid Stock of DRESS GOODS of every grade, including Fancy Silks, Black do., Shawls, Trimmings and Fancy Goods. Go to the "People's Popular Store" of W. A. VICKERS.

Nov. 25, 1865.

The Poet.

Angelic and Not so Angelic.

"Our friend, David Barker, Esq.," says an Eastern paper, "who has produced some of the best poetry ever written by a Maine bard, pleased at a little incident that happened to his family, (the first occurrence of the kind) gives vent to his feelings in the following imaginative piece."

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

One night old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One Summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride,
Awakened from some pleasant dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of pain,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find his way to Heaven again.

Whereupon some fellow of the practical sort, and without any imagination, and not possessing the "divine afflatus," attempts to destroy the little illusion of David as follows:

ST. PETER'S REPLY.

Full eighteen hundred years or more,
I've kept my gate securely tied;
There was no "little angel" strayed,
Nor one been missing all the while.

I did not sleep as you suppose,
Nor left the door of Heaven ajar,
Nor has a "little angel" left
And gone down with a falling star.

"Go ask that "blushing bride," and see
If she don't frankly own and say,
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will not do as before,
And lay it to old PETER'S charge.

Farmers' Column.

Feeding Grain to Stock Profitably.

There is a class of farmers, and perhaps some among them read the *American Agriculturist*, who still question whether it will pay to feed animals the grain which they themselves raise. They have not satisfied themselves by their own experience in making beef, mutton, or pork. If grain be properly fed to animals of a good breed, there is no doubt about its being usually a paying operation; but feed out unground and irregularly, if the animals are ever so good, it seldom pays. There is a difference, also, in the manner of computing the gains which usually accrue from the grain consumed by animals. A good portion of the profits of converting grain into meat of any kind, cannot be realized by the sale of the meat; for many times an animal will not sell for as much money as the grain and hay it has consumed while fattening. In view of this fact alone, feeding grain appears to be a poor practice. Nevertheless, multitudes of the best farmers of our country sell but little grain, others sell none at all, while many purchase much more than they raise on their own land, and feed it all to stock of some kind, and yet derive a paying profit from the business. Others attempt it and fail because they feed poor stock, not well purchased nor selected, or because they do not feed with proper system, nor preserve with sufficient care the solid and liquid manure of the fattening animals. In fact, it is in the manure *alone* that the greater part of the profit of fattening beef, sheep and swine consists, to most of the farmers of the United States, and the rest of the *civilized* world. The more manure, and the better saved, the greater the profit, even in Illinois.

The way to begin is, to get good animals and to put them in fair order on grass. Meat can be made on grass in warm weather more economically than on any other feed. Those persons who attempt to make beef of poor cows and bullocks, or mutton of poor sheep, by feeding hay and grain, without commencing on grass, will never make out well.

When one intends to prepare a lot of bullocks or sheep for marketing in the spring, he should commence feeding a small quantity of grain per head as soon as grass begins to fail, for in passing from grass to hay, they should not be allowed to lose any of the flesh or fat that has accumulated during the grazing season. If by irregularity of feeding, or by exposure to storms, or by short allowance of feed, an animal is required to use up a pound of fat to maintain the heat and to supply the natural wastes of the body, it will take several days to replace the small amount that has been lost by this bad management. Every animal should be fed enough to keep it improving a little *every day*. A dry cow, or a bullock three or four years old, designed for beef next May or June, should receive not less than two quarts of Indian corn meal, or its equivalent in some other grain, during the months of December and January. After this, the quantity may be increased at pleasure, and should always be increased from month to month, according to the feeding capacity of the animal, the calculation being to finish off the fattening with ten or twenty days grazing, without reducing the quantity of grain. In addition to this amount of meal, they should have a foddering of hay, once daily, and one of cornstalks, and a few hours daily in a yard with access to good straw. If a farmer has a power cutter, it is far more economical to chaff the hay, straw and cornstalks, wet it, and mingle the meal with it. Feed prepared in this manner, is better for sheep as well as neat cattle and horses. The use of oil-meal for beef animals must be regulated on the same principles, as a substitute for part of the meal. Wethers and dry ewes should receive nearly or quite one pound of Indian corn or corn meal per head daily, or what is better, half a pound of oil meal and half a pound of corn or of barley meal mixed. It is folly to attempt to make meat in cold weather, without complete protection from cold and wet.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

The Wishes Shop.

[CONCLUDED.]

Another applicant succeeded who wore the appearance of rich poverty, in other words of a poor gentleman. The collar of his coat was greasy, his shirt was tumbled, and his gloves dirty. He came up to the counter with a brave look, as much as to say he should have preferred talking over his affairs in private; but, as it was, the opinion of the world was nothing to him. He began.—

"Sir I have seven sons and one daughter, and have nothing wherewith to educate them."

"Just the opposite to the rich man, who must have met you at the door; what a pity you and he could not have made a bargain! Well, sir?"

"I wish for money."

"Very natural; you have other advantages, no doubt. What equal value have you to spare? Suppose you give up your health?"

"I have not very much of that, sir."

"That's unlucky; will you make a sacrifice of your principles?"

"Of course I will not. How can you venture to ask?"

"I did no harm. Your answer proves that in your honesty you are rich in something which is very valuable in your own opinion, as well as in that of others.—Will you give your talents? I know who you are, and the mental power you possess."

"And be an ass like those I despise? No; I should do the boys no good by that exchange."

"You are in want of a very valuable thing—a means of freedom to do and have and go and come; a means to leave social cares behind; to be of use—so that it requires a great equivalent. You have eight children you say; people are very happy with two or four or even one; suppose you give up one child? It would be to the advantage of the rest."

"It certainly would. If one of them had not been born, I should not have been unhappy because I had only seven."

"Well said. It remains then only to fix on the one. Can you part with the eldest?"

"Impossible. He is just eleven, and so clever! He is full of talent and application. With a book in his hand, he does not know whether one speaks to him or is silent."

"I should be inclined to punch his head for that; however, it will all go right at school. The second?"

"No, not the second, because he is one of the twins, and to separate them would be to destroy both; they are twin cherries on one stalk. I can't part with two."

"That settles three, then. And the fourth?"

"A little fellow of eight. The most beautiful child, like my own mother—and as gentle as an angel. He meets me every day when I come home, and flings himself into my arms. I could not be such a heartless brute."

"I don't want to press you. But you have a girl, let her go. Women are both useless and a heavy weight when you have push them on in life."

"Useless!" how you mistake. Though she is but six, you should see her help her mother. She knows where everybody's everything is to be found, and has run for it almost before you know you want it.—And when I or when anybody is ill, the little helpful, considerate creature! moving noiselessly, sitting to watch and wait; the very baby likes to be on her knees."

"A baby, oh; oh, let the baby go."

"Poor little baby. I could let it go for my own part. No doubt it cries and keeps one awake. But my wife, who has nursed it for seven months at her breast, loves it better than all the others. Its slightest ailments puts her in misery; what would become of her if it died?"

"I should recommended parting with the baby; but it is for you to decide.—And indeed I don't know that the value of the baby, if exchanged, would be very great. There remain two more. Surely they are superfluous?"

"No no, they are not, dear children! One can but just speak—and the first word was my name. He asks when I shall come home, and bring something for him. Could I bear that what I brought him was death? And the other, among so many clever and healthy children, is the only one sick, and less intelligent than they, he depends upon us altogether; he always holding by his mother's finger or carried in my arms. Besides, perhaps he will grow stonger; and then how happy we shall be!"

"In short, sir, of all the things you possess you will give up nothing in exchange for riches."

"But I wish to be rich; other people are rich. My neighbor Mr. Hemp, has twelve children; yet he is very rich."

"Would you change with him altogether?"

"No."

"That's no matter; but, for instance, his children are very inferior to mine.—I should like to be in his situation but not to be himself."

"Well, I see you are like other people. You want to keep what you have got and to add something more. But that's not the bargain. You may have something more."

"Then I must bear my cross as I can. There's no help. Farewell, sir."

And now appeared at the entrance a presence more splendid and more imposing than any of the former. Her carriage, for it was a lady, was seen at the door; her footmen officiously put aside the crowd at the entrance; and she came forward, richly dressed, beautiful and graceful, and with the conscious ease of one who attracted all eyes and disappointed none. Everybody made way, a chair was sent for her by the officious attendants, and she placed herself, with a slight pleasant movement of acknowledgment, beside the counter. What could that adored and favored being wish for more? With health, wealth, beauty, liberty, and a kindly nature such as she showed, was it possible that she could covet anything further? Mr. Destiny seemed to have these ideas in his head, for he inquired.

"Is there anything madam, for which you can form a wish?"

"I wish to be happy," said the lady.

"Alas!" said Destiny, "if you are not happy, who can be so?"

"I don't come to argue on the fact," said the lady, "I only state what I wish."

"True, madam. I beg your pardon," answered Mr. Destiny. "I have only to ascertain which among your many advantages you will resign for the attainment of it. Now, you must allow me to observe that if a person who has every external means which create happiness is not happy, the sacrifice of all those means is worth while to become so."

"Most true," said the lady.

"The sacrifice of all advantages may be required in exchange for happiness."

"It is worth them all," answered the lady.

"At the same time," continued Destiny, "there is a sort of happiness derived from external things which has its attractions. It is pleasant to have a habitation upon which everybody congratulates you, to have unbounded means of moving whithersoever you will, to carry such a figure into society as shall make "many a sudden friend," to be able to give largely, spend without control, and so on."

"Yes," said the lady, "they are things to be enjoyed when one is happy. They add to happiness, but they don't give it."

"Well said," answered Mr. Destiny. "Then let us proceed to business."

"But first, I must observe," said the lady, "that the possession of external advantage, such as you have enumerated, does not by any means exclude happiness. What numbers possess them in a greater or less degree who are happy into the bargain!"

"Yes; there are numbers not desirous of coming to me at all," answered Mr. Destiny." "They may have certain wishes, but on the whole they are content; or their wishes, may be such as they themselves are in a way to gratify. Those wishes belong to their profession or their natural state in life, and they are using their own means to obtain them. On the other hand, it is too true that some people who would seem to be best of are not endowed with happiness; and, as I said, they may well part with everything to obtain it."

"And would, with everything," said the lady, wiping her eyes (which had unbidden while he spoke) with a handkerchief trimmed at a guinea a yard.

"If that is your conviction, madame, I will lay an exchange before you. I don't mean an exchange with any one else, but with yourself. I will describe an existence which is very happy, and for a similar one you may change yours. To exchange with another, both parties must agree, and I don't think the person I propose to describe would consent to want happiness even if she could gain your advantages. The position is this:—A little plain woman, who is devotedly loved by her husband."

"Ha!" murmurred the lady.

"She has a dutiful son, but he's dull enough; on the other hand, she does not perceive it, for her time is occupied with the care of her family, visiting the cottagers, and what is called doing plain work. But she has a book which she reads on Sundays, and makes a dog's ear to find the place where she let off. She and her husband and son sometimes pay a visit to a neighbor in their little shandran. She has some pleasure in putting on her silk gown, and a great deal in the friendly gossip; she is busy all day, sleeps all night; murmurs an old song for lightness of heart."

"It's all very well," said the lady, interrupting him; "but it is not possible I could be happy under those circumstances."

"Only she is happy. That you should be happy is the bargain; and that you are not happy is the complaint."

"Better be miserable than so ignorantly happy," said the lady, suddenly rising.

"You are quite wrong, madam."

"May be so, but I can't help it." And with a graceful and gracious bend of her head she rustled through the shop, and mounting her well appointed carriage, drove off amid the delight of a certain number of boys assembled at the door.

There were many more applicants who came with their wishes. Few accomplished a bargain, but some did; and of the latter I thought the most part made but disadvantageous terms.

One good-looking young fellow's wish was to marry an heiress; he had no other clear idea on the subject, the mere fact of an heiress was his desire. Mr. Destiny was rather hard upon him.

"It is all fair you should marry;" said he; "and so that your wife has money, what will you consent she shall be without? Money you are to have, that's settled. Will you give up beauty?"

"Yes."

"Sense?"

"Yes."

"Good temper?"

"Yes."

"Your own way?"

"Oh! I'll manage to get that."

"No; it is in the bargain that you shall not have it; will you give it up?"

"Well, yes; but I'll try."

"You are to fail. What do you say?"

"I'll give all up for money."

"Well, you deserve a very rich bride. Have your wish then."

Another applicant desired that her daughter should marry; and Mr. Destiny thought the wish deserved accomplishment at the price of the daughter's society, her utility at home, the pleasure and grace she had given to her native place, the seven-eighths of her heart bestowed on her husband, while the parent kept only one-eighth.

Again one came, and said a legacy had been left him, and he wished it was more. Mr. Destiny laughed, and said he regretted he could do nothing for him. Another, who was an old man, certainly not away between seventy and eighty, wished he had a knowledge of entomology; and Mr. Destiny, praising his energy, proposed to him to give away one of his remaining years in exchange for the knowledge. In like manner a young man who wished he understood German, was told to give for it three hours out of four-and-twenty for half a year. "You will still have twenty-one hours," said Mr. Destiny.

And now the interest in others began to slacken, I bethought me that it would be as well if I went up and expressed my own wishes; and accordingly I approached the counter and told Mr. Destiny that I wished for health.

"Indeed," said he; "you look as if you needed that possession. What ails a young fellow like you to be so sick?"

"Hard work, I think," said I. "I am obliged to be in my chambers at the call of my clients, the attorneys, ten hours a day, and to work five hours more to get through the business they give me."

"In short, you are a successful lawyer?"

"Very much so; but a miserable invalid."

"Had you ever health and spirits?"

"Yes, I had. In my university days I was so very happy and so very glad that my companions named me Festive."

"Then, my dear sir, let me observe to you that you have already made one of those exchanges for which men come to me. You have exchanged health for success; but it seems you can't have both. Give up at least a portion of the last. Work half your time, and get back your health and lightness of heart."

"How is that possible? If I refuse any business I shall probably lose it all."

"Nay; there is a limit to business somewhere. Nobody can work more than three hundred and sixty-five days, of twenty-four hours each, during the year; therefore you can, if you will, cut off even the half."

"Not so easily; I must work in proportion to other people; some of whom can bear employment for eighteen hours a day."

"If so, they are able to do it, by being originally endowed with health, such as does not come into your destiny."

"But it would be hard to fall behind those whom I have surpassed. Nobody can work more hours than there are in the year; out for success they must work in proportion to other people."

"Harder, I should think, to bear the restless anguish which is in your face."

"That's bad enough, indeed."

"Besides the probability of being unable to do no work whatever."

"That's much worse."

"Take my advice; give half your success for half your time; and give that time for your wish—Health."

"Sir, I must think about it."

"Don't think too long, for fear the opportunity should pass."

"Well, I dare say you're right; and to-morrow I will let you know."

I returned home, and next morning when I woke in my bed I found I was in the shivers of nervous fever. Ideas raced through my brain with a rapidity which defied my efforts to catch them; I talked, but I knew not what I said; sometimes I cried, sometimes I laughed, and remember but little till complete exhaustion seemed to sink me into a profound sleep, from which I woke, and heard some one say, "He will live."

And live I did. I was frightened at what had happened, and I took measures to exchange my wealth for health. I steadily refused to plead for Jennings *versus* The Plausable Insurance Office; and I bought a horse, which I kept last winter at Dun-church, and hunted from London twice a week. I soon got better; and what is remarkable, though I went several times in search of New Street beyond the tower, and Mr. Destiny's Wishes Shop, I never could find either.

A FRIEND from the country, says a city paper, attended church last Sabbath, where they have *scientific* (quartette) *singing*, and was surprised at the difference between scientific singing and that he has been accustomed to in the backwoods.—He brought to me a specimen of the style which he copied from the original:

Waw-kaw, swaw daw aw raw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw;
Waw-haw taw thaw raw vaw yaw braw
Aw thaw raw-jaw saw aws.

Which rendered into English, reads as follows:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these reviving eyes.

Our friend says that in the country they are green enough to think it necessary for good singing that the words of the hymn should be sung.

First Things in History.

Moses, the first historian, wrote about the year B. C. 1500. From that time to about B. C. 440, the divinely inspired writers of the Bible are the only historians.

The same year that the last of the Old Testament books was written (B. C. 445), the first authentic history written by any of the world's historians—viz, by Herodotus—was made public.

How long Eve, the first woman, lived, we do not know. It is a curious fact that in sacred history, the age, death and burial of only one woman, Sarah, wife of Abraham, is distinctly noted. Woman's age ever since appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

The first names are all Hebrew, and the explanation or meaning of them is also in Hebrew, thus proving that it was the language in use at the time they were so named. It was thus with the names Adam, Eve, Cain, Seth, Noah, etc. The wonderful names by which God has condescended to reveal himself to us, the great names Jehovah and Jesus or Joshua, are also Hebrew, and full of meaning.

How natural it is for all infants, in their first attempts to speak, to say *ah-ah-ah-ah*, or *ma-ma-ma-ma!* How few know that these words were used by the first children in the world to express words dear to all! In Hebrew, *Ab*, or *Abba*, means father, and *Em* means mother.

The first sin combined "the lust of the eye"—the woman "saw it was pleasant to the eyes;" "the lust of the flesh"—"it was good for food;" and the pride of life—it was "a tree to be desired to make one wise."

At the first sacrifice, Cain's offering was rejected, while Abel's was accepted. Cain, it appears, did not believe the promise of God, nor in the necessity of an atonement for sin. In pride of unbelief, he presented the Unitarian offerings of his own productions or works. Abel believed the promise, for we are told (Heb. xi. 4), "*By faith* Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." Unitarianism was the first false religion.

The first city in the world was built by Cain. He called it after his son Enoch. For thousands of years the seed of the serpent, though under a curse, built the great cities, furnished the kings of the earth, and had the power of the world; while the seed to whom all the blessings of this life and that to come were promised, had to live by faith, as heirs of an inheritance not yet received.

Lamech, one of Cain's descendants, is the first who is mentioned as having taken unto him two wives.

Jabal "was the father [or first] of such as dwell in tents, and of such as had cattle." Abel had kept sheep; but Jabal must have introduced some system in the rearing of cattle, and also tents and tent-making. Jubal, a brother of Jabal, is recorded as being "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." (Gen. iv. 21.) From Jubal probably comes the word jubilee. The seed of Cain first invented musical instruments.

A Jewish tradition ascribes to Naaman, sister of Tubal-Cain, the introduction of ornaments in female dress.

The first public worship mentioned was at the birth of Enos, the son of Seth, born when Adam was 235 years old." "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord."

Prophesying was early in the Church. The first especially mentioned as a prophet is Enoch—born in the seventh generation, in the year 922. He prophesied of "the coming of the Lord, with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all," etc. (Jude xv.)

The ark is the first vessel spoken of, although it is likely small boats had been previously built. It was one hundred and twenty years in building. While all scoffed at Noah while he was building, perhaps, when it was too late, some of the carpenters begged to be admitted into it, urging that they had helped to build. What other reply could he make but, "You were paid for it; I cannot save you." Those who are now helping to build churches and spread the Gospel, without seeking to be saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ may well ponder the question, "What became of Noah's carpenters?"

The first human slavery was prophesied as a consequence of sin. When Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what Ham had done unto him, he said (Gen. ix. 25.) "Cursed be Canaan (the son of Ham)—a servant of servants (or the most degraded of slaves) shall he be unto his brethren."

The city first built after the flood (100 years after), Babel, or Babylon, B. C. 2247.

The Word of God, the Creator. The Bible says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God;" "all things were made by him." The heathen obtained some knowledge of this. In India, Vach, or speech, is the active power of Brahmah; in Persia, Ormuzd, the Good, created the world by Honoven, the Word. —*Scheffelin's Foundation of History.*

A woman says what she pleases without being knocked down for saying it.

She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to his business.

She can go into the street without being asked to stand treat at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it be too pale and powder if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins if too thin.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one that she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt every where until he warns the public not to trust her on his account.

Those are the advantages woman has.

☞ Age is venerable in man.

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