The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE

Chestertown Transcript

Is published every Saturday, at Chestertown, Kent County, Md., *Office, Court Street.*

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES or less will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, Three Dollars: Six months, Six Dollars: One Year, Ten Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

SUITABLE FOR

STORES,

TRUSTEES' SALES,

Public Sales,

&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice.

DR. STRICKLAND'S COUGH BO MORE. MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

CURE for PILES. DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

Doctor Strickland's TONIC. DYSPEPSIA. DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with antacids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. Jan. 20, 1866—Y

PROSPECTUS OF

The Cosmopolite.

ON the first of January we commenced the publication in the City of Baltimore of a

MONTHLY LITERARY MAGAZINE.

There is no publication of this character now issued South of New York City, and the closing of the war has left a large portion of the people of the country with no literary representative.

The COSMOPOLITE will be devoted to Literature, Art, Review, Scientific Papers and General Reading, and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

All matter not original will be carefully selected from the newest and best of the English, French and German publications; and its Editors will spare no effort or expense to make it rank with the *very first* Magazines of the country.

As its name imports, we have established THE COSMOPOLITE upon no sectional basis. We hope to make it the organ of general literature alone, and will be uninfluenced by any party or clique whatever.

It will be mailed to subscribers in any part of the country upon receipt of the following

SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copies, for one year,	$ 4 00
Five " " " "	18 00
Ten " " " "	33 00

THE COSMOPOLITE will be generally distributed among the Merchants and Planters of the South, and we will add, for their information, a few advertisements, at moderate rates. Liberal deductions will be made to booksellers and news dealers. Address

DE LEON & CO.,
P. O. Box 226, Baltimore, Md.

January 20, 1866.

PLOUGHS AND CASTINGS.

W. A. VICKERS has had made to order a large lot of CASTINGS, acknowledged by all Farmers to be superior to any ever offered in this market. Old Castings will be taken in exchange.

VICKERS was the first to knock down the price of Dry Goods, &c.: he is still offering GREAT BARGAINS! Go to the PEOPLE'S POPULAR STORE. April 7.

No. 2 and X

HECKENDORN Points and Shares, and other Plow Castings, now on hand at

April 14. WICKES & BRO'S.

JAMES R. CHANCE. JNO. F. OSBOURN.

AUCTION NOTICE.

BY CHANCE & OSBOURN,

AUCTIONEERS

AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 85 West Baltimore Street,

Below Sun Iron Building.

WE respectfully call the attention of all Merchants to our extensive Auction Rooms, where we are daily receiving

Goods of all Descriptions,

for public and private sales. Call and see us.

CHANCE & OSBOURN,
Auction and Commission Merchants,
85 West Balt. St., near Holliday.

April 14, 1866—6m.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,

COMMISSION AGENTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

OYSTERS,

Grain, Fruit, Produce, &c.,

152 Pratt Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

T. H. Burgess, C. H. Bramble, V. B. Hines.

NOTICE TO FRUIT GROWERS.

FROM past experience, the facilities now in our possession and our extensive acquaintance with the principal PACKERS and DEALERS in Fruit—we can at all times command the HIGHEST PRICES for all

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

consigned to us for sale, and respectfully solicit consignments

☞ Prompt returns made, and PARTICULAR attention given to the return of Boxes.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
No. 152 PRATT STREET.

Baltimore, March 17, 1865—tf.

W. H. WEST,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

132 West Pratt street, Baltimore.

Particular attention given to the sale of

GRAIN

And all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Shipping Orders promptly attended to.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Jno. A. Stephens & Bro., Balt.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, Kent County.
J. S. Hurlock, Esq., " "
R. C. Johnson, " " "
Messrs. Mullikin & Bro., Queen Anne's Co.

feb 31, 1866—y

HARRY MCCOY. WM. I. RASIN.

McCOY & RASIN,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 66 South St., Baltimore.

PROMPT attention paid to the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. All orders for the purchase of Farming Implements, Seeds, Groceries, &c., promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865—y.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.

COMEGYS & HANDY,

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 70 South Street,

BALTIMORE.

October 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

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain & all kinds of Country Produce,

No. 124 Light St. Wharf,

Opposite the Wharf of Slaughter's Steamboat Line.

BALTIMORE.

☞ All consignments are thankfully received and promptly attended to.

February 10, 1866—:021.

JAS. I. BARTON,

(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)

Late of J. P. Hartman,

MER HANT TAILOR,

No. 276 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.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS

AND STATIONERY,

SHEET MUSIC, ILLUSTRATED PAPERS, MAGAZINES, BIBLES AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS. Also, subscriptions received for all Papers, Periodicals and Magazines, published in the U. S. Large orders filled promptly at city prices, by

D. MILLER & CO.,
"Shaw Store," Chestertown, Md.

March 17, 1866—y.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by

May 14, 1865. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Public Local Laws,

OPERATIVE IN KENT COUNTY,

Passed at the special Session, January, 1866, and published in accordance with "An Act to add an Article to the Code of Public General Laws, in relation to the Publication of Laws," which provides that—

"Every Public Local Law made to take effect before the first day of June next, after the session at which it may be passed, shall immediately after its passage be published once in each of three successive weeks in all the newspapers of the respective counties in which it may operate; and in case there is no newspaper published in any county, then in such manner as the County Commissioners of said county may direct, and in case any such law is to operate in the city of Baltimore, then once in each week for three successive weeks in such daily newspapers published in said city as the Mayor thereof may direct; and the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, and County Commissioners of the several counties shall provide for payment of the expenses of such publication."

CHAPTER 148.

AN ACT to secure the completion of the Kent County Railroad by the Kent County Railroad Company, and to regulate the mode of voting at meetings of the Stockholders of Railroad Companies on the Eastern Shore.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That the lien held by the State of Maryland on the property of the Kent County Railroad Company to secure the payment of six per centum interest out of the profits of the work, on the shares of the capital stock of said Company held by the State, shall not be construed to give a preference to the said State over the bond holders of the said Company, and the said lien is hereby expressly waived, postponed and deferred in favor of the holders of bonds of the said Company, which may be issued for the construction and equipment of the said Railroad, to an amount not exceeding in the whole three hundred thousand dollars.

Section 2. *And be it enacted,* That the said Company shall have full power to issue its bonds, or other securities, or the pledge of its property, estate and franchise bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per centum per annum, redeemable at any time within twenty years, and not exceeding in amount the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, and dispose of the [redacted] voted, nor shall the same be counted in ascertaining the presence of a quorum necessary for such election.

Sec. 4. *And be it enacted,* That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

CHAPTER 158.

AN ACT to authorise and empower the Trustees of the Almshouse of Kent county to sell and convey a certain piece of land to Thomas Baker and others, Trustees of Camp meetings and for other purposes of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General assembly of Maryland,* That the Trustees of the Almshouse in Kent County be, and they are hereby authorised and empowered, for such consideration as they may deem proper, to convey by deed duly executed and acknowledged according to law, a part of the farm or tract of land in said county, known as the Almshouse property, described as follows: Beginning at a stone set on the lines of the land of the devisees of the late Samuel E. Baker and the said Almshouse farm, and running thence North sixty-two degrees, West thirty-nine perches and nine-tenths of a perch, to lines of the land of the said Samuel E. Baker, thence with said lands North forty-four degrees East ten perches and three-tenths of a perch, to a stone, thence with said lands and the Camp ground lot in a straight line to the beginning, containing one acre and twenty-four perches, to Thomas Baker, Joshua Clark, James Kendall, William W. Parks, Joseph A. Harper, John N. Usilton and Henry Bramble, and their successors forever, in trust to and for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit, for holding and conducting camp-meetings, Sunday School meetings, festivals or other meetings, and for such other purposes as may be considered useful or advantageous to the said Church, or for any other moral, religious or literary institutions of the said Church, according to the provisions of the act of Assembly passed at December session, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, chapter seventy-two, entitled, "an Act to appoint and authorise certain persons in Kent county to purchase real estate in Kent county, from Samuel E. Baker, of said county, to be held in trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit, for purpose of holding camp-meeting or other meetings on the same, Sunday School festivals, and so forth."

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted,* That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

May 12, 1866—3t.

SUGAR and BREAD BOXES for sale by

May 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

The Poet.

Care of the Little Ones.

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing over the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;
Never mind the moments lost;
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay;
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me the weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prating eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung
By the joyous, happy child;
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you,
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true!
Extirpating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripen for eternity.

A Moment of Horror.

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long since Jake left the house in search of a cow. His course was through an old worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, an ill wind drifted Jake's "tile" from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now, the old gentleman had always practised the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by getting down in the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast the end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was soon on his way down the well. It was a fact, of which Jake was no less obvious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated old building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well. The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun; so he quietly slipped up to the horse, and unbuckling the strap, approached with a slow and steady "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.

"Dang the old blind horse!" said the man at the bottom of the well; "he's coming this way sure, and ain't got any more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Bill!"

But the continued approach of the 'ting-a-ling' said just as plainly as words that Bill wouldn't whoa. Besides, Jake was at the bottom, resting before trying to shin it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem!" said he, "the old cuss will be a-top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa, dang it; whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling on his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now—whoa! Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a! I pay the Lord my soul to—whoa, now! Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me!"

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearing Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself. Probably Ned didn't make tracks from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not, I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

Wants the "Sideboards" Also.

The editor of the *Rome* (N. Y.) *Citizen* recently had a wheel-barrow stolen. He intimated in the next issue of his paper that the thief had better come after the sides, since they were no longer of use. The next day the following note was sent to the office:

"Rome april 18 1866.

"Mister Sanford deer ser i seen a notis in yure Paper That sumboddy Stole yure Whelebarrow i Knowed that be Fore i seen it in the paper you sed That if The Man what Had it did not want to fetch it Back you would let him have The side Boards if you will leave side Bords right in frunt of flower and feed store to Morrow nite I will caul and git them and much obligd the wheel was Brok But i got it fixt i pade 2 shillin to git it fixt could you leve a 25 cent stamp With the side Bords where i can find it i shell Want the Bords by frida morning fur i want to wheel some gravle. yures Trueley."

A legal wag calls his marriage certificate strange to say, "a writ of attain'd her."

The Bondholder's Soliloquy.

[From the Lacrosse (Wisconsin) Democrat.]

But this *is* nice!

Here I am, a rich, prosperous, loyal man, with nothing to do but to enjoy myself. Egad, what a blessing the war was to me. It killed off my poor relations and left me in luck. I am worth—let me see how much I am worth in bonds:

There are of seven-twenties,	$25,000
There are of six-forties	25,000
And the seven-thirties	25,000
And the ten-twenties	25,000
	$100,000

Now, one hundred thousand dollars is nothing, yet it is quite a little plum. When the war began I wasn't worth a copper, unless it was in debts. Now I am well off. I am a cunning cuss! Didn't I make war speeches, and denounce Democrats, and mob "Copperheads," and go it strong for the Union? You bet! Ha-ha-ha-ha! But the fools are not all dead. Some of them are—that is, they were killed. And didn't I get the poor people to enlist and fight to preserve the Union? Damn the Union, if I only get office and hold bonds. That's what makes the cream elevate itself!

And then didn't I go in for bounties, and go it strong on patriotism; and play it big on loyalty? Guess not! Oh, no! Guess patriotism don't pay! Look at these little fellows with figures on the face and the coupons on the end of them. How are you my suffering country?

It takes a smart man to keep out of the war himself and entice others to go. The bounties is what fetched 'em! Poor fools! You see they went to fight.

From all the towns, cities and counties
To war they went to get the bounties!
Some were killed
And some were wounded!
Some were shot
And some were drowned!

And some, when "this cruel war was over," came back. I had a farm. I sold it and put my money in bonds. Bonds beat farms ten to nothing! And I speculated in "things." And I sold stuff to the soldiers. And I got their bounty money on shares. And I filled town quotas, and made a nice little haul by that. And I put my cash in bonds.

Bonds are just old rosewood with gilt edge. Let me see. I have now one hundred thousand dollars in Government bonds. How I love my Government! It is the best the sun ever shone on! These bonds average me eight per cent. interest in gold. Eight per cent. on one hundred thousand dollars is just eight thousand. And I get it in gold, worth from thirty-five to forty-five per cent. premium. This makes, in greenbacks, the snug little sum of eleven thousand dollars—round numbers.

And the beauty of it is I don't have one cent of taxes to pay.

Isn't it nice?

This is the best Government the world ever saw. Rich men hold bonds—poor men pay them. The tax-gatherer don't bother me. It don't cost me one red cent to—let me see!

To pay State expenses!
To pay Government expenses!
To pay county taxes!
To pay city taxes!
To pay village taxes!
To pay town taxes!
To pay school taxes!
To pay road taxes!
To pay poor taxes!

To pay for building churches, school-houses, bridges, railroads, improvements or even interest!

I am one of the supporters of this Government! Good things! If it had not been for such loud-mouthed, stay-at-home-guards, the war never would have ended. And the soldiers' bounties! E'cod that is the best joke of the season.

You see we raised them by taxation of course. And we taxed the property—the real estate of the town. And we issued town bonds, city bonds, county bonds, state bonds, and every other kind of bonds. And we sold 'em dog cheap to get the money to pay bounties And us fellows bought the bonds at a discount. And we gave the "volunteers" money to go to war. And while they were gone we had a good time. And we sold our farms cheap to the wives of the soldiers. And we got our bounty money all back.

And better still! The soldiers came back from the war, and now are working to pay the taxes to pay interest on my bonds!

Isn't it nice!

The d——d fools went to war, and now come back and work like dogs to pay us the interest on the bonds we sold to give them money. They are paying themselves for getting shot at. Bully for us bondholders!

And now they work to pay the interest. When they get used to it, we'll make 'em pay the principal too! What a good Government this is!

This war didn't cost me one cent. I didn't spill a drop of my blood—but key—rhist, how I did bawl out against the Democrats!

And now I sit in my parlor—I smoke my cigars—I drink my wine—I enjoy myself, and have no taxes to pay. Look at that poor cuss across the creek! He ain't worth a thousand, yet he, poor dog, is in debt, and pays half his earnings in taxes. He pays all the taxes, then his wife sells butter, eggs, woolen yarn, milk, vegetables and such little things she wants, to get the money to put in the bank to pay me the interest on my one hundred thousand dollars, as it falls due every three months.

You see this financial science! Poor men support the Government, pay all the taxes, make us richer. Do all the fighting. Us bond-holders, office-seekers and such patriots do the figuring, get the offices, the money, and have a good time of it.

Now I eat fine food, while the poor cuss over the way eats coarse. And I wear broadcloth; he wears patches. And my wife flaunts her silks and swings her balmoral skirt under the nose of that poor man's wife, for I am a rich, taxless bondholder, and he is the poor cuss who supports the Government and me too.

Work away you poor fools. Toil your fingers to the bone, and die poor men for my sake. The war was a God-send to thieves, swindlers, cowards, stay-at-home patriots, Abolition agitators, Republican office-holders, and, in fact, all of our crowd of Union voters. *Damn the Union*, if we can only hold bonds and offices, and keep the people in poverty.

Guess this wasn't the rich man's war—guess not. And I guess you folks dasn't go for equal taxation and repudiation—for it is wrong to injure us chaps who support the Government.

Beef Steak.

A rich, juicy piece of steak is as delicious a morsel as a hungry man can close his lips upon, yet how few know what it is. We presume nearly half those who eat beef steak at all in this country, *fry* it; certainly on the Continent of Europe a *broiled* steak is rarely or never seen. The Europeans in this country surely stick to Fatherlandish customs in regard to steak and chops, with a tenacity worthy a better cause. English and Americans broil their steaks, nevertheless, they make a very poor job of it in most cases. The fat drips into the fire and smokes, and flames and scorches the meat; the heat burns the edges to a coal, and the poor little thin steak curls and writhes on the gridiron as if it were alive with torture. Now and then it is put upon a plate and pricked and pressed to get a little juice out, which is preserved to be salted and buttered and watered, to make a little gravy. Finally, the burnt parts are scraped off, butter, salt, and pepper, administered, and it is sent to the table, soaking in a lukewarm gravy, on a cold platter.

A friend who has taken great satisfaction in beef steak properly cooked, sends us the following article cut from The Homestead, which was formerly published in Connecticut. We endorse it entirely, only we must say that a little nice butter, even if it does cost 75 cents a pound, does not, to our taste, either disguise or injure the flavor of the beef:

"When you are so lucky as to get a beef steak, don't spoil it in the cooking.—It should be cut nearly an inch in thickness, and divided—by the natural divisions where practicable—into pieces the size of your hand, or thereabouts. Cut away the most of the fat If you happen to have such a thing as a "beef-steak-pounder" in the house, put it into the fire and burn it to a coal,—the wood it is usually made of furnishes capital coals for broiling; but any coals will do, if they are hot enough.

"The best gridiron is the double one of wire, which you can shut your meat into and turn without a fork to let the juice out, but any gridiron will do if it is clean. If you have much else to see to, besides the steak, you had better have something else for breakfast, for it is a sin to put a beef-steak over the coals and leave it to warp and squirm, and dry up, until it is as tough and tasteless as the sole of an old shoe. But if you have a conscience void of offence with all men, and are able to concentrate your entire energies upon the business, put your steak over the fire. Now you know that the outside of a broiled piece of meat must be crisp, and [*Turn it,*] the inside juicy, to make it the most palatable and [*Turn it,*] nourishing. If you allow it to rest long with one side to the fire, [*Turn it,*] the juice and flavor rise to the surface and are lost. The great art [*Turn it,*] is to expose the meat at the start, for a moment, to such an intense heat that [*Turn it,*] the severed fibers may be seared in such manner as to seal up (so to speak) the moisture. [*Turn it.*] Steak can be cooked in this way until it will not only look bloody when cut, but [*Turn it,*] will satisfy fully those who like "rare" beef, without offending [*Turn it,*] such as prefer it "well done." Butter is worse than wasted,—of course [*Turn it,*] you'll have it on table for such as wish to disguise the taste of beef, as well as pepper and salt. [*Turn it.*] Your motto is beef and fire. If your fire is a hot one, the steak is nearly done. It may not be considered impertinent to suggest [*Turn it,*] that, the potatoes being just done, too, the family may gather round the table, so as to receive the steak upon their *hot* plates directly from the fire. There will be time for "grace," before eating, and you'll be thankful after, whether it is customary or not to say so."

The Three Sieves.

"O, mamma!" cried little Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard.—I did not think she could have been so naughty. One Day—"

"My dear," interrupted her mamma, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three seives."

"What does that mean mamma?" said Blanche.

"I will explain it, dear. In the first place, is it *true?*"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Parry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story; and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next pace, though you cannot prove it is true, is it *kind?*

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma; but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it *necessary?*"

"No of course not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking; and strive more and more to imitate the meekness of your lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

To Prevent the Loss of Aroma in Roasting Coffee.

The berries of coffee once roasted, lose every hour somewhat of their aroma, in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, which, owing to the porosity of the roasted berries, it can easily penetrate.

This pernicious change may best be avoided by strewing over the berries, when the roasting is completed, and while the vessel in which it has been done is still hot, some powdered white or brown sugar (half an ounce to one pound of coffee is sufficient). The sugar melts immediately, and by well shaking or turning the roaster quickly, it spreads over all the berries, and gives each one a fine glaze, impervious to the atmosphere. They have then a shining appearance, as though covered with a varnish, and they in consequence lose their smell entirely, which, however, returns in a high degree as soon as they are ground.

After this operation, they are to be shaken out rapidly from the roaster and spread out on a cold plate of iron, so that they may cool as soon as possible. If the hot berries are allowed to remain heaped together, they begin to sweat, and when the quantity is large, the heating process, by the influence of air, increased to such a degree that at last they take fire spontaneously. The roasted and glazed berries should be kept in a dry place, because the covering of sugar attracts moisture.

For special cases, such as journeys and marches, where it is impossible to be burdened with the necessary machines for roasting and grinding, coffee may be carried in a powdered form, and its aromatic properties preserved by the following process:—One pound of the roasted berries are reduced to powder, and immediately wetted with a sirup of sugar, obtained by pouring on three ounces of sugar two ounces of water, letting them stand a few minutes. When the powder is thoroughly wetted with the sirup, two ounces of finely powdered sugar are to be added, mixed well with it, and the whole is then to be spread out in the air to dry. The sugar locks up the volatile parts of the coffee, so that when it is dry they cannot escape. If coffee is now to be made, cold water is to be poured over a certain quantity of the powder, and made to boil. Ground coffee prepared in this way, and which lay exposed to the air for one month, yielded on being boiled as good a beverage as one made of freshly-roasted berries.—*Liebig.*

How to Live.

A wealthy gentleman of Boston, several years ago, gave the editor of the *Worcester Palladium* a short narration of his own experience. He had an income of $10,000 a year, (a large sum then, but not considered so now) a house in town, and a country seat a few miles out. He had several children—a coach, fine horses and a driver; and took pleasure in riding every day with his children.

One day, when riding, the thought struck him that each one of his children would expect to have a fine house and coach and horses and driver, as their father had before them, and to live as he lived; and if they did not they would be unhappy. He did not think that all of them could have things as he had them, or live as he was living; and he rode home; sent his coach and horses to market and sold them; bought a cheap carryall, and became his own driver.

With emphasis he declared that no amount of wealth could induce him to return to his former mode of living, for if any of his children should chance to be poor, as in all probability some of them would be, they should not suffer in their feelings by the reflection that their father rode in his coach while they had to rough it on foot. The example he gave them afforded him a satisfaction greater than his wealth had to bestow.

A Good Substitute for Paint.

For the benefit of our readers, we publish the following recipe for making a wash for buildings, which is said to look almost as well as paint. We quote from the *Chemical Gazette:*

"Take a clean water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it a half bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slacked. When slacking has been effected, dissolve in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent it cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochree, or a good pearl or lead color by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of umber—Turkish or American, the latter is the cheaper—one pound of Indian red and one pound of common lamp-black. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability to common whitewash.

☞ A French physician recommends gargling the throat with lemon juice as a cure for diptheria. The same gargle is extensively used in this country—with a stick in it.

A common Jewish adage—"Let a man clothe himself beneath his ability, his children according to his ability, and his wife above his ability."

☞ If a toper and a gallon of whiskey were left together, which would be drunk first?

"Wake up here and pay your lodgings," said the deacon as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution box.

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