The Chestertown Transcript

VOL. V. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

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 Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) 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, five Dollars: One Year, eight 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.

COUGH no MORE. DR. STRICKLAND'S 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 antiacids 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

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE Partnership, under the name of HINES & WEST, was dissolved, by mutual consent, February the 1st, 1866. The undersigned has taken the Warehouse,

No. 132 West Pratt Street,
FOR THE PURPOSE OF DOING A
GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS,

and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to the late firm.

Particular attention given to the sale of
GRAIN, FRUITS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Having been extensively engaged in the **Fruit Business** for a number of years, and knowing the disadvantage the Peach Growers labor under, by the loss of Boxes, all persons intending to send their Fruit, and notifying me how many Boxes they will need, I will furnish the Boxes; the Grower paying only for what Boxes he has on hand at the end of the season, at market price,

W. H. WEST,
132 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

REFERENCES:
Messrs. John A. Stephens & Bro., of Balto.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, of Kent County.
R. C. Johnson, " "
John S. Hurlock, " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., of Queen Ann's Co.
June 23, 1866—tf.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,

Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
May 13, 1865—y.

COLLARS and BRIDLES, TRACES and Plough Lines, for sale cheap, by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

STATE OF MARYLAND.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
ANNAPOLIS, August 30th, 1866.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the General Assembly, at its January session, 1865, having adopted the following resolutions proposing an amendment to the Constitution of our State, said amendment will be submitted to the qualified electors of the State, for their confirmation or rejection, at the election for members of the General Assembly, to be held on the 6th day of November next.

By order of the Governor.
JOHN M. CARTER,
Secretary of State.

No. 11.—Joint resolution abolishing the sixth section of the eighth article of the Constitution.

Resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, (three-fifths of the members elected to both houses concurring,) That the Constitution be, and is hereby, amended by striking out the sixth section of article eight.

BY THE SENATE, March 13th, 1865.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Messrs. Billingslea of Carroll,	Lansdale, Mackall,
Billingslea of St. Mary's,	McMaster, McNeal,
Carroll,	Philpot,
Davis of Caroline,	Stephenson,
Davis of Washington,	Trail,
Earle,	Turner,
Harwood,	Waters—17.
Jenkins,	

NEGATIVE.

Messrs. Holton,	Ohr,
Maund,	Tome—4.

BY THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, March 16, 1865.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Messrs. Frazier, (Speaker)	Lusby, Malone,
Agnew,	Markey,
Anderson,	McCauley,
Angel,	McCullough,
Bartell,	Miller of Anne Arundel,
Brown,	Mules,
Calvert,	Nairne,
Chew,	Norris,
Comegys,	Parker,
Cook,	Pennington,
Cummins,	Poteet,
Darling,	Rider,
Dean,	Rinehart,
Ravey,	Robinson,
Everhardt,	Shaw,
Fooks,	Sherry,
Garrison,	Slothower,
Hambleton,	Smith of Allegany,
Handy,	Smith of Dorchester,
Haren,	Soper,
Hodson,	Stewart,
Hoffman,	Stone,
Holloway,	Tarr,
Hopkins,	Tull,
Hynes,	Usilton,
Jones,	Valiant,
Keefer,	Wardell,
King,	Williams,
Kirk,	Wilson,
Leaverton,	Wooden—63.
Lee of Baltimore city,	
Lee of Queen Anne's,	

NEGATIVE.

Messrs. Miller of Washington,	Smith of Frederick, Heigler—4.
Pilkington,	Sept. 8—tN6

MARYLAND:
Kent County Orphans' Court,
SEPTEMBER 4, 1866.

On the application of George B. Westcott, Administrator D. B. N., of James L. Davis, late of Kent county, deceased:

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, in Kent county, Maryland, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in '*The Chestertown Transcript*,' printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 4th day of September, 1866.
SEAL
Test. JOS. P. IRELAND,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JAMES L. DAVIS,

late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber *On or before the 4th day of April*, 1867; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 4th day of September, 1866.
GEORGE B. WESTCOTT,
Adm'r. D. B. N. of Jas. L. Davis, dec'd.
Sept. 8, 1866—4t.

FOR SALE OR LEASE,
THREE BUILDING LOTS

IN CHESTERTOWN, on Queen Street, opposite the Protestant Episcopal Parsonage. The Lots are 26 feet front by 60.
July 21, 1866. B. B. PERKINS.

Wool Wanted!
For which the Highest Cash Prices will be paid, by
T. R. STRONG & CO.
Edesville, May 19, 1866.

100 DOZEN PATENT SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS, for sale cheap at Edesville by
July 28. T. R. STRONG & CO.

New Goods.
FANCY SAFES, WATER COOLERS, Egg Beaters, Tea Bells, Gridirons, Beef-Steak Wire Broilers, Patent Freezers, Cake Turners, Tobacco Boxes, Flower Baskets, Galvanized Wire for Clothes Lines.
June 2, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FARMERS, LOOK!

JUST received a lot of BUSHEL CORN BASKETS, and selling at the very low price of 75 cts. each. Give me an early call.
H. W. VICKERS,
Sept. 8, 1866. Cheap Corner.

The Poet.

From the Miami County (Kansas) Argus.

A Mother's Lament.

Oh! why did you die when the flowers were springing,
And winter's wild tempests had vanished away,
When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing,
From the morn to the eve of the beautiful day?
Oh! why did you go when the summer was coming,
And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye;
When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming—
Mary, dear Mary! Oh, why did you die?

My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
My heart was bound up in the life that was gone;
Oh! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
Mary, my darling! why leave me alone?
The primrose, each hedgerow and dingle is studying;
The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
And the woodbine you loved, round your window is budding—
Oh, Mary, dear Mary! why, why did you die?

The harebell is missing your step on the mountain,
The sweet briar droops for the hand that it loved,
And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
That springs in the copse where so often you roved;
The hawthorn's peals fall, as though they were weeping,
Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping—
My darling! my favorite! Oh, why did you die?

The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower,
And the long grass bends glist'ning like waves in the sun;
And from his green nest in the ivy-grown tower
The sweet robin sings till the long day is gone,
On, on to the sea, the bright river is flowing,
There is not a stain in the vault of the sky;
But the flowers on your grave in the radiance are glowing,
YOUR eyes cannot see them, Oh! why did you die?

My darling, I was not alone in my sorrow,
But he whom you loved soon followed his bride;
His young heart could break with its grief, and to-morrow
They'll lay him to rest in the grave by your side.
My darling, my darling, the judgment alighted
Upon the young branches, the blooming and fair,
But the dry, leafless stem which the light'ning hath blighted,
Stands lonely and dark in the sweet summer air.

When the bright silent stars through my window are beaming,
I dream in my madness that you're by my side,
With your long, golden curls on your white shoulders streaming,
And the smile that came warm, your loving heart's tide;
I hear your sweet voice fitful melodies singing;
I wake but to hear the low wind's whisper'd sigh,
And your vanishing tones through my silent home ringing,
As I cry in my anguish, oh! why did you die?

Beloved Mary, you are ever before me—
I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone,
So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er me—
Oh, pray for me! pray at the Almighty's throne!
Oh, pray that the chain of my bondage may sever,
That to thee and our Father my freed soul may fly,
Or the cry of my spirit forever and forever
Shall be—"Oh, Mary, dear Mary! why, why did you die?"

J. J. WRIGHT.

The Effects of Impatience.

Nothing more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man who has indulged his tendency, ever gets to the bottom of things, or knows with any nicety the standing disposition and circumstances of the people he is thrown or has thrown himself, amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of, but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive self, or a train of thoughts, or likings and antipathies—will always come between him and an impartial judgment. Neither does he win confidence, for he checks the coy, uncertain advances which are the precursors of it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart, or be a fair critic, or understand the rights of any knotty question, or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliberating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these,—the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal learnings.—*London Saturday Review.*

The Style of New Bonnets.

A reporter of the Philadelphia North American made a tour among the fashionable milliners of that city, a few days ago, and thus tells us about the "latest style of bonnets."

So small is the new style of bonnet that every lady dressing *en rigeur*, no matter what may be the abundance of her own hair, must reinforce it with from ten to thirty dollars' worth of some one else's. So great, indeed, already is the demand for artificial hair, that a large portion of the water-falls, rolls, frizzes and other appendages, with which an unnatural crop of hair is imitated, are made of silk, or worsted—commonly called mohair.

The fashion of the bonnets for the present year is strikingly peculiar. They are smaller by a good many degrees, than those in vogue during the past. From specimens shown us we reach the conclusion that an elderly lady, disposed to adhere to old fashions, and to desire a bonnet in order to cover her head, must look for something not to be found among fashionable millinery.

There were in the variety we examined nine different sorts of soup-plate or May Queen hats, every one of which was made in velvet. The smallest was a mere square of green velvet, with broad velvet strings covering the ears. A trimming of lace, about an inch wide, depended from the edges. There were three *fac simile* of ears of wheat, and a like number of counterfeit hops, on the front. The price, that we should have guessed to be at most five dollars, was thirty dollars. The bonnet measured six inches and three-quarters by five inches and a half. A slight convexity was all that distinguished it in shape from a small pane of glass.

The next was much like the first, except that the pane of glass ran to a point at the back end; the others were in the shape of small dessert plates, exceedingly small gipsies, and May Queens looking like objects examined through the little end of an opera glass Every one of them points the buyer directly to the dealer in artificial hair. If all the peasant girls of France and Germany were at once to give up their treasures, they could not supply a tithe of the demand made upon them by people who would rather be out of the world than out of fashion.

Purchase a silken cord at the upholsterer's, and it will be seen that the silk is only twisted round the surface—the cord is cotton. Just so, because Eugenie's once magnificent tresses are growing thin, everybody is wearing somebody else's hair, and a big roll or pad of goat's wool or horse hair is artfully covered on the outside with the hair of some Normandy peasant bride, who, through the instrumentality of an inexorable pair of scissors, has brought to her husband a wedding portion. Save waterfall curls, that cannot be made except of human hair, a very large share of the other embellishments, rendered imperative to those who wear fashionable bonnets, are the veriest sham.

The trimmings are as ultra and "radical" as the bonnets themselves. The artificial flower business has received a paralyzing blow. Just as the new fangled style has given impetus to the hair business, it has put a quietus upon that of artificial flowers. For young people turbans will be very much in vogue, and the trimmings upon these will denote the opulence or the extravagance of the wearer.

Of the eight that were shown to us, five were adorned with stuffed humming birds. The gorgeous lilliputians of the feathered tribe that gem a Brazilian lanscape are thus murdered and mounted, to do sentinel duty over the brows of Anglo-Saxon belles. In Paris, from which our obliging informant has just returned, jewelers are mounting these winged opals upon sets of jewelry. They bring prices so extravagant, for the part they have been pressed into as articles of costume, that the modest collector of taxidermal varieties cannot now hope to possess the rarer specimens. One of them, shown to us yesterday, was little larger than a hickory nut, and the brilliancy of his plumage put to the blush the gleam of the Hungarian opal.

The feathers of gay-robed birds this season are in great demand. No more peacock feather dust-brushes, we take it, will for a time be used. From these feathers the "eyes" are cut, and, intermingled with the short feathers from the body of the haughty bird, are glued upon bands of cloth, to margin the turbans that are the fashion in Paris—and of course everywhere else—for girls budding into womanhood. A large box of them was shown to us, of which no two were alike, derived from the plumage of the peacock, peasant, guinea hen, and domestic pigeon, down even to the jet black, untinted crow.

Cat Killing by Lightning.

A troublesome Thomas-cat sorely annoyed a Pittsburg gentleman by breaking his plants, and on a rainy night the gentleman being in his garden near a lot, a flash of lightning revealed to him a pair of eyes peering over the fence at him. Now was the time, he thought, to finish that cat. He approached cautiously with shovel upraised, and awaited the next flash, so that he could take deliberate aim. The lightning again came; he saw the eyes and down went the shovel. Imagine his consternation when he simultaneously heard the piercing screams of a female. The voice was immediately recognized as that of his neighbor, Mrs. ——, who had come out to see what was going on in the garden. Fortunately she was not much hurt, but was saved from serious injury by the fence receiving the weight of the blow. Explanations were made and the parties had a laugh over the ridiculous blunder. The gentleman will henceforth be certain of his "cat in the dark," before he strikes a blow.

From the Steam Press.

Dry Goods Drummer Sold."

The following description, by the hero of a native romance bearing his name, of the manner and tractics of New York dry goods drummers, is a picture that Dickens himself has rarely excelled. The scene succeeds the history of the hero's first acquaintance with a "drummer"—who, mistaking him for a country "dealer," had given him his card on board of a steamboat, taken him to his hotel, sent him his wine, given him tickets to the theatre, and requested him to call at his store in Hanover Square, where (though he didn't say so) it was his intention to turn these courtesies to profitable account. On a bright, pleasant morning, accordingly, our hero visits the store, where Mr. Lummocks, the drummer, receives him with open arms, and introduces him to his employer.

He shook me heartily by the hand, and said he was really delighted to see me.—He asked me how the times were, and offered me a cigar, which I took, for fear of giving offence, but which I threw away the very first opportunity I got.

"Buy for cash, or on time?" he asked

I was a little startled at the question, it was so abrupt; but I replied:

"For cash."

"Would you like to look at some prints, major?" he inquired.

"I am much obliged to you," I answered; "I am very fond of seeing prints."

With that he commenced turning over one piece after another, with amazing rapidity.

"*There*, major—very desirable article—splendid style—only two-and-six; cheapest goods in the street."

Before I could make any reply, or even guess at his meaning, he was called away, and Mr. Lummocks stepped up and supplied his place.

"You had better buy 'em, colonel, said Mr. Lummocks; "they will sell like hot-cakes. Did you say you bought for cash?"

"Of *course*," I replied, "if I buy at all."

He took a memorandum out of his pocket, and looked in it for a moment.

"Let—me—see," said he, "Franco, Franco—what did you say your firm was? Something and Franco, or Franco and Somebody? The name has escaped me."

"I have no firm," I replied.

"Oh, you haven't, haint ye? all alone, eh? But I don't see that I've got your first name down in my 'tickler.'"

"My first name is Harry," said I.

"Right—yes—I remember," said Mr. Lummocks, making a memorandum, "and your references, colonel, who did you say were your references?"

"I have no reference," I replied; "indeed, I know of no one to whom I could refer, except my father."

"What—the old boy in the country, eh?"

"My father is in the country," I answered seriously, not very well pleased to hear my parent called the "Old Boy."

"Then you have no city references, eh?"

"None at all; I have no friends here, except yourself."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Lummocks, apparently in great amazement. "Oh, ho! how much of a bill do you intend to make with us, captain?"

"Perhaps I may buy a vest pattern," I replied, "if you have got some genteel paterns."

"*A vest pattern!*" exclaimed Mr. Lummocks; "what! haven't you come down for the purpose of buying goods?"

"No, sir," I replied; "I came to New York to seek for employment, and as you have shown me so many kind attentions, I thought you would be glad to assist me in finding a situation."

Mr. Lummock's countenance underwent a very singular change when I announced my reasons for calling on him.

"Do you see anything that looks *green* in there?" he asked, pulling down his eyelid with his forefinger.

"No, sir, I do not," I replied, looking very earnestly into his eye.

"Nor in *there*, either?" said he, pulling open his other eye.

"Nothing at all, sir," I replied, after a minute examination.

"I guess *not!* said Mr. Lummocks; and without making any other answer, he turned smartly on his heel, and left me.

"Regularly sucked, eh; Jack?" asked a young man who had been listening to our conversation.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Lummocks; "the man is a fool."

Harry was about to demand an explanation of this strange conduct, when the proprietor came forward and told him that he was not a retailer, but a *jobber*, and advised him, "if he wanted a vest pattern, to go into Chatham street!" The drummer was "sold," instead of his goods.

Extraordinary Answers.

A pupil of Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the merchant of nature, the eye of justice, the watch-maker of the universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons, because he doubts; he deliberates—he decidec. God is omniscient. He never doubts—he therefore never reasons."

Gen. Lee's Application for Pardon--Interesting Correspondence.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Richmond Va:

General—Your communication of date the 13th inst., stating the steps you had taken after reading the President's proclamation of the 29th ult., with the view of complying with its provisions when you learned that, with others, you were to be indicted for treason by the grand jury at Norfolk, that you had supposed that the officers and men of the army of Northern Virginia were, by the terms of their surrender, protected by the United States Government from molestation, so long as they conformed to its conditions; that you were ready to meet any charges that might be preferred against you, and did not wish to avoid trial, but that if you were correct as to the protection granted by your parole and were not to be prosecuted, you desired to avail yourself of the President's amnesty proclamation, and enclosing an application therefor, with the request that in that event it be acted on, has been received and forwarded to the Secretary of War, with the following opinion endorsed thereon:

"In my opinion, the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court House, and since, upon the same terms given [illegible] cannot be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. It is my understanding. Good faith, as well as true policy, dictates that we should observe the condition of that convention.—Bad faith on the part of the Government, or a construction of that convention subjecting the officers to trial for treason, would produce a feeling of insecurity in the minds of all the officers and men. If so disposed they might even regard such an infraction of terms by the Government as an entire release from all obligations on their part. I will state further that the terms granted by me met with the hearty approval of the President at the time, and of the country generally. The action of Judge Underwood in Norfolk has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from the further prosecution of them.

"U. S. Grant, Lieutenant General.

"HEDQUARTERS, ARMIES U. S.,
June 16, 1865."

This opinion, I am informed, is substantially the same as that entertained by the Government. I have forwarded your application for amnesty and pardon to the President, with the following endorsement thereon:

"Respectfully forwarded through the Secretary of War to the President, with the earnest recommendation that this application of Gen. R. E. Lee for amnesty and pardon may be granted him. The oath of allegiance required by recent order of the President does not accompany this, for reason, I am informed by General Ord, the order requiring it had not reached Richmond when this was forwarded.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

Grass Widows and Widowers.

The following has a very wide application, and will be read with a smile of appreciation by both sexes:

HUSBAND TRAVELING—Scene 1: Room, Hotel. Spittoon full of cigar stumps. Bourbon whiskey. All hands equipped for a night's spree. Husband in a hurry to be off, writing:

"*Dear Susie:* My time is so occupied with business, that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. O darling, how I miss you, and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and children. Take good care of yourself, my dear, and feed the baby on one cow's milk. Excuse haste," etc.

WIFE AT HOME—Scene 2: Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass widows. Fred, from around the corner with his violin; Jim, from across the way with his banjo; Jack, from above with his guitar; Sam, from below with his flute; lots of others with their instruments. Dancing and singing; side-board covered with nuts, fruits, cakes, ice-cream, whiskey, &c. Wife, in a hurry to dance, writing to husband:—

"*Dear Hubby:* How lonesome I feel in your absence. The hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking on the time when you will be home and your cheerful countenance light up the now dreary routine of every-day life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living economically as possible, knowing that your small income will not admit of frivolous expenditures. But, now, dear, I will say good-bye, or I will be too late for the monthly concert prayer-meeting. In haste, yours."

A mouse ranging about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, and appealed to a cat to help him out.

The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you up."

The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer.

The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

The cat called on the mouse to come out.

"You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in *liquor* at the time."

By some curious coincidence it appears that the coming year, 1867, has been fixed upon by Mahommedans, Brahmins, and various other sects, as a period in the history of the universe to be marked by some great and marvelous change.

A Mask Story.

One of the principal mask manufacturers of Paris relates the following rather funny anecdote: Some years back he exported a large case of masks to Pondicherry. The vessel stranded on the coast of Africa, and was pillaged by a tribe of savages. At the sight of the masks, which they took for preserved human heads, they uttered a cry of joy, and were about to tattoo them, when the King, who was more wide awake than his subjects, examined the masks with profound respect, and had them distributed to his ministers, who were ordered to wear them on days of great ceremony. Shortly after a French ship cast anchor off the same coast, and the inhabitants invited the captain and crew to land, an invitation which was responded to with evident pleasure; but as the King and his courtiers appeared, with their faces covered with the masks taken from the stranded ship, the Frenchmen were about to take to their heels and regain their ship, had they not been prevented so doing by the captain, who amongst the different masks recognized the well imitated faces of Grassot and Hyacinthe, two very favorite actors of the Theatre du Palais Royal.

Worth Knowing.

A young lady of this city, while in the country, some years ago, stepped upon a rusty nail, which ran through her foot. The inflammation and pain were of course very great and lock-jaw was apprehended. A friend of the family, however, recommended the application of a beet, taken fresh from the garden and pounded, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the crushed beet, changing for a fresh one as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple but effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.—*Philadelphia Post.*

A man, stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: "I think fokes ottent spend their munny fur papur, my daddy didenand everybody say he was the most intelligentest man in the country and held the smartest family of bois that ever dugged taturs."

WHENEVER you are through reading a Democratic newspaper, hand it to your neighbor. See that your Republican friends—deluded as they are—get hold of the truth. A great deal can be accomplished in that way.

A MAN exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a sovereign I have got the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company; "what's your name?"—"Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faix," said Pat, "I had a brother went to prison against his will."

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