The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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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.

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$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All* other cheap machines are *infringements* and the *seller* or *user* are *liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment.* Illustrated circulars sent *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. May 12, 1866—1y

Sept. 22, 1866.
JAMES R. CHANCE & SONS
Old and Popular Stand, The
CHEAP CORNER!

LARGE INVOICE OF GOODS JUST OPENING. *DRY GOODS.*

Invoice of Delaines, Alpacas, Silks, Mourning Goods and Calicoes, AT CITY PRICES!

Invoice of MUSLINS; bleached and unbleached 7-4 and 5-4 Sheeting—cheaper than ever offered.

All wool heavy Flannels, at prices unrivaled.

French and English Ginghams. Ticking & Shirting Stripes, at prices to suit the times.

All wool CASSIMERS, French and English, bought of importers.

Satinets, N. Y. Kersey, all wool heavy Kerseys, bought of manufacturers. Mallalieu and Murphy's Kerseys.

Large and varied Stock of NOTIONS.

Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, Plain and Fancy Hosiery, from the commonest to the best. Gloves, Gauntlets, Hoods, Sontags, &c. Fine assortment of Cologne, Handkerchief Extracts, Hair Oil, &c., at prices ranging much lower. H. W. VICKERS,
Sept. 22, 1866. Cheap Corner.

CAKE TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Iron and Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee and Tea Pots, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lanterns, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store.
May 14 *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

PRODUCE
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION wanted at EDESVILLE, for which the *highest Cash prices* will be paid, by
T. ROMIE STRONG & CO.
December 16, 1865.

Latest Fashions.
FALL MILLINERY AND
Fancy Goods.

MISS SUSAN A. SPARKS respectfully informs her old customers and the ladies generally, that she has just returned from the City with a complete assortment of

Fall MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS,

embracing all the latest Novelties in Bonnets, Ribbons, Velvets, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c. which were selected with great care, bought on the best terms, and will be sold low. An inspection of her Stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

Stamping.—The latest styles and patterns in great variety. Call and see them.
Chestertown, October 13, 1866.

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.

Chestertown
BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county,
SUCH AS
Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact
CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of
Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts,	Kisses,	Raisins,
Currants,	Dates,	Figs,
Prunes,	Citron,	Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.
Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.
WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.
N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

THE POPULAR
CLOTHING HOUSE.
BOYS' JACKETS,
BOYS' COATS,
BOYS' PANTS,
MEN'S FINE CLOTH COATS,
MEN'S SACK COATS,
MEN'S ENGLISH WALKING COATS.
MEN'S FRENCH SACK COATS.
Men's Spring Overcoats,
MEN'S BLACK PANTS.
MEN'S FANCY PANTS.
WE HAVE THE BEST
AND FINEST STOCK OF
MEN'S & BOY'S CLOTHING
IN THE CITY.
Together with a
SUPERIOR STOCK OF
Piece Goods
FOR
CUSTOM WORK,
At Less Than Gold Rates!
Smith Bro's. & Co.,
Marble Hall Clothing House,
40 West Baltimore St.
March 25, 1865—y

NOTICE:
To all Whom it may Concern.

I DESIRE Tax Payers to understand that Taxes are due on the first day of July, and not, as many seem to think, on the first of January. I also desire to collect all the taxes in my District before the first of January next, so that I may be prepared to pay promptly all levies when demanded. It cannot be expected that I should wait with tax payers until the first of January, as at that time all levies upon me are due. This notice is deemed sufficient to show the necessity of prompt payment, and parties need not flatter themselves with long indulgence, as I am determined to collect the taxes within a reasonable time, and will resort to the law in every case where it may be necessary.

I can be found at the Court House, Chestertown, every day.
JOHN W. DUYER,
Collector Second District.
August 18, 1866—tf.

The Poet.

The Fidgety Thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing:
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and pudding just right.
But then, while I eat them, she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toils she endures,
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin—
You should see how the door handles shine,
And all of the soft cushioned chairs
And nicely swept floors are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, or a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors: O, yes!
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffron and squills,
Her dainty-made gruels and soup,
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring,
And she takes the whole charge of my bile,
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself;
My shirts are bleached white as snow;
My old clothes look better than new.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust to my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have read of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to seek,—
Alas! I am meeker than Moses!
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate music to sing,
I submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given,
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in Heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting,
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
But she's such a fidgety thing.

MRS. C. H. GARDNER.

Josh Billings on Laughter.

It never has been proved that any of the animal creation have attempted to laugh, (we are quite certain that none have succeeded,) thus this delightful episode and pleasant power appears to be entirely within the province of humans. It is the language of infancy—the eloquence of childhood—and the power to laugh is the power to be happy. It is becoming to all ages and conditions; and (with the very few exceptions, sacred to sorrow,) an honest, hearty laugh is always agreeable and in order. It is an index of character, and betrays sooner than words. Laughter keeps off sickness, and has conquered as many diseases as ever pills have, and at much less expense. It makes flesh and keeps it in its place. It drives away weariness and brings a dream of sweetness to the sleeper. It never is covetous. It accompanies charity and is the handmaid of honesty. It disarms revenge, humbles pride, and is the talisman of contentment.

Some have called it a weakness, a substitute for thought, but really, it strengthens wit and adorns wisdom, invigarates the mind, gives language ease, and expression elegance. It holds the mirror up to beauty, it strengthens modesty, and makes virtue heavenly. It is the light of life; without it we should be but animated ghosts. It challenges fear, hides sorrow, weakens despair, and carries half of poverty's burdens. It costs nothing, comes at the call, and leaves a bright spot behind. It is the only index of gladness, and the only beauty that time cannot efface. It never grows old; it reaches from the cradle to the grave. Without it love would be no passion, and fruition would show no joy. It is the first and last sunshine that visits the heart; it was the warm welcome of Eden's lovers.

A bet was once made in London, that by a single question proposed to an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, a characteristic reply would be elicited from each of them. Three representative laborers were accordingly called in, and separately asked: "What will you take to run round Russell Square stripped to the shirt?" While the Englishman unhesitatingly answered, "A pint of porter," the humorous response of the Irishman was, "A mighty great cowld!" The man of the North, however, instead of condescending upon any definite "consideration," cautiously replied, with an eye to a good bargain, "What will your honor gi'e me?"

The following is a list of "commemorative weddings": Two years after *the wedding* is the "paper wedding," the fifth anniversary is the "wooden wedding"; the tenth the "tin wedding"; the fifteenth the "crystal wedding"; the twentieth the "china wedding"; the fiftieth the "golden wedding"; the seventy-fifth the "diamond wedding."

Farmers' Column.

From the Maryland Farmer.

Visit to Mr. Ross Winans' Hay and Dairy Farm, and Improved Cow Stables and Dairy.

We had so often heard, from various sources, of the admirable arrangement of this gentleman's Cow Stables and Dairy, located in the southwestern suburbs of this city, and the great fertility of his dairy farm, that we were induced, about the 8th of October last, to make a visit of inspection to the same. We were kindly received by Mr. Winans, who conducted us through the dairy establishment, explaining in detail all its peculiarities and advantages, many of which were certainly new to us. The cows occupied separate stalls, and were by far, the most healthy, contented and cheerful set of milk producers, it has ever been our pleasure to examine. The extreme cleanliness of the entire premises—the apparent contentment of the animals, and their general sleek and glossy appearance, could not but strike the most casual observer. We should presume from what we saw and heard, that this is the most extensive private establishment of the kind in this country, both as to its dimensions and the number of cows kept. After a full and satisfactory examination of the Cow Stables, &c., (a description of which we give below from Mr. Winans' own pen, and which was written for the *Country Gentleman,*) we accompanied him together with Col. R. B. Coleman of the Eutaw House, John Merryman, Nelson Poe and——Shaw, Esqs.—the latter gentleman from Boston—to the valuable estate of Mr. Winans five miles on the Washington turnpike, near the Relay House on the B. & O. R. R. It is bounded for its entire length by the Patapsco River, and comprises 700 acres of land.

Mr. Winans informed us that when he came into possession of these lands they were in a very impoverished condition—and therefore required an energetic and liberal treatment with a view of making proper and prompt returns for the investment. He therefore determined to materially increase the productivenes of the land by liberal applications of stable manure and lime, and to accomplish this, a small steam tug, with half a dozen scows, were called into requisition to convey the manure to his place by way of the Patapsco River. To faciliate this three wharves were erected on the river, from which to discharge the manure, and by this means the expense of hauling was materially lessened. He contracted with the B. & O. R. R., the City Passenger Railway and the Express Companies, for the annual supply of manure produced at their respective stables. These products, together with lots of manure bought at Government sales in Baltimore and Washington, at the rate of 100 to 150, or more loads, per acre, were applied to portions of the tract, together with about 160 bushels of oyster shell lime, per acre. Mr. Winans estimates the cost of the manure used by him $100 per acre—the cost of the manure being equal to the amount of the original purchase money.

Five hundred acres of this tract were purchased by Mr. Winans in the spring of 1862, and 200 in the spring of 1864—since which time it has not been touched by the ploughshare, he depending entirely upon the application of manure as a top-dressing. The production of grass being his exclusive object, to get the lands well set in the same, they were liberally dosed with stable manure, lime and grass seed, and the surface well harrowed and rolled. Where this treatment failed to result satisfactorily the first season, it was repeated the next. Timothy, Red Top and Orchard Grass Seed were the kinds sown—the latter of which now predominates—but considerable White and Red Clover has sprung up, either from seed in the manure or from that which was already in the soil. Blue or June grass has sprung up among the other volunteer grasses that now constitute a portion of the crop—the combination forming one of the most luxuriant and beautiful pastures we have gazed upon for many years. Mr. Winans manifests a decided preference for Orchard Grass, on account, as he maintains, of its withstanding drouth and frosts as well, if not better, than the other sorts. Beside it yields two crops of hay per season, the second crop amounting from a third to a half of the first, except in unusually dry summers. The pasture it affords after mowing is abundant. Its early start and rapid growth in the spring, and after mowing or cropping by cattle, is such that it overtops and gets the ascendancy of most weeds and inferior grasses, and is therefore, more effectual in eradicating weeds than any of the other cultivated grasses. In short, he says, "that Orchard grass, stable manure and the mowing machine, used in conjunction, have proved to be a most complete remedy for the weeds that heretofore infested the Patapsco farm, among which were daisy, running briar, garlic and wild carrot." We heartily concur in this opinion. There cannot be a doubt that Orchard grass is superior to all other cultivated grasses as the basis of Dairy Farming. It is hardy, is indigenious to our soil, stands a drought better than any of the finer grasses, and starts again immediately after the scythe, with fresh life and vigor. The objections usually urged against it are its coarseness and its tendency to bunch; but these objections are readily obviated by heavy seeding. Second only in point of nutrition to Timothy it has yet qualities of its own which render it superior to the latter where meadows are to be kept in pasture.

Grass seed is sown in the Fall of each year, upon every bare spot, and is immediately covered with stable dung, thus keeping up the product and improving the land. He has now nearly the entire tract producing grass, the yield being about three tons per acre, two crops being regularly cut. No cereal or hoed crops are raised by Mr. Winans.

There are on the farm forty-one buildings for storing hay—dimensions 50 by 21 feet—the capacity of each, forty tons. They are all erected on brick foundations or piers, the floors and hay therein being raised about two feet above the earth, allowing free circulation of air—they are well roofed and weather boarded on all sides, which completely shelters the hay. They are situated at various convenient points, with special reference to housing the hay in the shortest possible time after it is cured. The hay is stacked in cocks and allowed to settle—and as soon as dry enough, taken directly from the field on which it was cured, to the storehouse—thus avoiding expense, delay, liability of getting wet, and the absorption of moisture from night air, &c. This, we understood Mr. Winans to say, was his practice.

Mr. Winans has availed himself of improved machinery for mowing, raking and spreading hay by horse power. We noticed several Hay Tedders on the place. The hay getting force is usually employed in cutting and curing hay in the forenoon when the crop is heavy and the grass is in blossom. After cutting it is rarely housed before the third day.

Mr. Winans enthusiastically holds to the Durham or Short-horn breed of cattle for dairy purposes. They are purchasd by him in Kentucky and Ohio, where they are bred in large numbers. Three-year old heifers, he says, of remarkable size and beauty, and at prices that make them more desirable for dairy purposes, can be obtained on more favorable terms than the uncertain supply of inferior descriptions of cows and heifers that are picked up in this market. He believes that the fine three-year old Kentucky Durham heifers, in calf for the first time, at the prevailing prices there say 7 to 7½ cents per pound, is the readiest and cheapest mode of keeping up any considerable number of first class dairy cows, even at this distance.—Three years is deemed the best age to bring a heifer into milking. Her growth at that period has not been checked by earlier calving—the growth too is such as to develope more fully the milk producing organs of the animal, and if this process is assisted and urged forward by high feeding, it lays a surer foundation for the future excellence of the cow. Induced by these considerations, Mr. Winans has secured two lots of heifers, mostly three years old, from the celebrated herd of Mr. Warfield, near Lexington, Kentucky, for the use of his Dairy. Other heifers of similar breed and age have been procured in the West for the same purpose—some 50 or 60 of them have dropped their calves and are now in the stalls giving milk. Young as they are they show a decided superiority over the cows purchased from the country surrounding Baltimore. He accounts for this, measurably, by the farmers sending the most indifferent of their cows to market. There are now about 100 heifers—mostly 3 year olds—of the Shorthorn breed, grazing on the farm, and which are destined for the dairy. There are also a half dozen full blood Durham cows, raising blood pedigree bull calves, together with a number of fine Devon and Alderney bulls. The beautiful pure Shorthorn bull calves, about six months old and under, attracted especial attention. They should be secured at once by some of our enterprising breeders, or they will go into the hands of the butcher.

There are in stalls and giving milk, 190 cows. The daily yield is about 380 gallons, which is sold mostly at 30 cents per gallon to persons who distribute it throughout the city. The average yield daily, per cow, amounts to two and one-tenth gallon, and that too with a majority of the cows scarcely medium quality, and many of them inferior as milkers. During May, June and July last, the production varied from 400 to 440 gallons per day. With the better description of cows now being confined to the stalls, and the inferior sort sold Mr. Winans is quite confident that the daily production will be very materially increased, without increasing the number of stalls, which at present is 220.

The Hay Grinder on the farm is worked by a 15 horse steam power. It is of Mr. Winans own invention, and turns out large quantities of ground hay, which in the manipulation, is separated from all dirt, dust, &c. Mr. Winans describes this machine and its advantages in the subjoined article.

Nature has provided Mr. Winans with a most admirable shelter for his stock—it is a land basin protected on all sides by rising ground and a thick growth of trees, in the centre of which are erected a number of open sheds and troughs, to which the cattle resort in cold weather, for food and shelter.

The enterprise, industry and capital expended on this tract of land has already enhanced its value, we should think, 100 per cent, for from almost a barren waste, and in an incredible short time, he has cleared, enriched, and covered it with a most luxuriant growth of grass, which is now held by many, as "King."

Mr. Winans is as enthusiastic in his new pursuit as he was in his old, when his master mind brought to perfection that wonder of the age, the "Iron Horse"—and although now nearly fourscore years, possesses a mind still vigorous and unimpaired. He has evidently made himself master of the business in which he is engaged, being prompt to give the why and wherefore for all the theories advanced and practices followed, and that too clear and analytical manner. May he live many more years to enjoy the fruits of his well directed intelligence and labor, is the wish that will be heartily echoed by all who know him.

Having spent the greater part of the day in the examination of his field, stock, machinery, &c., and making a circuit of large domain, we turned our horses homeward, and in a short time were again in our dull sanctum—but congratulating ourselves upon the well spent time and the information derived from personal inspection of such admirable improvements.

New Use for Calomel---Doctoring Fruit Trees.

A gentleman of Rochester was lately in Saratoga county, N. Y., and was there shown an apple tree in fine healthy condition, which had been ill, subjected to treatment with calomel and thoroughly cured. This tree was afflicted with insects, which were destroying it and rendering it unproductive. A hole was bored into the body of the tree nearly through the sap, and two grains of calomel inserted As soon as this calomel was taken up by the sap, the vermin on the tree died, and it began to bear fruit and has done so for three years, to the entire satisfaction of the owner. Sulphur may be mixed with the calomel and produce a good effect. This is a fact worth knowing.

A Fish Story.

[From the Erie Dispatch.]

About the strangest thing we ever heard of occurred here on last Friday. Mr. Schoelhurtz, a well known German citizen, went fishing to the lighthouse dock with a couple of friends. Their luck did not seem to be very good, and the interest in the sport naturally began to flag. While Mr. Schoelhurtz was examining his watch, a very fine gold one, his line being left carelessly in the water, a sudden heavy jerk so startled him that, in trying to grasp it with the other hand, he let go of his watch, which struck his knee and bounded off into the water, his line parting at the same instant with a sudden snap.

When nearly back to the starting point, they were overtaken by a fishing boat, and being ashamed of exhibiting their "catch" to their friends, as unlucky fishermen always are, they concluded to buy a few fish, Mr. Schoelhurtz purchasing an eight pounder black bass and three small ones. As he was carrying the fish home, he thought he saw something sticking in its gills, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a fish hook that very much resembled the one he had lost in the afternoon, and it was with a kind of savage joy that he anticipated the pleasure of eating the prime cause of his ill-luck; but strangest of all, upon cutting the fish open, he found his watch, which had not even stopped ticking!

Curious Musical Instrument.

In one of the smaller halls of Boston there is on exhibition a curious musical instrument from Germany, called the orchestrion, like an organ in outward aspect, and like a music box in a cylinder movement, operated by clock-work. On Saturday night the proprietors wound it up, ready to be started at the Monday afternoon concert, but on the intervening Sunday the hall was occupied by a religious society, and the applause which greeted a "Reading from the Poets," in the evening, jarred the instrument so that it began to play. The piece was a waltz, and the audience listened in amazement, the preacher with consternation. No one knew how to stop it, and the obstinate machine went on playing one piece after another in steady succession until some ingenious sympathizer with the interrupted meeting found means to get inside and unhook one of the weights.

Temper Under Control.

It is one of the rich rewards of self-mastery, that the very occurrences which fret the temper of an irritable person, bring relief and satisfaction to him who rules his spirit. The following anecdote of Wilberforce is in point: A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation looking for a dispatch which he had mislaid—one of the royal family was waiting for it—he had delayed the search till the last moment—he seemed at last quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus, when Wilberforce turned to him and said, "What a blessing it is to have these dear children! Only think what a relief, amidst other hurries to hear their voices and know they are well!"

Curious Relationship.

A European friend related the following story:

I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time after my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother.

My father's wife, that is, my step-daughter, had also a son. He was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime, my grand-child, he was the son of my father and my daughter.

My wife was my grand-mother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grand-mother is his grand-father, I was my own grand-father.

Jerrold was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. "Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea," said Jerrold.

The Candle Fish.

Mr. John Lord, an Englishman, who went to British Columbia, as scientific member of the commission appointed to mark the boundary line between British and United States territory, has published in London an account of his travels in a valume entitled "The Naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia." Among his stories is the following account of an extraordinary fish:

"I have never seen any fish half as fat and as good for Artic winter food as the little candle-fish. It is next to impossible to broil or fry them, for they melt completely into oil. Some idea of their marvellous fatness may be gleaned from the fact that the natives use them as lamps for lighting their lodges. The fish, when dried, has a piece of rush-pith, or a strip from the inner bark of the cypress tree (*Thuja gigantea,*) drawn through it, a long round needle made of hard wood being used for the purpose; it is then lighted and burns steadily until consumed. I have read comfortably by its light; the candlestick—literally a stick for the candle—consists of a bit of wood split at one end, with the fish inserted in the cleft. These ready-made sea-candles—little dips wanting only a wick that can be added in a minute—are easily transformed by heat and pressure into liquid. When the Indian drinks instead of burning them, he gets a fuel in the shape of oil, that keeps up the combustion within him, and which is burnt and consumed in the lungs, just as it was by the wick, but only gives heat. It is by no mere chance that myriads of small fish, in obedience to a wondrous instinct, annually visit the northern seas, containing within themselves all the elements necessary for supplying light, heat and life to the poor savage, who, but for this, must perish in the bitter cold of the long dreary winter.

"As soon as the Indians have stored away the full supply of food for the winter, all the fish subsequently taken are converted into oil. If we stroll down to the lodges near the beach, we shall see for ourselves how they manage it. The fish reserved for oil-making have been piled in heaps until partly decomposed; five or six fires are blazing away, and in each fire are a number of large round pebbles to be made very hot. By each fire are four large square boxes, made from the trunk of the pine tree. A squaw carefully piles in each box a layer of fish about three deep, and covers them with cold water. She then puts five or six of the hot stones upon the layers of fish, and when the steam has cleared away, carefully lays small pieces of wood over the stones; then more fish, more water, more stones, more layers of wood, and so on, until the box is filled. The oil-maker now takes all the liquid from this box, and uses it over again instead of water in filling another box, and skims the oil off as it floats on the surface. A vast quantity of oil is thus obtained; often as much as seven hundred weight will be made by one small tribe.

"The refuse fish are not yet done with, more oil being extracted from them. Built against the pine tree is a small stage made of poles, very like a monster gridiron. The refuse of the boxes, having been sewn up in porous mats, is placed on the stage, to be rolled and pressed by the arms and chests of Indian women; and the oil thus squeezed out is collected in a box placed underneath. Not only has Nature, ever bountiful, sent an abundance of oil to the redskin, but she actually provides ready-made bottles to store it away in. The great seawrack, that grows to an immense size in those northern seas, and forms submarine forests, has a hollow stalk, expanded into a complete flask at the root-end. Cut into lengths of about three feet, these hollow stalks, with the bulb at the end, are collected and kept wet until required for use. As the oil is obtained it is stored away in these natural quart bottles, or rather larger bottles, for some of them hold three pints."

A Yoke of Bulls.

On the banks of a rivulet in the North of Ireland, is a stone with the following inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling that road:

"Take notice, that when this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river!" The above inscription is something similar to the famous finger-post which was erected by order of the surveyor of the road some years ago in Kent, England:

"This is a bridle path to Feversham: if you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

The Queen's Arms.

A countryman went to London to see the Queen. "What is she like?" his wife asked. "Loike!" cried the rustic; "why I ne'er was so cheated in all my loife. What dos't think, Margaret? Her arms are loike thoine and moine; although I have heard our exciseman say a score of times her arms were a lion and unicorn."

"Turn out! turn out!" cried a roystering teamster to some one he was meeting, "turn out, or I'll serve you as I did the other man." The stranger in astonishment complied; but when John was nearly opposite, called to him with, "Pray, sir, how did you serve the other man?" "Why, sir," said whip, tipping a wink, "I told him to turn out, and he wouldn't, *so I turned out myself.*"

CURING WARTS.—The following is a newspaper receipe for the curing of warts: Stick a pin under the wart, close down to the flesh; then apply a lamp or even a match to the head of the pin until it heats it so as to raise a blister, and the wart is cured and disappears never to return.

A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy.

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