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The Poet.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS
TO THE
PATRONS OF THE
Chestertown Transcript

January 1st, 1867.

Kind patrons and friends,
"T my Annual call,
To make some amends,
By greeting you all.

A twelvemonth has past,
With shortcomings I fear;
But forget them, I ask,
This happy New Year.

Yes, "A happy New Year,"
My greeting I give;
Nor want may you fear,
So long as you live.

With health, wealth and plenty,
Long, long may you live,
All of three-score-and-twenty,
With grateful hearts to give.

The old year just past,
Has been big with events;
Its good fruits will last—
With its sorrows dispense.

The farmers have reaped,
And with abundance are stored;
With garners well heaped,
They are rich as "my Lord."

The merchant counts gain
By balance-sheets large;
'Tis a very common saying,
"Just wait for my barge."

The country seems to prosper—
How the paper dollars go—
Old Thad's a perfect hot-spur;
Must have his way just so.

Our Congress, it is met
At five thousand a year;
With wisdom may they sit—
No negro may we hear.

Let taxes still diminish;
No war's alarms we fear;
Revolution let us finish,
And Andy Johnson hear.

Our Southern sisters welcome,
With open heart and hand;
Forgiveness is most handsome,
In brothers of one band.

Four years and more
The sword drank deep;
Shall those days again go o'er,
Or in memory shall they sleep.

"The Constitution"—let it stand—
All our rights declare:
Law and liberty, hand in hand,
All foemen we can dare.

Our Legislature soon will meet,
And Maryland reform;
Yankeeism we'll defeat—
Our men are "manor born."

With registers we'll dispense,
A Convention we will call,
Return again to common sense,
With equal laws for all.

And now, my friends, adieu;
I've nothing more to say:
Your subscription all renew,
This happy New Year's day.

The Origin of Friction Matches.

In 1832 a man by the name of Phillips, living in Oakland, Connecticut, invented and patented a match that would ignite by friction. He made them upon a small scale, as his means were limited, put them in tin boxes of one hundred each, and sold them to the inhabitants about, carrying them in a pocket handkerchief. Many persons still recollect the fear and consternation in the minds of the people at the time, lest their houses and barns would be burned by the hand of the incendiary, and many thought that he should be restrained from scattering his fire-brands in the community. Phillips afterwards removed to Springfield, Massachusetts, where he formed a copartnership with a man by the name of Chapin, under the title of "Chapin & Phillips," when they largely increased the production of matches. The first matches were made and dipped singly by hand; afterwards Phillips invented the card matches. Such, in brief, is the early history of this little article which is now considered an indispensable necessity. There must be many persons now living in Hartford who will recollect the red wagon, painted in large letters upon the side, "Friction Matches," as it passed through the streets, drawn by one horse.

☞ Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache.

"No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache, it was the sense we put in it," said Johnson.

"Has sense that effect upon the head?" inquired Boswell.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "on heads that are not used to it."

☞ The keeper of a grocery happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood a moment looking at the fragments, and reflecting on his loss, then turning to his assistant, he cried out:—"Tom, put a quart of water in that old Cognac!"

I'LL CALL AROUND AND PAY.

"What is this?" said Mr. Redwood, as with an indolent, half-indifferent air, he took a folded paper from the hand of a boy. The day was Saturday—the hour, about one.

"Oh, yes—I see!" he added, a moment afterward. "Very well. Say to Barker, I'll call around and pay him. Can't attend to it just now."

Mr. Redwood's fire-proof stood only six feet from the place where he was sitting—the door was wide open—the check-book in sight—and the balance in bank was just four thousand dollars. It would have taken only a slight effort and consumed but two minutes' time for him to have drawn a check for sixty-eight dollars and fourteen cents—the amount of Mr. Barker's bill. But he was in an indolent frame of mind, and it was so much easier to say, "I'll call around and pay," than to rise from his quiet position, and go to all the trouble of writing a check and taking a receipt.

The boy looked disappointed and lingered a moment.

"Did you understand me?" said the merchant, speaking rather sharply.

"Yes, sir; but"—

"But what?"

"It is Saturday, sir—and—and"—

"I didn't inquire of you as to the day of the week," was testily answered.

The boy looked half frightened and went off instantly.

"Saturday indeed!" muttered Mr. Redwood to himself. "A rare piece of information! A bright boy, really! What has Saturday to do with the payment of my shoemaker's bill?"

"Did you get the money from Mr. Redwood?" asked the shoemaker, as the boy came in. His face had an anxious look.

"No, sir. He says he'll call around and pay."

"When?"

"He didn't mention any time," replied the boy.

"Did you tell him that it was Saturday and I had my workmen and workwomen to pay off?"

"I tried to, sir; but it seemed to make him angry; and as he is a good customer—

"Too bad! too bad!" ejaculated the shoemaker, breaking in upon the boy's words. "Call around and pay! Why didn't he send the money? That would have been easier."

Rising from his bench, the shoemaker went to his little unpainted pine desk, on which was an old square cork ink-stand, and the stump of a quill five inches long which was dignified by the name of a pen, and took therefrom a package of bills.—He went over them twice before selecting one, for there seemed but little promise for that day in any of them.

"Take this to Mr. Glenn," said he to his boy, "and tell him that he will particularly oblige me, if he will let me have the money. Say that I would not trouble him again, but it is Saturday, and I have my workmen to pay."

The boy was gone nearly half an hour. Mr. Glenn's store was in a distant part of the town, though his family for which Mr. Barker worked lived in the neighborhood. A dozen times before he came back had the anxious mechanic paused in his work and fixed his eyes upon the door, hoping for his boy's return. At last he came in.

"Well, Andrew, what success?" He tried to speak cheerfully.

"Mr. Glenn says he will call round and pay."

The shoemaker's countenance fell. He let his eyes drop to the work in his lap, and bent his face downward so that its expression might be partly concealed from the boy.

"Did you say that he would oblige me particularly by settling the bill, as it was Saturday, and I had my workmen to pay?"

"Yes, sir; but he turned off, saying he didn't wish to hear anything more from me."

Barker sighed, and for some moments sat very still upon his bench. Then rising slowly he referred again to his package of unsettled bills.

"Suppose you try Mr. Whaton again."

The boy shook his head, remarking, with some familiarity of manner,

"Poor chance there! He's been going to call round and pay these three months."

"When did you see Mr. Winton?" asked the shoemaker.

"Last week."

"What did he say?"

"That he would call around."

"Call around! It's only a get off! I'm out of all patience!" And the perplexed shoemaker grew excited. They're all eager enough to get their work, and sharp-spoken enough if it isn't ready to the minute. But when it comes to paying, the matter is of too little consequence to claim their attention. Ah! here's Mayberry's account!" He had been running over the bills as he talked. "Didn't he promise to settle to day?"

"Yes, sir, I think he did," replied the boy.

"Very well. Hurry round to his store and catch him before he goes to dinner."

The lad started off with his usual alacrity and Barker sat down to work again and wait.

"No money?" The shoemaker read disappointment in the boy's face.

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Mr. Mayberry said he had just deposited everything for the day, and that he couldn't draw a check for so small an amount. Would pay on Monday.

A thin, pale, weary-looking woman opened the shop door at this moment and came in. She carried a basket on her arm, from which she took a bundle of "uppers" that she had taken to close and bind.

"Here is the work, Mr. Barker," she said in a dejected voice. "I hope you will find it all right. They would have been ready two days ago but my husband is very sick, and I've had to be up with him all night for three nights."

The shoemaker did not see the quality of the work, as he took the "uppers" from the woman's basket and made a show of examining them. He was only thinking of the woman's need and her expectations. She had performed her part, but not a single dollar had he in the house, and how was he to perform his part?

"How is your husband to-day?" he asked, kindly, showing more than usual interest, for he felt that he had little more than sympathy to give.

"Not so well," replied the woman. "I have run down for a few minutes, and left him alone, quite as much to get the money for my work as to bring it home. The doctor has ordered a little wine, and I must get it for him, if it takes all I have earned this week."

"How much does your work come to?"

"Two dollars," answered the woman.

The shoemaker went to his desk, and opening it, took out his little cash-box and made a pretence of disappointment as he turned it toward the woman. It did not contain a single copper. Then he drew forth an old pocket-book and examined every compartment, but with no better success.

"You are a little too early, Mrs. Blythe, he said, smiling, yet regretfully, a little too early. I haven't received my collections for the day. Shall I send you up the money?"

The woman sighed and looked very much disappointed.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Blythe,"—the shoemaker did not manifest the slightest impatience, for he understood the case perfectly, "but we find it very hard, sometimes, to get in our bills. I've had Andrew running round all the morning, and he hasn't collected a single dollar so far. It is strange how little rich men think of their obligations to us poor mechanics, who live, nearly all the while, from hand to mouth. If I could always get in my small bills, I would be very comfortable. As it is, I am always in trouble about money."

Mrs. Blythe stood very still and answered not a word. It was hardly possible for her to leave her husband again, and moreover, she had promised to bring him home the wine.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Blythe," repeated the shoemaker: "but what is, can't be helped."

"True, true. I learned that long ago," said the woman, with a half-despairing sigh. "The lessons of poverty sink deeply enough into the memory."

"I will send you up the money in the course of an hour or two. Andrew is going out with some bills. I will not trouble you to call down again as your husband is so ill."

Still Mrs. Blythe lingered. How could she return to her sick, exhausted husband, without the wine that was to send through all the courses of his blood a quickening spirit! She had felt as if this wine was to be to him the very elixir of life; and since it had been mentioned by the doctor, she had seen that her husband's thought was resting upon it, to the exclusion of everything else. To go home without it, therefore, was a serious thing, and might involve evil consequences; for his condition was one of extreme prostration, and the lightest cause might destroy the even balance of his life just attained, and throw a preponderance upon the wrong side.

Slowly, at length, she moved toward the door.

"You will send up the money, Mr. Barker, right soon," she said, turning partly around and looking back at the troubled shoemaker.

"The moment I receive it. Andrew is going out with some bills immediately."

The door opened noiselessly; with noiseless steps a drooping figure went out, and noiselessly the door was shut again. The only sense that took record of the circumstance was that of sight.

Mr. Redwood, the merchant, who thought his shoemaker's bill of so little consequence that he would not take the trouble to write a check in order to cancel it, left his store some two hours after the visit of Andrew, and started home to his late dinner. On his way he passed a wine store, and dropped in to order a case of choice Amontillado, the flavor of which he had tried and approved.

"Send it home within an hour. I wish a bottle for my dinner," said Mr. Redwood, as he took out his pocket-book to pay for the wine.

"It shall be done," was the ready answer.

As the merchant replaced his pocket-book, and was buttoning his coat over his breast, a poorly-dressed, worn, and feeble-looking woman came into the store, and walked back, with an air of timid irresolution to where the two men—the wine-dealer and his customer—were standing.

"Well, what's wanted?" said the wine-dealer, in a short, imperative voice.

"My husband is very low, and the doctor has ordered him some wine." The woman's sad, pleading tone, made it very apparent to the dealer that she had come to beg, and not to buy.

"Has he, indeed!" The voice of the wine-dealer was half insulting.

"I failed to get the money for my work, and I cannot go home without the wine. Oh! sir, if you will trust me for a bottle, I will certainly come and pay you! The money is earned, and it is promised this afternoon!"

The wine-merchant laughed, sneeringly, as he made answer:

"It won't do, my good woman. The trick is too stale."

"But, sir—"

The urgency of the case made Mrs. Blythe importunate.

"There—there! That will do! Go now!" and the wine-merchant waved his hand toward the door, impatiently. Mrs. Blythe turned and went away, not speaking another word. The eyes of Mr. Redwood were on her pale, thin face, and he saw there an expression that haunted him, as we are sometimes haunted by a face in a picture, for many days afterwards.

"A common dodge!" said the wine-merchant, in a vulgar way, as the woman passed into the street. "If I had given her the bottle of wine, she would have been as drunk as a beast in half an hour."

Mr. Redwood, in whose memory that parting look of Mrs. Blythe had daguerreotyped itself, thought differently; but he gave no utterance to his thoughts.

"That woman's story was a true one," he said to himself, as he passed on his way homeward. "I wish I had asked her residence;" and he looked carefully all around him, up and down the street, with a kind of vague hope of seeing her. But, already too long away from her exhausted husband, she had hurried back to him with almost flying feet.

"O, Mary!" whispered a feeble voice, as she leaned over the bed, "how long have you been away! I feel very faint—very faint! Have you got the wine?"

Only the bitter wine of sorrow, crushed out from an almost breaking heart, had she brought for her husband, and as a few drops fell upon his face, she whispered back huskily:

"Mr. Barker could not pay me for my work. But he will send the money in an hour or two, and then I will get the wine.

A feeble sigh fluttered the breast of the sick man; his lids droped until the lashes lay in two dark lines upon his bloodless cheeks; while a more death like hue overspread his countenance.

"Edward! Edward! Oh, Edward! husband!"

Slowly the eyes of the sick man opened, but closed again, heavily, without sending forth a beam of intelligence.

The poor woman's strength was all gone. Sinking into a chair, she leaned over upon the bed, and laid her face against that of her husbond. Its coldness chilled her to the heart. Already the death-damps were breaking through the relaxing pores. A moment she tried to arouse herself to a new effort. But hope had died, and the leaden pall of despair was on her spirit.

"Mrs. Blythe!"

It was the voice of Andrew, the shoemaker's boy.

"Mrs. Blythe!" His hand was upon her arm, but she stirred not.

Mrs. Blythe! I have brought you the money for your work. And Mr. Barker has sent a bottle of wine for Mr. Blythe."

The voice and words together penetrated the shut door of the woman's senses, and partly arousing herself, she murmured, as a fuller consciousness returned:

"Too late! too late!"

A thrill of horror went through the boy's frame, as bending over, his eyes rested upon the ashen face of a man wearing the ghastly image of death.

How little dreamed the well to do merchant of a scene like this, as he sipped his delicately flavored sherry, and remarked upon its quality. Of a scene like this, which an easy act of justice, on his part, in the simple payment of a bill, might have prevented! Once, as he looked at the crystal wine, holding his glass to the light, the countenance of the poor woman he had seen at the wine-merchant's seemed to glare at him as if reflected from a mirror. But the unpleasant vision faded in a moment. Between that despairing countenance and his failure to pay a trifling bill, he recognized no possible relation of effect and [illegible] gives utterance to the following valuable secret:

"This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for."

Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., Dec. 11, 1866.

A large number of the ladies of this county have organized themselves into a body called "The Spotsylvania Ladies' Memorial Association;" the object of which will be to rescue from neglect and desecration the remains of those who offered up their lives in behalf of the "Lost Cause." It is intended, as far as possible, to identify and remove the remains of the Confederate dead who are buried in this and adjoining Counties, to a Cemetery, the site of which has been selected, and it is desired to make their last resting-place worthy of the precious dust it shall contain, and of Virginia, who will guard with jealous care the dead sons of her bereaved sisters, still suffering from the desolations of a cruel war. We are compelled to appeal for aid for the furtherance of our object, to the patriotic and generous friends of the South, feeling that each one will esteem it a duty and a privilege to shield from obliteration the graves of those who went from their own State—it may be from their own homes. Remembering with pride what Southern women have accomplished in the dark, sad past, we have assurance that our appeal in behalf of our pious work will not be in vain. Any lady by paying an annual subscription of twenty-five cents may become an active member of this Association. Any person may, by the payment of an annual subscription of $1 or upwards become an Honorary, and any one paying $25 or upwards at any one time, may become a Life member of this Association. Any Society of kindred character may become auxiliary to this upon contributing not less than $100 to its funds, and shall be entitled to representation on the basis of two representatives to every $100 so contributed.

Mrs. Dr. A. J. BOULWARE, President.

Mrs. John R. Samuel, Vice President; Miss Emilly Browne, Recording Secretary; Miss E. C. French, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. R. C. Dabney, Treasurer.

Executive Committee.—Dr. Wm. S. Alsop, Dr. F. J Haucock, James L. Frazer, R. C. Dabney, John A. English, John L. Andrews, Ira D. Lipscomb, Jos. Sanford.

☞ Direct to—Fredericksburg, Va., Spotsylvania L. M. A.

At a meeting of the "Ladies Memorial Association of Spotsylvania," held Dec. 11th, 1866,

On motion, it is resolved, That Col. R. C. Johnson, Samuel J. Corbaly and Miss Mary A. Riley, of Cecil Co., Md., be and are hereby appointed Collectors in our behalf, and that all persons on the Eastern Shore wishing to contribute for the benefit of this Association be requested to do so through them.

A. J. BOULWARE, President.

Attest: Emilly Browne, Recording Secretary.

☞ Cecil Democrat, and other papers friendly to the above object, please copy.

The Bamboo.

We have seen useful trees in this country, but none that will compare with the Bamboo, of the East. The following interesting account of the various purposes to which it is made servicable, is taken from *Chambers Journal*. The article may suggest to our readers some methods of turning our own trees to better account:

If trees took rank according to usefulness, the bamboo might fairly claim the crown of the vegetable kingdom. Tried by the test of utility to man, there is no plant the earth produces worthy to enter into competition with it. The Chinese say, the bamboo is all profit. Seasoned with chillies, its tender young root make a favorite sambal of the malay, sliced and boiled, they are served at the tables of the wealthiest Japanese, and when salted, dried, and prepared in vinegar, they make a pickle ever welcome to the Siamese gourmand. As the plant grows older, a fluid is secreted in its hollow joints which affords a refreshing beverage, and if it is allowed to remain untapped, the valuable medicine tabischeer—said to resist alike fire and acids—is produced. The leaves of the bamboo are reckoned a sovereign remedy for sore throat, as the bark is all powerful against fever, and other useful medicaments are obtained from its buds and roots.

Entire houses are constructed out of the bamboo, the stouter parts of the tree supplying ready turned pillars, while the slender joints are combined together to form the walls. Split into lathes and beaten out, it makes an excellent flooring, and for the roof, the canes are arranged side by side across the building with their concave side uppermost to catch the rain, the edges of these are covered with another row, with the convex side outward and thus the roof is rendered perfectly water-tight. Should the householder be lucky enough to own the land surrounding his domicile, a bamboo palisade forms his best protection against intruders, whether quadruped or biped. Does he want to bring the waters of the neighboring river into his services for domestic purposes, in the hollow stems of the bamboo he has pipes ready to his hand; pipes easily converted into gutters and spouts, to get rid of the water he does not want. Then, inside this bamboo house will be found chairs to sit upon, benches to recline upon, pillows to rest the head upon, and mats to put the feet upon—all and each of the same material as the tube through which their owner inhales the fragrant weed at home, and the cane he leans upon, as he takes his walks abroad, with a bamboo basket on his arm, a bamboo hat upon his head, and possibly bamboo splints at his finger-ends to protect his long uncut nails.

The tea crops of the inland districts of China find their way to the seaports upon the shoulders of the coolies. The strong bamboo canes are fastened to the sides of the load, their ends resting on the shoulders of the carriers. When the load is too much for four men, room is made for any additional number of bearers, by joining shorter bamboos to a cross-piece fixed to the ends of the longer canes. The palanquins of the mandarins are borne through the streets in a similar manner, just as the sedan-chairs used to be carried through London thoroughfare in the days our great-grandfathers. The bamboo is applied to transit purposes in many other ways.—"The cany wagons light" of Milton are still used in Cathy; the Diak propels his light canoe by means of the bamboo; the river rafts of the Chinese are made of nothing else; and give a Hindoo boat-builder three pennyworth of bamboo, and he will turn out a four-tun vessel, with mast and sails complete.

The Japanese separate the heads of their corn from the stalks by beating it over a bamboo grating, which, having a sharp edge, cuts off the grains at every stroke, leaving them to fall through the grating to the ground; or after being thrashed with a bamboo flail, the grain is sifted with a bamboo seive.

When about to erect a house, the first proceeding on the part of a Chinese builder is the raising of a strong but light scaffolding of bamboo, and inside this the house is built up. When a building is to be pulled down, the bamboo is again called into requisition; the roof having been taken off each of the end walls is attacked by a party of coolies, who fix their bamboo as high up the wall as possible, and push steadily together till it topples over with a loud crash and a smothering dust. This process is often performed at a fire in order to stay the progress of the destroyer. The Cantonese possess a fire engine, but for all that, still press the bamboo into service, the hose being held over the people's heads on long bamboos, and by their agency carried quickly to any desired spot. The watch-towers, too, from whence the police discern the whereabout of a fire as soon as it breaks out, are merely skeletons of bamboo. Lieutenant-Colonel Fisher bears witness to the ingenuity of the Chinese bamboo workers and the strength of their work when done. When a verandah was required for an English mess room, it was some time before the bamboo worker could be made to comprehend exactly what was wanted. At last he was told to make "one piecy makey walkey topside, makey look see;" and the verandah soon proved that this extraordinary specimen of the English language was intelligible enough to him. The Chinese man of letters writes with a bamboo pen upon paper of the same material; the musician extracts sounds sweet to Chinese ears from bamboo instruments, and the artist is indebted to the same source for his brushes.

Beside serving so many uses in commerce, industry and art, the bamboo performs its part in warlike operations, supplying lances, bows, and those wonderful grotesque shields with which the braves of the Celestial Empire seek to frighten their foes. The earliest attempt in the way of cannon on the part of the Chinese was a weapon of bamboo. In the war of '58, one of the Sepoy regiments was startled by a tremendous shower of rockets falling into their encampment at night, and killing a commissariat sheep. Next morning, a party was dispatched across the creek in search of the battery, and succeeded in capturing a number of novel machines, consisting of stout bamboos lashed together, which had evidently been used for the discharge of the rockets that had caused such commotion among the guardians of the government stores. The bamboo did good service on our side in the hands of the coolies acting as a land transport corps, and earned them the popular designation of the "Bamboo Rifles;" while on the other hand, its employment in the shape of stakes driven deep in the mud before the forts of Taku, cost England the lives of many brave men, and entailed an expensive campaign to obliterate the memory of an untimely disaster.

There are several species of bamboo, but according to Mr. Fortune the best and most beautiful is the Mow-chock, which largely cultivated in the central and eastern provinces of China. The stems of this handsome tree are straight, smooth, and clear, attaining a height from sixty to eighty feet in a very short space of time, for it grows at the rate of two or two and a half feet in twenty-four hours. This useful giant has been introduced into India, and may, in time, supercede the inferior descriptions of bamboo, and give the Hindoo one more reason to venerate the name of Robert Fortune.

Never Get Angry.

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort, but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool in the eyes of others too. An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passions make him a fire-brand and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often void of reason, he speaks like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged in at all?

☞ Artemus Ward boasts that his family is descended from the Puritans who nobly fled from a land of despotism to a land of freedom, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoying his.

A Doctor's Dilemma.

Dr. Lemonie is one of the most courtly and affable of Paris physicians. A few days ago he was called upon by an athletic, ruddy personage, who certainly seemed in no individual need of the distinguished doctor's advice; the latter, too, in kind effort to reassure his embarrassed visitor, addressed him with his usual politeness and condescension.

"Monsieur, I am the proprietor of a menagerie," said the square-shouldered man, "and one of my children is sick——"

"Exactly, my friend. Of what nature is the disease?"

"He ran a splinter into his thigh; it is very ugly, monsieur, but I am rich enough to pay well."

"Very well, my man," replied the doctor, unable to suppress a smile at the simplicity of his visitor, "we will talk of that after awhile. Tell me exactly what is the matter with your child."

"Monsieur, the splinter has festered in his thigh, and he will let no one touch it, he is headstrong—for all he is very gentle. It will be necessary, I know, to perform a slight operation—but he is so violent and headstrong about it."

"Leave his violence to me. How old is he?"

"Four years only. But I am afraid he will bite or scratch you if you attempt to touch it. You must administer chloroform."

"Not at all, my good man. Your child cannot be very dangerous in the exercise of his temper if he is only four years old."

"But he is very large for his age——"

"No, no; I will go with you to see your boy. It were folly to administer chloroform in such a case."

"But, monsieur, you do not know him so well as I," continued the man, importunately. "I pray, I beseech you to take chloroform, all the same in case you should need it."

To dispel the anxieties of the nervous athlete, Dr. Lemoine carried with him the required anæsthetic, and, after a short course in a *voiture* arrived at the house of the beast-tamer. Entering a room adjoining the exhibition arena, which was half kitchen and half stable, the doctor looked around for the suffering patient.

"I have put him up stairs, doctor, where the poor fellow would be undisturbed by the performances. Ascend with me, please.

They mounted a half ladder, half staircase, to a kind of loft. The doctor having entered, the showman followed, and, closing the door behind him, quickly locked. The former, turning in some surprise at this strange proceeding to his conductor, was saluted with a low growl from the extreme corner of the room. He then fixed his attention upon the source of this unkindly greeting, and descried a full grown lion slowly approching them, with an unquestionably wicked and menacing snarl upon his countenance! The *dompteur* (beast-tamer) grew pale; and when he addressed some soothing brute language to the animal, his voice trembled. The doctor was not ghastly pale, but was covered with a cold sweat.

"For God's sake, doctor, be quick!" whispered the beast-tamer, hoarsely; "he is ugly to-day!"

Still showing his white teeth, the lion slowly crouched in that attitude which the physician had so often observed the same species assume, preparatory to a spring, in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plants. He had need then of self-possession, and, collecting all his energies, he dashed the chloroform which he held, in the animal's face. The latter recoiled, and in a second after began to droop under the effects of the drug. This enabled a still further administration of it, till he was stretched powerless before them. The operation required was then made upon the wound, and the proper restoratives applied.

Neither doctor nor showman spoke a word until they had descended the steps, and stood safely in the room below.

"Monsieur," said the *dompteur*, "you have saved, by your wonderful presence of mind, a life whose value is incalculable to me. Permit me to give you your fee."—And he handed the other a hundred franc note.

"Thank you, Mons. Domteur," replied the physician, receiving the satisfactory fee, "and when you again have need of my services for a similar case, I pray you——"

"I will certainly call you in."

"No, no—to summon some other member of the profession."

Buckwheat Cakes.

Hall's Journal of Health says buckwheat cakes, properly baked, are very healthy and nutritious. They should be put on the soapstone griddle, over a good fire and turned once only, and the sooner they are eaten after baking, the better and healthier they are. When turned over more than once, like wheat cakes, they are spoiled, and instead of being the most nutritious of food, become the most indigestible.—Some housewives, not knowing this fact—which is really a chemical one—spoil this favorite food. Soapstone griddles require no grease and never burn the cakes.

A Temperance League.

A large number of members of Congress it is announced, have signed a call for the formation of a Congressional Temperance League, among the names being found the Illinois delegation. It is said to be the intention of the league, immediately after organization, to invite the co-operation in the movement of the various State Governors and Legislatures.

An Irishman took off his coat to show a terrible cut which he had received a few years before. Not being able, however, to find the wound, he suddenly remembered it was on 'brother Bill's arm.'

☞ To deserve [illegible] obtained, is [illegible] when [illegible]

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