The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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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. ☜

PATRONIZE
HOME INSTITUTIONS!

WE would respectfully inform our customers, that they are no longer under the necessity of going North or East to lay in their supplies of Stoves and Hollow ware, as they can be accommodated at the

BALTIMORE
Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Argicultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved OLD DOMINION, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our GEM AND GAS BURNER FIRE PLACE STOVES, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by

BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

They also put up in good order the celebrated *PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER*, which is of Central Draught, runs easy for four horses, and will cut from 25 to 30 acres per day; it cuts a 6 ft. 6 in. swath, and can have a MOWER attached in a few minutes. It gives general satisfaction, as has been certified to by many able farmers of Kent and Cecil counties.

They also build HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS, of modern style, which in good wheat will thresh and clean from 4 to 6 hundred bushels per day.

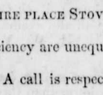
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made [illegible] this State.

Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired to order, and in good style.

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 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.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by
May 14, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE

BERGER & BUTZ'S
EXCELSIOR
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
AND
BERGER & BUTZ'S
AMMONIATED
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF
Lime.

Farmers and Dealers

ARE respectfully referred to the above FERTILIZERS as being prepared in the best manner, thoroughly reliable, and in every way calculated to give universal satisfaction.

They are extensively known, having been used with great success during the past six or seven years.

Read the following opinion of one of the best Chemists of this country:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
No. 108 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA,
April 10th, 1866.

During the last five years I have been in frequent consultation with Mr. George M. Woodward, Manufacturer of Messrs. *Berger & Butz's* artificial manures, in regard to the preparation of their Super Phosphate of Lime, etc. The materials used in these Fertilizers, are in all cases subjected to my examination and analyses before purchase. Being fully acquainted with their formula and methods of manufacture, I can assure those interested in the purchase and sale of Fertilizers, that their "*Excelsior*" and "*Ammoniated*" Super Phosphate of Lime are of such a character, as must render them of great value to the farmer, and place them amongst the best *Fertilizers* now in the market.

F. A. GENTH.

We guarantee these Fertilizers to be Unadulterated.

By the introduction of
NEW AND IMPROVED
MACHINERY
into our Factory, these articles will be much better prepared than formerly.

R. J. RUTH & Co.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 16 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ For sale by
THOS. DEC. RUTH, Chestertown;
THOS. D. BURGESS, Grey's Inn Creek;
JAMES SHUSTER, Buck Neck;
R. T. TURNER, Betterton;
JOHN CARSON, Crumpton.
Baltimore, June 30, 1866—y.

$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

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
214 West Baltimore Street,
Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 21, 1865—y

Notice.

WM. SIMPSON, Chestertown, Md., is prepared to do all descriptions of
SCOURING AND DYEING,
at short notice and at low rates.
Soft Felt Hats,
DYED, CLEANED and TRIMMED, and made as good as new. Also, *SCOURING and DYEING* of GENTLEMEN and LADIES' CLOTHING, Coats, Pants, Vests, &c.
Chestertown, June 9, 1866—7m.

Wool, Wool.
CHAS. W. WARREN,

AT KENNEDYVILLE, is now receiving WOOL in the *Fleece* and *Washed*, and is paying the highest market price per pound.
June 2, 1866.

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

EXTENSIVE Manufacturers and Importers of *GOLD, PLATED AND ORIDE JEWELRY, Solid and Nickel SILVER WARE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND SWISS WATCHES,* Cased by ourselves, and every description of FANCY GOODS AND YANKEE NOTIONS, especially adapted and designed for Southern and Western Trade.

Circulars and full descriptive Price Lists sent free.

Agents wanted everywhere. Address,
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,
51 DORRANCE STREET,
Nov. 10, 1866—3m. Providence, R. I.

The Poet.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The "Curse of O'Kelly" is often alluded to; yet very many, we think, have not yet read it. Carmac O'Kelly, the celebrated Irish harper, went to Doneraile, in the County of Cork, where his watch was pilfered from his fob. This so roused his ire that he celebrated the people in the following unexampled "string of curses:"

Alas! how dismal is my tale:
I lost my watch in Doneraile:
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers in Doneraile;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile;
As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to hell with Doneraile;
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile;
May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,
Be never found in Doneraile,
But garlic soup and skurvy kale
Be still the food for Doneraile,
And forward as the creeping snail
Industry be at Doneraile.
May Heaven a chosen curse entail
On ragged, rotten Doneraile;
May sun and moon forever fail
To beam their lights on Doneraile;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile;
May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail
Be ever heard in Doneraile;
May patriots, kings, and commonweal
Despise and harass Doneraile;
May every post, gazette, and mail
Sad tidings bring to Doneraile;
May vengeance fall on head and tail,
From north to south of Doneraile;
May profit small and tardy sale
Still damp the trade of Doneraile;
May fame resound a dismal tale
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile;
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail
To thin the knaves at Doneraile;
May frost and snow and sleet and hail
Benumb each joint in Doneraile;
May wolves and bloodhounds race and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile;
May Oscar with his fiery flail
To atoms thrash all Doneraile;
May every mischief, fresh and stale,
May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile;
May neither flour nor oatmeal
Be found or known in Doneraile;
May want and woe each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile;
May no one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile;
May all the thieves who rob and steal
The gallows meet in Doneraile;
May all the sons of Gramaweal
Blush at the thieves at Doneraile;
May mischief big as a Norway whale
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile;
May curses whole and by retail
Pour with full force on Doneraile;
May every transport wont to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile;
May every churn and milking pail
Fall to dry staves in Doneraile;
May cold and hunger still congeal
The stagnant blood of Doneraile;
May every hour new woes reveal
That hell reserves for Doneraile;
May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps at Doneraile;
May th' inquisition straight impale
The rapparees of Doneraile;
May curses of Sodom now prevail
And sink to ashes Doneraile;
May Charon's boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned from Doneraile,
Oh! may my couplet never fail
To find new curse for Doneraile;
And may grim Pluto's inner jail
Forever groan with Doneraile!

Farmers' Column.

From the Maryland Farmer.

Fruit Culture as a Specialty--its Advantages in Maryland.

We learn that movements are now on foot in this State for extending largely the cultivation of fruit. Several farms, well situated, have recently been bought for this particular purpose. So far as the parties are known to us, they are men of energy, and have the capital sufficient to make this new enterprise a success. We do not speak of planting out extensive peach orchards merely; but of the finer and smaller fruits. These latter have been greatly neglected with us, the reason being that for many years the market demand was simply confined to fruits for preserving at home, and for immediate domestic use. The introduction and wide dissemination of canned fruits, have created a revolution in this respect, and there is not now, at any time, a supply that is at all adequate to meet the annually increasing wants of the trade. For the prosecution of this new branch of business, Maryland is happily and peculiarly situated. The climate and soil are alike well adapted for producing all the tenderer and choicer fruits in perfection, and whilst the preparation of these in hermetically sealed vessels, employs the summer and autumn months; in winter the oyster packing business comes in to fill up the work of the year. In no other State can these processes be combined so advantageously; for, in no other, is the supply of fruits in their season, and also of oysters after the fruit season is over, to be had. It would be difficult to estimate the value of the fruits, vegetables and oysters put up in Baltimore annually. Roughly, we may state that it amounts to millions of dollars. It has been quite a profitable business thus far, and its only drawback lies in a deficient supply of the various fruits that are required to be canned for export and for sale in the interior. The late war created a great demand for these luxuries They were not only used liberally in the hospitals, but found their way into the sutlers' booths and were thus distributed through the camps. It was thought by many that when the war was over the demand would measurably cease. The case turned out to be the very reverse. The soldiers released from service, many of whom had never made the acquaintance of canned fruits before, carried with them the new tastes they had acquired, to their remote country homes, and a large demand sprung up for these articles in places where they had not penetrated before. The increase of the business was further stimulated by the extraordinary inflation of the currency, and the consequent freedom with which money was spent. Last season, we believe, was not so favorable for dealers; but the business is, nevertheless, one that has now become established on a permanent basis, and every year there will be new openings found for extending it, whereby the demand upon fruit growers will be increased. The ten Southern States, although grievously exhausted by the recent war, cannot remain for many years in their present prostrate condition, and when they are once more suffered to pursue their avocations in peace an immense demand for canned oysters and fruits will spring up there; from the relations which Maryland holds towards the South, and from her superior facilities for carrying on the business, nearly, if not quite the whole of this particular branch of trade will concentrate in Baltimore. We certainly do not wish to exaggerate when we say that in no State of the Union do we believe there is so fine a field for enterprise in the matter of fruit growing as in Maryland. The business as a specialty—if we except peach growing—is quite a new one with us, and those who first embark in it, on a scale commensurate with their means, may, with judgment and proper economy reasonably expect to derive a large income from their labors. Apart from this, a well-established fruit farm would add very largely to the value of the property on which it may be situated, and would, at any time, command a ready sale. The business is a pleasant one, and in skilfull hands, can undoubtedly be made quite lucrative. It is only within easy distance of a market, by land or water, that it can be carried on; so that competition, in view of the demand which has sprung up, and of the restrictions imposed upon the culture of fruits at remote points, can never reduce the price so low that fruits cannot be grown to a profit. Certainly, for many years yet to come, those who now enter upon this business of fruit growing may safely calculate on commanding remunerate prices for all they can send to market, and we feel confident that the demand will fully keep pace with the supply.

Curing Lamb Skins.

A correspondent in the *Country Gentleman* recommends the following method:

As soon as the skin is taken from the animal, stretch it tightly on a board; then before it begins to dry, I apply an equal mixture of fine salt and alum, thoroughly pulverized together, until the skin is slightly whitened by the mixture. I then take no further notice of the skins until I want them for use, (which is always a few weeks from the time of applying the mixture.) I then take them and thoroughly wash them in warm soap-suds, let them dry moderately, and just before they are fully dry, rub them soft with my hands. After rubbing, they are soft and pliable as a kid glove, and will continue so.

Rules of the Road.

There are many "rules of the road," of which passengers oftentimes appear quite ignorant. The following should be remembered, based as they are on legal decisions: Applicants for tickets on railroads, who do not offer the exact amount of change, can be ejected from the cars. Conductors are not obliged to make change. "Good for this day only" on a ticket amounts to nothing. A ticket is good until used. Those who lose their tickets, must purchase others, or the conductor has a right to put them off his train.—Transgressing the rules of the company is sufficient reason for ejection from the cars. All reasonable demands to show tickets must not be resisted, and proper decorum in the cars is obligatory upon passengers. No person has a right to more seats than he has paid for. The leaving of any article in a seat while the owner is absent entitles him to his seat on his return.

"One Fish Out of Water."

The late Earl of Kelly was relating in a company that he had listened to a sermon in Italy, in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, which, in order to listen to him, held their heads out of the water.

"I can believe the miracle," said Erskine, "if your lordship was at church."

"I was certainly there," said the peer.

"Then," rejoined Henry, "there was at least one fish out of water!"

Donati's great comet will be visible to mortal eyes again in the year 3858. Cut this paragraph out for reference!

If you let trouble set upon your soul like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a large brood.

The Young Widow on a Sleigh Ride.

Some writer has said that a young and beautiful widow "is the most loving and loveable creature in existence." There is much truth in the remark, and, as Samuel Weller intimates, they are at the same time the most dangerous to the liberties of a bachelor, when they once take a notion that way. Is it not a singular fact that most of the greatest men the world has produced have been brought to the feet of widows?

It was winter—clear, cold—and the snow was nicely packed. Dr. Meadows was one of a sleighing party, which he describes, so far as he and the widow Lambkin were concerned, in the words following:

The lively widow Lambkin sat in the sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with me.

"Oh! don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching hold of my arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. I am not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll," I rejoined; "what's that?"

"Well! I declare!" cried the widow, her clear voice ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't then," I said, laughing; pray explain, if you please."

"You never heard, then," said the widow, most provokingly, "you never heard that when we are on a sleigh ride the gentlemen always, that is, sometimes, when they cross a bridge claim a kiss and call it toll. But I never pay it."

I said that I never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggle to hold the veil over her face was not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round rosy face was turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon, the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge with several arches, the widow said it was no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, doctor?" the widow said so archly, that I did not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning, But never mind the rest. The Lambkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

An Ingenious Robbery.

Many years ago, a young man, who was as some people say, "very green," went into London. He had a guinea, of which he was very proud.

Some of his friends told him that the pickpockets of London would rob him of his money. They were very expert in robbing people of their purses and watches. This young man concluded he would not carry his guinea in his pocket or his purse, but—where do you think? Why, in his mouth! He walked along the street, looking at the wonderful things that were to be seen in the show-windows. He kept his eyes wide open, and his mouth, too. He could have seen without opening his mouth; but some people do *now*, as he did *then*, keep both mouth and eyes open. As he stalked along, a little boy rushed up against him and let a number of pennies drop on the pavement. Immediately some kind-hearted persons began to pick up the pennies and hand them to him; but he cried out, louder than ever. "I don't care about the pennies; where is my guinea?"

A man, looking very much like a gentleman, said: "What are you crying about, my little man?"

"Oh," said he, "I've lost my guinea."

"Why," said the man, "there it is in that booby's mouth!"

"You rascal," exclaimed the bystanders, "give the boy his guinea."

In vain did he declare it was his own. The people standing around made him deliver the guinea over to the boy. The man had seen the guinea in the mouth of the country youth, and hired the boy to play this trick. I suppose the man got the greater part of the money.

Afraid of the Doctors.

The Washington *Star* says:

As strange as it may appear, many of the colored people here cherish the belief that there is a class of physicians who practice "burking," and are addicted to the dissection of live human subjects for the purpose of manufacturing castor oil, and that for this purpose the doctors prefer bodies with a dark cuticle. This opinion is so firmly impressed on their minds that no amount of reasoning will remove it, and we know many of them, particularly juvenile Africans, who will not budge a foot outside their dwellings after dark. An otherwise intelligent "Topsy," employed by us, describes the *modus operandi* of these imaginary ghouls, by saying: "Dey steal upon cullud persons unawares, clap a plaster over dier mouf to keep um from hollerin', and den drag um away to whar dey lay um on a table and cut up, and den bile um down for ile." This is a cheerful notion for those invalids who use the oil of the palm christa bean as a cathartic. The Annapolis *Republican* states that a similar belief prevails among the colored people in that section, and it probably exists elsewhere. How it originated it is impossible to tell.

☞ The American sailors of the yacht fleet, took a few horns at Cowes last Saturday.

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

The Tide Turns.

The following very romantic, yet truthful story, has just been told us by one who is pretty well posted. It is another proof of the end that awaits all fast young bloods. The hero of the story is John Steele, a young man only twenty-three years of age. By the death of an old lady name Widow McClintock, who died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil, he came in possession of all the old lady's property. The farm of the widow was on Oil creek, in Venango county, and was known as the Widow McClintock farm. It is immediately opposite the flourishing little town of Rouseville, and was amongst the first of the oil-producing farms of the valley. Early in 1863 the Van Slyke well, on this farm, was struck, and flowed for some time, at the rate of 2,500 barrels per day, and several wells, yielding from 200 to 800 barrels, were struck at subsequent periods. Mrs. McClintock was hardly cold in her coffin before young Steele, who appears to have had nothing naturally vicious in his composition, was surrounded by a set of vampyres, who clung to him as long as he had a dollar remaining. The young millionaire's head was evidently turned by his good fortune, as has been that of many an older man who made his pile in oil, and he was of the impression that his money would accumulate too rapidly unless it was actually thrown away, and throw it away he did. Many of the stories concerning his career in this city and Philadelphia savor strongly of fiction, and would not be credited were they not so well authenticated. Wine, women, horses, faro, and general debauchery, soon made a wreck of that princely fortune, and in just twenty months, Johnny Steele squandered two millions of dollars. He lost in this city, at faro, over $100,000 in two nights; he bought high-priced turn-outs, and after driving around an hour or two, gave them away. He organized the Skiff & Gaylord Ministrels, and put them on the road in tip-top shape. He traveled with the company for some time, enjoying himself hugely, and paying pretty dearly for his experience in the show business. He lavished upon music hall performers of the female persuasion the most costly presents. To a popular vocalist engaged Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, and who caught his eye, he gave a $3,000 diamond ring, and squandered his money in a like manner upon other members of the profession. He is now, we are told, filling the position of door-keeper for Skiff & Gaylord's Ministrels, the company he organized, and is, to use a very expressive but not strictly classical phrase, completely "played out." The wealth obtained by those who worked so assiduously to effect Steele's ruin gave little permanent benefit to its possessors. The person most brazen and chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present condition of affairs is said to be Seth Slocum, who hung around Meadville, Pa., several weeks last summer.—He was worth at one time over $100,000, which he had "captured" from Steele, and laid aside for a rainy day but when the latter's money vanished, this amount soon took unto itself wings, and he is at present known among his old associates as a gone coon. At last accounts, Slocum was incarcerated in the jail of a neighboring county for various breaches of the peace, and was unable to obtain bail in the sum of $500. Exemplifications these of the adage, "easy come, easy go;" or that other, "fools and their money are soon parted." The farm was sold recently for taxes due the government.—*New York Clipper.*

A Ghost Story.

That aparititions do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved by the well attested fact which we give below:

Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs ——, a lady of rather literary taste and studious habit, sat reading in the drawing-room, the clock on the mantle piece struck *twelve:* as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments the door was flung wide open: In the act of raising her head to repel the intrusion (unrung for) of her servant, her eyes rested on the form of her late husband! She screamed and fell senseless on the carpet! This brought up such members of the family as had not retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs.——had regained her suspended faculities, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain asssociations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable that her maid-servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she considered a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she has been for several months past, Mrs.——dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retired alone to her chamber, went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck *twelve* she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the aparation she had before seen, advancing from the table, on which stood her night lamp, till it stood opposite to and drew aside the curtains of her bed. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect; the eyes once beaming with affection, were now filled with stern regard on the trembling, half dissolved being, who, with the courage of desperation, thus adjured him, "Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?"

"Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in his hand a small roll of writing paper, "*Jessie, pay my newspaper accounts and let me rest in peace!*"

Advice to Marriageable Girls.

If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will make a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast, or Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears goloshes, and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle, and prevents it from boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.

Heart Disease and Tobacco.

M. Decaisne in a communication to the *Academie des Scienes*, exhibits another clause in the heavy bill of indictment against the abuse of tobacco. He states that in the course of three years he has met, among 83 inveterate smokers 21 instances of marked intermittence of the pulse, occurring in men from 27 to 42 years of age, and not to be explained by organic lesion of the heart. The absence of such lesion or other condition of health capable of inducing intermission of the action of the heart, and the fact that in nine of these instances, in which the use of tobacco was abandoned, the normal action of the organ was restored, M. Decaisne believes, will justify him in concluding that, in certain subjects, the abuse of tobacco may give rise to a condition which may be termed "necrotism of the heart," characterised by intermission in the movements of that organ and in the pulsations of the radical artery, and that, in some cases, a suspension or diminution in the practice of smoking is sufficient to cause an entire disappearance of this irregularity.

Rainy Weather and Mortality.

Notwithstanding that rainy weather causes colds and coughs, and even fever, it has lately been noticed, through combined meteorological observations and medical statistics, that rainy years are not so injurious to health as is commonly supposed. Heavy rains undoubtedly wash away many causes of contagious diseases. Experiments in Liverpool, extending over a great many years, have proved that the heavier the rains in summer the less children die of diarrhœa. In Calcutta the cholera always diminishes in the rainy season there. In the low countries of Holland and Northern Germany, where fever and ague is endemic, the number of patients suffering from this disease is very great in dry summers and small in rainy seasons. Mr. Roswell has kept tables from 1848 to 1866 that appear to prove that in years when more rain falls than usual the mortality is less than usual, and vice versa. In all this there is a hint given directly by nature about the necessity of using plenty of water to keep everything clean and wholesome.

Unraveling.

A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so, he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted, at the top of his voice "Wife! wife! I say, wife! come here! I am unraveling.

"I Don't Believe that Engine will Squeak Again."

A physician says that he was going down the Mississippi, some months since, on a steamer whose engine was upon the deck, and he sauntered in that vicinity to see the working of the machinery. Near by stood a man apparently bent on the [illegible] In a few moments a squeak [illegible] will squeak again."

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