The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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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 or used in 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 OREIDE 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 DOURANCE STREET,
Nov. 10, 1866—3m. Providence, R. I.

The Poet.

From the N. Y. Ledger.

Be Gentle, Forgiving and Kind.

Oh! why are we always so ready
To hear what another may say,
To canvass the faults of a neighbor,
Forgetting our own by the way.
We know not the heart that we censure,
Be gentle, forgiving and kind,
One drop from the fountain of pity
A wound that is bleeding may bind.

A word, like an angel of mercy,
The sunshine of gladness may bear;
May cheer a lone spirit forsaken,
Or add to the weight of its care.
A word! do we think of its import,
Though uttered perhaps with a smile,
A heart may be writhing beneath it,
Or breaking with anguish the while.

A word that in coldness is spoken
May sever the friendship of years,
The flowers of feeling may wither,
And leave them in sorrow and tears.
Then why should we always be ready
To hear what another may say,
To canvass the faults of a brother,
Forgetting our own by the way.

Learning to Walk.

Only beginning the journey—
Many a mile to go:
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap—
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard;
But mother, (you'd hardly think so,)
Understands every word.

Tottering now, and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry:
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O! guide them—
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road
Braving the dust and heat!

Aid them when they grow weary—
Keep them in pathways blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, O! give them rest.

Cunning of a Cat.

Animal instinct seems often capable of the processes of reasoning; and it is not easy to explain the following occurrence, which is said to have recently occurred in Paris, on any other hypothesis:

The cat in the Convent of the Rue de Sevres has become terribly gluttonous of late, and not satisfied with the rations given it by the friars, it has turned thief. The friar charged with the kitchen has noticed for some time past that a dish always disappeared at dinner time, just after he had divided the dinner into as many dishes as there were brethren. He scarcely knew how to account for it. In these days friars are as skeptical about the intervention of old Nick in the affairs of man as Bishop Colenso or your Rev. Alger. So Friar Cook set to work to discover the cause of this wonderful effect, because, whatever freaks cheese at certain stages may be guilty of, meat never walks off from the table. The friar remained in the kitchen one day until the brethren came for their dishes, and upon this occasion not a dish disappeared. He determined to make this his rule, as it was evident his presence kept the thief at a distance. But the following day, while he was keeping watch and ward over the dinner, the door-bell rung, and, as it was his duty to open it, he hastened thither. Nobody! but, on the other hand, one dish had disappeared from the table. The friar was greatly annoyed; who would not be? A double trick had been played on him—a dish had been stolen, his resolution to keep watch had been discovered, and broken. The next day the door-bell was heard at the same time, but the friar, instead of answering it, hid in a large press, whose door he left ajar that he might see every thing which occurred in the kitchen. A moment after the bell rang the cat of the convent bounced through the window, leaped on the table, seized the contents of a dish, and leaped out of the window before the friar could ejaculate devil of a cat, or any thing like Jack Robinson. The thief was known, but the friar wished to discover the impertinent bell-wringer who sent him on a sleeveless errand to the door. At dinner time the following day he posted himself at a window which commanded a view of the door-bell. At the proper time the cat ran to the bell-rope, leaped up to it, let it go almost as soon as she clutched it, and scampered off to secure the unguarded dish. The friar did not fail to report the proceedings of the cat to the father, and it was at once noised about among the brethren. They amused themselves with the cat's dexterity and cunning, and now invited their friends to witness it. The friar cook takes care to prepare an additional dish for the cat's benefit.

☞ A Texas lady being asked at a New York dinner table to drink a toast to General Butler, consented, and as her glass contained about a drop of wine, she raised it to her lips and smilingly said, "Here's a drop to Butler."

Solomon advises the sluggard to go to the aunt, but the shiftless in our day generally go to their uncle.

Farmers' Column.

Cultivation of Orchards.

No doubt many, if not all of the readers of the *Telegraph*, will wonder what more can be written upon the above important topic than has already appeared in your columns; but of the necessity of more and farther agitation of the question is evident from the condition of many of our orchards, and the usual amount of grumbling over a failure in the fruit crop.

Most of your correspondents who have forwarded communications on the above question, have given their ideas of the proper care of the orchard up to the first crop of fruit, but there, at what I consider to be the most important point, the question has been left.

Until the roots occupy all the space between the trees, there can be no harm in taking crops off the orchard, providing the soil is left in as good a state with regard to fertility as it was found. As far as my experience goes, I have found that cropping a young orchard with roots, well manured, is very beneficial to the growth of the trees; but I am not certain that the same cultivated with less manure and no crop would have been more so.

It seems to be a rule of nature that two crops cannot be taken off the same ground at the same time without detriment to one or both, equivalent to the value of the least valuable one, and often more. This rule will hold as good for fruit trees and corn, as for corn and pumpkins, or corn and turnips; and if, after the trees have spread their roots into the intervening spaces, we crop the ground with grain or roots, we rob the trees of their legitimate nourishment, and they are injured thereby in exactly the same proportion as one crop of grain or roots is increased, unless we take up the loss by a supply of manure or stimulant.

Most of our farmers, holding farms of one hundred acres or more, have orchards of from one-half to one acre. These orchards are usually enclosed, and are near the house; they are mostly cropped with corn, oats, wheat and grass, in the same manner as the remainder of the farm, until the shade of the trees render the crops of grain unremunerative, and they are dropped. The artificial grasses will hold in for a year or two, and while they will cut a good swath, are mowed and hauled to the barn. After harvest, the orchard makes a convenient hog-yard, and the pigs pick up the wormy apples, thus killing the worm and saving the trouble of carrying the apples to the hog-pen, at least so say the advocates of this system.

Let us examine this apparently plausible argument and see how far (admitting that it is not an injury to the orchard) it will bear investigation. The question as to the propriety of pigs rambling over an acre lot, is one which is foreign to the heading of this communication, and must be left for some other time and article. But is the idea that the pigs destroy the worms a correct one? I think not, for a little investigation will generally show that the worm has left the apple before it falls, and has sought an asylum elsewhere, so that it is not destroyed by the digestive apparatus of the pig.

Of all the plans of taking two crops from an orchard, this probably works best, for by it less is actually taken off the ground than by alternative crops of grain and hay, and where more than the fruit *must* be obtained is probably the best.

But will not the fruit alone pay well? As well if not better than any other or any two crops which can be obtained from the space occupied by the orchard. If not, it would be better to do without the trees and buy apples from the Eastern markets; but we have too many living proofs that it does pay to admit of a denial or negative answer.

If then, fruit as a crop will pay, why not keep the pigs out and pasture them elsewhere, and let the fruit do the best it can, as we would do for any other crop.

I have an orchard of about half an acre, which, until the trees commence to fruit, was cropped with an adjoining field in the usual rotation of corn, oats and wheat, and since then nothing has been taken out of the orchard except the fruit, and it has never failed to produce a good crop of perfect apples. It has probably not produced a greater amount in bushels than the orchards of many of my neighbors who have orchards of the same age and size, but it has never failed to produce a good crop of very perfect apples, which have always kept well without any extra care in packing.

Now, as a case in hand, to demonstrate the point to which I wish to call your attention, let us take the present season. My neighbors have pastured their orchards as has been their usual custom, and until the middle of July their orchards showed as good a chance for a good crop of fruit as mine did, but with this difference, that while their sod was cropped short and was thick set and tough, mine was loose, with grass from eighteen inches to two feet in length. About the first of July warm and dry weather set in, and we had no rain for an unusual length of time; the soil in their orchards became baked and hard, and the fruit commenced to fell off and continued to do so until very little was left, which little would have soon followed its companions in misfortune had we not been favored with rain.

In my orchard, even during the dryest of the "dry spell," the soil never showed the effect of the absence of moisture, and a common walking cane could penetrate furrow deep at any time. None of the apples fell off until nearly ripe, nor did the trees show that they were affected by the dry weather.

The artificial grasses (clover and timothy) have long since given place to the natural possessors of the soil, which by decay and constant adding have filled the soil with rich vegetable matter, which promises to produce more good fruit.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

The Mendicant.

At one of the principal gates of a large church in Paris, an old beggar was for many years remarked. He was punctual in taking his daily seat on the threshold of the door; his tone, his manners, his language gave evidence of an education above his class; he wore his tattered garments with dignity; and among the poor who surrounded him he had great authority. Being always kind, impartial in the distribution of the gifts of the charitable, ever ready to settle their petty quarrels, Pierre, as they called him, was generally beloved. However, the history of his life and misfortunes was to them a mystery. One fact alone they all knew: he had never entered the church during divine service. When the solemn chanting, accompanied by the sonorous organ, resounded throughout the dome, and the incense rising above the altar ascended to heaven with the prayers of the faithful, Pierre felt a secret pleasure, and with an eager look contemplated from without the picture which the house of God presented. The dazzeling reflection of the light through the painted windows—the ancient pillars, monuments of past centuries—the solemn charm attached to to the sombre aspect of the place, all struck him with awe and admiration. Tears sometimes coursed along his wrinkled cheeks, and some deep remorse or great calamity appeared to agitate him.

An ecclesiastic repaired every morning to the church to say mass. He was a descendant of one of the most ancient families of France, and possessor of immense wealth. His happiness was in giving liberally to the poor; and with him our mendicant became an object of some affection, as with kind words he tendered his donation every morning.

One day Pierre was absent from his usual seat. The Abbe, anxious to relieve him, sought his dwelling. He found him ill in bed.

The appearance of the priest revived the poor man, and in a tone expressive of gratitude, he said—"Ah, Monsieur l'Abbe you have condescended to remember me! A wretch like me!"

"My friend," replied the visitor, "I only forget the happy. I come to know your wants, and to relieve them."

"I no longer want anything," replied the sufferer. "Death is near—my conscience alone troubles me."

"Alas your conscience! Have you then any great sin to atone for?"

"A crime—a horrible crime, for which my whole life of misery cannot atone!—A crime without mercy—"

"A crime beyond mercy? There is none such, Mercy Divine is infinite."

"But a criminal polluted by the worst of crimes? Oh, no! there is no mercy for me."

"There is!" exclaimed the priest, with enthusiasm. "Doubt not. To doubt is in itself a sin. Have faith and repent.—If your repentance be sincere, implore the mercy of Heaven, and you will not be forsaken." The priest then seated himself to hear the confession of the dying man, which was made in the following words:

"Son of a poor farmer, honored by the notice of a noble family of high distinction, under whom my father rented a few acres of land, I was in my infancy taken to the chateau, and destinied to be valet to the noble heir. From the rapid progress I made in my different studies, and the kindness of my master, a change soon took place in my situation. I became secretary. I was just five-and-twenty when the revolution commenced. My mind was easily led away by the publications of the day, and my ambition made me wish to distinguish myself in the army. I resolved to quit the chateau, the asylum of my youth, my benefactors, my friends and relations. Had I been true to my first impulse, ingratitude alone had been my sin, not crime. Revolutionary fury soon spread through the provinces. My protectors feared being arrested in their chateau, and dismissed all their attendants. In haste they realized a portion of their wealth, and taking from their costly furniture only a few articles, as family relics, we took the road to Paris, there to seek among the multitude an obscure abode. Terror reigned in all its power, but no one knew the secret of their retreat. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation soon devoured their rich estates. This however, they little cared for. United in affection and innocence, their lively faith in Divine Providence made them hope for happier days. The only being who could betray them, snatch them from a peaceful above, was base enough to do so. I informed against them.

"A father, mother, four daughters—angels of beauty, endowed with their innocence—and their brother only ten years of age, were cast into a dismal dungeon, there in the horrors of captivity to wait a final doom.

"The public accuser had much difficulty to make out a case against this noble and worthy family. One man, however, was found who had been the depository and confidant of the domestic secrets only uttered on the family hearth, and possessor of their thoughts. He incriminated them. The most trival acts of their lives were cited as conspiracy against the ruling power. That traducer and false witness was I.

"The fatal sentence was uttered.—Death was recorded against the whole family except the young son. Unhappy orphan, left to mourn the loss of those who were dear to him—to curse the destroyer, if he knew him!

"Resigned, consoling themselves in their virtues, this amiable family was prepared to die by the guillotine. By some mistake or neglect the day of execution passed away. Their lives might have been saved had no one been interested in their destruction. A man, impatient to enrich himself by their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal and caused the error to be rectified. His zeal was rewarded, and the order for their execution issued forthwith. I did even this.

"At the decline of day, by the light of torches a cart conveyed these noble victims from their dungeon to the foot of the gullotine. It was late, and the chief functionary was fatigued with the labor of the day. He entrusted the execution to his valet, and, little accustomed to his repugnant work, the subaltern entreated the assistance of a passer-by. This one, with good-will, aided him in the horrible tragedy. This man was I.

"The reward of all these atrocities was three thousand francs in gold and the precious objects now around me, mute witnesses of my crimes. To drown my remorse, I plunged into every species of vice and debauchery. No sooner, however, was my gold exhausted, than remorse, deep and poignant, seized upon my soul. No labor of any kind succeeded; I became ill and infirm; charity bestowed on me a seat at the entrance of the church, where I sat many years, yet never dared to pass the sacred threshold. The enormity of my crimes made me despair of divine mercy, and I never sought the consolations of religion. The alms I received, and yours especially, M. l'Abbe, have enabled me to make up the sum I stole from my benefactors. These veiled portraits, books, crucifix, watch, &c., were theirs. I have long been sincerely repentant."

"My son," replied the priest, "your crime has certainly been very shocking.—The circumstances are most atrocious. The orphans who, by the revolution, were robbed of their parents, can best understand the mute and deep sorrow of your victims. A whole life spent in tears and penitence can scarcely atone for deeds like yours.—But the treasures of divine mercy are boundless. Be true, let your repentance be sincere, and that God who made us will look upon you."

The priest knelt to offer up his prayer on behalf of the poor man, when the latter started from his bed, as if possessed of new vigor, and exclaimed:

"Wait, father, wait! Before you appeal on high, let me give up the fruits of my inquiry." In his haste to cross the room he unveiled one of the portraits.—"This." said he, "is the likeness of my benefactor."

The priest turned his eyes and suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, my father! and thou, dearest mother!" The sight of these portraits revived the slumbering agonies of his heart. The assassin of his parents was before him, and for a moment he yielded to the feelings of a man—of a son. Quite overcome, he sunk on the nearest seat and wept aloud.

The mendicant, having recognized the son of his master, fell prostrate at his feet, not expecting pardon. Convulsed by the agony of his feelings, and weeping, he cried: "You know I am the assassin of your family. Will you avenge yourself?"

These words recalled the priest. "Unhappy man! shall I avenge myself? Is this my duty? Is it my mission?" Great, however, was the struggle between affection, sorrow, and religion. But the latter triumphed.

Turning to the prostrate penitent, he said: "In the name of God, I forgive thee. So mayest thou be forgiven by Him above." He extended his hand to raise the sufferer, but he had ceased to breathe.

Advertising.

It was a shrewd fellow, says a cotemporary, who first conceived the idea of posting his wares for sale through the public prints. It was a philosophical conception. He knew that more people would read the paper than would pass beneath his signboard; in fact, his resolve was to create for himself a sort of circulating signboard, which would reach all parts of the kingdom and attract trade to his home.

The trick of advertising was invented somewhere over 200 years ago, and of course the first one appeared in a London newspaper. We can easily conceive how the beef-eating public of London was first informed through the morning paper that John Smith would keep at a certain stall, the best beef in market. What a rush there was at that stall! What a curiosity to see John Smith, who had immortalized himself by inserting an advertisement in a paper. Of course the fashionables ate John Smith's meat, and for a time he was all the rage in the metropolis.

But others stole John's thunder. Soon their appeared haberdashers' announcements. Upholsterers posted their wares, and clothiers announced their claims upon the public patronage. The advantage of the practice was so apparent that dealers were not slow in availing themselves of them, and very soon no newspaper was without its regular advertising columns. It increased the interest and demand for newspapers, and gave them influence and a circulation which they had not before enjoyed.

Since that time, however, what was then a mere practice has been reduced to a fine art. The best skill of the type founder and the best art of the engraver are all brought into requisition, in order to produce the best results. Advertisements in newspapers, upon trees at cross-roads, and at country blacksmiths' shops, on cards, on posters and envelopes, branded upon walls and fences, all are so many means adopted by individuals to let the public know that they make or sell such and such articles. The man who does not now-a-days advertise, in some shape, is a slow coach, and seldom known outside the limits of the immediate neighborhood where he does business.

The advertising columns of a newspaper are a special portion of the history of the city in which it is published. No reader of a morning paper is fully posted in regard to the news of the day until he has read the advertisements and learned what goods are in the market, what firms have dissolved, what new ones are on foot, what new enterprises are being started, and whatever of other intelligence comes under this special department. The idea that the advertising columns of a paper are devoid of interest to all save buyers and sellers is a grossly mistaken notion. It is history, and as such it interests every one.

The philosophy of advertising is founded in excellent reason. A card that will cost a merely nominal sum tells thousands of people that Mr. Merchant has a certain article of produce or goods.

Among these thousands of readers who are thus notified, there are always a few who happen to be in want of the article, and if a sale is not made, it is no fault in the system which puts it before the public. If only one merchant is a city advertiser, he would doubtless do about all the foreign trades and in the same ratio will the merchant who advertises most liberally be known abroad. The mere fact of his having his name and business in the paper gives him a circulating signboard, which meets the eye of numbers of people who could not otherwise be reached. The practice is profitable and respectable, and, in nine cases out of ten produces a fourfold profit on all money invested in it.

The secret of the success of our wealthiest and most prosperous business men is uncovered by the fact that they use the newspapers freely, yet judiciously. They know when and in what manner to advertise, and consequently every line they put into the papers is as "bread cast upon the waters"—it will return unto them laden with benefits.—*N. C. Weekly Index.*

A Protest Against Injudicious Early Rising.

Dr. Hall, in the February number of his *Journal of Health*, says: "One of the very worst economies of time is that filched from necessary sleep. The wholesale but blind commendation of early rising is as mischievous in practice as it is arrant in theory. Early rising is a crime against the noblest part of our physical nature, unless it is preceeded by an early retiring. Multitudes of business men in large cities count it a saving of time if they can make a journey of a hundred or two miles at night by steamboat or railway. It is a ruinous mistake. It never fails to be followed by a want of general well-feeling for several days after, if, indeed, the man does not return home actually sick, or so near it as to be unfit for a full attention to his business for a week afterward. When a man leaves home on business, it is always important that he should have his wits about him; that the mind should be fresh and vigorous, the spirit lively, buoyant and cheerful. No man can say that it is thus with him after a night on a railroad, or on the shelf of a steamboat. The first great recipe for sound, connected, and refreshing sleep, is physical exercise. Toil is the price of sleep. We caution parents particularly not to allow their children to be waked up in the mornings; let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up of themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain."

Eloquence.

There are no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal as with the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, "why don't you beg?"

"Surely, it's beggin' I am, yer honor."

"You didn't say a word."

"Av course not, yer honor, but see how the skin is spakin' through the trowsers! and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, an' the famine that's starin' in me eyes! Man alive, isn't it beggin' I am wid a thousand tongues?"

Extraordinary Longevity.

The Richmond Examiner contains the following:

"Aunt Milly," a colored woman formerly belonging to Capt. James M. Harris, residing near Rockfish Gap, in Nelson county, Va., died at the residence of that gentleman on the 7th instant, in the 136th year of her age. She was born in 1731, in the beginning of the reign of George II. She was a contemporary of Pope, Swift and Bolingbroke—though probably she never heard of them. A colored woman, named Caroline James, died in Richmond on Tuesday, at the advanced age of 130 years. She was married but once, and was the mother of thirty-five children. She was a slave until the evacuation of Richmond, and was the property at that time of Mr. D. Benjamin Pilcher.

☞ A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said—"That star up there is bigger than this world."

"No, it ain't," said he.

"Yes, it is."

"Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

☞ A gentleman, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a fit of mental absence, reached over into the next pew and scratched the head of an old maid.

He discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise.

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