The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE
Chestertown Transcript
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Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars: Six months, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

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.

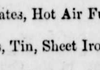
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pryor; Dan[illegible] No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrow [illegible] excellent [illegible], and not surpassed in smoothness of temper by any made or used in this State.

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.

Notice.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR, two years old, for sale at Kennedyville, by
Sept. 15. C. W. WARREN.

Public Sale.

THE undersigned will expose to Public Sale, on **SATURDAY,**
The 27th day of April, 1867,
at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the Voshell House in Chestertown, the HOUSE AND LOT in the vicinity of said Town, on the road to Washington College, lately occupied by Absalom Dobbs, deceased. The Dwelling is in good condition; also, Stable and Poultry House. The Fencing is good—the Garden and Yard are under good paling fence. There is a new pump in the yard, of excellent water. The rail road Depot will be near this property.

The Lot Contains about One Acre,
and title indisputable.

THE TERMS ARE, one third Cash or in thirty days; balance in two equal instalments in twelve and eighteen months.

JANE M. DOBBS.
Attendance by G. VICKERS, Att'y.
Chestertown, April 6, 1867—3w.

FRUITLAND GARDEN & NURSERIES,
NEWARK, Del.

200,000 Peach Trees for sale this Spring, 100,000 of them Hale's Early.
80,000 Standard and Dwarf Pears.
60,000 Apples, leading kinds.
20,000 Plums, Apricots, Quince, Nectarines, &c.
100,000 Blackberries, in variety.
75,000 Raspberries—Philadelphia & Doolittle's improved Black Cap—only two varities worthy of propagation.
4,000,000 of Strawberry Plants—leading market varieties.
Currants, Gooseberries, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Evergreens, &c.
Deciduous Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubbery, hot-house Plants and Hedging Plants. Any stock that can be supplied from a first-class Nursery will be furnished by me at low rates. Send for Descriptive Catalogue gratis.

RANDOLPH PETERS.
January 26, 1867—3m

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.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

☞ The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

$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

The Poet.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a Beautiful Land by the Spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there;
Its crystalline streams, with a murmurous flow,
Meander through valleys of green;
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad sinners with jubilant breath,
Make the air with their melodies rife;
And One, known on earth as the Angel of Death,
Shines here as the Angel of Life!
And infinite tenderness beams from His eyes,
On His brow is an infinite calm,
And His voice, as it thrills thro' the depth of the skies,
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amarinth groves of a Beautiful Land
Walk the Souls who were faithful to this,
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs are fanned,
That evermore murmur of bliss;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers,
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old Prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time:
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And Saints and Confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to Truth and to Right,
And left as they walked through the darkness of Wrong
Their footprints encircled with light.

And the dear Little Children, who went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,
Their spirits' pure temple within—
All are there, all are there, in the Beautiful Land,
The Land by the Spoiler untrod:
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned,
That blow from the Gardens of God.

My soul hath looked in, through the gateway of dreams,
On the City all paved with gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,
As though it still waits on this desolate strand,
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

Farmers' Column.

Proper temperament for churning Butter.

It has long been known that the churning of butter is simply a mechanical operation, working no chemical change in the constituents of the cream. The butter exists in the milk, forming 4½ to 5½ per cent. of its weight, but each little globule is inclosed in an exceedingly delicate membrane, which prevents the several globules from adhering together. By the process of churning these membranes are worn or broken, thus allowing the several globules to come together in a single mass. At a temperature below about 60° this union will not take place, while a few degrees higher temperature the casin of the milk will mingle with the butter, giving the butter a white color and the flavor of cheese. The best butter is obtained at the lowest temperature at which the butter will come and this is variously stated at from 55° to 66°. This difference of opinion may result from difference in the samples of milk tried by different observers, or it may be due to the fact that in some cases the temperature was observed before the churning commenced, and then the temperature was raised several degrees by the churning. It was stated in a recent number of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, that Mr. Rennie raised the temperature of water, by simply churning it, to the boiling point. While engaged in experimenting on the evolution of heat by the agitation of water, he put ten pounds of water into a churn which revolved at the rate of 232 revolutions per minute; the temperature of the water rose to the boiling point, and an egg was boiled hard in it in six minutes.

If the farmers throughout the country would buy thermometers for the purpose, and would always have their cream at 60° to 66° temperature when they churn it, the average quality of our butter would be very greatly improved and an immense amount of labor in churning would be saved. Thermometers without cases are most suitable for measuring the temperature of liquids, as they may be easily cleaned after immersion.

Selecting a Cow.

It is sometimes the case that the best judges will be deceived. A cow of very unpromising appearance, coarse in the neck, large boned, and second or third-rate milk marks generally, will, now and then, turn out to be first-rate, while another with these marks largely developed, fine in the head and neck and promising every way, will prove unsatisfactory. But a failure in this case is rare. Let the head be light, the forehead broad, the horn rather thin and clear, the eye clear and prominent, the neck thin, and the fore-quarters rather light, the back straight, the hind quarters well developed, wide over the loins, the carcase deep, the udder coming forward and well shaped, the skin soft to the touch, the teats well set, not too large nor too small, the tail long and thin, like a whip-lash. Such a cow ought to be a good one.—*Plowman.*

Base Ball.

A social game of Base Ball was played Saturday, April 13, between the Meteor Club of Cecilton, and the Kent Club of Galena, on the ground of the former Club, resulting in favor of the latter Club by the following score:

METOR.	R	O	KENT.	R	O
Geo. Taylor p	1	3	H. Dyre c	3	4
J. R. Taylor c	1	2	Sylvester 1 b	6	1
J.W.Taylor s s	1	5	Schofield o s	3	5
Pennington 1 b	2	4	J. Pennington 2 b	4	3
Walmsley 2 b	1	3	Horsey p	4	3
Jones 3 b	2	4	Vansant 3 b	5	3
McGee 1 f	3	3	E. Dyre 1 f	3	3
Black c f	4	1	W.Pennington c f	4	2
Hall r f	4	2	Ireland r f	4	3
Total,	19	27	Total,	36	27

Umpire—Mr. A. J. Pennington, of the Avalanche Club. Scorers—Mr. Jno McHurd and Mr. G. W. Hall.

Printers and Newspapers.

At a printer's festival held in Buffalo recently, an able address was delivered, from which we make the following extracts, which contain a volume of truth:

PRINTERS.

Printers are unlike other classes of men. Their vocation imparts to them an intelligence that does not result from any other business. Dealing with language exclusively, in its combination of letters, words, sentences and paragrphs, they are constantly brought into communion with thoughts and their working, and thus insensibly become imbued with the ideas of those minds whose creations they help to embody into those forms that give them to the world. They literally get grammar at their fingers' ends while picking up the types that form sentences that are grammatical. Spelling comes to them as natural as breathing, for they fall into correct orthography from force of habit.

The characteristics of printers are not so favorable to personal thrift as those of other professions. They partake of the nature of artists in some degree, and are generally liberal to a fault, thoughtless of the future and frequently improvident for the present—flush when in a good situation, and dead-broke on a tramp. They may be said to be the working Bohemians of the world of operatives.

PRINTERS' DEVILS.

From wild, friendless boys in the streets, are made what are called Printer's Devils; next they become printers, and after that, sometimes editors, in which capacity they not unfrequently make their mark in the nation and in the world. Dr. Franklin was a most eminent instance in the early days of our country, and Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Simon Cameron, Vice-President Hamlin, General Dix, Speaker Colfax, Gideon Welles, Robert Bonner, Prince Napoleon, Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby and Artemus Ward, are striking examples at the present time.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

How few of the readers of our daily papers, who hurriedly scan their contents, see what the editor says of the general aspect of affairs, run over the telegraphic dispatches, and Congressional reports, look a moment at the collated items of news, just glance at the varied miscellany attractively presented for their perusal, and then see what the "local" has to report of current city intelligence—how few of these, I repeat, have any proper idea of the cost, the labor, and the talent which has been required and employed to present to them the daily luxury—as well as necessity—of the newspaper.

Were the pains, sacrifices and expenditures of editors and publishers properly appreciated there would be much less disposition to indulge in fault-finding because this thing is not said exactly right, or that thing is not said at all. People and patrons would be inclined to be perfectly contented with what they now get from the newspaper men, if they only remembered how much less the public got, in that way, thirty or fifty years ago; or if they could imagine such a thing as newspapers not being published hereafter at all. It only needs the latter supposition to point out the consequences that would inevitably follow, in every branch of trade, manufactures, and general business; which would indeed paralyze the whole interests of the country, and clog the wheels of government itself!

NO DOUBT.—A man stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: I thing folks otten to spend their munny for papers; my dad didn't and everybody says he was the most intelligyntest man in the country, and had the smartest family of boys that ever dug taters.

HEARTS.—It is stated by some wise acre that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces, that of a woman about eight. As the age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and the woman's lighter—some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

☞ A model return upon a writ was made by a Deputy Sheriff in Indiana. It was: "Served the within, but was fit with brickbats by the women, so that I could not serve it."

Extempore Speaking.

The following extract is taken from Dr. Osgood's new volume, entitled "American Leaves." It is from the article on "Off-Hand" speaking:

"To speak well you must be in *rapport* not only with your own mind, but with your subject and your audience. It is really wonderful that this connection is so rarely complete, and that such mishaps come from its absence. Sometimes you are out of joint with yourself, and your mind seems no more to jump with your tongue than the mind of the man in the moon, and you feel that you have no hold of yourself. Again, your thought, although quite active in a certain way, does not enter into the subject, and you are very much like an eager horseman who wants to ride, but finds the horse refusing to be mounted, or when mounted, insisting upon standing still or pitching the luckless rider over his head. Sometimes, moreover, when you and your subject get on very well together, you fail to connect with the audience, and without having any positive quarrel with them, you find yourself as far apart as if they were a thousand miles off. You will use every means to establish the true relation, to keep your own mind ready at your call; to make it dwell faithfully upon such leading principles as are fundamental to all important subjects; and to take vital interest in men, not such as belong to your clique only, but in men as men in all the various tempers and conditions of the common lot.—He is happy who masters this connection thoroughly, and agrees with his own soul, his subject, and his audience. He is the good rider who is master of himself, his good steed, and the road, and he goes forth conquering and to conquer.

"Some very interesting and curious phenomea occur when this *rapport* is complete; and some of the signs that spiritualists ascribe to supernatural agency are constant attendants of good extemporaneous speaking. A strange and cheering and powerful influence rises up within the speaker, and is met and quickened by the subject and the occasion. The calmer he is, and the less elevated and blown about by passion, the more profoundly he is inwardly moved. Thoughts and emotions come to him of themselves without painful seeking, and the subject opens itself to him as if it were part of his own brain or heart. Words and sentences of unusual fitness and beauty come to him of themselves without fatigue of voice or exhaustion of brain or nerve. A remarkable bond grows up between speaker and hearers; the audience light up with a mild glow, and a lambent brightness almost transfigures each head in the speaker's eye, as at the great Pentecost; while the whole assembly seems to be informed with one life, and the thousand souls are drawn together as one spiritual body.

"I have talked with a great many distinguished extempore speakers, and while they are almost universally reluctant to trust to any marvelous influences, and disposed to insist upon careful thought and frequent and exact writing to guard against looseness and repetition, they allow that there is something in their best oratorical experiences that passes their understanding. Our friend C——, who is unsurpassed by any living preacher in extempore power, alike of language, thought, and tone, affirms that he sometimes, in his best hours, loses all conscious hold upon his mind and speech, and while perfectly sure that all is going on well in his attic, it seems to him that somebody else is talking up there; and he catches himself wondering who under the sun that fellow is who is driving on at such a rate. Carpenter, the physiologist, speaks of what he calls 'unconscious cerebration,' or states in which the brain works without any conscious effort to do it, and without any consciousness of what it is doing of itself, as when a man wakes in the morning and finds his thinking much in advance of where he left it when he went to sleep, or even some hard problem solved or knotty questions answered. The cause of these phenomena undoubtedly lies somewhere in those organs that are allied to the heart and stomach and lungs, and are moved by the sympathetic nerves, so as to be more automatic than voluntary, more powers of nature than of violation. How far this involuntary action can be extended, and how far carried up into the higher plane of intelligence and activity, we cannot say; but it is evident that whatever partakes of the character of habit partakes of this power, for habit, however painfully formed, becomes a second nature, and is automatic, or goes of itself.

"This automatic action rids the extempore speaker of much care, anxiety, and toil, and carries him forward through much of his work without solicitude or conscious effort; but it is full of dangers, and if he trusts wholly to it he looses his higher inspiration and force, and sinks down into an automaton, like a barrel-organ, that, when wound up, can play over all its old tunes. Some speakers and hosts of talkers are spoiled in this way, and they think themselves inspired because by practice they have so much of the 'gift of the gab' that they can run on without limit and without fatigue, until all but themselves are tired out. The good speaker may cultivate and use this automatic power; but he must never trust wholly to it, nor even be satisfied unless in everything he does he is conscious of putting forth some fresh effort and earnest thought, and rising higher than before, instead of drifting away upon the easy level, or floating down the still easier descending current. He may, perhaps, through constant striving and interior faith, make such connections with the Supreme Wisdom and Will as to rise into a higher region of light and peace, and so partake of a motion and a rest that are not of himself or of nature, but of God. Great eloquence has always something of this character, and all great words come from and return to the World Eternal."

Creswell, of Maryland.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnatti *Inquirer* amid a group of portraits of the outgoing members of the 39th Congress, presents the following of Mr. Creswell:

Prominent among the expiring, stands Mr. Creswell, of Maryland. If history shall ever notice him, it will only be to speak of him as a demagogue whose thirst for office was so great that, to satisfy it he was ever ready to give up every particle of political and moral principle he ever had. I have nothing to say against the Radicalism he has within a few years espoused and championed. Unfortunately for him, the motives by which he was controlled were so transparent as to deny him all claim to sincerity in the advocacy of any principle. What I find fault with is, that he now joins the extremists in persecuting and oppressing men of his own State and of the South, who, in going into the late war as rebels, only followed his advice, if not his example. It is matter of record that, a short time after the firing upon Sumter, he took the leading part in the organization of a secession meeting in Cecil County, Maryland, where he lived; that he drafted a series of resolutions as strongly expressive of secession and the rebellion as any ever passed in South Carolina; and it is said, on good authority, that he raised a company of rebels to intercept the Federal troops on their way to Baltimore. He did not actually enter the rebel service, but he encouraged others to do so. This is certainly no good reason why he should not be a loyal man now.—The times change, and men change with the times. But it is a good reason why he should not use his position as a Senator to humiliate the Southern people and to punish them for crimes which he urged them to commit. The war came. Maryland was "subjugated," and Creswell quickly took the cue and rushed to the camp of the subjugators. He was suddenly smitten with the most superserviceable loyalty, and thenceforward you would have to go to Massachusetts to find his equal for "devotion to the old flag." Meantime he took care to devote the old flag to his own benefit, and to use the bayonets of the Federal army to force him into Congress against the votes of his constituents. In Congress he served with indifferent success, was a 2d-class member, and has made a 3d-class Senator. His recent conversion to the extreme doctrine of universal suffrage is in perfect accord with his original entry into the ranks of the "loyalists." As recently as last fall he was a bitter opponent of negro suffrage—now he is its loudest advocate. He thought he could be re-elected to the Senate more certainly without it than with it; hence his denunciation of it in the Radical Convention in Philadelphia last September. The October elections convinced him he had no chance without it, and now he demands of Congress "a republican form of government" for Maryland, by which he means, in short, any form of government that will keep him in office.

One of the neatest little games ever "set up" in American politics has just been spoiled and with it Mr. Creswell's hopes for a political future. Here are the facts. It is well known that the "loyalists" intended to dispute the right of Governor Swann to the seat in the Senate to which he has been elected, on the ground that rebels controlled the election in Maryland last fall, a villainous falsehood, as the elections were all held under the registry law passed by the Radicals themselves. However, that's a trifling consideration for the majority, when they want a man's seat in the Senate. Witness the Stockton case for instance. Well, Mr. Swann was to have been declared not entitled to his seat. Meantime he would have resigned as Governor, and the vacancy in the Senate occasioned by Swann's rejection would be in the hands of his successor, Governor Cox, to fill. The point was to get Cox to agree to appoint Creswell, and this was all arranged beforehand, with money and promises. The Legislature wouldn't meet for two years, and Creswell would be Senator till it did meet. All this was nicely fixed up. Swann had written out his resignation, his successor had his inaugural in type at Annapolis, and all was running along smoothly, when lo! and behold, at 11 o'clock on Monday night when the inaugural ceremonies were all ready for the next morning, Governor Swann saw the feline monster that lurked beneath the meal tub, and sent word that he wouldn't resign just at present. And so away went Mr. Creswell's fat into the fire with a big blaze and a loud smell. Swann will resign his Senatorship to which he has been elected, and somebody else will be elected. If the Senate should not admit the man chosen by the Legislature, they will have to admit the man appointed by Swann—and it won't be Creswell, that's certain.

What Next.

A gentleman riding near the city overtook a well dressed young man, and invited him to take a seat in his carriage.

"What," said the gentleman to the young stranger, "are your plans for the future?"

"I am a clerk," replied the young man, "and my hope is to succeed, and get into business for myself."

"And what next?" said the gentleman.

"Why, I intend to marry, and set up an establishment of my own," replied the youth.

"And what next?"

"It is the lot of all to die, and I of course cannot escape," replied the young man.

"And what next?" once more asked the gentleman; but the young man had no answer to make; he had no purposes that reached beyond the present life. How many young men are in precisely the same condition. What pertains to the world to come has no place in all their plans.

What the Japanese Jugglers do.

One of the feats of the Japanese jugglers, now in San Francisco, on their way to the Paris Exposition, is thus described: "An old man was upon his back with his feet in the air; a little boy mounts and stands upon them. An oval tub is passed to the boy, which he places under his feet and upon the man's; another is given to him, which is added to the first, and so on until the little fellow's head touches the proscenium from the top of the tottering pile, which is all the time supported by the strong and muscular chap below. The little fellow makes his salaam to the audience from his dizzy height, coolly fans himself as he surveys the situation, and appears as unconcerned as if reposing on terra firma. Suddenly one of the performers utters an exclamation in Japanese, which is responded to by another. The old man, the foundation of the pile, takes up the chorus, the little fellow at the top jerks it out like a snapper of a whip, the 'foundation' gives his feet a kick—things look squally for little Tommy—the audience fear that he will fall and break his neck or be terribly bruised among the boxes; the old man beneath appears in imminent danger also from the falling tubs, but no, he gives his feet a kick, throws the tubs entirely from him, and Tommy drops like a cat, alighting with his feet upon the old man's, and in an upright position."

☞ There are many people in the world who make it a practice to sponge the reading of newspapers without any expense to themselves. This has often been noticed and commented upon. They are not confined to any particular locality, but are found wherever the newspaper goes. An exchange from Maine thinks there are more of this class there than elsewhere, while the *New Hampshire Gazette* believes the Granite State is infested with them even to a greater degree. It says: We have known men of means to hang around a store where the proprietor takes a paper, for the mere purpose of reading the paper, and getting the news without its costing them anything. There are scores of families whose parental heads spend enough in bad rum and tobacco weekly to pay for a dozen newspapers, and still persist in sponging what little information they get of what is going on in the world, from their neighbor. Any man who can afford to indulge in rum, beer, cider or tobacco, can abundantly afford to subscribe and pay for a newspaper for the benefit of himself and family. Is not that so?

Eternity.

"Eternity has no gray hairs!" Flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity. Eternity. Stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying, undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are but toys of changing fortunes; its pleasures, they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty, can come no footsteps of decay. Its days will know no darkening—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its foundations will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

The Value of a Newspaper.

Dr. Franklin remarks that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in forming his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men, it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always a year behind the times in general information; besides, they can never think much nor find much to think about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper, and who would read one regularly without paying for it?

Maxims of Bishop Middleton.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions remember the final account.

IN a company of young people the other day, at a country tavern, a man was saying that the Italians had no "w" in their language. "How, then," demanded one of the company, with a mingled air of triumph and contempt, "do such chaps as them spell *wagon?*"

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