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

&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, Agricultural 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.

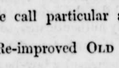
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smooth[illegible] temper by any made used in this S[illegible]

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.

TO THE LADIES!
And all others in want of
Rich Jewelry
FINE SILVER WARE!
Watches, Clocks,
Cutlery, Notions.

A NEW STOCK JUST OPENED AT
E. T. WILLIS',
ADJOINING T. W. ELIASON & SON'S.

THESE Goods have just been purchased from City Wholesale Dealers, at the lowest prices for Cash, and *can* and *will* be sold at very low figures. They are of the LATEST STYLES and most BEAUTIFUL AND FASHIONABLE DESIGNS. We name in part:

JEWELRY.

Genuine Gold Breast Pins,
Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs,
Heavy 18k. Rings, Scarf Pins, Pens,
Pencils, &c.; Silver Thimbles, Rings,
Pens, Pencils, Bogwood Jewelry, &c.

We have also a variety of common Jewelry, the character of which is always make known to purchasers.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES;

Among them a very fine Ladies' Gold Enameled Watch and Chain, a number of heavy-cased Silver Watches, manufactured by the best American makers, and warranted good time keepers.

CLOCKS,

In great variety of style and finish, made by the most celebrated manufacturers in the country, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Silver Plated Ware.

Dinner and Tea Castors, Butter Dishes, Salt Cellars, Napkin Rings, Table and Tea Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, &c.

NOTIONS.—A fine assortment of CUTLERY, Table Knives, Pen Knives, Pocket Books, Ladies Satchels, Purses, Cabas, &c.

☞ An examination is invited.

REPAIRING.—Watches, Clocks & Jewelry repaired in the best manner, at short notice.

E. T. WILLIS,
Nearly opposite the Court House.
Chestertown, March 23, 1867.

REMOVAL.
GROCERIES & LIQUORS.
JOHN H. MORGAN

RESPECTFULLY invites the attention of the Public to a varied assortment of *GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c.*, now in store at his new stand formerly occupied by S. W. Canady, next door to Wickes' Drug Store, consisting of

GROCERIES,
ALL KINDS;
BRANDY, WHISKEY, GIN, WINES, CORDIALS, &c.

Brooms, Buckets, Soap, Candles,
Crockery-Ware, Meal and Flour,
SEGARS, Tobacco and Snuff,
Candies and Nuts, Coal Oil.
SUGAR, COFFEE, Molasses, Lard and Bacon, Mackerel, Herring, &c.

Those in want of any thing in the above line are invited to GIVE ME A CALL, as I am determined to sell goods at THE VERY LOWEST PRICES for Cash.

JOHN H. MORGAN.
Chestertown, January 12, 1867.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

CHARLES STANLEY respectfully informs his friends, and the Public generally, that he has this day associated with him his son C. A. A. Stanley, in the FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, which will hereafter be conducted under the name and style of

C. Stanley & Son,

at the Old Stand, opposite the Kent National Bank, Chestertown, where they will keep on hand (or furnish to order,) a general assortment of

Furniture

suited to this market, such as Bedsteads, Mattrasses, Bureaus, Washstands, Chairs, Tables, Cradles, Cribs, &c., at about city retail prices.

Particular attention will be given to the

UNDERTAKING

branch of the business. They will keep constantly on hand, or make to order *at the shortest notice*, COFFINS of all sizes, styles, and finish. Personal attention will be given to Funerals (when requested) and corpses will be sent to any part of the county.

FURNITURE neatly Repaired and Varnished, and Chairs newly Caned, at reasonable rates.

We respectfully solicit a liberal share of the public patronage.

CHARLES STANLEY,
C. A. A. STANLEY.
Chestertown, July 14, 1866—y.

The Rural Gentleman,
A MONTHLY JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ROBINSON & CO.,
Office, No. 2 N. Eutaw St., Balto., Md.
DEVOTED TO

HORTICULTURE, Floriculture, Fruit Growing, Stock Raising, Housekeeping.

TERMS: One copy one year, in advance, $1. Advertisements inserted at liberal rates.

☞ Energetic Canvassers wanted everywhere, to whom a very liberal commission will be allowed.

For further information, address as above, enclosing stamp. [March 16, 1867.

$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.

CONTENTMENT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three—Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice,—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, *not so large*, in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me:—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire,
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some narrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double care,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

Curious facts about water.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solified form. In every plaster of Paris statute which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grans of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent. and the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water thus mingled no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in 172 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream.—By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance died by various colors being mixed with water and sprinkled over the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

What a Pint of Whiskey Cost.

Some thirty-one years ago, Jonathan Beckwith, a young lawyer of decided promise, bought a pint of whiskey, and getting drunk, wandered out on Terre Coupee prairie on a cold winter night, and was so badly frozen that he lost his reason and the use of his limbs, and has been ever since, until his death two weeks ago, an inmate of the county poor house, an insane cripple, and his keeping has cost the county no less than eight thousand dollars! This is the startling amount that the taxpayers of that county have had to pay for that man's indulgence of his appetite.

Curious Experiment.

Take a wine-glass, fill it drop by drop, with as much wine as it will hold, without running over. Then drop into the wine as many pins as the glass can contain, and the wine will not run over. Take a fresh wine glass of similar size, pour the wine from the first glass into it, and you will have a glass full of wine and a glass full of pins.

☞ Prentice says it is very unkind in the Confederates to make so many charges against Beast Butler. When he commanded the Federal army, he didn't make any upon them.

Farmers' Column.

Making a Poor Farm Rich.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, I bought a farm containing about one hundred and twenty acres of land. It had been managed badly for many years preceding the sale of it. Fence rows, where hundreds of loads of stone had been hauled off the adjacent fields, were from ten to twenty feet wide, and were filled with cedars, cherry trees, alders, sassafras, briars, rotten rails, &c. Gutters were washed in various places, exposing a stony, barren soil, that looked like anything else than desirable farm land. An old farmer, on the day of sale, remarked, in reference to the gulleys in the fields, that it mattered but little if all such land was washed away. The buildings were old and dilapidated and needed immediate repairs, to render them at all comfortable for man or beast. This property, however, had two redeeming traits—it was well wooded and well watered.

As was the farm, so was the farmer—poor. To better this state of things was the aim of the writer, which could not be accomplished without much hard work. This had to be done, and he had to do it. Wood had to be cut and hauled to the kiln; lime to be burned, hauled and spread; fence-rows cleaned out, fences made, &c. I put one thousand bushels of lime on two ten-acre fields, in the fall, before possession was given. These fields were plowed in the following spring, and put in with corn, which yielded, when husked, not over fifty bushels of sound corn altogether. From one of them, however, I got one hundred bushels of buckwheat, having sown some seed among the sparse and puny-looking stalks of corn about the middle of July.

The next season both fields were put in with oats, averaging forty bushels per acre. I sowed clover and timothy on the oats, and rolled them all in together. The season was favorable, and seed took well. I mowed these fields two summers in succession, and had a very good crop of hay. I then put five hundred bushels of lime on one of the fields, and in the spring planted it with corn, which yielded me four hundred bushels, without the offal. No manure whatever was used for the crop in addition to the lime, excepting the corn was plastered in the hill. Oats, wheat, (manured from the barn-yard,) and two crops of grass followed The ground was then limed again as before, and I gathered the ensuing season sixty bushels of corn per acre. The other fields on the farm have been worked as this, with about the same results, excepting the corn, which I think has not been equaled since. There were but two acres of wheat on the place when I bought it, as all the manure made would not cover a greater extent than this, after sufficient was taken out for a potato patch and garden. Two horses and three cows constituted about all the stock. Now there are five horses, and upwards of twenty head of cattle kept. The manure they make is sufficient for twenty acres of ground annually. By the increased productions of my farm, I have been enabled to pay my debts, erect new buildings, and to give my children a good, sound education.

So much for lime; without this fertilizer I could not have lived. I have never sold more than three or four loads of hay, nor bought more than three or four loads of manure. Several times the wheat crop has yielded thirty bushels per acre. I paid $31 per acre for my farm, and have refused $110.

I have written this to show that poor land may be made good with lime, and the increased amount of manure obtained as the consequence of liberal application. Two good horses and a yoke of oxen were all the working stock used on the farm for several years. Young farmers will do well to remember that oxen will do as much work as horses, eat less grain, require less expensive harness, can be geared in half the time, can be managed more safely by boys, and in fine are preferable in very many ways.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

An Important Law—Caution to Trespassers.

The following law, enacted at the recent session of the Maryland Legislature, is of importance to farmers, gardners, &c.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the act passat January session, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, chapter two hundred and forty-seven, entitled an act to add an additional section to article thirty of the code of public general laws, relating to crimes and punishments, is hereby repealed, and reenacted so as to read as follows:

That any person or persons who shall enter upon the land of any other person or body corporate or politic in this State, and shall wilfully and maliciously injure or destroy any house, plant, shrubbery, root, vegetable, fruit or grain, or any fencing, cord-wood or hoop-poles, shall, on conviction thereof in any of the courts, or before a justice of the peace of the State having jurisdiction thereof, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and be fined not less than five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, or be imprisoned in the city or county jail not less than one month nor more than two months, or be both fined and imprisoned, as aforesaid, in the discretion of the court or justice of the peace aforesaid; and that this act shall apply to Allegany, Frederick, Prince George's Harford, Washington, Baltimore, Kent, Queen Anne's, Talbot, Caroline, Cecil, Somerset, Carroll, Worcester, Anne Arundel, Montgomery, St. Mary's, Charles and Howard counties.

Sec. 7. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

HOW MR. KEITH MANAGED.

"Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," quoted Mrs. Keith. She had just finished her work for the day, everything was tidied and she was taking up her sewing, when Mr. Keith upset a vinegar bottle and a bowl of gravy in the kitchen cupboard, rumaging after a knife which was in his pocket all the time. Mr. Keith followed to oversee her—a habit some men have.

"I wish you would try to be a little more careful, Henry. You do not realize how many things I have to see to."

"Humph!" said Mr. Keith, sitting down in a basket of freshly ironed clothes; "I never would complain of such a trifle as that! If I didn't know, I should think all the women were in slavery."

"And you would be correct, Henry. You haven't the faintest idea—"

"Nonsense, Mary! Why, I could do your work and three times as much more and get all through by ten o'clock!"

"Could you, indeed?"

"To be sure, if you would only give me the chance of it."

"You shall have it," said Mrs. Keith, quietly. "I have long wanted to visit my Aunt Susan. I will do so now, and you may keep house. I shall have to cook up something—"

"As if I couldn't cook! You will do nothing of the kind, Mary. I shall live like a prince, and you will see how nice I will keep everything. You will hardly know the house when you return."

"I dare say," remarked Mrs. Keith; but when can I go?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And are you sure you can manage?"

"Sure!" what a look he gave her; "you shall see."

Mrs. Keith laughed a little to herself when her husband left her at the depot, and turned his steps homeward to clear the breakfast things, and prepare dinner. She only wished she could be there invisible, and see him manage.

"Let me see," soliloquised Keith, entering the kitchen: "I'll wash the dishes first, and I'll put on one of Mary's dresses to keep me clean."

He fastened it around his waist with a pin, rolled up his sleeves and looked about him. The fire was out, but after much trouble he succeeded in rekindling it, and then began the dishes.

He took them to the sink, plugged up the spout, and put them to soak in a pail of cold water.

"There, they're washed," said he to himself, now for something to wipe them on. I'll take the table cloth. Such a fuss as women do make about work. Why, I could wash all the dishes in the neighborhood in half a day. This stew pan smells of grease; I wonder what's the matter with it? There, I've got some smut on my hand! there it goes on that china saucer, deuce take it! I wish there was no smut; hillo, there's one plate gone to smash! Oh, there goes the cream pitcher! And I've stepped into that potato dish that I set on the floor to dry, and that's gone to the shades! Never mind; accidents will happen! I guess I'll trim the lamps next; mother always trimmed the lamps in the morning! Confound 'em, how black the chimneys are!"

Thus conversing with himself, Mr. Keith put the chimneys into the basin and cogitated a moment. He had heard it said that boiling water was cleansing. So he scalded the chimneys, and the result was about a hundred diefferent pieces to each chimney.

"Good gracious," cried he, "who'd have thought it! There's somebody at the door. I'll just step out as I am. It can't be any body that I care for so early as this."

A small boy presented himself, eyeing Keith with ill suppressed mirth.

"Be you mistress of the house?"

"Yes—that is, I am the master!" said Mr. Keith with diguity; "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, I guess; Marm sent me over to see if you—that is, if the mistress of the house will take care of the baby while she goes shopping?"

"No!" roared Keith, "I've other fish to fry." The boy put his thumb to his nose, and Mr. Keith, after slamming the door—as men always do when they are out of temper—returned to the kitchen. The fire was all out, and the room decidedly smoky.

"I'll go down in the cellar and bring up some coal," said he, and started briskly down the stairs. On the second step, he put his foot through a rip in his dress skirt, stumbled and fell to the bottom of the cellar, smashing a basket of eggs, knocking over a shelf loaded with pans of milk.

"Deuce take it!" exclaimed he scrambling to his feet, and rubbing his head, 'how do women manage with these infernal long dresses! I shall break my neck with this yet!"

The fire made again, Mr. Keith bethought him of dinner. He looked at the time-piece: it was one o'clock. Almost time for dinner? He had heard his wife say that a rice pudding was easily made, he would have rice pudding and boiled potatoes, and broiled steak.

He filled a basin with rice, stirred in a little sugar, dropped in an egg, and set the vessel into the oven. The potatoes he washed in soap suds, that they certainly might be cleah, and put them into the tea kettle because they would boil quicker.

The steak was frizzing in the frying pan; he was proceeding to set the table when the bell rang. He caught the pan from the fire, to keep it from burning, and made haste to the front door. Then he remembered it would not be just the thing to go to the door with a frying pan in his hand, so he deposited it on the parlor sofa, and answered the ring.

Mrs. Dr. Mudge was on the steps, dressed in her best.

"Yes—I—daresay," stammered Keith, "my wife is absent and I am the Bridget."

Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parlor, which was darkened to exclude the sun, and without stopping to look at her seat, sunk into the frying pan on the sofa.

"Jupiter," cried Mr. Keith, "you've done it now." Mrs. M. sprang up, the grease dripping from her rich silk on the carpet. Her face grew dark. She attempted to control herself; bowed haughtily and left the house.

Keith returned to the kitchen a little crest-fallen, for Mrs. Mudge was a lady before whom he desired to appear particularly well.

There was a tremendous cracking in the oven. He thought of his pudding, and looked in. The burnt rice had hopped all over the oven; the basin had melted apart, and the pudding was not done. He shut the door upon the ruins in disgust, and looked after his potatoes only to find them boiled to a perfect jelly. And just as he made the discovery there was a sharp peal at the door-bell. "Creation! there's that abominable bell again. I wish folks would stay at home—I'll lock all the doors, and cut all the bell wires after to-day."

At the door he found Mr. and Mrs. Fidget and their children.

"My dear Mr. Keith! how do you do?" cried Mrs. Fidget. "We were in town and thought we'd just step in to dinner. Where is Mrs. Keith?"

"She's gone away," said Keith, ruefully, wondering what he should feed them them on; "walk in, do; I am the housekeeper to-day"

"Yes, so I should judge. But of course you make a splendid one. I remember you used to be frequently telling Mrs. Keith and myself how very easy housekeeping must be. It must be mere play to you. Don't put yourself out, I beg!"

"Put myself out, indeed!" cried Keith retreating to the kitchen. "Good gracious! what shall I do? I'd give a hundred dollars if Mary was only here. Where shall I begin."

He drew out the table and set it without any cloth; then took off the plates and put on a cloth—the very one he had wiped the dishes on. The task completed, he put on some more potatoes, and some more steaks; burned the steak to a cinder; took off his potatoes when he did his meat, and put them all upon the table. There was a loaf of baker's bread in the cupboard; he paraded that, and called his guests to dinner.

A quizzical smile spread over Mrs. Fidget's face at the sight of the repast.—Keith was in a cold perspiration.

"Ma, my plate's all greasy, and so's my knife: I can't eat on dirty dishes," cried Johnny Fidget.

"And my fork is wet all over with water that's dropping off the table cloth; and my tater ain't half biled," cried little Sue Fidget.

A slight noise in the kitchen drew the attention of Mr. Keith.

"Jupiter!" cried he, "if Mrs. O'Flatherty's dog ain't making off with my steak!"

He jumped from the table and started in pursuit. The dog made the best of it; Keith's unaccustomed attire was a sad drawback, and he made but little headway.

"Kill him," he yelled to the crowd that joined in pursuit. "I'll give fifteen dollars for his hide."

Mrs. O'Flatherty herself appeared on the scene, with a skillet of hot water.

"Tech him if yer dare!" she cried.—"I'll break the bones of every mother's son of yees. Stand from forninst or ye'll rue the day."

Keith took a step forward; stepped on his skirt and pitched head first in a wine cellar, where half a dozen men were playing cards.

"The devil in petticoats," exclaimed one gamester, and the place was emptied in a wink.

The police picked up Mr. Keith considerably bruised and carried him home. His company had taken their departure, and somebody, not having the fear of the law upon them, had entered and stolen a hundred dollars' worth of property.

Then Mr. Keith sent the following note:

DEAR MARY:—Come home. I give up beat. A woman does have a great deal to do. I confess myself incompetent to manage. Come home and you shall have a new silk dress, and a daughter of Erin to divide your labors. Yours, faithfully,

H. KEITH.

The Young Men---Girard.

Two young men commenced the sail-making business in Philadelphia. They had bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse for them. Each took up a roll and was carrying it off, when Girard remarked:

"Had you not better get a dray?"

"No, it is not far, and we can carry it ourselves."

"Tell your friend he needn't endorse your note—I'll take it without."

☞ On some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove, to prevent passengers from meddling with the fire. A wag being asked why they locked the stove, coolly replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."

A "colored lady," boasting the other day of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, exultingly said:—"He was in de mortification table."

A dentist's wife at Falesburg, Michigan, during her husband's absence, recently took chloroform to relieve the toothache, and expired.

HOW TO "FINISH" A BOY.—Give him plenty of money, nothing to do, let him choose his own playmates, spend his evenings where he pleases, come home when he gets ready, and he will very soon finish himself.

BOOK KEEPING;
Or the Rich Man in spite of Himself.

"In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds shillings and pence currency. About fifty years ago a frugal industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of this city, had, by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy, been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence. His places of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet, for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion the balance-sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant.

"'It canna be,' said he; 'ye had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a beesness as this represents.'

"The clerk, with his usual patience, re-examined the statement, and declared that it was 'a' right,' and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. It proved right.

"'I did na' think,' said he, 'that I was worth over four thousand pounds, but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had tho't, and I'll na' quarrell wi' mysel' for being worth six thousand instead.'

"At early candle-light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant: and as soon as he had gone, the sorely-perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-house alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth 'sax thousand pounds.'

"Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with this view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with the position of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds.—Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone Street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still, however, obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined once more a thorough examination of his accounts

"On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account.—*Eureka!* He had found it. With the frenzy of a madman he drew his broad-brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk, in Wall Street; reached the door, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was roused with the 'loud alarm.'

"The unfortunate clerk poked his night-cap out of an upper window, and demanded:

"'Wha's there?"

"'It's *me*, you scoundrel!' said the frenzied merchant; '*ye've added up the year of our Laird among the pounds!*'

"Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond the amount."

DARK HOURS.—To every man there are many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon the best enterprise, hours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive; hours when he feels himself unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity. They are the touch-stone to try whether we are current coin or not.

☞ Two centuries ago, not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago, not one boy in a thousand was allowed to have a lock on the stove, to prevent passengers from meddling with the fire. A wag being asked why they locked the stove, coolly replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."

☞ Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pocket and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck, a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

☞ You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and plentiful it will be.

☞ Hannah More said to Horace Walpole, "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody,"

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