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 n 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 mderatoe 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. ☜

A FIRST CLASS BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CHESTERTOWN.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED!

Where the People can get Blacksmithing done by Experienced Workmen.

Chapman & Lambert

Take this method of informing their friends and patrons and the public generally, that they have completed their large and commodious Shop on Cross street on the site of the former Shop. Expressing thanks to the public for their patronage in the past and hoping for a continuance of the same, we think our past work a sufficient reference for our ability in doing business.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Chestertown, August 24, 1867.

Look at This

A NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP UP TOWN.

THE undersigned having taken the new Shop up town, nearly opposite Mr. S. S. Usilton's, respectfully informs the Farmers and Public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the BLACKSMITHING LINE, *at the lowest prices, and on the shortest notice.*

Particular attention paid to HORSE SHOEING,

AT THE LOW PRICE OF $1.50, *and all other work in proportion.* He hopes by strict and punctual attendance to his business to merit a share of the public patronage.

ALFRED L. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Apr. 20, 1867—6m.

BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county,

SUCH AS

Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact

CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of

Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts,	Kisses,	Raisins,
Currants,	Dates,	Figs,
Prunes,	Citron,	Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.

☞ Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.

N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

SODA! SODA!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Of the Town and County,

You are respectfully invited to call at LEVI FIDDIS', Ja., and try his Soda Water. It is superior to any thing ever offered in this Town, and you will find it delightfully refreshing this warm weather. He has a very superior Fountain, and every facility for furnishing the best article. June 1.

Lumber,

LIME, FERTILIZERS, COAL, AND PEACH TREES,
From Pullen's Nursery, New Jersey, for sale by JAMES SHUSTER,
June 29, 1867—6m. Buck Neck.

SASH CORD—SASH CORD—For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

MACHINE OIL of superior quality, just opened by
Aug. 3, 1867. THOMAS S. WICKES.

COPARTNERSHIP.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 1st, 1865.

THOMAS NORRIS, for TEN years past engaged in the sale of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS* and Machines, FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS, etc., respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has this day associated with him Mr. JOEL PUSEY, of Havre de Grace, very favorably known to many of the farmers of Maryland. The business will be continued under the name and style of

NORRIS & PUSEY,

at the old stand, No. 141 PRATT STREET, (near Light.) The senior partner tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his many friends who have so liberally patronized him, and solicits for the new firm a continuation of their favors.

In addition to the old business, the subscribers will be prepared to transact, in an extensive way, the

Lime, Plaster and Cement Business.

Yielding to the solicitations of many friends in the country, they beg to offer their services as

General Commission Merchants

for the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of *Country Produce.*

By a faithful attention to business, they expect to merit a good share of public favor, and ask a continuation of the patronage of old customers, and a fair trial by new ones.

They will continue the sale of *Wood's Prize Mower, Wood's Self-Raking Reaper, Westinghouse's Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, Beckford & Hoffman's Grain and Guano Drills, Van Wickle's Grain Fans,* and many other Implements and Machines, of superior merit.

They assure their customers that they are prepared to furnish any article in their line on as good terms as they can be supplied by any house in Baltimore.

Circulars, Catalogues, etc., giving descriptions, prices, &c., will be furnished on application.

NORRIS & PUSEY,
March 11, 1867 41 Pratt Street.

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 22 & 24 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md.,
Manufacturers of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SEEDS, FERTILIZERS AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.

SOUTHERN AGENTS FOR

"Buckeye" Mowing & Reaping Machines.
Wagoner's Celebrated Grain and Guano Drills.
"American" Sugar Mills and Evaporators.
The "Sweepstakes" Threshers & Cleaners.
Grant's Grain Cradles.
The Celebrated "Maryland" Wheel Horse Rakes.
Montgomery's Rockaway Wheat Fans.
The "Keystone" Cider Mills.
Hutchinson's Family Wine and Cider Mills, and a general stock of Implements and Machinery, embracing nearly every variety in use.

The above Machines have all of the latest improvements, and are confidently recommended as the best of the kind, in the country.

Repairing parts of any of the above Machinery furnished, and Machines repaired at short notice.

We have in store a large and carefully selected stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, which we confidently recommend as fresh and genuine. Send for one of our Seed Catalogues, giving practical directions for planting all varieties of Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds forwarded by mail. Baltimore, March 2, 1867—y.

REMOVED.

F. LLOYD
Has removed to the New Building
COR. BALTO. AND HOLLIDAY STS.,
94 Baltimore Street,

WHERE he intends keeping on hand a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters,

&c., which he intends to sell at greatly reduced prices. He invites the citizens of Chestertown and the County of Kent to call and examine. He is confident he can sell cheaper for Cash than any Fashionable Establishment in the City of Baltimore, considering the quality of his Goods. Give him a call at 94 Baltimore street, corner of Holliday.

F. LLOYD.
January 26, 1867—y.

GREAT REDUCTION
IN
PRICES!

BUY YOUR
HOSIERY, GLOVES, DRAWERS, UNDER SHIRTS, HANDHERCHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

CHESTERTOWN CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

Having associated themselves with GEORGE E. LAMBERT for the Manufacture and Repair of Carriages in all its branches, respectfully inform the public that they have taken

THE SHOP ON CROSS STREET,

recently occupied by R. W. Caulder, and

Having laid in a Stock
Of the Very Best Material,

are now prepared to build to order
FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
TRIMMING, PAINTING
AND ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
Neatly and promptly done.

Believing a good Carriage Manufactory will be sustained in our town, we respectfully ask the public patronage.

GEO. E. LAMBERT & CO.
Chestertown, March 9, 1867.

WATER COOLERS and Tumbler Drainers—for sale low, at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S

The Poet.

From the Maryland Farmer.

Seldom have we ever seen sad words more touchingly attuned to notes of grief, than in the exquisite poem below. Over the wild waste of ruined earthly hopes, they soar, triumphantly to the promise:

"Earth has no sorrow,
That Heaven can not cure."

Sad, indeed, is thy fate, and sadder the wailings of thy muse, Jean! Bright, though, and beautiful is thy trust that—

"Her *spirit*, God is keeping
In the Heaven beyond our feeling—
Beyond the hearing of our weeping—
Waiting for my spirit's coming.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

Fold her wardrobe, for 'tis priceless
To the weeping husband, wifeless;
Fold it for a sad remembrance,
For my eyes can ne'er behold it,
But the wearer still is with it,
And 'tis mournful now to see it;
Fold it in the form she left it,
In the plaits her hands had touched it;
Fold it—place it—for remembrance.

Rev'rently, each pearl and gem recase,
Reverently, each jewel in its place,
Neatly each ribbon, silk and lace,
For the wearer now is dead!

God! thou knowest this is sorrow,
Hard to bear through each to-morrow
Of the world, so hollow hollow—
Recollection of the dead!

Fold them neatly with each other,
Bridal veil, and bridal 'kerchief,
Golden clasp and satin slipper,
Which the silent slumberer wore,
When our lives were wed in one,
When our hopes a gorgeous train,
The bow of promise shone upon—
A welcome to the love we bore—
A promise of the dual reign,
Heart o'er heart, had each in store.

Fold them—fold them for the love—
(The auburn curl, and bridal glove)
Of her, my heart's dear dead;
For she never more will wear them,
Never from that folding take them,
Lying in her lowly bed;
For though fallen, God has given
Robes of splendor to the risen—
In the heaven round her spread.

Fold them—lock them up forever,
As the grave has locked the wearer;
They are emblems only, now;—
For the beauteous form is slumbering,
It is dear dust, with dust is mouldering,
But her spirit, God is keeping
In the heaven beyond our feeling—
Beyond the hearing of our weeping—
Waiting for spirit's coming,
To renew the broken vow.

JEAN LA JEREID.

Marianna, Fla., March 25th, 1867.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

How it feels to be Drowned--Described by a Man who has tried it.

A few years ago a workman employed at one of the tanneries on the west side of the river, but living on the east side, named Grace, attempted to cross to his work upon the ice. When part way over, the ice broke beneath Grace, and he fell through. He sank immediately to the bottom, but was taken up by one of those hooks employed for the purpose, and by strong efforts the spark of life, which had apparently departed, was brought back, and Grace still lives, although having been as near death's door as man could ever well go and return to this sublunary sphere.

Yesterday a reporter of the *Wisconsin*, met Grace, and had a conversation with him relative to his narrow escape. During the conversation the man gave a sketch of the sensations which he had experienced while under the water, which we will endeavor to give as the words fell from his lips. Said Grace: I thought that morning, as it had been stiffening over night, that the ice would be stiff enough to bear me, as I was a little late that morning, and as it was a long way round by the bridge, I would save time by going across the ice instead of going around by the bridge. I went on, thinking about what I should say to the foreman to save being docked a quarter of a day, and was not thinking but all was safe enough when I trood on a weak spot. I then went right through. It was so sudden like, and the water was so cold, and I suppose I was so frightened, that all my senses went away in a flash. I hit my head on the edge of the ice, and that made me stupid, and that's what made it look so like a dream, perhaps. It seemed like I kept sinking, sinking all the time—not going down like a man would in the water, but going down fast—so fast that it took all my breath away. Although I know I kept my eyes shut all the time, it seemed like I could see all about me, and like I was in the midst, first of a great field of darkness which came up all around me and was very thick.

As I went down, this kept growing lighter and brighter, and from being sort of gloomy at first, soon began to grow pleasanter, and my head, which seemed at first, all stuffed up and stupid, began to be clearer. I have heard a great deal about paradise, and all sudden like it seemed I had come to that place. I didn't feel like I was any body else, but all my senses came to me, and the first I knew, I was wondering where I was, and how I came there. I felt as if I was just so full of happiness as I could be. Everything I had done in my life seemed like it was written on a little page, and I had it right before me, and could tell it all, even down to little things. Before me I could see great green and purple and red clouds floating along, and would hear angels and fairies singing, and I knew they were happy, and when I tried to help them I felt as happy as they were.

I tried to think it was a dream, but I couldn't and didn't feel as if it was at all like death, and while everthing seemed so clear to me, even to what the foreman would say when he found I did not come, I wondered if ever I should go back again, and if I did, what a time I would have telling the boys where I had been and what I had seen. Every good action I had done came up and looked me in the face, and although some of the bad actions, all of which I could see standing at my back, tried to come up, they could not.—I cannot tell you how happy I felt, and how long I felt so. It was drowning I know, and if a man only knew about it, and there wasn't any danger of being brought back again, it would be the happiest way to die that ever was invented. But the coming back, oh! that was awful!

While I was feeling so good as I tried to tell you about, and it didn't seem as if it was a little while, but like it was years and years, while I was thinking, it seemed like one of the bad actions crowded away one of the good ones, and came up and looked me in the face, and instantly all of the good actions and all the angels and the fairies, became devils of the worst kind, and all the colored clouds became black, and the devils closed around and they yelled in my ears, and pushed me this way and that and then all the clouds became precipices and caves and holes, and it seemed as if the evil ones were trying to push me into all of these at once, yelling and howling all the time, and when I resisted, tearing whole handsfull of flesh off my bones and hair out of my head. And all seemed to go into my mouth and nose, and my ears, and tear away inside of me until I was so full of misery that I prayed that they might kill me at once; and when I tried to tell them so, it was like as if my head would burst asunder. As I can't tell you how happy I was before, so I can't here tell you how I suffered now. I had heard a great deal about hell, and I thought I was there for certain. Sometimes the devils inside of me would be fire and burn me, and then they would be ocean, and I would strangle and drown. And when I seemed to be suffering most, all of a sudden I came sort of out of it, and the boys were standing about me and trying to bring me to life, and then I knew that I had been nearly drowned but they had saved me. But I tell you as I told them, if I should ever come so near drowning again, don't try to save me, for I had ten thousand times rather die feeling like I did when I seemed in paradise, than to be brought to and suffer all the torments I did afterward.

How Napoleon Travels.

The special train in which the Emperor Napoleon went with his suite from Paris to Salzburg, is described as exceeding in comfort and elegance anything of the kind that has hitherto been known. The train consists of nine carriages, communicating with each other by tastefully decorated bridges. In the middle was a handsome sitting-room, furnished with chairs, ottamans, sofas, mirrors, pictures, clocks and chandeleirs. On one side of this room was the dining-room, and on the other the Emperor's study. In the middle of the dining-room there was a table, capable of being extended or contracted at pleasure, with easy chairs placed parallel to the style of the carriage. The Emperor's study contained an elegant writing-table a clock in the stock of the renaissance, a thermometer, a barometer and a telegraph apparatus, by means of which telegraphic communication was established with the apartments of the various court officials traveling with his Majesty. Next to the study was the bed-room of the Emperor and Empress, with two beds placed transversely against the sides of the carriage. Two dressing-rooms were attached to the bedroom.—The remaining carriages consisted of a kitchen, a wine-cellar, and the apartments of the Emperor's suit. There was also a consesvatory filled with the choicest flowers.

Life's Autumn.

Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life; if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainty of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all the uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a complete task? Beautiful as childhood is in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty, is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the duty of a thing completed; and as men come together when some great work is achieved, and see in it concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well its purposes. When the bud drops are blighted, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid the garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting to hear the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much gladness, and is permitted such virtue.

It takes two hours to wind up the English Parliament clock. The dials are 22 feet in diameter and the hour bell weighs 15 tons.

Farmers' Column.

Home-made Concentrated Manures.

How deplorable is the improvidence, or negligence, or ignorance, call it what you will, of many of our farmers and planters, who give ruinous prices for concentrated manures of doubtful value, while they are surrounded at home with all the materials for making on their own farms, at half the cost, a better article than they can purchase from the manufactures? We could point to many a homestead in Maryland and Virginia, around which the ashes from the dwelling and quarters have been accumulating for half a century without being turned to account, and yet good farmers at the North are glad to give ten cents per bushel for wood ashes and haul them ten miles. The wonders wrought by Colonel Capron fifteen years ago in the improvement of the poor lands around Laurel factory, between Baltimore and Washington, are due the application of wood ashes brought from a distance of twenty miles. How rarely is the carcass of any domestic animal converted into manure? and yet a dead horse will make a cord of the best manure, abounding in nitrogen, and fully worth ten dollars. How often, in riding across the country, do we see the skeletons of horses and cattle bleaching in useless decay? And yet, many a farmer gives, or complains he cannot give fifty cents a bushel for bone dust, when he could make it himself at twenty-five, simply by letting the loafers in his vicinity know that he will give half a cent per pound for old bones. We remember seeing on the road between Culpeper Court House and Woodville a huge golgotha accumulated in this way, and the bones, we were told, were dissolved in a weak solution of sulphuric acid and mixed with woods earth, producing a home-made concentrated manure superior to the best Peruvian guano and at half the cost.

The annexed on this subject was communicated to the able journal, the *Southern Cultivator* by a correspondent whose appreciation of that noble old Roman, Governor Wise, cannot exceed our own.

In January, 1866, I wrote to Col. Nat. Tyler, of the *Richmond Inquirer*, respecting the commercial manures to be had in that locality. He handed my letter to Gen. Wise, to whom it made reference in another connection, but who replied to this part of it in this wise. I extract from this letter as a favor to your readers:

"You can't have the concentrated manures sent to you as you propose, at five times their value. *Make your own manure!* A pit two feet deep, eight by ten square—the bottom made firm and inclining to one corner; at the lower corner place a reservoir, sunk below the corner, to catch the fluid percolating through composts in pit; in that reservoir fix a hand-pump; cover the pit by a roof on posts seven feet high above ground; then in the bottom of the pit lay muck eight inches thick; then cover the muck with the manure, four inches thick; then muck again eight inches, and then manure four inches; and so on until you reach up four feet high or four and a half, and then top off with muck—*muck at top and bottom.* On the top put a trough or shallow tray, with holes in the bottom; this tray, the same size of your compost heap, say eight feet long, four feet wide, and four and a half feet high—a full cord of more than one hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet Then dissolve *one bushel* of salt in just water enough to dissolve it. Pour that brine in reservoir; then dissolve three bushels of lime in water to make a *strong milk of lime.* Pour that milk in the brine in the reservoir, and mix them well. Then put your tray on the compost heap, and pump the salt mixture into the tray, and let the mixture percolate through the compost. It will run back into the reservoir, and can be re-pumped say once every two days, and in six days you will have a *cord of manure equal to guano.*"

I shall try this process in the fall season. I know personally that Ex-Governor Wise is one of the best informed and practical men in America. It strikes me however, that the process he describes may be advantageously dispensed with, by making the compost heaps in the open field, and mixing the salt and lime mixture with the muck and manure, as layers are put into the pens, and leaving them well covered, to be used on the ground at planting time. His process is indispensable to making a commercial manure for transportation.

I suggest that it is not improbable that the same end, of enriching the soil, might be more advantageously attained by putting the muck and manure in the open furrow at once, pouring the mixture upon it, and covering it up with a turn plow. The whole subject is suggestive, and may prompt practical experiments of value.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

The Art of Balancing.

The feats of skill performed in the circus, which in our boyhood excited our wonder and caused us to regard the actors as beings of superior order, in after years may be legitimate subjects of study to the thinking mind. Look at the balancing performances. They appear wonderful. One of the "artists" gives a plate a twirl by the hand, throws it whirling into the air, catches it on the point of a sharpened stick, places the other end of the stick on his chin and balances it; then taking up another he repeats the process until he has perhaps six or seven spinning and balancing on head, face and hands. Another climbs a pole and suspending himself on the top, his body horizontal, another carrying the pole and performer about, accurately keeping the equilibrium of both. Another performer walks erect on a tightened rope or wire, controlling his perpendicular and governing his progress by means of a long pole carried transversely across his body, thus sustaining himself on his narrow base by what is termed the equilibrium of forces. The "flying trapeze" is another exemplification of the art of balancing. The performer requires some judgment, a quick mechanical eye, but mostly constant practice.

Now all these public performances of professionals are equaled, if not surpassed by the successful efforts of the infant just learned to walk. A child of one year old who can just "toddle" about the room, unaided by chairs or the hands of its parents, gives a performance not in any way inferior to that for which people pay their money to witness. Think for a moment what practice—the exercise of judgment and the teaching of instinct can hardly be predicted here—is required to balance a top-heavy weight elevated so high—proportionally—from the base and that so small, and not only this, but to change from one base, or foot, to another rapidly, preserving meanwhile the centre of gravity! It is as though a tall tower should be balanced alternately by its base on one side and then the other; and more than that, it has to adapt itself to inequalities of surface and move from one point to another. The slightest excess of momentum by the push or thrust of one point of support, would, according to the laws of mechanics, topple the whole structure over, and the line of gravity, passing beyond the base it would inevitably come disastrously to the earth. Yet in the case of the infant just beginning to walk—of course entirely ignorant of the laws of gravitation—the slight practice to which it has been subjected prove sufficient for it to rival the performances of those who "astonish the natives" in public entertainments.

With all our knowledge of mechanical contrivances, we have never yet succeeded in reproducing this alternate balancing in mechanism. The walking doll is very clumsy imitation, or stimulated attempt at the ordinary process of walking, so common that we do not notice it. When machinery, built of rigid metal, can be made to imitate, successfully, the ordinary movements of the animal loganism, we may consider a new door opened to mechanical inventors, but it is doubtful if we shall ever arive at such a stage of mechanical perfection as this—*Scientific American.*

Concerning Man.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body.—We look upon the house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones.

The muscles are about 500 in number.

The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet.

The amount of blood in an adult averages 30 pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4.200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, 35,772,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 in three score and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour seven and three-fourths tuns per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ by its ceaseless industry,

In the allotted span
The Psalmist gave to man,

lifts the enormous weight of 370,700,200 tuns.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air or 24,400 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces, of a female two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult in estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds! Pretty tight hug.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."—*Cin. Journal of Commerce.*

A Good Story.

They tell a story of how the Rev. Dr. Bethume—now dead—a wit, a scholar and an eloquent divine—was once put in a queer position by an intimate friend.

The doctor at the time was settled over a congregation in Brooklyn, and was very popular. A Connecticut congregation gave him a call, and "called" a thousand dollars per annum better than the Brooklyn people. But he had formed a strong attachment to his parishioners, and thinking that his sphere of service could not be changed to advantage, he was not tempted by an increase of salary. So he remained to the great delight of his people.

All of the doctor's parishioners were not saints. There were a few sinners among them, else why preach the gospel? And among the last was a jovial pew-holder, fond of lush, and apt at all times to get more than he could conveniently carry.—Neither was he particular at what time of the day he got drunk. He suited his inclination and had no method in his cups.

Bilkins—well, that was not his name, but it will do—Bilkins heard of the doctor's refusal, and he was delighted. In the very height of his pleasure he crossed Fulton Ferry carrying about a quart of brandy.

Dr. Bethune crossed in the same boat, carrying an umbrella.

The brandy carrier happened to catch sight of the umbrella carrier, and at once staggered toward him, exclaiming in his loudest tones!

"How do you do, Dr. Bethune? Let me take your—hic—hand, my dear sir-r-r! I am proud to testify-yi-yi my respect for you, sir."

"Speak a little lower sir, if you please, Mr. Bilkins," murmured Dr. Bethune.

"Yes-s-s-s, sir! you've stood by our pulpit like a man. Them cussed nutmeg-grinding, ham-carving Yankees wanted to take you away from us—offered you a thousand dollars a year more—did they?"

By this time the attention of the crowd was fixed on the couple. Dr. Bethune's face was always florid, but it was on fire.

His interlocutor continued:

"Our people have got to make up that thousand dollars—go to! If they don't, I'll do it myself. S-s-s-see if I dont!"

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the doctor, *sotto voce*, 'speak a little lower.—You are drawing—"

"Yes-s-s-s," interrupted the other. "I know what you said. You spurned the offer. You s-s-s-said you wouldn't go—not an inch. You told them, as a good and pious clergyman ought to, that you'd s-s-s-see 'em d—d first."

The Family Circle.

If there be any bond in life which ought to be sacredly guarded from everything that can put in peril, it is that which unites the members of a family. If there be a spot upon earth from which discord and strife should be banished, it is the fireside.—There centre the fondest hopes and the most tender affections. How lovely the spectacle presented by that family which is governed by the right spirit! Each strives to avoid giving offence, and is studiously considerate of the other's happiness. Sweet, loving dispositions are cultivated by all, and each tries to surpass the other in his efforts for the common harmony. Each heart glows with love, and the benediction of heavenly peace seems to abide upon that dwelling with such power that no black fiend of passion dare rear his head within it. Who would not realize this lovely picture? It may be realized by all who employ the appointed means. Let the precepts of the Gospel be applied as they are designed to be, and they will be found to shed a holy charm upon the family circle, and make it what God designed it should be, the most heaven-like scene on earth.

A Pithy Sermon to Young Men.

You are architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, Self-Reliance, Honesty, and Industry. For your star, Faith, Perseverence, and Pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm, and steer your own ship.—Think well of yourselves. Strike out. Fire above the mark you intend to hit.—Assume your position. Do not practice excessive humility; you can't get above your level. Water don't run up hill; put potatoes in a cart over a rough raod, and small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, Invincible Determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew.—Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be generous. Be kind.—Study hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-man, as well as God. Love your country, and obey the laws. Love truth. Love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequence with God.

A youth who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to 'pop the question.' On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old gentleman replied passionately: 'Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married? 'Oh, yes, said the bashful lover, 'you married *mother*, but I've got to marry a *strange girl!*

I never knew how it was, but I always seemed to have the most come in when I gave the most away.—*Baxter.*

Lovers, like armies, generally get along quiet enough until they are engaged.

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