# The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE
**Chestertown Transcript**
**Is published every Saturday, at Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,**
*Office, Court Street.*

**E. F. PERKINS, Editor.**

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**Advertisements**

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



## JOB PRINTING.

—x—

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.

## 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. |

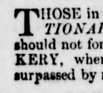
BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.

☞ 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', Jr., 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.

**WHEELER & WILSON**
HIGHEST PREMIUM

**LOCK STITCH**

**Sewing Machine!**

*Awards at the Paris Exposition. The Sewing Machine Result.*

**WHEELER & WILSON**
CARRY THE DAY.

A dispatch from Paris this morning gives the award at the Exposition for Sewing Machines.

**Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson are awarded the First Premium Gold Medal**

*For Greatest Excellence over all others Exhibited.*

There were eighty-two competitors. The greatest interest attended the announcemen of the result.

W. MERRILL, AGENT,
**214 West Baltimore Street,**
July 27, 1867—y BALTIMORE.

MACHINE OIL, of superior quality, just opened by
Aug. 9, 1867. THOMAS S. WICKES.

## 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.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

**WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,**
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**
FOR THE SALE OF
**Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,**
**No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.**

ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*
January 19, 1867—y

**OWNERS**
OF
**WATER POWER**
SHOULD USE
THE CELEBRATED
**LEFFEL TURBINE WATER WHEEL,**
Manufactured by
**POOLE & HUNT,**
BALTIMORE, MD.
Send for a circular.
September 28, 1867—6m.

**NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.**

THE undersigneds would inform the citizens of Kent county, that they have opened a NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP in the store room recently occupied by Mr. Washington Hudgins next door to the corner where the Post Office was kept. They are prepared to furnish

**New Stoves of Various Patterns,**

and will exchange and repair Stoves. They are also prepared to put on tin and sheet iron Roofing and tin Spouting and all kinds of tin and sheet iron work with promptness and at a fair price. Latrobe and other stoves put up to please.

A. A. BISCOE, Proprietor.
BENJ. ELLIOTT, Foreman.
Oct. 12-3m

**GREAT BARGAINS**
IN
## BOOTS & SHOES.

**JOHN W. COLLINS**

HAS just returned from the City with a *Large and very Superior Assortment* of

**GAITERS, BOOTS AND SHOES,**

*MADE TO HIS ORDER, OF THE BEST MATERIALS, BY FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,*

And for sale very low! His Stock embraces Gentlemen's Fine Calf Sewed Gaiters; Ladies Side-Lace, Front-Lace, Button, and Congress Gaiters, of different sizes, quality and prices; Children's Shoes and Gaiters, of various sizes, and prices. A nice Lot of Fine Calf Long Boots, together with Shoes, Slippers, &c., selected with great care and bought on the best terms. Call and examine.
Chestertown, May 18, 1867.

## S. V. L.

IN offering to the public a new remedy, which has cost time and various experiments, I deem it but justice to state, my Liniment contains more curative powers, and yet is more simple and harmless than any such medicine known which is used for similar purposes.

The price is placed within the reach of all, convinced as I am the present diseased condition of mankind makes its extensive circulation a paramount necessity. It is indeed a remedy every one should possess and which no family can do without. Besides being invaluable for Bruises, Cuts, Strains, Galls, Stiffness of the Joints, Swellings, &c., in horses, it is a household medicine, as will be seen by reference to my Show Cards, for Sore Throat, Toothache, Bee Stings, Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatic Pains, Pains in the Face, Back, Joints, Limbs, Bowels, &c. Try a bottle and be convinced. Ask for Sylvan's Veterinary Liniment. It is for sale at WM. J. VANNORT'S Store, Chestertown, A. L. VANNORT'S, Hanesville, and nearly all the Stores in the country. Also, at the

**SYLVAN MEDICAL DEPOT,**
*Yardville, Mercer County, New Jersey.*
July 27, 1867—6m.

**VERY INTERESTING, INDEED, TO THE POOR IN POCKET.**

IF they will not forget the fact herein stated. You can go to the "*Popular People's Store*" and Purchase Dry Goods of every description, pretty much at your own price. You will find shoddy and our best makes to make your selections. We have just opened a fine stock, purchased after the last decline which gives us and the purchaser a decided advantage. Remember the People's Popular Store. W. A. VICKERS.

P. S. We will not publish prices, as we don't care to post the trade, only those in want. Go to the People's Popular Store to get Bargains. W. A. VICKERS.
Oct. 19, 1867.

SUPERIOR OLD RYE WHISKEY, at the Trappe Corner.
STEVENSON CONSTABLE.


## The Poet.

*For the Transcript.*

**THE LAND WE LOVE.**

A DIRGE.

Musically the wind falls
Soft and low;
Gently the boughs sway
To and fro.
Where does it come from
This gentle breeze?
Rushing and sighing
Among the leaves.
It hath a sadness
In its tone,
Perhaps it came from
The Tropic zone.
Maybe it brings a tale
Of woe,
Let us listen if this
Be so.
Ah! yes, 'tis about the
Land we love.
'Tis sad enough our hearts
To move;
It has swept thro' groves
Of orange and lime,
It tells of oppression.
Ruin and wrong,
This is the burthen
Of its song
Of desolate homes and
And dreary halls,
Fallen columns
Crumbling walls.
The widows wail and
Orphans' tear,
And sisters lamenting
Brothers dear;
Maidens weeping
Sad and lone,
For lovers brave, who will
Ne'er return;
Fields laid waste,
Forests burned;
Cities leveled to the
Ground.
So the wind *moans*,
Low and sad,
A sigh for the living,
A *dirge* for the dead.

STONETON.

**LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.**

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light.
And milder moons imparadise the night—
A land of beauty, verdue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;

For, in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race.
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter. spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man—a patriot?—look around!
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

*Montgomery.*

## LOST.

About ninety years ago, I suppose, the events of my story commenced It was in Vermont, within the limits of the Township of Rockingham or Springfield, it is impossible to say which, that the log cabin which was the home of the heroine, stood surrounded by a forest. The real names of the actors in this tragedy of the woods have passed out of the legend, and I therefore substitute the names which come to my mind.

"I have finished my spinning, Robert, and I shall carry the yarn home to-day. I think I will spend the day with Mrs. Green, and wish you would come and meet me and bring the baby home," said the young wife, taking the linen yarn in her apron and the baby on her arm.

"Very well," replied the husband, giving the crowing child a kiss as he started off with his hoe over his shoulder for the wheat field. His lot had been burned over and sown with wheat, but the huge stumps of the old trees, and the thick underground roots in the new land, prevented the use of the plow.

All day he worked busily in the fresh soil, with the strange wood sound about him, eating his lunch at noon from his little basket, until the lengthened shadows of the forest around his clearing betokened sunset. Then he started off to meet his wife. A mile or two in the forest his neighbor Green had made his clearing.—He went on without meeting his wife and baby until he got to his neighbor's door.

"Why," said Mrs. Green, in answer to his inquiries, "didn't you meet her? She hasn't been gone long—only a few minutes."

"Can she possibly have missed the marked trees?" asked Robert Harris aghast.

"Do not be alarmed, neighbor Harris," said Mr. Green, "I will go along back with you."

The two men went together through the forest, which every moment grew darker and drearier. They called Mrs. Harris's name loudly at intervals, but there came no reply. They kept saying to each other,

"We may find her at home," but they were heavy at heart.

The log-house was reached, but the mother and baby were not there. The cow lowed to be milked, and the pigs, which ran in the woods and came home at night, clamored for their usual feeding, but the men took no notice of them.—Back again through the woods with a lantern, calling and halooing. They went to the next clearing, and the next.

"A woman lost!"

What telegram in the exciting days of battle ever fell more thrillingly on he human ears than these words, going from mouth to mouth, among the home nests of a new country? With iron muscles and determined wills the warm hearted settlers started out.

"We will scour the woods; we wil find them, never fear."

According to a custom they had a such times, they blew dinner horns, built fires, and shouted until they were hoarse. No tidings of the lost ones on that night.

All the next day they searched, and day after day, as long as possible. Fires were left smouldering among the trees, men who knew the woods kept resolutely to the search, but the budding April forest had its own secrets.

When Mrs. Harris started with her baby in her arms from Mrs. Green's, expecting momentarily to meet her husband, she went on carelessly, her attention being directed in part to the child, and suddenly looking up, she discovered no white scars of the axe on any tree in sight.—But she fancied she had only stepped out of the track, and might in a moment regain it. A vain fancy! She went on, but nothing familiar met her eyes.

The night came on. The little birds went to rest, and the owls commenced a doleful hooting. She was alone with her infant in the great sea of forest where never woodman's axe has echoed. She was lost. She sat down, faint and tired, and, woman like, began to cry. Hark! That was certainly a human shout. She arose, and holding her course, ran breathlessly toward it. And now she thought she heard it again, farther off. Many hours in the night were spent in rushing, with hysterical sobs and palpitating heart, towards the voices of her friends, so near that she could hear them, but so far away that no effort of frenzied strength could enable her to reach their protecting presence.

What a pity it was! Towards morning she slept, leaning against a tree, with the baby on her bosom. But she started nervously in her dreams, at the first bird song awoke to full consciousness. With day break came a renewal of her courage. She would not weakly give up to die.—Her friends would certainly find her today, or she would find them. She saw near her some last year's berries and tough leaves of wintergreen and a few acorns. A poor breakfast, but she ate whatever she could find, for the sake of her child more than her own. This day also she ran wildly through the tangle of dead brakes and briars, growing from the decay of centuries, over the gullies and jagged rocks, past rude branches that caught at and rent her dress, till she came to the dying embers of a fire. Here she lingered long. Her friends had been here; perhaps Robert had kindled this fire with his own hands and for her. Hark again! the search has re-commenced this morning. Echoing through the woods comes the prolonged shriek of the dinner horn.—She calls with all the desperation of one drowning; she rushes forward, but the ground is rough, and, alas! how heavy the baby grows! She is giddy with the loss of sleep and the want of food. The baby moans, and will not be comforted.—In this way passes the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire; she stays by it and keeps it burning thro' the night, for she is afraid of wolves. Another morning and she is almost hopeless. Oh, will not heaven pity her? The little one grows weaker; he cannot hold up his head. Another terrible night he moans piteously; he falls into convulsions; the next day he dies. All day she carries the the little lifeless body in her arms, and all night, beneath the unpitying stars, she holds it to her bosom.

She carried the little dead burden day after day, until the purple hue of decay was setting rapidly over it, and she felt, with a pang at her heart, that she must bury it. Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the tiny grave, so deep that the wild cat and the worlf might not scent it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task, but in her wanderings she came upon a giant tree, uptorn at some former time by a hurricane. In the soft earth where the roots had lain she scooped out the baby's resting place, and making it soft with moss, covered the cold little form forever from her sight. Then she sat down by the grave in a stupor of grief. Hour after hour passed,—how many she knew not,—when she arose to her feet to commence the dreadful pilgrimage. Then she noted everything about the spot. Here was a rock, there stood an immense hemlock. Yes, she would know the place. She could find it easily with Robert. Then began again the struggle through the wilderness.

Day after day, week after week, she passed on. Her shoes were worn to fragments and fell from her feet. Her garments were torn to tatters. But the days grew warmer, and the fever that was burning in her veins made even the soft showers that fell upon her, welcome. First, she ate the buds of trees and the bark of birch. Presently she began to find the young checkerberry leaves, and now and then she came upon the partridge's nest, and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there was red raspberries and black thimble berries in the woods, and then she knew it was July. The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. But for the delicious poetry that one finds in the woods, sauntering out from the busy life for [illegible]

[redacted]

Indian war, but, however that may be, the first human being she met after the burial of her infant, strange as it may seem, was in Charleston. This singular legend has descended to the writer from a descendant of hers, who was the third child born in the town of Rockingham, Vermont, and the story is an undoubted fact.

☞ A Dutchman thus describes an incident; "Vonce, a long vile ago, I vent intos mine abble archard to clime a bear tree to git som beaches to make mine vrow a blum budding mit; and ven I got on the tobermost pranch I vall vrom the lowermost lim, mit von leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove mine outside in."

Andrew Johnson has been elected an honorary member of a base ball club, and is learning to play fast. He put out Stanton at home base—Sheridan and Sickles on a "fly" and "muffed" several balls—including one from Grant's bat, with great dexterity. "Go in lively, Andy."

**Beautiful Extract.**

The following eloquent paper on Time is, we believe, from the pen of J. K. Paulding: I saw a temple reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacle in the distant plain. The streams beat about it—the God of natnre hurled its thunderbolts against it, yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in the halls, the gay, the happy, the young, the beautiful were there. I returned—and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruin; moss and grass grew rankly there, and at the midnight hour the owl's long cry added to the deep solitude. The young and gay who had reveled there had passed away. I saw a child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father. I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolation around him. I saw an old oak standing in all its pride upon the mountain; the birds were caroling in its boughs. I returned, and the oak was leafless and sapless, the winds were playing at their pastimes through its branches. "Who is the destroyer?" said I to my gaurdian angel. "It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together for joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course; and when he has destroyed all that is beautiful on the earth; plucked the sun from his sphere; veiled the moon in blood; yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, when an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot upon the sea and one upon the land, lift up His hand towards heaven and swear, by Heaven's Eternal, Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer!"

**Stick to One Pursuit.**

Many men fail because they have no definite aim. Their energies are scattered over so wide a surface that they are dissipated and lost. They are not concentrated sufficiently on any one point to make themselves felt. Hence universal geniuses are almost always universal failures, and the promises of early life are not redeemed by the achievements of mature age. A man sets out in life with talents enough to command success in any field of enterprise, and the whole round of pursuits and employments where fails. The Simple cause of this failure is because he has tried the whole round, instead of adopting one as a life-work, and concentrate all his energies. Singleness of aim needs also to be reinforced by tenacity of purpose, that quality of mind expressed by the Yankee word "stick-to-it-iveness. Nothing has such power to overcome obstacles and wring success from the unwilling hands of adverse fortune as this. The man who, ten times defeated, can renew the battles of life with nothing of heart or hope abated, but determined to fight it out on this line, will be sure to achieve success in the end. Of this we have numerous examples—men who have spent the vigor of early life in contending the winds and storms of adversity, but have at last, by the force an unconquerable will, succeeded in reaching the goal of their ambition. We would therefore say, especially to every young man, would you succeed in life, have one definite object of pursuit and follow that on to the end.

**Curious Clock.**

Many years ago there was a clock made by one Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which was renowned for its ingenious construction. The clock was so made as to be capable of performing the following movements: There were exhibited on it a table, a shepard and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepard played six tunes on a flute, and the dog approached and listened him. The clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it.

"The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples you see in the shepard's hat, you will admire the fidelity of the animal."

The king touched an apple and the dog looked at his hand, and barked so loud that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also; at which the superstitious courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. Having desired the minister of marine, who was the only one who dared to stay behind, to ask the hour o'clock it was, the minister replied, but received no reply—Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned English; upon the minister repeating the question in French, the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister forsook him, and he retreated precipately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that in the performance of these tricks, Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although that is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

☞ Mr. Jones met Mr. Smith as he was going on board a steamer on the Mississippi, and asked: "Which way, Smith, up or down? "That depends on circumstances," replied the latter. "If I get a birth over the boiler, I shall probably go up; if in the cabin, down." We have not heard from him since.

If it was not good for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how very criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!

**BABY TALK.**

The following production, in its peculiar line, can hardly be improved upon.—Why the King's English should be miserably bungled, in talking to a baby, is a question unanswerable to all save mothers themselves. We opine that the production refrerred to, is descriptive of the home scene that takes place when the mother, at work, is overcome by the "artless cunning of the 'darling sweet,'" and snatches it rapturously from among its playthings on the floor, to kiss and talk to it. Here it is:

Where's ze baby. bess it's 'art,
Muzzer's little darley boy,
Tum and time into its tart,
Sucks its little toy.

Now we'll take it ridy widy,
Dearest, preshus, birdy, honey,
Ma won't let it slidy idy,
Cause 'twould hurt her little sonny.

Oh, you pitty sugar plummy,
Does it wants its story talky,
So it sall; you duck tummy,
Let its muzzy see it walky.

Ma, what ails its sweetest mouty,
Mama faid its going to ky,
Only see its lippeys poutey,
Hushey darley rocky bye.

Does the cabbage mama eaty
Makes its little tummy ache?
Is its little eyes so seepy,
Hickup keep it wide awake?

Does it want to see its daddy?
So it sall in little while;
See it trow its tunny paddy,
What *does* ail ze blessed chile?

Ugh! you naughty pin go way!
Hushey, deary, go to seep,
Mama by her baby stay,
Uggy fies from baby teep.

**Ready for Either Side.**

A countryman walked into the office of a lawyer the other day, and began his application:

"Sir, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me much trouble."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had one spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below should build a dam across the creek, and it was to back the water up in the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"[illegible]" said the lawyer, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his clients "You can recover heavy damages sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him."

"But stop," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice; "it's I that have built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he threatens to sue me."

The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tacked his ship and kept on.

"Ah, well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was it?"

"It was a mill dam."

"A mill dam for grinding grain, was it?"

"Yes, it was just that."

"And it's a good neighboring mill, is it?"

"So it is, sir; and you may well say so."

"And all your neighbors bring their grain to be ground do they?"

"Yes sir, all but Jones."

"Then it is a great public convenience, is it not?"

"To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It is so far superior to any other mill, sir."

"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that man Jones is complaining just because the water from the dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is now threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day, as sure as my name is B——."

**Recipe for Making Boots Water Tight.**

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As the cold, muddy weather of fall is approaching, it may be of interest to many of our readers to know how to preserve their boots and make them at the same time pliable and water proof. It can be done in this way: In a pint of best winter-strained lard oil, dissolve a piece of paraffine the size of a hickory nut, aiding the solution with a gentle heat, say 130 or 140 degrees F. The readiest way to get pure paraffine is to take a piece of paraffine candle. Rub this solution on your boots about once a month; they can be blacked in the meantime.—If the oil should make the leather too stiff, decrease the proportion of paraffine, and *vice versa*.

I have used this for eight years past, and boots have lasted me two winters, the uppers always remaining soft, and never cracking. I have tried beeswax, rosin, tar, etc., but never found any other preparation half so good. C.
Dayton, Ohio.
*Scientific American.*

☞ Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

☞ Quills are things that are oftentimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

☞ Josh Billings says: "Marrying for love may be a little risky, but it is so honest that God kant help but smile at it."

☞ Wanted—a copy of the words of "The song that the Teakettl singed."

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