Dec 14

The Chestertown Transcript.

VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNIN[G], 1867. Dec 14 NO. 30.

THE
ertown Transcript
lished every Saturday, at
town, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

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Advertisements

Ten Lines Bourgeois (or its equivalent space) or less, will be inserted three imes 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 advertisments 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.

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.

MACHINE OIL of superior quality, just opened by
Oct. 8, 1867. THOMAS S. WICKES.

LARGE lot of Country Hams in store and for sale by
Dec 2, 1867. W. A. V ICKERS.

Wood and Brass-bound Piggons, Corn Baskets, Willow Baskets, Demijons and other articles too numerous to mention. Call and look of New Goods. J. K. A.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. A. PERKINS, having returned to Chestertown for the active resumption of his profession, offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found at his residence in Princess street, with Miss Caroline Thompson's, unless professionally engaged.

June 1, 1867.

Sieves, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Corks, Wire Ladles, Skims Spoons, Nippers, Dust Pans, Coffee Mills, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lamp Trimmings. Tin and Stove Store of A. ALDRIDGE.

CORD—For sale by A. ALDRIDGE.

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.

WHITE MEN MUST RULE AMERICA!

Clubs for 1868.

Clubs for 1868.

The Best New York Weekly Published.

NEW YORK DAY-BOOK
FOR 1868.

THE NEW DAY-BOOK is a straightforward, Radical Democratic paper, with a larger circulation than any other Democratic journal ever published on this Continent, and it enters on the threshold of 1868 more prosperous and more hopeful of the great cause it upholds than ever before. Standing on the foundation of the Declaration of Independence, that "all (*white*) men are created equal," and *therefore* entitled to equal rights, it is opposed to all forms and degrees of special legislation that conflict with this grand central TRUTH of Democracy.

THE DAY-BOOK, *therefore*, demands the restoration of the "Union as it was"—A UNION OF CO-EQUAL STATES UPON THE WHITE BASIS, as the only hope, and the only means possible under heaven for saving the grand ideas of 1776, and the fundamental principles of American liberty, and if the real friends of freedom, and the earnest believers in that sacred and glorious cause in which the men of the Revolution offered up their lives, will now labor to expose the ignorance, delusion and treason of the Mongrel party, IT WILL SUCCEED, and the white Republic of Washington be restored again in all its original beneficence and grandeur.

THE WEEKLY DAY-BOOK is the most COMPLETE WEEKLY PAPER PUBLISHED. Its News Summary, Family Reading, Agricultural Articles, Reports of Cattle, Grain and Cotton Markets, &c., &c., are not surpassed by any paper.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year	$2 00
Three copies one year	5 00
Five copies one year, and one to the getter up of the club	10 00
Ten copies one year, and one to the getter up of the club	17 00
Additional copies	1 75
Twenty copies one year, and one to the getter up of the club	30 00
Specimen copies sent free. Address	

VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.
No. 162 Nassau street, New York.
Dec. 14, 1867.

The Poet.

From the Louisville Courie.

IN THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

The following which we consider one of the most beautiful of all the poems elicited by the late unhappy war, is forwarded to us by a correspondent at Lexington. It was written by a young gentleman of the South, whose modesty alone has prevented him from attaining a national reputation as a poet and who has never, save in a single instance, appeared in print before:

Fair were our visions! Oh, they were as grand
As ever floated over Fairy land;
Children were we in single faith,
But God-like children, whom, nor death,
Nor threat, nor danger drove from Honor's path,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men, as pride of birth could render;
As violets, our women pure and tender;
And when they spoke their voice did thrill
Until at eve the whip-poor-will,
At morn the mocking-bird, were mute and still,
In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory
Than ever taxed tradition's ancient story;
And in our dream we wove the thread
Of principles for which had bled
And suffered long our own immortal dead,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Though in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content, and so God let them be,
'Till envy coveted our land,
And those fair fields our valor won,
But little recked we, for we still slept on
In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled and our dream grew wild,
Red meteor's flashed across our Heaven's field;
Crimson the moon; between the Twins
Barbed arrows fly, and then begins
Such strife as when disorder's chaos reigns,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Down from her sunlit heights smiled liberty
And waved her cap in sign of victory—
The world approved, and everywhere
Except where growled the Russian bear,
The good, the brave, the just gave us their prayer
In the land where we were dreaming.

We fancied that a Government was ours—
We challanged place among the world's great powers;
We talked of Rank, Commission,
Until so life-like grew our vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision
In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked on high; a banner there was seen,
Whose field was blanched and spotless in its sheen—
Chivalry's cross its Union bears,
And vet'rans swearing by their scars,
Vowed they would bear it through a hundred wars,
In the land where we were dreaming.

A hero came amongst as we slept;
At first he lowly knelt—then rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears
He swept across the field of Mars;
Then bowed farewell and walked beyond the stars
In the land where we were dreaming.

We looked again, another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will—
Full of grandeur clothed with power,
Self-poised, erect, he ruled the hour
With stern, majestic sway—of strength a tower
In the land where we were dreaming.

As, while, great Jove, in bronze, a warder God,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free,
So "Richmond's safe," we said, while we
Beheld a bronzed hero—God-like LEE,
In the land where we were dreaming.

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls—
As wakes the mother when her infant calls—
As starts the traveller when around
His sleeping couch the fire bells sound—
So woke our nation in a single bound,
In the land where we were dreaming.

Wo! wo is me! the startled mother cried—
While we have slept our noble sons have died!
Wo! wo is me! how strange and sad
That all our glorious vision fled
And left us nothing real but the dead,
In the land where we were dreaming.

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No! dreamers! morn shall bid them rise again
From every vale—from every height
On which seemed to die for right—
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight
In the land where we were dreaming.

Farmers' Column.

From the American Farmer.

The Harvest of 1867 Throughout the World.

We have before us a mass of agricultural statistics and reports, of more or less reliability, concerning the harvest of the present year in Great Britian, Europe, Canada and South America, which we have collated and digested with some care, in order that we might give to our readers, in a few words, the result of many hours' labor. In our own country we all know that the harvest has been plenteous; the wheat crop being as large as it ever has been, the corn crop larger than it has been since 1861, and the other grains and cereals having yielded well. This is the result when the entire country is taken as a whole. In the British Isles the wheather this season has been unusually variable. There has been much more rain than has fallen for many previous years. The government there makes no returns of the result of the harvest; but the London Times has for many years employed a number of practical agricultural experts as its correspondents in various parts of the Kingdom, and their reports are generally found to be tolerably reliable. The reports of five of these correspondents are before us, and the substance thereof is, that the wheat crop of England and Scotland together will be below the average. In Scotland and in the north of England the harvest is fully three or four weeks later than usual, and the weather, as a whole, has been decidedly unfavorable for bringing the crop to maturity. The quantity of grain throughout the Kingdom, according to these correspondents, will be smaller than usual, and the quality of it will be inferior. There is a great yield of straw, but a deficiency of grain; but the crop of oats and barley throughout England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are very large and very fine. The potato crop in the Kingdom is said to be in a critical condition. The potato disease appeared early in the season in the south and west of England, and more lately, owing to the prevalence of rain, it has made considerable progress in Scotland and the north of England. It is feared that the potato crop, as a whole, will not be more than one-half of its usual quantity; and this deficiency will increase the demand for wheat, barley and oats.

The crops in France have not been at all good. The weather has been unfavorable, and there is a serious deficiency in grain and roots. The grain crop of Germany has been good, but the potato disease has also prevailed there, and the crops will be deficient from one-third to one-half. The grain crops of Belgium, Portugal and Spain are deficient. Switzerland never raises grain enough for her own consumption, but this year the usual deficiency seems to have been increased. Italy, unlike England, has suffered from long continued drouth, instead of an excess of rains, and her grain crop is more than usually short. Algeria, Tunis and Morocco are in the same conditions. But on the other hand, Russia, Turkey, Austria, and the Danubian Principalities have excellent wheat crops this year; the harvest in more than half the South American States has been good; and of Mexico, notwithstanding her troubles, it is reported that she has raised grain enough to supply her own population. To summarize the practical bearing of the above facts, in the plainest manner, it may be sufficient to say that the countries which will be compelled to buy bread-stuffs between the present time and the next harvest are Great Britian, France, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Algeria, Tunis and Morocco; while the countries which will have grain to sell are the United States, Canada, Chili, and some of the other South American States, Russia, Turkey, and the Danubian Principalties.

The stocks of old wheat in Great Britian and France have not been so low since 1854 as they are at this time. Large purchases of wheat have been for some

Heat it Hot, Sam.

A correspondent sends us the following good story: Colonel McHattan came from Virginia to this State (Illinois) in the early settlement of the country, when roadside inns were unknown, and every dweller in the wilderness kept a sort of traveler's home. The Colonel by a lucky investment in wild land became in time a rich man, but he kept up his habits of hospitality; and if the guest was well to do in the world, did not object to turning an honest penny in that way.

One cold, blustering, winter evening, a horseman drew up to the house and asked accomodation for the night. A half grown lad answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the sitting room, where the great wood fire, of itself, gave him a cordial welcome. After supper the landlord made his appearance for the first time.—He was hearty and hale and rosy as any boniface should be, but he was bent and crippled in his gait. He explained by saying that he had taken a cold which had settled in his back.

"I don't mind the pain so much," he continued, "but it is so inconvenient. I have been recommended to try a *poor man's plaster*, and if you will excuse me I will have it put on. Sam! Samuel! Samuel McHatten!"

"Here, father," said the lad before mentioned, hastily swallowing a huge piece of mince pie which he had been quietly enjoying.

"Here, Sam, my boy, heat this plaster for me and put it on my back. Heat it hot, Sam."

Saying which, he handed the plaster to his son, and seating himself astride his chair, with his back to the fire, threw his suspenders back and his shirt over his head. "Now, Sam," said the Colonel, "if the poor man's plaster is hot, you may put it on; but you may wait a little; I'm afraid it's not hot enough. Heat it hot, Sam, turning to the traveler, who was sitting in the corner, "Can you tell why

Priests that are already mar[ried] h[ave] the privilege of entering the sad c[ell]; [but] none must marry afterwards. Their duties consist in reading the prayers, chanting, administering the sacraments and dancing, the latter being indulged in during religious processions, and consisting of a peculiar swaying to and fro of the body, rather than a free use of the legs. Upon them also devolves the duty of instructing youth, but not exclusively, for there is another class called *debteras* or learned men who are schoolmasters as well as scribes. Some monasteries are found in different parts, but nuns are rare.

THE CHURCHES.—The churches are generally built on the summits of hills in the midst of cyphress groves. They are round with conical roofs, and divided after the Jewish model into three parts.—The outer court is open, being the space between the wall and the posts supporting the roof, which extends about four yards beyond the main building. The second part, corresponding with the Holy place, is the space between the outer wall and another which incloses the holiest of all; and here the people congregate for divine worship. The holiest is only entered by the priest, and contains what is called the tabot or ark, in which the sacred vessels and books are kept. The exterior of this inclosure is profusely painted with sacred and historical subjects by native artists, which, to a European, are subjects of great amusements. Michael the Archangel, and St. George and the Dragon, nearly always occupy the door. In representations of the future world it is remarkable that they always paint angels and good men white, devils and ban men black, which on one occasion made me ask a priest by way of a joke, whether all Abssyssians, being black went to the neither world.

CURIOSITIES OF ABYSSIAN ECCLESIASTICEL ART.—The Philistines appear to have known the use of the blunder buss, and the Lord's Supper seems to have been conducted in the same manner as an Abyssinian feast. One representation amused me much. It represented the life, death and judgment of a man who had been a cannibal. Tableau the first showed the monster in the act of demolishing sundry human arms and legs. Tableau the second, the same individual bestowing alms on the poor on Friday, the feast day.—Tableau the third, his death and coming to judgment, in which Christ is represented with a pair of scales, one of which is filled with the man's canibalism, the other with his fasting and almsgiving, the latter having a slight preponderance. Tableau the fourth represents the devil disputing with Mary the justice of the decision, and forcibly ascertain his claim by seizing the individual in question by the leg, the Virgin maintaing her hold of the head. Tableau the fifth, triumph of Mary, and the quondam cannibal's admission to paradise.

Beautiful.

The first thing Bishop Heber ever wrote is this inimitable passage.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that life is a bubble cast by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations, which heap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse of their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a brighter destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the stars are spread out before us like the Islands that slumber on the ocean and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence.

Domestic Recipes.

BONED TURKEY.—This noble bird, the pride of American tables, cannot easily be recognized after undergoing the culinary process termed "boning," but for a cold relish nothing more acceptable need be sought. It is a favorite dish at evening parties. It may be thus prepared: Boil a turkey in as little water as may be, until the bones can be easily separated from the meat. Remove all the skin: cut the meat in thin slices, mixing together the light and dark parts. Season with salt and pepper. Take the liquid in which the turkey was boiled, having kept it warm, pour it on the meat, and mix it well. Shape it like a loaf of bread, wrap it in a cloth and press with a heavy weight for a few hours. When served up it is cut in thin slices.

Some of our professional cooks can shape it somewhat like the original bird, so that one can not tell at once when it is seen that it is boned turkey; but this requires skill and labor.—*Bettie in Germantown Telegraph.*

Mrs. Betsy Lenoir's Method of Curing Bacon Sides.—Salt well with good salt, with three spoons full of pounded red pepper, to a half bushel of salt. After lying in salt five or six weeks, hang up and smoke well with green hickory wood.—Keep them hanging in a tall close smoke house till used.

Mrs. Betsy Lenoir's Method of Curing Bacon Hams.—Salt well with good salt, containing three spoons full of pounded red pepper, to half a bushel of salt; put about three spoons full of molasses or sugar on the flesh part of the ham. After lying in salt 5 or 6 weeks, hang and smoke well with green hickory wood. When well smoked and dried, put each ham in a sack; whitewash the sack with lime and water; and hang them again till wanted.—*Communicated from Transactions Southern Central Ag'l. Society to Southern Cultivator.*

A Rich Christmas Pudding.—One pound of rasins stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfulls flour, three eggs, a cup of sweatmeats, and a wine-glass of brandy. Mix well and boil in a mould eight hours.

A Good Christmas Pudding. One pound of flour, two pounds of suet, one pound of currants, one pound of plums, eight eggs, two ounces of candied peel, almonds and mixed spice according to taste. Boil gently for seven hours.

MINCE PIES.—Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants nicely cleaned and perfectly dry, one pound and a half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, a half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg and a few cloves and mace, with pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange and lemon peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

Evils of Tight Lacing.

Sometime ago the death of a young lady passenger, Miss Stainsby, in one of the cars of the London underground railway was reported, caused, as then alleged, by suffocation, due to the bad state of the air in the tunnels. A legal investigation ensued from it now appears that one of the causes of her death was tight lacing.

Prof. Rodgers, lecturer on medical jurisprudence and on chemistry, was the first witness, and at his request the evidence of Dr. Popham as the appearance the body was read to him.

Dr. Popham added that he found the deceased was tightly laced, and that the result would be to compress her chest and impede the free action of her lungs.

Prof. Rodgers said he had examined samples of air taken on four different occasion from the tunnels of the Metropolitan Railway, and also from various other tunnels. The air in its pure condition contained 2,080 volumes of oxygen per 10,000, and from 3·7 to 6·2 of carbonic acid. On the 4th of September he found it in the worst tunnel (*i. e.*, Gower street), there were 1,870 measures of oxygen, and there was but a slight trace of carbonic acid. The highest amount of carbonic acid he had found on any one occasion was 18.7 per 18,000; but the atmosphere of a theater four feet above the pit was 23·7. The slight deficiency of oxygen which he found would not act injuriously, even upon delicate persons, passing as they did, rapidly through the tunnel in trains. Thought that under the circumstances under which the deceased had entered the train—that was to say, considering that she had eaten heartily, was tightly laced, had diseased heart, and was already faint before she entered the tunnel—her death had resulted from natural causes. The jury heard other evidence, and then, without hesitation, brought in a verdict:—"Died from natural causes."

REMEDY FOR A BURN.—The best thing for a burn is the following, and every body ought to know it:

Do as soon as possible after the burn, throw a little green tea into hot water; let it steep. Stir up an Indian meal poultice. Spread the tea leaves on the burn or scald, whether it may be. If burnt with powder, it will take the powder out, and the skin will be as clear as ever.

"Do you chew tobacco?" asked a man of a young man in a street car, by whose side she displayed her immaculate form. "No, ma'am," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you like."

An Ohio editor refused to speak to the toast, "Woman," saying, that woman is able to speak for herself, and any man who undertakes to do it for her will get into trouble.

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