Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1868. NO. 26.

JUST OUT.



THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

and confidently offer it to the people of Kent county as the *best* and *cheapest* Cooking Stove in the market.

Call and examine our new stock of Dwelling, Church, and School Stoves, which we always *guarantee* to be as represented.

DORGAN & CO.,
S. E. cor. Light and Lombard sts.,
Sept. 5, 1868—4m. BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the establishment of a Mart where all kinds of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Findings could be had; where they could see and compare the workings of one machine with another, and select from the different makes, the Machine best suited to the use to which they desire to apply it.

FRED. W. WILD,
78 *W. Baltimore Street.*

☞ Sewing Machines repaired and adjusted by skillful mechanics, and a fair remunerative compensation only will be charged for the time and skill expended in the work.

The Great American Combination Button Hole Overseaming and

SEWING MACHINE,

Is warranted to execute in the best manner every variety of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering, Quilting, Over-seaming, Embroidering on the edge, and in addition makes beautiful Button and Eyelet holes in all fabrics. It has no equal, being absolutely the best Family Machine in the world, and intrinsically the cheapest, for it is two Machines combined in one by a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 *W. Baltimore street,*
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

BOWER'S

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,

PHILADELPHIA,

MADE FROM

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who have used it, also by distinguished Chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
39 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
79 South Street,
July 18. BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, letters of administration, on the estate of

WALTER T. H. MILLER,
late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of May, 1869; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 20th day of October, 1868.

RICHARD W. JONES,
Oct. 24—4t Administrator.

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia,
AND
No. 95 South Street, Baltimore.

And by Dealers in general throughout the Country.

The SOMBRERO GUANO of which MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE is and always has been manufactured, (and of which he has sole control for the United States,) contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone, therefore it is more durable. The addition of Ammonia gives it greater fertilising value.

Over seven years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

Price $56 00 per ton, 2,000 lbs.
Discount to dealers.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.
Philadelphia, August 29, 1868—3m.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON,
Grain Commission Merchants.

General Agents for

ANDREW COE'S Super-Phosphate of Lime.

BEST ARTICLE IN USE

Letter from A. L. Carter.
MONASKIN, Lancaster Co., Va., August 10, 1868.
Messrs. HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Baltimore, Md.

Gentlemen:—I purchased two tons Andrew Coe's Phosphate last fall and applied it in comparison with A No. 1 Peruvian Guano, each drilled in with wheat, at the rate of about 150 pounds per acre, on similar land. The growth of straw was greater where the guano was applied, but the yield of wheat greater and quality better where I used the Phosphate. I also purchased two tons last spring to experiment on oats and corn. The growth of oats was very fine, the corn looks well and bids fair to yield heavily. I shall want more to apply to wheat this fall.

Very respectfully, A. L. CARTER.

Letter from Hon. E. J. Henkle.

Anne Arundel County, Aug. 8th, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

Gentlemen:—I have used Andrew Coe's Super-Phosphate of Lime on my corn crop for two successive years, and take great pleasure in testifying to its merits. My crop last year was bettter filled in the ear and heavier than I ever raised before. The soil was of inferior quality, and I could only attribute the success of the crop to the effects of the fertilizer. I have used it again this year and it promises equally good results. It is, in my opinion, the most popular and best manufactured fertilizer in use in this community.

Very truly yours, E. J. HENKLE.

Letter from Michael Graybill.

Amsterdam, Va., July 31, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

I used Andrew Coe's Phosphate by the side of No. 1 Peruvian, and I could see no difference between the two; both did well. I will want some again this fall. Very respectfully yours, MICHAEL GRAYBILL.

Letter from Jesse Slingluff, Esq., President of the Commercial and Farmers Bank.

Baltimore, August 4th, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I used on my wheat last fall your Super-Phosphate of Lime, and found it to do well. I most cheerfully recommend farmers to use it, as a first-rate fertilizer.

Very respectfully yours,
JESSE SLINGLUFF,
Baltimore county, Md.

Letter from Basil S. Benson.

Anne Arundel Co., Md., July 18, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I have bought twenty-six tons of your Phosphate and used it on my fall and spring crops, and it is the best fertilizer that I have ever used. Yours, truly,
BASIL S. BENSON.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Agents,
No. 10 Camden St., Baltimore, Md.
August 29, 1868.

CORTLAN & CO.,
216 & 218 Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.,
IMPORTERS.

CHINA, Glass & Earthenware,
TABLE CUTLERY AND FAMILY HARDWARE,
PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.
Forks, Spoons, Casters And Butter Tubs,
Britannia and Block Tinware,
Fenders, Shovel & Tongs, Standards,
And House Furnishing Goods
OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERN, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought MUCH UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.

CORTLAN & CO.
Baltimore, August 29, 1868—y

Wood and Coal.

THE Subscriber has in his yard and is prepared to supply Oak, Hickory and Pine fire wood at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish *Coal of all sizes and quality.* Persons wishing to engage their coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market.

13-tf. W. H. HAMILTON.

Henry C. Kennard.
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,
87 SAINT PAUL STREET,
aprl-6m BALTIMORE.

Mules, Mules!!
One Pair MULES and one Horse, for sale by N. BARNARD,
Sept. 19—tf Still Pond, Md.

LUMBER, LUMBER.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by
T. W. ELIASON & SON.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE *Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are* entirely different *from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.*

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cause.*

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Selected Poetry.

ONE LINK GONE.

Take the pillow from the cradle
Where the little sufferer lay:
Draw the curtains, close the shutters,
Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table,
Place the lifeless body there;
Back from off the marble features,
Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
Crossed upon its sinless breast,
Free from care, and pain, and anguish,
Let the infant cherub rest.

Smooth its little shroud about it;
Pick its toys from off the floor—
They, with all their sparkling beauty,
Ne'er can charm their owner more.

Take the little shoes and stockings
From the doting mother's sight,
Pattering feet no more will need them,
Walking in the fields of light.

Parents faint and worn with watching,
Through the long dark night of grief,
Dry your tears and soothe your sighing—
Gain a respite of relief,

Mother, care no more is needed
To allay the rising moan,
And though you perchance may leave it,
It can never be alone.

Angels bright will watch beside it
In its quiet, holy slumber,
'Till the morning, then awake it
To a place among their number.

Thus a golden link is broken
In a chain of earthly bliss—
Thus the distance shorter making
'Twixt the brighter world and this.

A Valley One Mile Deep.

W. W. Thomas, late United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, in a letter on Norway, gives the following description of that remote country and one of its phenomenas:

Imagine a huge table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock, in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine-tenths of the Norway that is shown on the map. But the rock is not whole; it is cracked apart here and there; and fissures show like slender veins over the country. The sides of these ravines are as steep as the cleft of an axe, and their depths are always filled by a foaming brook or river tumbling from the drenched table-land above the sea. I have looked from the bottom of one of these valleys and seen the perpendicular rock rise 5,000 feet on either side, and the heavens show like a strip of blue ribbon. Wherever in these dales there lies a bit of earth 'twixt rock and river, there the Norwegian peasant has built his cot; and it is on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway is situated, and here live her 1,200,000 people. The land just around his door gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley and oats; his cattle climb the steep above for every stray blade; for the rest he depends upon the sea and river. Were it not for the excellent fisheries along this northern shore, Norway would be uninhabitable. One night in July, 1865, Hon. J. H. Campbell, late minister at Stockholm, the two Messrs. Buckley, of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern fiord, in latitude 60 degrees north. We ascended a cliff which rose 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic Ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout. Away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12 midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the waters running between us and him. There he stood in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of the morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

PUNCTUALITY is not a large sounding word, hence not a few of us are a little inclined to undervalue its importance; yet this is wrong, for to punctuality we owe, in a measure, our success in many an undertaking. Not a few of those who have arisen to eminence, have attributed their advancement to their punctuality. And in that character, which love best to cultivate, we find it an adorning trait. The punctuality of Washington is proverbial. It is said of Nelson, that one always found him waiting; and with Admiral Napier punctuality was a cardinal virtue.

A Sandusky mother reproved her three-year-oldster for eating icicles. The analytical infant replied, 'I didn't eat them, mama; I only sucked the juice out of 'em.'

THE CRAYON SKETCH.

One evening, the year 1520, a female completely enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of the Rialto, in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.

She paused on the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio, adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling, a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said, "Girl! destroy not the life which God has given you. If you are unhappy, enter yon church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing, uncalled, into His presence!"

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said, "Let me go! I *must* die!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion.

Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were very lovely; and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as was gradually restored. By degrees she told him who she was, and where she lived. Her history might be summoned up in a few words; an avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich inn-keeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length, this evening, her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches; and bidding her retire to her own apartment, and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the inn-keeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart, a young gondolier appeared at the door, and fugitively approaching her, said, "Dearest! dearest!"

Gianettini rushed forward, shouting, "Out of this! out of my house, beggar!"

The young man did not stir.

"Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was ten years old, and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly. Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our grateful blessings; or must we water your path with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my grandchildren," said Gianettini, roughly.

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should not become so too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of heaven, do much."

"A fool's dream!"

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacono Sforza a cowherd."

The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to this dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said, "Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success, and struggling conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" cried Gianettini.

"Master Jew," said the unknown, turning disdainly towards him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."

"Pshaw!" said the unknown; "babblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning towards a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensual, avaricious expression; and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"'Tis my hand!" cried Gianettini.

"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the Palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six hundred pistoles.

"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the inn-keeper. "I would not give a zecchin for it!"

Without speaking, the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise.—He then turned doubtfully towards Maria; but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow, the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting in intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendancy gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him; and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag and a letter.—The bag contained six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the librarian with a visit.

"Take these coins, and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag towards Gianettini.

Antonio Barbargo stood before his benefactor, pale, and trembling with joy.

"One favor more," he said. "Who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter! say you?" cried the gondolier. "Much, much to me!—Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!"

"Men call me Michael Angelo."

"Michael Angelo!" repeated Antonio, falling on his knees, like a true Italian, to adore the sovereignity of genius.

The artist raised him, and took his hand.

"It is my turn now," he said, "to ask you a favor. It is to permit me to perpetuate on canvas the lovely features of Maria."

The girl approached; she could not speak; but she clasped the painter's hand, and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it; and Michael Angelo, as he drew it back, turned away to conceal his own emotions.

Twenty years passed on, and found Antonio Barbarigo, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria, and General of the Venetian Republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814, it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never since been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers amongst the traditions of Venice.

Applications of Paper.

The uses of compressed Vegetable Pulp, or artificial wood, already very numerous, are multiplying. Among its good qualities, its low conductivity is important and but imperfectly appreciated. Many have seen, and verified by experiment, the statement that the warmest kind of bed comforter can be made by basting old newspapers together. Something in this line might be made a valuable new article of manufacture. Cisterns and water pipes of prepared paper, with a sufficient ingredient or else coating of insoluble substance, have been brought into use in England, for their remarkable resistance to the penetration of frost; or, more accurately, their remarkable retention of the heat of their contents. It is stated that at the Albion Works, England, there was in the open yard a large brick tank containing several tons of water, the ice in which was several inches thick during the severe cold of the past winter. By the side of this was another tank, made of paper boards, the water in which was not the least frozen.

Some iron pipe which supplied water to the boiler of the engine-house from a large cistern, burst in several places, in consequence of the freezing of the water which it contained. Some paper pipes, on the other hand, filled with water, and which had been exposed to the snow on the ground kept the water from freezing. In a model house or hut, made of paper, some water in open bowls or pails did not freeze, though outside the building there were large masses of ice. The manufacture of paper pails has been imitated in this country, and we see no reason why they should not make a superior article. Sugar moulds are now made of paper. An all-paper hat is coming into market, as we hear. Paper substitutes for starched linen are in common use, but what shall we say to paper shirts, drawers and hose, for which a patent has been taken? Is the whole series of mettallic ages—silver, gold, brass and iron—to wind up in an age of rags?

The Wisdom of the Talmud.

The following are some of the proverbs of Jewish Talmud:—

Woe to them who see without knowing what they see, and who stand without knowing on what they see, and who stand without knowing on what they stand!—To the wasp men say, neither thy honey nor thy sting. Never leave the door open, even to an honest man, much less to a thief. The hole, not the rat, is the thief. The world is kept in health only by children at school. At Pumbeditha (a school famous for its subtle logic) they can drive an elephant through the eye of a needle. With the same measure with which you measure to others, it will be measured to you again. Solid wood burns with little noise; but thorns make a great crackling, saying, "We too, are wood." If you speak in the night, speak softly; if you speak in the daytime, look around you before you speak. Little or much, if only our heart is fixed on heaven. A melon is known even in its blossom.—Hypocrites steal leather, and make shoes for the poor. Yesterday, says the bird, I was free and joyous among the green boughs? to-day they are bars of the cage. He who enjoys too much in this world is in danger of losing the next. Is the lamb rash who is feeding in the midst of wolves? Not if he trusts the good shepard. Great is the value of labor. It honors him who devotes himself to it. The camel aspired after horns, and the Lord took away his ears. He whose head is made of butter should never try to be a baker. A hundred guilders invested in trade gives a man meat and wine; the same invested in farming gives him only cabbage and salt. The speculator puts his money on the horns of a stag. Woe to him who builds a big door, and has no house behind it! Of a field which is permanently reaped, even the straw is good for nothing.

Extinction of Races in the Animal kingdom.

It is sad, at least to the naturalist, to contemplate the phenomenon of animal extinction. From the days of the plesiosaurus and megatherium, what a magnificent variety of zoological specimens has been lost to the world! Imagine the feelings of an enthusiastic naturalist who, having ventured to Mauritius in the early part of the last century, on the strength of a sailor's yarn, to catch, or at least behold, the last living dodo, arrived only in time to find a solitary skeleton in bad repair, and two eggs, both addled. It appears however, that we are now threatened with another, and in many senses, a more serious case extinction. There is reason to apprehend, at no great distance of time, the total disappearance from the animal creation of the elephant. This is owing to the enormous destruction of these grand old beasts, which has been and is still going on year after year, for purposes of commerce, for self protection, and for mere sport. In a single province of Ceylon over three thousand five hundred elephants were killed in three years by the natives for the sake of a few shillings bounty per head. Many thousands are annually destroyed in India and Africa for the sake of the ivory, the demand for which is so great that to supply the manufacturers of Sheffield alone requires the slaughter of over twenty thousand elephants every year. The elephant is not prolific, its rates of increase being less than that of man. The race cannot, therefore, hold out much longer against such wholesale destruction, and it is by no means improbable that the child is now born who may live to see the last elephant. Nor is the pachyderm, though the noblest and one of the most valuable, by any means the only valuable animal slowly but surely dying out. The whale and seal the buffalo, moose, elk and deer are yearly growing more and more rare. If the world, as it is not probable, according to Dr. Cummings, should last a thousand years longer, and the same unequal combat between man and brute continues, it is safe to predict that the former will have the universe entirely to himself, or that it will be shared only between him and such of the animal creation as are either too insignificant to excite anger or covetousness, or too intimately associated with his daily needs and labor to included in the general destruction.

Prints on Apples and Pears.

A friend, who has lately been on a visit to the "Hub of the Universe," writes us thus: "I have just seen a very pretty and fanciful idea developed on pears and apples in the orchard of a friend at West Roxbury, Massachusetts. As you ramble among the trees you are ever and anon saluted by an inscription upon the fruit, done as it were by the hands of nature herself. On some you find the names of Seymour and Blair, for our friend is a staunch democrat of the conservative or State rights school. Here you meet with the familiar name of Mary or Alice, or a date (1868)—in brief, everything that may suggest itself to your taste or fancy, and all done in the skin of the fruit, without abrasion or any foreign impression. The discovery was made by the Hon. Arthur W. Austin, of West Roxbury, in 1851-'52. He observed during the former year that apples did not redden in that part of the fruit where a leaf happened to lie upon it. In 1852, he cut out letters from newspapers, and when the apples were yet green, he pasted them upon them with paste such as the apothecaries use, made of Gum Tragacanth. The apples would *redden* in all parts *not* covered by the pasted letters. When the fruit had reddened to perfection the letters were removed, and they would appear permanently outlined in green. So, again, when he pasted on the apple a paper in which the letters were *cut out* the *parts* covered by the *paper* would be *green*, and the *letters* would appear, distinctly turned in *red*, the green ground surrounding them. The experiment is a very pretty one, and produces a happy effect. Let our fruit growers try it. How much sweeter must be the relish of apple or pear if the name of favorite should thus appear on it, as if written by the hand of nature. What a superior price such fruit, so inscribed, would command in market, and what a pretty present it would be to any lady at a feast."—*Charleston Courier.*

The newest freak of fashion was visible on Broadway recently in the shape of a necklace made of a band of black velvet, fitting tightly to the throat, from which depended a number of small gold or gilt bells. What with the Grecian bend and these musical appendages, street secetacles are in a fair way to outshine the legitimate drama.

A Dry Joke.

In Easton, Pa., the other evening, just as a performance in the public hall was about to end, two wags put themselves in front of the doorway with an umbrella, and waited for the outcoming crowd. It was not raining at all, but when the first persons of the audience had reached the door and seen the warning umbrellas, scores of hands were thrust out, coats were buttoned, closely, and dresses taken up, while quite a number remained in the hall, refusing to come out on account of the rain. The "sell" was complete.

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