THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1869. NO. 3.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT!
New Stock, Low Prices!

BUILDING HARDWARE, TIN WARE, AND STOVES.

THE citizens of Chestertown and the adjacent country, are respectfully invited to call at the New Establishment, (stand formerly occupied by Wm. Simpson, on High street, nearly opposite the Vosbell House,) and examine our large and cheap stock.

IN BUILDING HARDWARE

We are able to offer great inducements to Carpenters, Mechanics, Farmers, Builders, and those who contemplate having building done. If all such will only give us a chance we are confident of being able to convince them that we can supply their wants with a better article and for less money, than any establishment in this town. Our stock in this line is very full, and we are constantly making additions to it.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

In this department our stock is very complete, comprising almost any thing that can be called for, and at prices that must, we are sure, give satisfaction. In Tin we also keep the celebrated Stamped Ware. We have in our employ experienced, skillful and faithful workmen, and always use good material.

Stoves.

We shall keep a good stock, of all kinds, purchased from manufacturers direct, and will sell at a very small advance.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING,

and all kinds of repairing (including repairs to stoves,) done promptly in a workmanlike and durable manner, at low rates.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,

Embracing Safes, Japanned and Block Tin Ware, Ornamental Chamber Sets, and fancy Ware generally, in great variety.

In conclusion we would remark that we have gone into this business with a determination to sell *low*, to spare no pains, and to do all in our power to give satisfaction: and we respectfully ask our friends and the public to give us a trial.

JAMES T. PARKS,
THOMAS BRYAN.

Chestertown, July 25, 1868—y.

GROCERIES,
WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN,

88 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holiday.*

Sept. 12, 1868—y.

DURYEAS'
Satin Gloss Starch

HAS established a world-wide celebrity for being the Purest, Whitest, Strongest, and Most Glossy and Economical Starch known. Disinterested judges pronounce it the "Perfection of Starch."

The Messrs. Duryea have no occasion to personally assert the superiority of their goods. A discriminating public and the decision of the following scientific and disinterested judges establish it.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED
Duryeas' Starch and Maizena

For their "Perfection of Quality," at Grand Paris International Exposition, 1867. Great London International Exposition, 1862. Great Internat, Exposition, Hamburg, 1863. Great Internat. Exposition, Cologne, 1865. Also at States', Agricultural, American Institute and Maryland Institute Fairs.

Inferior Starch is sour, musty, or has a golden or yellow tinge, a color not desirable in one's linen. (It is absurd for the laundress to cleanse and bleach, and then discolor linen with impure yellow starch.)

Maizena

Is a pure flour, from the choicest Indian corn, and is used for all the purposes of Corn Starch and Arrowroot, to which it is superior. Put up in the same style of packets, and at same price, with directions for use.

For culinary purposes, call for Duryeas' Maizena. For the laundry, call for Duryeas' Satin Gloss Starch.

For sale by all grocers. Be sure you get our goods. Our name is on all our boxes.

H. H. BURNETT,
No. 3, Exchange Place, Baltimore,
Agent for Maryland, Dist. Columbia and Va.
September 5, 1868—y.

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

Consignments respectfully solicited.

January 19, 1868—y

WORK BENCH SCREWS,

MADE of good Hickory, for sale much under the usual price.

PARKS & BRYAN,
July 25. Tin and Hardware Dealers.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The undersigned announces to Builders and others that he has opened

AN EXCHANGE,
At Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert St.,
Corner of Saratoga Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The object of which is to furnish all kinds of Building Material from one locality, thus saving purchasers that trouble and expense they would otherwise be subjected to in visiting different places to procure such articles. They propose, and are constantly prepared to furnish

Lumber, Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, &c.,
Slate Roofing, MARBLEIZED SLATE, AND MARBLE MANTELS.
Ornamental Garden and Parlor Vases, Statuary, &c.

Glass, Hardware, Terra Cotta Chimney Tops, Sewer and Water Pipe of Hydraulic Cement and Terra Cotta, Hydraulic Cement, Marble, Iron, and Stone Fronts, Crest Railings, Encaustic and Marble Tiling, and all other building materials at the lowest market prices,

Having made arrangements with the leading Factories in their respective branches of trade to supply all building materials at one place. Estimates for Marble, Iron and Stone Fronts, Gas Fitting, Plumbers Work, &c., furnished. Sole Agents for the State of Maryland for Thompson and Harper's and other celebrated slate mantels, the Terra Cotta Works of Philadelphia, and represent Davison, Ayres and Heuvelman Agents of the architectural department of the Novelty Iron Works, New York, in Baltimore.

P. De MURGUIONDO,
Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert street,
Jan. 2, 1869—y Cor. of Saratoga.

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.

NEW HARNESS STORE!
JOSEPH W. EDWARDS

RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and public generally that he has again removed to Chestertown, and has commenced the **SADDLE & HARNESS** business at his "OLD STAND" opposite the Vosbell House. He has now in his employ good Workmen, and has now in store a fine assortment of

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Horse Blankets, Sleigh Bells,

all kinds of Oil for Harness, and all kinds of BITTS.

HARNESS of all kinds manufactured to order. REPAIRING done at short notice.

Having had some 18 or 20 years experience in the business, I flatter myself that I am able to give general satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

Give me a CALL

JOS. W. EDWARDS.

Dec. 26, 1868—tf.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS TO
Cox & Brown,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.
Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1868—y.

H. McCoy, Wm. A. Rasin.

McCOY & RASIN,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 73 South Street,
OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,
BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

We refer to the following among our patrons in Kent:

Judge Joseph A. Wickes,
Hon. William Welch,
Hon. Samuel Comegys,
George D. S. Handy,
William B. Wilmer,
George T. Hollyday,
Dr. Samuel A. Beck.

Feb. 13, 1869—y.

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 preparations now called Bitters or tavern preparations, 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, Fullness 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 an enjoyment of the 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 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 causes.*

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 Druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a large 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.

FOR SALE BY
S. Wickes & Son, Chestertown.

Selected Poetry.

The following elegant stanzas, (published in the Baltimore American, thirty-one years ago,) are from the pen of a Miss Brown, of Liverpool, England—at that time but 15 years of age, and are the more beautiful on that account:

'Tis not in the harp's soft, melting tone,
That music and harmony dwell alone;
'Tis not in the voice so tender and clear,
That comes like an angel's strain o'er the ear;
They both are sweet, but o'er dale and hill,
For me there's as beautiful music still.

I hear it in every murmuring breath,
That moves the bells of the purple heath;
In the watch dog's bark, in the shepherd's song,
In the rustic's laugh, as it echoes along;
In the whizzing sound of the wild bird's wing—
There's music, there's music in every thing.

There's music in the first love sigh,
That answers the glance of the melting eye,
And wafts it home to the lover's heart,
And bids his idle fears depart;
And raises their trembling blush in the cheek,
And says far more than words can speak.

There's music, too, in the evening breeze,
When it shakes the blossoms from the trees,
And wafts them in the moon-lit heaven,
Like fairy barks from their anchors driven;
And they through the clear and cloudless night,
Float in a waveless sea of light.

There's music, too, when the winds are high,
And the clouds are sailing through the sky;
When ocean foams and lashes the shore,
When the lightnings flash and thunders roar;
Yes, e'er in the tempest's jubilee,
There's music, and grandeur, and beauty for me.

There's music, sweet music, where insects play,
When they burst into life and the light of day,
And shake such sounds from their shining wings,
As the wind makes in murmuring o'er harp strings;
In the song of the birds, in the rippling streams;
Ah! these are such sounds as we hear in our dreams.

There's music unheard, that is only felt,
In the bosom where passionate feelings have dwelt;
Where the purest and warmest of thoughts have blent
To tune the heart like an instrument;
From whose chords as time hath o'er them flown,
His wing hath but wakened a tender tone.

There's music most blest in the house of prayer,
Aye, the sweetest and loveliest of music is there,
When innocent voices together blend,
And their mingled tones above ascend;
There is the holiest music given,
From the heart's warm altar up to heaven.

The Effect of Iron Coffins upon Dead Bodies.

I read in the National Intelligencer a frightful statement of burying alive that is said to have occurred in New Orleans, and is now going the rounds of the press, to the intense horror of all sensitive people.

The mother of the unfortunate, it is claimed, was informed of the horrible event through a dream, and insisted upon having the body disinterred, for investigation. On opening the grave the horrible fact was manifested. The glass over the face was broken, the face was mutilated, and the fingers wounded.

Now, it would be well to let this pass, as a warning to the thoughtless who hurry dead bodies into their graves before positive assurance that life is extinct But the case is so horrible that it is better to know the truth. The corpse had been encased in an iron coffin, called a casket, made air-tight. The consequence is that the gases generated by the decaying body produce the most frightful disfiguration, and, in some instances, shiver the glass over the face. I know all about this, for I had a case come under my immediate observation, the death of a friend in the country, caused by an accident, so sudden and unexpected that few of the friends and relatives could be called to the funeral within the ordinary time incident to such occasions. An iron coffin was procured, the body placed in it, and the lid sealed and screwed down in the usual manner, with a thick glass plate over the head. To those who watched the loved face through tears there soon appeared a singular change; the veins of the forehead began to swell, and soon stood out like cords. Then the face began to swell, and soon the eyes partly opened and the lips fell apart, giving to the face a wrathful, horrified expression that was painful to look upon. These changes continued until the dead seemed to be striving to breathe, and speak, and strange noises were heard inside. Women shrieked and fainted, and at last a cloth was thrown over the glass, and persons were forbid looking in. During the night of the second day (if I remember correctly,) an explosion occurred, accompanied by the sound of broken glass, and it was found that the plate over the face was shivered and the room filled with the most sickening stench. The dead body was horrible to look at, and it required no active stretch of the imagination to believe that life had returned and a struggle ensued.

I doubt whether one could return to life from the counterfeit condition that had been taken for death, while sealed up in one of these iron cases. Such return must, of course, be slow, uncertain and feeble, How long the air of the coffin would continue pure enough to strengthen the lungs. so as to start the circulation, I am not prepared to say. But I should think not long; certainly not a sufficient length of time to enable the subject buried alive to make much of a struggle.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

A RACY SKETCH.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms revealed the latent flame, and Col. Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon, and wounded came up to him and found old Drake and his sons, cutting him up! This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other.

One evening Mr. Drake the elder was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house he observed to his companion—

'What a beautiful mark Colonel Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!" 'Hang it!' muttered Drake, 'so it is.'

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furitively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

'Beautiful!' muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. 'I could drop old Roan so easy!'

'Shoot,' suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

'No, no 'twouldn't do,' said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell,' said Sam,

'Wal, I won't shoot this, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot.

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not a half a dozen paces distant, and before Mr. Drake.

'Well, why don't you shoot?'

The old man stammered in some confusion—'That you Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a "V" for one pull.'

'Say an 'X' and it's a bargain!'

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

'How much is the hoss worth?' he muttered in Sam's ear.

'About fifty.'

'Gad, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's your X'!'

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering—

'Hanged, if I thought you'd take me up!

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, and stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

'Crack!' went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred!'

Drake stared at his rifle with a look black as Othello's 'What's the matter with you, hey? Fus' time you ever sarved me quite such a trick, I swar!'

And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

'People said you'd lost your nack o' shooting,' observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

'Who said so! It's a lie thundered Drake I can shoot—'

'A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!'

Drake was livid.

'Look yere, Colonel, I can't stand that!' he began.

'Never mind the *horse* can,' sneered the Colonel. I'll risk you.'

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

'Here!' he growled, I am bound to have another shot any way.'

"Crack away,' cried the colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him right in the face as if he rather liked the fun.

'Drake,' cried Sam, you're drunk! a horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!

'Just shut your mouth or I'll shoot you!' thundered the excited Drake. 'The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies, says I can't shoot! Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and kin do it agin. By the Lord Harry, Colonel; you can laugh, but I'll bet, now thirty dollars, I can bring down old Roan at one shot.'

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and make an 'X' into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and beaded his rifle.

A minute later Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too scared to laugh. Meanwhile, the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees

When Drake reached home his two sons, discovering his ill-humor and the mutiliated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

Clear out, growled the angry old man. 'I don't wan't to hear any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down!'

"But, father its such a trick!'

'Blast you and your tricks!'

'Played off on the old Colonel!'

'On the Colonel!, cried the old man, beginning to be interested. 'Gad if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it.'

Well father, Jed and I, this afternoon, went out for deer—'

'Hang the deer—come to the trick.

'Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!'

'Shot old Roan?' thundered the old man. By the Lord Harry. Jed did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?'

'I didn't do anything else.'

'Devil! devil groaned the hunter.

'And then,' pursued Jack, confident the joke part of the story must please father, 'Jim and I propped the hoss up and, tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! fancy the Colonel going to catch him! ho! ho! ho!—wasn't it a joke?'

Old Drakes head fell upon his breast. He felt his empty pocket book, and looked at his rifle. Then, in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

'Yes, boys, it's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Bartson—I'll skin you alive! By the Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead hoss half an hour at ten dollars a shot!'

A Talk with the Boys.

BY MINTWOOD.

"Why don't you give the boys a talking to?" said a little girl to me a short time ago. "Not one out of a thousand knows how to behave, and it is just as much your duty to talk to them as to us."

I at once conceded her point, and told her the boys should be talked to. "And by the way," she added through the door, "by all means, do not fail to tell them *not to put oil on their heads!*"

I knew how much she meant by that, for she repeatedly relieved her mind on the greasy slickness of young men's heads, which were incensed with the contents of bottles of hair oil. Before leaving the hall she turned back again:—"Moreover, Mintwood," said she, "tell them if their moustaches, whiskers or heads are red, flaxen, Maltese or nankin in color, to leave them so, and never, never dye them, unless they want to be taken for villians, burglars or scoundrels, Tell them the girls make fun of dyed hirsuteness. I'm decidedly (h)airy in my ideas, you see;" and she smiled herself out again.

I once read Ik. Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," as faithful a panorama of a young man's heart as has ever been unrolled to public view. With a slight metamorphosis, it would as truthfully reveal the heart reveries of most young women, so it only the more strengthened my theory that human nature and human feeling are the same under broadcloth as under silk or calico, and any talk that applied to girls was equally applicable to boys, and this talk need not be regarded as any disproof.

Most farmers, as well as mechanics, take better care of their feet than their hands. They ride in the cold, work in the burning heat of the sun, blister the palms, scratch, and tear and mutilate their hands in the most reckless manner, and perhaps feel a little inclined to sneer at workmen who wear gloves. It is a very miserable sneer. If you cannot afford to have gloves to wear to church for look's sake, have good buckskin ones in which to plow and ditch, pick stone, prune trees and vines, and the many duties of farm life that can be executed just as well in gloves as without, and save you a vast deal of pain and trouble. Keep your hands, finger joints and nails *clean*. If soap and water will not clean out the pores, use a nail brush. I don't like to sit behind men in church, well dressed men, too, whose finger nails protect discs of fertile soil. I became impressed early in life from some source that it was *very* ill-mannered for one to clean his finger nails before people. It may be ill-mannered, but, as I hold it ill-manners to do that which is offensive, I think it far worse to carry dirty finger nails than it is to clean them before people.

Fingers remind me of rings and jewelry. It needs but little in the way of precious metal or stone to furnish a man.—One ring, and that a very serene band on his little finger, is quite enough. Brooch pins, bosom studs or watch guard, should never belong to what is termed "flash jewelry." What a man wears is not necessarily *himself*, but is an index of the man within. It is your duty to cherish the welfare and comfort of your body as as well as to look after your morals.

And boys, good morals do not have their headquarters in taverns and saloons; nor do they lounge about shops or stores. I always have a poor opinion of a young man tilted in a chair on a hotel stoop or dangling his legs in a bar-room. Such places beget a swaggering air, and a swaggering man is neither manly nor admirable, and is as repelling to a good woman as vice is to virtue. The atmosphere of rooms where men congregate to smoke and drink, eat peanuts, spin yarns and crack jokes, tell stories—and you know what kind of stories some of them tell—is no more appropriate for you than it would be for your sister. What would soil and contaminate them, will you.

I find a wide-spread disposition among men to ridicule exemption from bad habits among their own sex. Think a fellow terribly "green" who has kept the bloom and sanctity of his honor as inviolate as the sweet sister at his side has hers; and they say a fellow who doesn't enjoy a fine cigar or a glass of claret, lacks in the ingredients of what constitutes a "good fellow." It is the sheerest nonsense, and the most palpable falsity that ever wheedled a young man into its meshes. I am an "excellent judge" of men, and some of the very best ones it has been my fortune to know, have been men of honor, generosity, large-heartedness, sympathy, deep and strong in feeling, appreciative, possessing good sense and judgment; and they neither smoke, chew, drink intoxicating beverages, attend horse races, delight in the witticisms of the clown of a country circus, nor swear by damning or darning.

Gentleness is just as much manliness as moral or intellectual strength. Toward women you should always be gentle.—Some one has written:—"He who lays his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness, is a wretch, whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward."

Civility costs nothing. Little ceremonial forms cost nothing, and go a great way. The military salute many of the boys learned during the war, and which they now exercise so gracefully in recognition, achieves for them genuine respect. A very humble shop man I know always lifts his hat when I meet him on the street, and I give him just as honest a smile and bow as if he were the banker down the avenue. His courteous *manner* wins my respect, aside from any virtues he may possess.

It is said that it requires three generations to make a gentleman out of a boor. That probably means a *trained* gentleman; for if a man's *heart* be gentle and true, one generation will accomplish the delightful fact. He is as grateful as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land,"—grateful, after one has civilly borne the annoyance of an interminable boor, who never knows when to leave; who is already with a significant leer at every accident of move or speech, putting vile constructions on the purest intentions; staring at one at street corners, hotel and church doors; peering for a glimpse of a girl's ankle, and gigging if he sees the color of her stockings or petticoats; looking where his gaze is offensive, compelling a woman forever to be in a defensive attitude for self-protection. After such a masculine dose, I say a *gentleman* is especially grateful.

Not long ago, being in a parlor with a number of friends of both sexes, a gentleman said quietly, "I do not think you know who have torn your dress," indicating with his eyes the direction of the rent, which, upon discovery, was anything than ornamental. I might have flaunted that damaging tear the whole evening in blissful ignorance, but for the kindness of the gentleman. He was a German, and I shall never think of him without thanking him for his real politeness. I do not know as Germans, as a rule, are more polite than Americans, but Americans differ greatly in different sections. The general demeanor of Southern gentlemen toward women is much more respectful, courteous and gratifying than that evinced by Northerners. In the North, "good clothes" is quite sure to insure civility and courtesy. In the South, a man never fails to remember that a woman is a woman, no matter what her costume may be. The difference is wholly in *training* and not relative goodness. In New York, for a man to give up his seat to a woman is the exception; in Richmond or New Orleans it is the rule. A man, naturally selfish, may train himself to habitual unselfishness; and hollow and insincere as trained gentlemanliness may be, it is infinitely preferable to the repulsiveness without the training.

A woman's neck without a collar has a lonesome, barren look; and a man's looks just as unfurnished. I know farmers who are never without a collar, no matter if it be harvest or logging time. A broad-rimmed hat keeps the brow white; face and hands washed, hair brushed, a clean linen coat or jacket drawn on, after work is over, makes one presentable for the table or sitting-room with but little trouble.

I know of other men who have very faint ideas of cleanliness. A bath is of treinnial occurrence, when it should be weekly, if not daily. A clean shirt is donned on Sunday, and worked in and slept in for a week. In riding over the country on a Monday morning, and observing closely and critically the clothes lines, I should say that men's night-shirts are as few and far between as angels' visits. I don't think half of you know, by actual observation, know what a night-shirt is, or what it is for, so I'll tell you, and you may thank me at your leisure. Winter ones should be made of heavy muslin or factory cloth, bleached or unbleached; and those for summer of lighter fabric. They should be cut like any shirt, only long enough to reach the ankles. The shoulders should be lined with the same. At night they take the place of all other garments, and never being soiled with the dirt and perspiration of work, made a man a fit subject for a clean bed. Aside from their healthfulness, cleanliness, saving of dress-shirts, civilized aspect, I think the stupidest man who reads this will agree, that for undress toilette, they will increase his self-respect a thousand fold, and have many other advantages I need not enlarge upon.—*Moore's Rural New-Yorker.*

A CHILD was asked, "What is faith?" She answered, "Doing God's will, and asking no questions."

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