THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1870. NO. 37.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
141 Pratt street,
Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165. Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER, 4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS.

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS.

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS.

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE.

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS.

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON.
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

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. Fruits 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 Holliday.*
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

C. T. R.

ATTENTION.

1st.

TO MY LARGE and VARIED STOCK OF GOODS,

Embracing the *Largest* and the *Best* assortment of all descriptions that I have ever offered to the Public, it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate the various kinds and qualities, and the only way to find out is to give me a call and save money by *buying of me for the CASH.*

2nd.

To my full and beautiful line of CASSIMERES,

BOUGHT TO MATCH IN SUITS, together with assortments of Beaver & French Cloths for Overcoats, and to the fact that

MR. E. J. MOLINEAX,

Fashionable Tailor, formerly of Philadelphia, now occupies rooms over my store: I am therefore prepared to furnish to order Clothing of all Styles, to suit the most fastidious.

3rd.

I am Agent for the justly celebrated

Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,

which I keep constantly on hand in a room fitted up for the purpose, where they are open to inspection to all that wish to buy. This Machine is so well and favorably known, that only an examination is necessary to accomplish a sale.

4th.

Lastly, I call the attention of my customers

To my complete Stock of Liquors,

consisting of

WHISKEY, BRANDY, WINE, GIN,

&c., which I will constantly keep on hand until further notice. Especial attention is called to my *SUPERIOR OLD COGNAC BRANDY, HOLLAND GIN* and *PURE RYE WHISKEY*, which I bought especially for MEDICINAL purposes and family use.

Any of the above articles can be bought CHEAP FOR CASH, at

E. W. PURNELL'S
GALENA, MD.

N. B.—*Country Produce* and *Poultry* dressed for the Philadelphia market, taken in exchange for Merchandise, or the Cash.
Galena, November 16, 1869.

FOR SALE.

100,000 Healthy Peach Trees,
OF CHOICE VARIETIES.

☞ *Send for Price List, &c.*

E. R. COCHRAN,
Middletown, Del.
Sept. 25, 1869—6m.

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
175 Balt. street,

OFFERS the following inducements to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For Ladies.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.

Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mittens.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.

Dec. 11, 1869—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

NEW FALL GOODS,
AT KENNEDYVILLE.

C. W. WARREN has just opened a large, well-selected stock of seasonable **Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,** bought on good terms, and will be sold as low, for cash or Produce, as they can be purchased anywhere in this county.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

A large stock of all kinds, at low prices.

MALLALIEU'S CEREBRATED CASSIMERES, and KERSEYS, in great variety.

☞ Call and See our STOCK ☜
No trouble to show Goods.
Kennedyville, Nov. 6, 1869.

FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The Democratic Almanac for 1870.

We have now in press, and will publish about the 1st of January, THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1870. It will contain, besides the usual matter of all Almanacs, full and official returns of the elections held this year, compared with previous ones, the most important Acts of the last session of Congress, lists of Federal and State officers, members of Congress, chronology of all the important events of the year, statistical and other information indispensible to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic.

All orders will be filled according to the date of their reception. The cash must accompany all orders.

TERMS:

Single copies, by mail, prepaid,	$0 20
Seven copies, by mail, prepaid,	1 00
Fifteen copies, by mail, prepaid,	2 00
One hundred copies, by express, Address,	12 00

VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, No. 162 Nassau st.,
Nov. 20, 1869. New York.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. 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. 18, 1869—y.

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.
Jan. 16, 1868—y. Baltimore, Md.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE IN GALENA.

THOMAS H. HORSEY.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Fitz James spoke thus to Rhoderic Dhu,
And so, kind friends, we'll say to you,
That we intend to sell
Goods as cheap as they can be bought in Kent.

We now offer to the Public at LOW RATES for *CASH* or *COUNTRY PRODUCE*, a General Assortment of Goods, just purchased from NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA markets.

OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Is Hard to Beat.

Always on hand a full supply of

FAMILY GROCERIES
And Choice Liquors.

A well-selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Gloves, Builders' and House Keeping Hardware; Queens, Stone and Cedar Ware—a full stock in this Line, to suit all tastes.

☞ Ladies *DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS* and *TRIMMINGS* we make a speciality.

MALLALIEU'S KERSEYS and CASSIMERES, *very cheap.*

Turner's celebrated Axes, just received.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

Give us a call, and we'll suit you all.
Galena, October 30, 1869—y.

CIGARS & CONFECTIONERY.

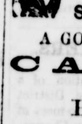
TOBACCO! TOBACCO!!

RICHARD B. RUSSELL having removed to the Old Stand on High St., below T. B. Hynson's, is now

Manufacturing Cigars

with a view to supplying the store-keepers as CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY.

Chewing Tobacco of all grades,
both natural and sweet; and also Fine Cut.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Smoking Tobacco, SNUFF AND PIPES,
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
CANDIES
AND
FRUITS.

☞ A good smoke or a good chew may always be had at

RICHARD B. RUSSELL'S.
Chestertown, Jan. 8, 1870—tf.

. Removal.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES

RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and the public generally that he has removed to the

Corner Store, up town,

formerly occupied by Mr. James W. Phillips, and has now in store, and will keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of

GROCERIES, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, &C.
GOOD TOBACCO AND SEGARS.

I have also a full assortment of

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.
FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED,
of all kinds, on hand.

☞ Please call and examine my stock of Goods.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES.
Chestertown, Sept. 11, 1869—y.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,



Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
Jnuray 13, 1865—y.

General Jobbing & Carpentering!
DONE BY
ARTHUR J. TOULSON.
SHOP ON QUEEN STREET,
Over the Blacksmith Shop, near the Foundry.

PARTICULAR attention paid to mending broken Tables and Furniture of all descriptions: will neatly Varnish the same, if ordered. Venitian Blinds neatly repaired and hung. He is prepared to make
WARDROBES,
DESKS, TABLES, STANDS,
CLOTHES RACKS,
IRONING BOARDS,
LAP BOARDS, GATES, &c.
Also, Saw Filing done.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. [Jan. 8, 1870—3m.

TAXES FOR 1869.

THE subscriber hereby notifies Tax Payers of the Fifth District that their tax accounts for the present year are now due and prompt payment is earnestly solicited. He will be at Gray's Inn steamboat wharf every Saturday morning, at Rees' Corner every Saturday afternoon, and at Chestertown on Tuesdays.

A. B WHEATLEY,
Coll. Fifth District.
July 31, 1869—tf.

LUMBER,
For Sale at Buck Neck Wharf.
Nov. 20, 1869. J. BELL & BRO.

Selected Poetry.

A PASSING WISH.

BY ALICE CARY.

O for the life of a Gipsy!
A strong-armed, barefoot girl;
And to have the wind for a waiting-maid
To keep my hair in curl;
To bring me scent of the violet,
And the red rose and the pine;
And at night to spread my grassy bed—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

O for the life of a Gipsy!
So gloriously free;
Through the world to roam, and to find a home
'Neath every greenwood tree;
To milk my cow in the meadow,
Wherever she chanced to stand;
And to have my cornfields planted
By every lad in the land!

O for the life of a Gipsy!
With the dew to fringe my gown;
And to have the sun for a sweetheart
To come and kiss me brown;
To take each little chubby cheek
That I chose and call her mine,
And teach her to tramp from camp to camp—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To lie in the lazy shade;
And to predict sweet fairings
To all the village maids;
To give them caps of pretty flowers,
And shawls of wool so white,
And troops of lovers to sing them songs,
At their window panes at night.

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To hunt the hare for play;
And to take my trap on my shoulder
And hie away and away—
Away to the tents by the water,
When the stars began to shine—
To my glad, wild crew, with hearts so true—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To be up at the dawning gray,
And to have my dog, like my shadow,
Beside me all the day;
To have my hat of plaited straw,
And a cloak of scarlet dye,
And shoot like a light through the glens at night,
And make the owlets cry!

O for the life of a Gipsy!
To roam the wide world through;
To have the wind for a waiting-maid,
And the sun for a sweetheart true;
To say to my restless conscience,
Be still; you are no more mine!
And to hold my heart beneath my art—
Ah! wouldn't it be divine?

—[*Harper's Magazine for December.*

For the Chestertown Transcript.

ABRAHAM.

In the city of Ur, about 3866 years ago, there lived a man whose name was Abraham, who was the youngest son of Terah. Abraham and his two brothers were married men, as most men were in those good old times. Near the year 1926 B. C. Terah, with most of his family, departed from Ur and came to Haran, where Terah died at the age of 205 years. At Haran God told Abraham to go out of the land in which he had always lived and go into a country which he would show him; and God promised to make him great and prosperous: Abraham departed according to the command of God. Abraham sets an example which would be well for us to follow. "He went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan he came:" a beautiful example of filial obedience and trust. If all would imitate it, this world would soon be beautiful indeed, unspotted by sin, unstained by blood. In the year 1921 B. C. there was a famine in the land of Canaan, the first one on record; and Abraham went to Egypt. Sarah, Abraham's wife, was at this time 65 years of age, and "fair to look upon." A lady at the age of sixty-five years, and retaining her fair complexion, would seem remarkable in these times; but the ancients retained their youthful bloom and vigor longer and arrived more slowly at a state of perfection than the moderns. In the year 1918 B. C. Abraham took his wife and flocks and accompanied by Lot returned to Canaan, where Lot and Abraham parted to feed their flocks in different parts of the country: shortly after, Lot was taken prisoner and rescued by Abraham; but Abraham, who was not a warlike man, retired to his tent in Mamre, where he was favored by revelations from God: one of these visitations was made by three angels, who told him of the fate of Sedom, and promised him that he should have a son in his old age, which promise was fulfilled when he was a hundred years old. Some time after God called Abraham and told him to take his son Isaac and go into the land of Moriah, and upon a mountain, and sacrifice Isaac for a burnt offering. Abraham rose early in the morning, took three of his men, with Isaac, cut some wood for the altar, and started: on the third day he saw the place of which God had told him: he told the men to remain there while he and Isaac walked on further. What a melancholy walk that must have been to Abraham! But for Isaac very likely it was a pleasant walk, who knew nothing of what was to follow. He said, "Father, here is the wood, the fire, and the knife; but where is the lamb for the sacrifice?" "God will provide the lamb, my son," was the answer. At last they came to the place of which God had told him Abraham built an altar, to which he bound Isaac, and raised his knife to slay him. What anguish he must have felt as he raised his knife to strike his son! But he did not shrink in this trying hour: in a moment Isaac would have been no more, if an angel had not called Abraham, and told him not to harm the lad. Abraham turned round and saw a ram caught in the bushes, and offered it in place of Isaac. In the year 1859 B. C. Sarah died at the age of 127 years and was buried in the field of Ephron. Abraham was at this time very old, and called the chief servant of his house, and asked him to promise that he would go to the country in which he had formerly lived and get a wife for Isaac. The servant then started with presents for the intended bride; and went to Nahor, a city of Mesopotamia, and stopped at a well outside of the city: in the evening, the time that the women came to the well, he prayed and asked God to show him the woman that would make a good wife for Isaac. Soon after, a damsel came to the well and asked him to take a drink of water, and offered to draw for his camels. The man then felt sure this was the one, and asked her who she was, and if her father had room for him. She told him her name was Rebekah, and her father had room for him: he then went in the house and told his mission, and obtained her father's permission to take her: and Rebekah was willing to go. The next morning, Rebekah and her maids mounted their camels and started for their new home. They arrived at the place in the evening: when they were yet a good way off, they saw Isaac in the field. Rebekah alighted and went to meet him, and she became Isaac's wife, and he loved her. This kind of business was performed quicker then than now; but I have no doubt that it was right, as their happy lives after their marriage proved. B. H. H.

An Amusing Story.

Harper's Drawer tells the following amusing story of a scene on the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill railroad:

A well-known citizen of Hartford, Ct., a few days ago had taken his seat in an afternoon train for Providence when a small weazen-faced elderly man having the appearance of a well-to-farmer, came into the car looking for a seat. The gentleman good-naturedly made room for him by his side, and the old man looked him over from head to foot.

"Going to Providence?" he said at length.

"No sir," the stranger answered politely; "I stop at Andover."

"I want to know! I belong out that way myself. Expect to stay long?"

"Only over night, sir."

A short pause.

"Did you cal'late to put up at the tavern?"

"No, sir; I expect to stop with Mr Skinner."

"What, Job Skinner? Deacon Job—lives in a little brown house on the old pike? Or mebbe it's his brother's? Was it Tim Skinner's—Squire Tim's—where you was goin'?"

"Yes," said the gentleman smiling; it was Squire Tim's."

"Dew tell if you are goin' there to stop to night! Any connection of his'n?"

"No sir."

"Well, now, that's curus! The old man sin't got into any trouble nor nothin' has he?" lowering his voice—"ain't goin' to serve a writ on him, be you?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind."

"Glad on't. No harm in askin, I s'pose. I reckon Miss Skinner's some connection of yourn?"

"No," said the gentleman. Then seeing the amused expression on the faces of two or three acquaintances in the neighboring seats, he added in a confidental tone.

"I'm going to see Squire Skinner's daughter."

"Law sakes!" said the old man, his face quivering with curiosity. "That's it, is it? I want to know! Goin' to see Mirandy Skinner, be ye? Well, Mirandy's a nice girl—kind o' hombly, and long favored, but smart to work, they say, and I guess you're about the right age for her, too. Kept company together long?"

"I never saw her in my life, sir."

"How you talk! Somebody gin her a recommend, I s'pose, and you're goin' clear out there to take a squint at her!—Wa'al, I must say there's as likely gals in Andover as Mirandy Skinner. I've got a family of growed up darters myself.—Never was married more, was ye? Don't see no weed on your hat."

"I have been married about fifteen years, sir. I have a wife and five children." And then, as the long restrained mirth of the listeners to this dialogue burst forth at the old man's open mouthed astonishment, he hastened to explain:

"I am a doctor, my good friend, and Squire Skinner called at my office this morning to [illegible] ver-
vice. [illegible] wad-
ed off into the next car.

A Bottle of Champagne.

A French correspondent of the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, who is traveling among the vineyards of that country, gives the following sketch of the history of a bottle of champagne:

Two kinds of grapes, both very small, are grown here—the one dark blue, and the other white. Both produce white wine. The quality varies according to the soil, and the wine of each hill and slope is known. After the juice is pressed it is drawn into casks, and undergoes the usual process of fomentation. The color is a pale amber, and the taste far from pleasant. Every manufacturer has his *caves*, or cellars, as we should call them. These are, in fact, waste caverns, cut in the chalk formation, which underlie the whole vine district. The *caves* are always in two tiers, one under the other, the lowest being from forty to sixty feet below the surface of the ground. Two objects are served by these cellars—the one uniformity of temperature of wine lying in the caves; the other, a means of changing wine to a higher or lower temperature by moving it up or down, and thus inducing or checking fermentation.

The wine of various qualities remains in casks a short time, and in the autumn the greater mixture is made. This requires skill and experience. One wine is stronger, another ferments with greater force, another has a peculiar flavor. The mixture complete, the wine ferments for a while until checked by removing the casks into a cave, where they rest, still fermenting, but slowly, until spring.

The bottling season commences in March or April, and the wine once drawn into a bottle remains in it through all the subsequent process of manufacture. To each bottle is added a small portion of pure rock sugar, the cork is tied, and the bottles are laid away to undergo a new and fierce fermentation. Now follows a large loss by bursting, often exceeding a tenth, and in hot seasons amounting to even a fourth part of the whole.

If the wine does not ferment with sufficient rapidity, it is brought to the higher cave, or to the houses above ground. If it ferments too rapidly it is carried down, and instances have occurred when ice was brought by rail from Paris to cool the caves and arrest a wholesale bursting of bottles. The process of moving and removing the bottles continues always for two years. It is watched, moved and guarded with vigilance, so that each bottle of champagne is handled from a hundred to two or three hundred times before it leaves the factory. But no one could drink the wine in its present condition. It is a mere bitter stuff, and requires cleansing and flavoring. After its years of fermentation in bottles it is placed on racks to settle.

The bottle rests here on its side, and the sediment falls. Day after day each bottle is lifted, slightly and skillfully twisted or turned in the hand of the workman, and replaced each time with the cork, and inclined more and more downward until it at last stands erect, and all the sediment is in the neck. The process occupies some months A skillful hand then takes each bottle, cuts the cords and allows the cork to fly out, carrying a rush of foam and sediment, recorks the bottle with a loose cork, and passes it along to be filled up with previously clarified wine.

It is now ready for the flavor. A liquor is made of rock sugar, white wine, and brandy. This liquor, according to the proportion of its parts and the quantity used, determines the character of the general run of champagne. Something indeed depends on the original wine, but very little as regards the mass of drinkers. Dry wine has less sugar. Light wine has less brandy. Pink wine is made by adding a color to this liquor. The sugar disguises the faults of the original wine.

A workman opens the bottle, pours out a certain quantity of the wine and pours in the same quantity of liquor, and the bottle is then corked by a machine, tied, wired, labeled, and ready for the market. In short, then, every bottle of what we call champagne is a mixture of several wines with brandy and sugar, carefully treated so as to provoke and guide its fermentation, and every man who drinks a bottle of it may have the satisfaction, if it is any, of knowing that the bottle has passed through two hundred hands, and taken at least two years to manufacture, for the sake of given him or his palate a moment's delight.

I make no apology for this letter, which as I have before remarked, is written for those who have not happened to possess on the subject. It might, perhaps, quite as well have been written in America as here, since all that I have said has been frequently printed, but that it may have some value in the fact that I write of part of the process from personal observation.

A Good Story.

This happened at a Utica restaurant. A man entered the other day and called for a dinner. His orders were of the most elaborate character, and fairly staggered the resources of even a Utica restaurant keeper. He lingered long at the table, and finally wound up with a bottle of wine. Then lighted a cigar he had ordered, leisurely sauntered up to the counter and said to the proprietor:

"Very fine dinner, landlord; just charge it to me, I haven't got a cent.

"But I don't know you, said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had you wouldn't have let me have the dinner.

"Pay me for the [illegible]

"And I say I won't. Haven't got the [illegible]

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, somewhat furious about the "bill."—Then he snatched a revolver from his drawer and leaped over the counter, collaring the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner, without paying for it, you scoundrel."

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the gutter away with free dinners, drawing [illegible]

"That, sir, is a revolver.

"Oh, that's a revolver, is it? I don't care a fig for a revolver, I thought it was a stomach pump."

MANY who are too lazy or too stupid to raise themselves, seek to obtain position by pulling their superiors down to their own level.

Counter attractions—pretty lady clerks.

Persian Apologue.

In Sir William Jones' Persian Grammar may be found the following beautiful story from Nisami. Mr. Alger gives a metrical translation in his *Poetry of the East:*

One evening Jesus arrived at the gates of a certain city, and sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter around his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man.

And those who stood by looked on with abhorence.

"Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air."

"How long," said another, "shall this foul beast beast offend our sight?"

"Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it."

"No doubt," said a fifth, "he has been hanged for thieving."

And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said:

"Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!

Then the people turned toward him with amazement, and said among themselves:

"Who is this? It must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only he could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog."

And being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him and went each on his way.

The Secret of a Long Life.

One of the most sensible sayings on the art of longevity, so far as it can be considered attainable, was that given by an Italian in his 116 year. Being asked the secret of his long life, he replied, with that improvisation for which his countrymen are so generally noted:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

A writer observes that the last line contains the quintessence of the best advice that can be given on the subject. The deadliest foe to longevity is excitement.—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or extended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice to live fast or draw his little amount of life over a large space, or to condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock at length becomes exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively, who avoids all stimulants, takes little exercise, never over tasks himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man daily squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limits which it is possible to attain, while he who lives extensively—who lives on highly seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his brain or body by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases; seeks continual excitement, gives loose reing to passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose—is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

A Bride Backs Out.

The Cleveland *Herald* says that a few days ago a young man, evidently of rustic birth, called at the Probate office, about ten o'clock in the morning and procured a marriage license, which was "signed, sealed and delivered" in proper form.—In the afternoon he again appeared, accompanied by a young lady. He approached the robust deputy, and the following colloquy ensued: "I say, mister, you guv me a license to get married this morning." "Yes, sir, I recollect the circumstance; is there anything wrong about it?" "Wa-a-l, no," growing red in the face and with much hesitancy "there's nothing the matter of that ere dockyment, but (in an under-tone) the fac' is that the girl has backed out, and this 'ere one (pointing to his companion) is going to take her place. I suppose I'll have to get a new license, and I want you to make it out quicker'n lightnin', as we are goin' to get hitched this afternoon." The secondary license was issued, and as the irrepressible youth, who was evidently determined to marry somebody that day, reached the door, he inquired, "Mister, is there a parson [illegible] squire nigh hereabouts?"

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.—A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantage of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which Nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discourged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

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