THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1870. NO. 3.

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.



The Kent County Railroad being completed to Kennedyville, Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Kennedyville and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Railroad,

Commencing on Monday, May 2d, 1870, and run as follows, until further notice:

GOING EAST.

Leave Kennedyville	7:00	A. M.
" Black's	7:10	"
" Lambson's	7:25	"
" Massey's	7:50	"
" Morris'	8:00	"
" Vandyke's	8:15	"
Arrive at Townsend	8:30	"

GOING WEST.

Leave Townsend	11:40	A. M.
" Vandyke's	11:55	"
" Morris'	12:05	P. M.
" Massey's	12:25	"
" Lambson's	12:40	"
" Black's	12:50	"
Arrive at Kennedyville	1:00	"

☞ Passengers from Kennedyville, and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A STAGE will run between Chestertown and Kennedyville, making close connection at the latter place with trains East and West. It will leave Chestertown at 5:30, A. M., and returning, leave Kennedyville on arrival of train, and reach Chestertown about 2:30, P. M.

J. B. WINGATE,
Chief Engineer and Superintendent.
April 30, 1870—tf.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

THE KENT CO. R. R. COMPANY

HAVING made arrangements with me to RUN A HACK DAILY

From Chestertown to connect with the Railroad at Kennedyville,

I will leave the "Voshell House" at 5:30 A. M., and returning will leave Kennedyville on the arrival of the train—say about 1 P. M., and arrive at Chestertown at or about 2:30. I will call for passengers any where in Chestertown, when notified in due time.

Persons wishing to procure passage on this line, going from Chestertown, are requested to register their names &c., the previous evening on a slate, kept for that purpose in the Drug Store of John L. Stam & Son or notifying me personally. Small bundles or pacages will be carried and attended to, for Express or otherwise, when left at the said drug store, properly and plainly marked.—Packages for express will be carefully attended to, and the express company's receipt taken therefor. Reasonable compensation asked and prepayments required from Chestertown to Townsend.

I will call at Mr. Stam's store every morning before leaving for Kennedyville, and will leave the

Voshell House at	5:30 A. M.,	fare 75 cts
Chincopin Lane,	5:55 "	" 70 "
Goose Hill,	6:10 "	" 60 "
End of Quaker Lane,	6:25 "	" 40 "
Urieville,	6:30 "	" 30 "

Arrive at Kennedyville at 6:50 A. M.

All baggage over 50 lbs. will be charged extra.

JOHN W. RASIN.

☞ Persons will observe by the above arrangement that a trip can be made from Chestertown to Middletown, New Castle, or as far as the Wilmington Junction, and return by 2½ o'clock. [May 21—tf.

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.

SMITHVILLE STORE.

THE subscriber has opened at Smithville, in his [illegible] House, a good stock of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
Boots, Shoes,
AND
NOTIONS;

and is ready and prepared to accommodate his friends and the public as heretofore.

WILLIAM V. LUCAS.
Smithville, April 23, 1870—3m.

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, 1870—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.

FARMERS,

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

AT

The Galena Machine Shops,

BY

W. A. HYLAND & CO.

YOU CAN GET *REAPERS, MOWERS, THRESHERS, HORSE-POWERS, JACKS, CORN SHELLERS, CULTIVATORS, CULTIVATOR TEETH* and *PLOWS*. We have on hand about

Fifteen Tons of Castings,

As Good as can be Bought in the State.

ALSO, ONE HORSE POWERS,

suitable for shelling corn, and other light work. A number one article, as tested by some of our best farmers.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

☞ Old Iron wanted, at market prices.

GIVE US A CALL.

GOOD WORK AND FAIR DEALING!

IS OUR MOTTO.

Galena, Jan. 29, 1870—10m.

STATE OF MARYLAND MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BALTO.

Office, No. 196, W. Balt. st.

THIS Company Insures on the Mutual plan, Buildings and Personal Property against loss or damage by fire. The entire profits returned to the policy holders.

B. G. HARRIS, President.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

FRANCIS NEALE, of Neale, Harris & Co., S. H. CAUGHY, of Noah Walker & Co., C. MCCULLY, of Poumairat & McCully, PHILIP T. GEORGE, of George & Jenkins, B. G. HARRIS, late of Neale, Harris & Co., HON. GEO. BRENT, of Court of Appeals, GEORGE P. JENKINS, of Charles County, GEORGE COMBS, of St. Mary's County.

☞ WANTED—An active man as Agent to represent the above company in Kent Co. Sept. 25, 1869—y.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,

Musical Instruments

AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

Of Every Description.

Read the following:

GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $30.

Violoncellos, Drums, Fifes, Cornets, Concertinas, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS

For every Musical Instrument, at publishers prices—from thirty cents to six dollars.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL Music Books,

Glee, Opera and Sacred Chorus Books,

IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

Sheet Music

FOR EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

☞ Music, Music Books, and small articles, mailed to any address, free of postage.

Excellent assortment of Piano Stools covered with Hair Cloth, Red and Green Rep and Plush—from $5 to $12.

A choice lot of German, French and Italian

GUITAR, VIOLIN, BANJO AND VIOLONCELLO STRINGS,

fifteen cents each, and upwards.

TUNING FORKS, TUNING HAMMERS, PEGS, ROSIN, BRIDGES, REEDS, BOW HAIR, MUSIC PAPER, MUSIC FOLIOS, MUSIC WHAT-NOTS, VIOLIN AND GUITAR CASES; Agent for

TILTON'S PATENT GOLD MEDAL GUITAR

The most excellent and durable Guitar in the World; tone rich, full, brilliant.

HARMONICS,

Loud and clear. Price from $30 to $60, in in Case, with extra set of Strings.

ENCLOSE the price you wish to pay for anything in our line, and you will receive the article, by earliest conveyance, the same and as much to your advantage as if you made the selection in person.

CATALOGUES

and information sent free, on application.

REMEMBER, it is no more trouble or expense to send Music one thousand miles than it is one mile: therefore, send directly to us, and save both trouble and expense.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

No. 178 West Baltimore street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

May 14, 1870—y.

LA PIERRE HOUSE,

Baltimore.

THE undersigned has the pleasure of announcing to his friends of Kent and the adjoining counties, and the public generally, that he has *leased* the large and commodious

New Hotel,

situated on the

Corner of Calvert and Franklin Streets,

opposite Northern Central Depot.

Having been engaged for the last twenty years in conducting popular Hotels, I feel assured of being able to meet all just expectations of the traveling community in managing the LA PIERRE HOUSE in a style equal to any Hotel in the City.

Very respectfully,

JOHN C. VOSHELL.

May 7, 1870—3m.

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. 25, 1869—y.

RASIN'S BILLIARD TEMPLE.



The subscriber having thoroughly refitted the MORNING STAR HOUSE, on Princess Street, as a Billiard Saloon, has opened it to the public. The entire upper floor has been thrown into one room, making it a spacious Saloon, which has been newly painted and papered in the best style, and furnished with a *first-class* Marble Top Billiard Table, easy chairs, and all the comforts of a first-class resort.

At the Bar will be found the usual varieties of good Liquors.

The public patronage is solicited.

W. B. RASIN.

Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

Selected Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MAJOR WM. A. H. SIGOURNEY, AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—
A poison of Upas, or innocent Thyme—
A spirit of evil, flashing *down*
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding *up* with a shining track,
Like the morning star that ne'er looks back,
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers,
Pure as the sparkling, crystaline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam,
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by Love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of Hope through mists of tears—
Mists beyond which the sunny smile
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth but of heaven,
With thy tell tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou could'st ever be young.
Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,
From stair to hall thy voice is heard.
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,
With flowers thy curly head around!
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me.
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride,
Shivering, quivering through the cold street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet—
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky.
Merciful Father, my brain grows wild,
Oh, keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, may'st thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love,
A drop on Eternity's mighty sea,
A blossom on Life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore
In the blessed light of the golden shore;
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom,
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And His love protect *my beautiful child.*

The Affectionate Widow Spoor.

This disconsolate lady thus writes to a Boston marble cutter, concerning a gravestone for her late husband:

You were pointed out to me the other day as the man who makes gravestones. I want a stone for my late husband, Hezekiah Spoor; I want a large stone, as he was a very large man, say two feet wide and eight high. His age was sixty-nine years, nine months and seventeen days, had he lived till three o'clock in the morning, but as he died at twelve, I think you had better put it down sixteen days. I want you to be particular—git it right. His disease was bilious colick, and was sick only two days and nights. I want you to put it in, especially the disease he was sick with—he was most sick. The first day he was afraid he would die, and the next he was afraid he wouldn't, but he died; yes, he's dead, and I shall never forget the expression that lit up his countenance in latter moments. I understood that you sometimes carve images on gravestones, and likenesses. Now, if you can do so, I wish you would chisel out a pictur of my Hezekiah (late Hezekiah, I mean, for he did not look like another Hezekiah I met yesterday). I will try to describe his looks. He was really a fine-looking man, had whiskers which was red, a short neck and a very large head and foot—but I don't suppose you could chisel out his foot in the pictur, but you might get his head in. He had a large mouth, and two large gray eyes. His eyes were very peculiar, and I want you to catch this peculiarity on the gravestone. I will try to describe this peculiarity: One eye you want looking right at you, and the other you want turned as though it was looking up the chimney all the time. Now I want this done by next week, as I think of marrying another Hezekiah the week after, and I want the gravestone before, for fear this other Hezekiah would think it was designed for him. I don't suppose you could pictur him having the bilious colick, could you? I want to pay you part in some clothes he had on when he died with the bilious colick, and the rest I will pay you in money as soon as I get married, which will be in about two weeks, I think. I only spoke to him for the first time yesterday. Tell me by return of post what will be the price of the gravestone with the picture of him having the bilious colick.

☞ An elderly gentleman [illegible] returning home from church [illegible] to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. Said he: "We've heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian Society. It carried me to the gate of heaven." "Why didn't you dodge in?" replied Jack; "you will never have another such chance."

☞ We do not want precepts as much as patterns.

A calm hour with God is worth a whole lifetime with man.

MY SECOND WIFE AND HER BRIDAL TOUR.

BY SAMMY SKINNER.

When I married my second wife she was dreadful set about going off on a bridal tour. I told her she'd better wait six months or a year, and I'd try to go with her; but she said she'd rather go alone—when a woman was traveling a man was an out and out humbug.

So I gave her seventy-five cents, and told her to go off and and have a good time. I never begrudge money where my wife's happiness is concerned. My first wife never could complain of not going anywhere, for I'm dreadful fierce to go off on a good time myself, and always was. I won't pretend to say how many times I took her out to see the engine squirt, and there was no end to the free lectures I let her go to. The neighbors used to say, "It does beat all how the Skinners do go!"

When Signor Blitz was in Slunkville, with his wonderful Canaries, he gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but I gave her half the money. I don't boast of it, though; I only mention it to show how much I thought of my wife's happiness.

I don't think any man ought to get married till he can consider his wife's happiness only second to his own. John Wise, a neighbor of mine, did thusly, and when I got married I concluded I'd do like Wise.

But the plan didn't work in the case of my second wife. No, I should say not. I broached the subject kindly.

"Matilda," I said, "I suppose you are aware that I am now your lord and master?"

"Not much you ain't," said she.

"Mrs. Skinner," I replied, "you are fearfully demoralized. You need reorganizing at once. You are cranky."—And I brandished my new sixty-two cent umbrella wildly around her.

She took the umbrella away from me, and locked me up in clothes-press.

I am quick to draw an inference, and the inference I drew here was that I was not a success as a reorganizer of female women.

After this, I changed my tactics. I let her have her own way, and the plan worked to a charm from the very first. It's the best way of managing a wife that I know of. Of course this is between you and me.

So when my wife said she was bound to go off on a bridal tour anyhow, I cordially assented. "Go, Matilda," said I, "and stay as long as you want to, then if you feel as though you would like to stay a little while longer, stay, my dear, stay."

She told me to stop talking, and go up stairs and get her red flannel night-cap, and that bag of pennyroyal for Aunt Abigail.

My wife is a very smart woman. She was a Baxter, and the Baxters are a very smart family indeed. Her mother, who is going on eighty, can fry more slapjacks now than half these primped up city girls, who rattle on the pianos, or else walk the streets with their furbelows and fixings, pretending to get mad if a young chap looks at 'em pretty hard, but getting mad in earnest if you don't take any notice of them at all.

Ah! girls ain't what they used to be when I was young, and the fellows are worse still. When I went courting, for instance, I never thought of staying till after ten o'clock, and only went twice a week. Now they go seven nights in a week, and cry because there ain't eight. Then they write touching notes to each other during the day.

"Dear George, do you love me as much now as you did at quarter past twelve last night. Say you do, dearest, and it will give me courage to go down to dinner and tackle them cold beans left over from yesterday."

Well, well, I suppose they enjoy themselves, and it ain't for us old folks, whose hearts have got a little callousing by long wear, to interfere. Let them get together and court if they like it, and I think they do. I was forty-seven when I courted my present wife, but it seemed just as nice to sit on a little cricket at her feet, and let her smooth my hair, as it did thirty years ago.

As I said before, my wife is a very smart woman; but she couldn't be anything else, and be a Baxter. She used to give lectures on Woman's Rights, and in one place where she lectured, a big college conferred the title of L. L. D. upon her. But she wouldn't take it.

"No gentleman;" said she, "give it to the poor."

She was always just so charitable. She gave my boys permission to go barefooted all winter, and insisted upon it so much in her kind way that they couldn't refuse.

She fairly dotes on my children, and I've seen her many a time go to their trowsers pocket and take out their pennies after they'd got to sleep, and put them in her bureau drawer for fear they might lose them.

[illegible] life's bridal tour, but [illegible] could find out much about it myself. I believe she had a good time. She came back improved in health, and I found out, before she'd been in the house twenty-four hours, that she'd also gained in strength. I don't say how I found it. I simply say I found it out.

LITTLE GEMS.—Keep a list of your friends, and let God be first in the list however long it may be.

Keep a list of your mercies' and let pardon and life stand at its head.

Keep a list of your joys, and let joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

Keep a list of your hopes, and let the hope of glory be foremost.

About Pins.

Our pins, the oldest of them, come from the tombs. The Egyptians buried them for us years ago. They are elaborate and costly in workmanship, the longest being eight inches. These pins are ornamented with large gold heads and bands. The ancient Mexicans used the thorns of the agave and the aloe for pins. Our English grandmothers of the sixteenth century exercised patience and impatience in using dear little pins, which pins were *wooden skewers*—(I wonder how they dressed the babies of that century.)

The first pins made in England were manufactured at Gloucester in 1626.—Ten years later they were made in London, and afterwards in Birmingham. We owe the business of pin-making in the United States to the war of 1812, which so interrupted our commerce that the value of a six penny paper of pins rose to one dollar. Our first pins were made by Englishmen at the old State Prison in Greenwich Village, now included within the limits of the city of New York. The effort was soon abandoned. Again, in 1820, the same tools were made to do duty in pin-making at Bellevue almshouse. The enterprise failed. Mr Lemuel Wright, of Massachusetts, in 1824, invented and patented in England the first machines that made solid headed pins. That effort failed to meet success, and he waited nine years before the first headed pin was sold in London. One year earlier, Mr. John I. Howe, of New York, obtained a patent in the United States for making pins with wire, or spun heads, and these were the first machines in which the pin was completed by one process that proved successful. The same inventor patented in 1840 a process for making pins with solid heads.

There are now, in the United States, eight or nine mills where pins are made, and Connecticut claims the pin business as almost exclusively her own, four of the mills being in the valley of the Naugatuck.

An application at one of these Connecticut factories to see a pin made was met with the reply: "We will show you with pleasure plenty of pins after they are made, and every process except the making of the pin." There is a secret, wonderful department in this mill where eighty-five machines devour tons of wire, and send forth of pins, and from this department curious eyes are excluded. A man named Fowler invented the machines which are so carefully hidden, and a story is told that, in his last great period of doubt and agony, lest, after all, his creation should fail of life, help came to him in the form of a dream, and by it success. The capacity of one of these mills is 7,000,000 pins a day, or 2,191,000,000 per year.

The best English pins are put in green paper, and for a long time green paper was sacred to the best of American pins; but now, alas! it is made to cover the poorest quality of iron pins as well, such as are sold at a fraction more than three cents a paper. The best pins of the American and Howe companies are now put in form of a book, and are called "book-pins." A book including five sizes, in eight rows, one of which is black.

The pins, as first shown at the mill, are of brass and iron. The brass pins receive whitening from long boiling in copper vessels with block tin. The iron pins receive their whitening by a process which is kept secret.

After whitening, the pins are put through a machine which throws off all the straight, well-formed pins, and carries away all the bent, imperfect pins as absolute waste. Another machine assorts the pins, selecting with precison each size, and conducting it to its proper receptable.

The most curious and interesting process is that of putting the pins into the papers. It requires possibly thirty seconds for the pins to pass from the mass to their places in the paper, the same machine selecting them by the head, marshalling them in single file, delivering them over into companies, creasing the paper and fixing them in place. It is the iron that has created the belief that English pins are alone worth buying. Merchants buy the poorer qualities and even the iron pins, consumers alone suffering, since the merchant buys at the lowest valuation the cheapest article, and sells it at the price of the best quality of brass pins. A paper of *Ne plus ultra* pins contains 360; the poorer qualities but 280. The cheapest quality of iron pins are called Adamantine, between which and the *Ne plus ultra* there are several grades.—*Hearth and Home.*

Carrying a Joke too Far.

Some young ladies and gentlemen who were taking advantage of the fine sleighing not long since, in attending a donation, surprise or wedding party, or something of the kind, were obliged to sit three on a seat. One of the seats contained two gentlemen and one lady. The gentlemen, of course, would not allow the lady to [illegible] exposed; she, therefore, [illegible] the middle. As the night was extremely cold, gentleman number one quietly passed his hand (a remarkable small hand, by the way,) into the lady's muff. As the muff was not very capacious, the lady quietly removed one of her hands from the same. In a few moments she felt a movement on the other side, and found gentleman number two attempting to pass his into the muff on the other side. She then quietly drew her hand from the muff and allowed him to do so. What took place in the muff afterward she is unable to say. But each of the gentlemen privately reported to a small circle of friends how warmly the lady had returned the pressure of his hand in the muff, while the lady has privately reported to her friends the magnificent sale she had made of both gentlemen.—*Saginaw Enterprise.*

Why Women Cannot Enter Masonic Lodges.

Frequent complaints are made by ladies in relation to Masonry, and their principal arguments, that their husbands have no business to do anything that they cannot tell their wives—that which is secret must be wrong—that is only a mean excuse, and so on. One branch of the subject seems, however, to be capable of legendary explanation, and the Norfolk *Journal* publishes thereon the following paragraphs:

"When King Solomon was still a young man he had married his seventh wife.—She was a beautiful young Ammonitess, with locks as black as raven's wing, and eyes as bright as the eagle's. It was believed that she was the favored one among all the sultanas of the great King; for his affections were not divided then as they afterwards became. She knew her power, and used it unsparingly. In addition to her other qualities, she was inquisitive as ever was a woman on this earth.

"One evening King Solomon attended the lodge on some grand occasion, and stayed out somewhat late. When he returned home he found the fair Ammonitess in the dumps and pouting just like the dear wives of Masons do sometimes now when their lords stay out too late at the lodge. She upbraided him with neglect to her, insinuated that he hadn't been at the lodge as he pretended, and insisted that in the future he should give proof that he went there by having herself initiated, so that she might go there and watch him.

"'Daughter of Amon,' replied the King, 'thou hast behaved thyself as one of the foolish women, in presuming to question thy lord and master. Thou are not so angry with me as thou pretendest to be; for the trve reason of this behavior is thy insatiable curiosity in which thou excellest Eve herself. Know then that I here ordain that neither thou, nor any of thy inquisitive sex after thee, ever enter the portals of a Masonic Lodge; but I shall enjoin the Tyler to pierce through with his sword any woman that shall attempt to enter the lodge; aye, even thee, Queen of Israel though thou be!' And the ordinance of this wisest of monarchs has continued in force till this day."

Where are the Old People!

The answer to this question is enveloped in far greater mystery than some people will allow—people who do not mix in society, and are accustomed to see hosts of quiet, elderly folks on the streets in the cars, churches, etc. They do not go to private houses for years, and meet only persons in their teens at pic-nics, balls, soirees, tea-fights, germans, dinner and theaters, with same result. They are not filled with the horrible suspicion that this astonishing absence of everybody over thirty years of age must be due to foul play, and that, if the truth could be known, domestic tragedies would be unveiled rivaling that of Cracow; fathers tied up to bed-post; mothers starved and beaten; maiden aunts confined in garrets; married sisters imprisoned in cellars; staid uncles in sweat-boxes; grandmothers shut up in hayloft; grandfathers converted into trappists, and not a vestige of any of them below the second landing. How can one help shivering when he asks a friend how his aged relative is, and receives for a reply "that he hasn't seen her for twenty years!" or "that he remembers seeing her once in the top of the house, when a child, smoking her pipe and making quilts!" Heavens, how eminently suggestive! Why was this old woman snatched from the drawing-room she doubtless adorned and condemned to solitary confinement? Does a similar fate await us? Then, indeed, may we count our gray hairs with anguish.

Them 'Ere Legs.

A son of the Granite State went down to Memphis to seek his fortune. He found instead a diarrhea, which gradually saps life in a chronic form.

It was by this that poor Jim Bagley was picked up. And month after month it surged. At length he was but the outline of his former self—a perfect skeleton.

A worthy minister of the Gospel saw the poor fellow, and seeing the King of Terrors had spotted him, determined to call on him and to offer spiritual consolation. He broached the subject somewhat in this manner:

"My dear Mr. Bagley, in view of your relation with this life, how do you feel?"

"D—n sick," was the prompt reply.

"Don't swear, my poor friend," said the parson, "and let me [illegible] think of you latter end?"

"Lord!" said Bagley, "I [illegible] thought on anything else for more'n three long months."

"Not, I am afraid, in the right way, Mr. Bagley. I beg you pause and reflect. It is time for you to begin to wrestle with the Lord."

The sick man looked down at his miserable poker legs extended before him, and with an expression of amazement in his countenance, exclaimed:

"Rastle with the Lord! What with 'em 'ere legs!" pointing to his own—"Why, parson, he'd flip me to h—ll the first pass!"

A youth asked Count Montrond—the memoir writer, to teach him the art of succeeding in society. "Oh it is simple enough," said the Count. "Talk to the middle-aged and young ladies, and listen when the old ones talk."

A gentleman who lately read that the star Sirius is receding from our solar system at the rate of thirty miles a second, says that he can already "observe evidence of its diminishing lustre."

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