THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1870. NO. 8.

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.

SMITHVILLE STORE.

THE subscriber has opened at Smithville, in his New Store 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.

Chester River Steamboat Company.



On and after MONDAY, Nov. 15th, 1869

THE STEAMER GEORGE LAW

Will leave *Baltimore* every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 7 o'clock A. M., for Kent Island, Queenstown, Grey's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's, Chestertown and Crumpton. *Returning*, will leave Crumpton every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY, at half-past 6 o'clock, making the above stops.

☞ The steamer Chester will discontinue her trips for the present, for repairs.

R. C. SMITH, Agent.

November 13, 1869.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURING.

The undersigned having removed to and opened a Boot and Shoe shop on High street, adjoining the Millinery Store of Mrs. C. R. Fiddis, is prepared to make, in the best workmanlike manner, Ladies and Gentlemen's

BOOTS AND SHOES, OF ALL STYLES.

My old customers and the public generally are invited to give me a call.

JOHN A. FIDDIS

Chestertown, Jan. 8, 1870—y.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. J. H. PRICE having located at THE TRAPPE, offers his Professional services to the surrounding community.

Refers to a practice of four years at Hooversville, Anne Arundel county.

January 8, 1870—6m*

Large New Stock! Large New Stock!

JUST RECEIVED! JUST RECEIVED!

At the People's Popular Store,

Purchased for the Cash, since the latest decline in Prices, enabling us to sell Cheaper than any other establishment now offering *the same Goods.*

The Latest novelties in Summer Dress Goods. Figured Grenadines, Plain and Fancy Poplins, Mozambiques, French Lawns, Rich and Beautiful Styles. *Grenadine*, 12½ *cts per yard.*

Organdies, Chambray Ginghams.

White Piques, Percales, Poplinettes, &c.

A Full Variety of White Goods.

Flannels; Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings; Prints, Domestics; Muslins, bleached and unbleached. Heavy Duck and Drillings, Ticking, Musquito Netting, &c.

PLAIN AND FANCY CASSIMERS,

for Men and Boys. Cottonades, Jeans, Tweeds, Linens, White Linen Drill, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

for Men and Boy's wear.

Ladies, Misses and Childrens BOOTS, SAODS, and GAITERS.

Large Stock of Groceries for Harvest, comprising in part; Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Molasses, &c.

NOTIONS—Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies and Gents Linen Handkerchiefs, Curtains and Fixtures, Parasols and Sun Umbrellas, Fans, Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

Large lot of White and Checked Matting, just received, and will be sold cheap.

Scythes and Sneads, Scythe Stones.

Our Stock is full and complete in all its Branches, to which we invite the attention of Buyers.

☞ Call and examine and be convinced that we can and will sell as cheap as the Cheapest.

WM. A. VICKERS',
June 11. People's Popular Store.

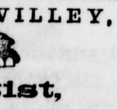
NOTICE.

I HAVE on hand and for sale, at the corner of Queen and Main streets, *FLOUR* at different prices; *MEAL, CHOP, FEED, BRAN, OATS* and *CORN*. Those in want will give me a call. W. BACCHUS.

MY MILL is in nice order for grinding. I ask a share of patronage. My effort will be to give satisfaction to all.

Oct. 30—tf. W. BACCHUS.

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.

PURNELL

HAS RECEIVED

A New Stock

OF

Spring and Summer Goods,

embraced in which is a beautiful assortment of

CLOTHS
AND
CASSIMERES.

—:o:—

MR. WM. GREENBURG,

The New York Tailor,

Occupies rooms over his Store, and *guarantees a fit.*

Call and see him at

GALENA.

April 30, 1870—tf.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Come Running, but don't Fall, to

Robt. E. Holtz's Carriage Factory,

WILLIS' CROSS ROADS,

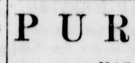
Where you can have built to order, of the best material, and in the very latest styles,



BUGGIES, SULKIES, JAGGERS, ROCKAWAYS, PHAETONS, GERMANTOWNS, DOG CARTS, EXPRESS WAGONS and ROAD WAGONS.

Painting, Trimming and Repairing,

Done with neatness and dispatch.



I will also carry on the WHEELWRIGHT SHOP *at Hanesville*, where I will do all kinds of work in that line, and build to order Wagons, Carts, Drays, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators. All kinds of Repairing done with neatness and dispatch, and



20 PER CENT. LOWER

THAN YOU CAN GET DONE ELSEWHERE, AND *Guaranteed at that!*

LOOK WHAT A SAVING THAT WILL BE!

☞ Feeling sure that I can give satisfaction, I most respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

ROBERT E. HOLTZ,
Willis' Cross Roads and Hanesville,
Apr. 9, 1870—y. Kent Co.

WOOD FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has in Yard, and offers for sale, 300 Cords of Wood—Oak, Pine and Hickory.

Yard corner of Bridge and Queen streets.

S. S. USILTON,
Feb. 12, 1870—tf. Chestertown.

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.

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 Holliday.*

Sept. 25, 1869—y.

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.

Feb. 13, 1870— Y.

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.

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

Selected Poetry.

COOKING AND COURTING.

TOM TO JOE.

[A friend sends us the following poetry. If any of our readers have seen it in print, they will discover that he has changed the names to suit the parties. We congratulate him, but decline to take his advice. We have had enough of "Oh, dear no, not for Joe!"]

Dear Joe—No doubt you'll be surprised
When you receive and read this letter;
I've railed against the marriage state,
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I've met a lovely girl out here,
Her manner is—well—very winning;
We're soon to be—well, Joe, my dear,
I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride,
Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather;
She said she couldn't, possibly,
The servants had gone off together.
(Hibernians always rush away,
At cousins' funerals to be looking,)
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"O let me help you," then I cried:
"I'll be a cooker, too—how jolly!"
She laughed, and answered, with a smile,
"All right! but you'll repent your folly;
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple;
So sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take that knife and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm—
That lovely arm, so plump and rounded;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright;
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses;
I passed the most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle;
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted;
But locks would break it, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up—her hands were doughy;
Oh, it did take the longest time,
Her arm, Joe, was so fair and snowy!
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy;
Somehow, that made me all the bolder;
Her arch lips looked so red that I—
Well—found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Joe, next month;
Come and attend the wedding revels;
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils!
You'd better go for some girl's hand;
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

A Trip to York, Pa.

Mr. Editor:—For the benefit of those of your readers who have never been in York, Pa., permit me to give a short account of a recent visit there.

Taking the 7:55 train we were soon borne away from the Monumental City. At the Relay House we left off two cars for the Western Maryland road. As we neared the Pennsylvania line the large barns we saw reminded us of what we have so often heard in this connection. Said a fellow-passenger, "Some of these old Dutchmen think more of their horses than they do of their wife." At Hanover Junction passengers change cars for Gettysburg. Fifteen minutes past eleven, and we are in York. We were not long in finding a nice hack, and for twenty-five cents were conveyed to our destination. You can ride to any part of the borough for this sum. The railroad company has an officer at the station who very politely, by means of a rattan, requested the boys not to stand in the way of passengers. He very kindly gave us the directions we desired.

York is situated on Codorus Creek, in a beautiful and fertile valley, and is quite a pretty town. It is fifty-seven miles, by railway, from Baltimore, twenty-four from Harrisburg, and twelve from Wrightsville. There is not as much manufacturing interest as we expected to see; in fact, there does not seem to be as much business of any kind there as we had supposed. There is, very evidently, considerable wealth, for there are many comfortable looking residences; but it seems to be invested in such a manner as not to add to the visible business activity of the place. Whether there are many of that respectable (?) class of business men called "paper shavers" we do not know. One thing looked a little strange to your correspondent; [illegible] the one-story houses with dormer windows, of which there are quite a number.

We met a very talkative young man—Mr. Joseph Drexler—who, being at leisure, was our guide to see various places of interest. The County Jail is a comfortable and secure building. Those confined there, at the date of our visit, were having a jovial time with an accordeon, a triangle, and a violin. The Alms House is the most creditable county institution of that kind we have ever seen. *It was clean, comfortable, and secure.* From the observatory of the main building a fine view can be had of the surrounding country. The Cemetery, on the North side of the borough, is well shaded. Here lie the last remains of Philip Livingston, of New York, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who died at York while Congress was in session there. Some of the Churches are fine, and there are in all eighteen; comprising four Lutheran, two German Reformed, two Roman Catholic, two Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one United Brethren, one Evangelical, one Moravian, one Friends (but no congregation), one Baptist, and one for the colored people. We met with one thing in this connection we did not like, that was, the laying of a corner-stone for a Methodist Church on Sabbath afternoon. We are neither superstitious, nor Pharisaical, nor Puritanical, but still we do not believe the Sabbath to be the day for laying corner-stones. The Presbyterian congregation is the most refined and intelligent we saw. Their Pastor, Rev. Mr. Nyle, seems to be an active man.

The people of York are sociable, and much more on an equality than many other places where there is not half of the wealth they have. There does not, however, seem to be that ease and elegance of manner among them so perceptible in some places. The ladies, so far as we are able to judge, and we took considerable notice, *are certainly not remarkable for their beauty.* We were rather surprised to find so many persons who speak German. This is spoken more fluently than English by a majority of the inhabitants. We could not help thinking, as we looked at a group of men talking to each other in German, if the ladies who speak this tongue talk as much faster than the gentlemen as the ladies do who speak English than the gentlemen, *what a time they must have.*

HILO.

Marvels of Memory.

The following examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible, had they not been given to us upon the highest authority.

Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 20,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him; and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides.

It is said that George III. never forgot a face he had once seen, nor a name he had ever heard. Mirandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times, and could frequently repeat the words backward as well forward. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory, in three months, an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the Æneid; and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word.

It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner, and gave the strictest attention to the music, and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time, and following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

[A good memory depends on the following conditions, namely: good health, well developed intellectual faculties, a clear, susceptible mind, self-reliance, and the power of concentration. A poor memory, while it may be owing to undeveloped faculties, is usually the result of physical weakness induced by gormandzing or dissipation.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHIGNONS.—Some people may condemn *chignons*, but a moderately sized one this morning [illegible] from a serious, if not fatal [illegible] ing to the ext[illegible] with a faintin[illegible], and [illegible] into [illegible]cet jewelry store. There [illegible] sank into a chair, and instantly fell to the floor in a swoon, striking the back of her head against one of the valuable pieces of large plate glass in the show-case, shivering it into atoms, and also bending the plated frame and breaking the edge of the counter. The *chignon* was knocked off by the contact, but it saved the lady from a severe cutting. She was, with proper restoratives, soon brought to her senses, and went on her way rejoicing. So much for tucking up your back hair, ladies.—*Hartford Times.*

"Mr. Speaker, I straddle that blind," was the phrase in which a poker-playing California legislator seconded the motion.

Which is best—the song of the nightingale or the lay of the barn-yard fowl? Shut up, and pass the egg-spoon.

THE CENSUS-TAKER.

The Trials of a Family.

I am a peaceful man, and so is my wife, although she is of the female persuasion. "Let us have peace," and a red, white and blue picture of General Grant hang together on the wall over my mantelpiece; but I can be stirred up, and so can my wife, when we consider that our rights are invaded or our priviliges trampled upon. We are American citizens and understand what liberty means, and endeavor to carry out our understanding in all things; hence, my wife washes the pavement, like a good American citizen, as she is, three times every day, Sundays excepted. But that's got nothing to do with the story, further than it carries us to the place where the commencement of it commences.

Thusy (her name is Arathusia, but I call her Thusy, out of affection) was washing the pavement as is her blessed custom, yesterday morning, while I cooked the breakfast. When just about turning the mackerel for the last time, I heard her well known voice say:

"Senses! Yes, sir; you couldn't have taken many senses, or else the senses you did take were as weak as water, or you'd never planked your big feet on that white marble step, just the moment I've got it washed off."

The man said something which I could not understand, but I could hear Thusy, and from the tone of her voice I knew she was riled. I'm well acquainted with her.

"You're going into the house, then, are you?"

The man said he was, and before I could take my apron off, he was in the kitchen.

"Well, sir," said Thusy, "since you're here, and want senses, s'pose you proceed to get 'em. You needn't look at *him*," she continued, "so go in with your business and get out;" and she rested her broom on her arm and sat down, looking the man in the face.

"We get," said the man, "we get so accustomed to going about among people, that our conduct looks a little impudent; but, madam, I assure you that nothing of the kind is intended." And the man got out a little book and lead pencil.

Thusy looked at me as much as to say, "I'll give him enough; and then he commenced asking questions.

"Are you married?" he asked.

Thusy's eyes shot fire, and I expected a rumpus. She looked at me and says: "Blusher, go up stairs and get him our marriage certificate."

"Oh, never mind that," said the man, "just be kind enough to answer my questians."

"That's my husband," said Thusy, nodding at me. I had sat down, and the mackerel was getting cold.

"How many children have you got?"

"Three," said Thusy.

"What are they?"

"Human beings," said Thusy, sharply.

"I mean how many are males and how many are females?" said the man very politely.

"Three girls, all females," remarked Thusy.

"Living?" said the man.

"Dead," said Thusy. "Been dead these ten years."

"Why didn't you say so at first said the man, a little mad.

"Cause you didn't ask," said Thusy, casting a triumphant glance at me.

"What is your business at present?" asked the man lookin' at me.

"Cookin'," snapped Thusy, before I could say a word.

"What is your trade sir?" said the man, pointin' at me with his pencil.

"I'm a tinner," said I.

"What is your income?"

"Don't have any," said Thusy. "It's all gone before it comes in."

"Your salary?"

"You must be a fool," said Thusy, jumping up; it's out of season."

"Madame, you don't appear to understand me. What amount of money do you receive a week for your work?"

I told him, and he put it down.

"Have you a trade, madam?" he asked [illegible]y.

A dozen of 'em.

"Dress-maker or mantua-maker?"

"Yes," said Thusy.

"Which?" asked the man.

"Both," said Thusy.

"Anything else?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Slewerin', cookin', washin', mendin', makin', readin' and washin' pavements."

"When she said the last she looked at me again. I understood, and could take my oath to the correctness of the last business mentioned.

"How many [illegible] have you [illegible]

"Thusy.

"[illegible]at's he worth?"

"[illegible]e was worth about ten dollars, but I don't suppose he'd fetch more than a dollar and a-half now."

What color is he?"

"Red, white and blue."

Ridiculous," said the man, putting the pencil behind his ear. Madame," he continued, "this won't do. If you have a horse, what kind of a one is he?"

I thought Thusy would burst. She was infernal mad, for it looked as if the man was doubting her word.

"A wooden rocking horse!" she shouted.

The man rose up, and so did Thusy.—I thought there would be a fight before the thing ended; but the man talked awhile, and read a paper about penalties, and then went on.

Any cows?"

"No cows," said Thusy.

"Any watches?"

"Yes, but you'd better go across the street if you want to find out anything about them."

"Gold or silver?"

"Of brass, the brassiest," and then she went on to tell how the McNabbs stood peeping out of the widows all day.

"I don't want to know about your neighbors," interrupted the man. "I want to know how many and what kind of watches you have"

"Oh!" said Thusy, kind of set back a little. "I thought you meant the people that watch us all the time. We ain't got no other kind."

The man saw that he had the advantage. "How many men are there in this house?"

"I'm a decent and respectable woman," said Thusy; and I thought she'd cry, but all at once, just as the man was going to say something else, she flung the broom down on the floor, and said pointing at me: "If that man was worth a cent he'd smack your mouth, you——. I have a notion to do it myself." And she dashed up to the census-taker; but he got behind a chair and explained the matter.—He referred to how many boarders we had. This fixed it up all right, and the man went on:

"What size shoes do you wear?"

"Threes," said Thusy.

Now I knew she had made a mistake, so I said, "Nines,"

"Shut up," she cried, and I shut.

"Where were you born?" asked the man.

"At home," said Thusy "Where did you suppose?"

"But I mean whereabouts?"

"Second Story, front," said Thusy.

"In Ireland, England, Scotland or where?" said the man.

"I'm a native American," screamed Thusy, raising her broom.

"Very good," said the man, and he put that down.

"Where were you born?" said the man to me.

I told him.

"How much is your mouth worth?" asked the man turning to Thusy. "I mean have you any false teeth; if so, what are they made of, what are they set on, and how much are they worth. If you have any hollow teeth, what are they stuffed with, and how many are stuffed with gold, and how many with silver or other metal?"

During the time that the census-taker was asking these question I thought Thusy would bust. Her fingers worked nervously 'around the broom-handle, and her azure eyes looked like liquid fire. Her Bosom swelled like the angry billows of the ocean, and as she handed my head a chair a few days before, when she looked just this same way, I naturally supposed that something would happen. But the ways of women are inscrutable as a general thing, and she only turned her face, the picture of scorn to the man, and asked him if there wasn't anything else he could ask.

The man said he had his duty to perform and therefore would ask;

"Do you wear a chignon?"

This is a tender spot for Thusy, because she don't wear any, and has got lots of hair of her own—natural.

"If so, is it all your own? Is it made of real hair, or wool, or silk? If so how much is it worth?"

"Mister," said Thusy, rising, "I guess you had better get some senses somewhere else.' There is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue; that time has come, and by the great United States, as I've heard my father say, I'll split your head with this here broom."

"Madame, have you a glass eye if so—"

The census taker said no more in our house.

"You infernal scoundrel you can't impose on me with your tryin' to take senses here." And by that she made a dash at him with the broom, knocking the cold mackerel off the table, accompanied by the coffee-pot and sugar-bowl, as she passed; and the census-taker made tracks for the door, with Thusy at his heels, asking him if he had eyes enough to find his way to the next place where they could give him some senses.

There wasn't no breakfast for nobody that morning.

TEACH CHILDREN TO BE TRUTHFUL.—It seems that one of the easiest things imaginable for the child to learn is to tell falsehoods and to practice deception. We can but think that, in many cases parents and teachers are wholly responsible for this. The child does wrong. Too often the parent fails to show him wherein the wrong consists, while he threatens punishment for his repetition, and [illegible] teaches the child only the fear of punishment, while other motives to govern his conduct he is ignorant. If the child can devise some plan for averting this he does not hesitate to again commit the act, deceiving the parent in regard to it, or perhaps openly denying it,

Perhaps he is inclined to be truthful, and confesses the first transgression, and here is the most common error of parents and teachers in failing to teach the child truthfulness. They reprove him, and perhaps administer punishment, while that act of true nobility—his confession of the truth—is entirely overlooked. How few ever bestow on the child who acknowledges his wrong one approving word.—Praise would sometimes benefit him more than reproff. Teach him why his offence should not be repeated, and teach him of that God against whom he sins. Praise his truthfulness in confessing the wrong, and show him that had he concealed it by falsehood, it would have doubled his guilt, and that deal sparingly with your punishment, and still more so with your threats, which latter are often a great injustice to the child, while they partially divest you of your authority over him.

The Japan peach is full ripe in Fla. now.

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