THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1870. NO. 15.

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. Fresh 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.

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.

PEACH BOXES.

THE undersigned as Agent for A. J. Horsey, Laurel, Del., is prepared to furnish Peach Growers with Boxes of the best quality, at the lowest prices. They will be delivered at any of the Landings on Chester or Sassafras Rivers.

Specimen Boxes may be seen at the store of Wm. Bacchus, Chestertown.

GEO. Q. BACCHUS,
June 11—tf. Chestertown.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Ligh St. Wharf, Balto.

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

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited*
January 19, 1870—y.

WM. P. FRANCIS

OFFERS his services to the Fruit Growers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Having had experience as a fruit grower, and believing that his knowledge as a salesman will enable him to obtain prices that will be satisfactory to the grower of fruit, will be thankful to receive fruit on consignment, or any thing that the farmer may have to sell.

Returns made promptly: sent by check or private hands when ordered in writing.

WM. P. FRANCIS,
WITH
WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
July 23—2m. 112 *Light St. Wharf.*

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.

NEW STOCK.

Ladies and gentlemen, young and old; Youths and maidens, timid and bold; And children! all call at the store of

Jas. H. Smith,

NEXT DOOR TO T. W. ELIASON & SON,

and examine his Stock of Christmas Goods, embracing in part a fresh and complete

STOCK OF CANDIES,
French, Medium and cheaper grades:
FRUITS;

A large quantity of the best Currants, 500 lbs. best Raisins; Oranges, Apples, Lemons, Prunes, Tamarinds, Dates, and the different

Varieties of Canned Fruits.

Chow-chow; Pickles of every variety;

NUTS
of all kinds;
ALMONDS, WALNUTS, PECAN, &c.
Sauces and Jellies; Crackers of all kinds;
FANCY GLASSWARE,
BOTH ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.
Fine assortment of
WAX AND OTHER DOLLS; TOYS;
CIGARS & TOBACCO.

My stock has been selected with care; it is fresh and good; and if the citizens of the county will give me a call will soon be sold.

JAMES H. SMITH.
Chestertown, Dec. 11, 1869—tf.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,
DEALER IN
SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,
Musical Instruments
AND MUSI AL MERCHANDISE
Of Every Description.

Read the following:

GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $20.

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.

CIGARS & CONFECTIONARY.

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.

Balmoral Boots & Shoes,
Ladies and Misses
Lasting Gaiters,
CHILDRENS' AND INFANTS' PLAIN AND FANCY SHOES, ALL OF THE LATEST STYLES!
T. W. ELIASON & SON

Have just opened a very large assortment of the above Goods, to which they invite your attention. [April 16, 1870.

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.

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT SHOPS.



The subscriber hereby notifies his friends and the public generally that he has opened the Shops near the Foundry in Chestertown, where he is prepared to execute all orders for new work or repairs, with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Horse Shoeing.

Having employed a first-class Horse Shoer, I will give particlar attention to this branch of the business, and guarantee satisfaction.

WHEAT CRADLES made to order or repaired, and Reaper and Mower Knives ground and repaired at short notice and fair prices.

I respectfully request a share of the public patronage.

C. A. A. STANLEY.
June 18, 1870—tf.

FOUNTAIN HOTEL,
(Formerly the National,)
Camden Street,
NEAR HOWARD,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Within three squares of Steamboats at Light Street Wharf.

THE undersigned, late proprietor of the Maltby House, has the pleasure of announcing to his friends, and the public generally, that he has leased the above Hotel for a term of years, and proposes making it

A FIRST CLASS HOUSE.

This Hotel, being convenient to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Depot, and also to other business portions of the city, will be found as desirable as any other Hotel in the city for business men.

This House has been thoroughly renovated and re-furnished throughout, and I hope by strict personal attention to business to add to the comforts of all who may favor me with their patronage.

Having been proprietor of the 'Maltby House' for a number of years, I feel confident of meeting all expectations of the traveling public and all others.

Very respectfully,
Jan. 8, '70—y. A. B. MILLER.

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.

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,

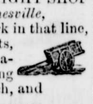


BUGGIES, SULKIES, JAGGERS, ROCKAWAYS, PHAETONS, GERMANTOWNS, DOG CARTS, EXPRESS WAGONS and ROAD WAGONS.

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.

NOTICE.

I HAVE on hand and for sale, at the corner of Queen and Main streets, *FLOUR* at different prices; *MEAL, HOP, FEED, BRAN, OATS* and *ORN*. 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.

CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Particular attention given to the collection of claims and the sale of Real Estate.

☞ Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1863.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BURGLAR.

I went to Covent Garden Theatre one night last season. We were let out at at twelve, and I set off to my lodgings.—I knocked; there was no answer. I knocked again; a window was thrown up, and my landlady's face appeared.

"Who are you? she screamed.

"Let's in, please, it's *me!*" I answered.

"Then, Mr. Me, if you don't come home afore ten, you muy stay out till morning. I never wait up for my lodgers—my door is closed at ten!" and then the window closed with a bang.

"No go!" thinks I. "I have no money. I'll go to the railway station, and wait in the waiting room till morning:" which resolution I proceeded to carry out by walking briskly for the Bank.

I turned into Moorgate street, and was just thinking whether I should go to the London, Brighton, and South Coast, or the London Bridge station. I stopped to think. There was a confectioner's shop just in front of me. Oh, that it were open! I had three pence left.

Just at this moment a tall, broad-shouldered man came up to me, and viewed me from top to toe. I looked at him. He was dressed in dark clothes; a pea-jacket and a clap-trap cloth hat, with a peak lying level on the forehead, gave me a feeling of awe. The thought forced itself upon me that he was a garroter. He spoke first.

"You're Mr. Sam?' and he laid his finger on his nose.

"You've guessed it," said I, thinking it best to agree with him, although my name was Tom.

"Then come along!" and away we went.

"Did Butler give ye e'er a pistol?" he asked.

"No," said I, beginning. "He said he wanted them himself."

"Just like him. He told me I'd find you standing in Moorgate street between twelve and one, opposite the confectioner's with your right hand in your pocket."

"I'm in for it!" thinks I, "but I must go through with it. But what will it ever come to at all?"

He led me through a labyrinth of streets, walking rather fast, till we emerged upon the City Road. Then he made straight for the Angel, and from thence took a cab for Fleet street! What object he had in doing this I cannot say. He did not offer to explain, in fact, not a word was passed between us till we got at the top of Ludgate Hill.

From thence we went into a back street, and out of that to another, no matter which, and suddenly stopping opposite a shop, he exclaimed—

"There's our crib!"

"Is it?" says I.

Whereupon he produced from his pocket a rule. The shop was evidently a tailor's, as it had bars standing out, like the rungs of a Jacob's ladder, from each side of the door, to exhibit stock upon. My friend stepped on the first of these, which was three feet from the ground, and speedily measured the height of a large glass fanlight over the door, then stedping down again, he measured the breadth of the door, and as the fanlight was square, he muttered to me, by way of giving me its dimensions,—

"Three and a half by two high?" and chuckled quietly.

Then he crossed the road and I followed, he explaining that we must wait till the policeman passed. He hove in sight about ten minutes afterwards, while we walked past him. Then we waited till he returned. This time we did not pass him, but watched him from a corner at a distance.

"Twenty minutes and a half between going and coming," exclaimed my companion. "And a handy beat; for he comes up the corner there," pointing to one a little beyond the shop—"and goes down this street next ours."

The impression began to steal over me that I was committing, or helping to commit, a felony, and that if caught I might get into trouble. I thought of running for it; but the remark that my companion made at that moment, to the effect that it would be short run if deserted him (for he seemed to see I didn't like the job), deterred me. I dared not explain that he had made a mistake, for I felt sure that he must have mistaken me for some ally of his own. "I must go through with it," thinks I. "He'll leave me outside to watch, and I'll hook it then." So I went on.

He crossed the street again the moment the policeman was past interfering with us, and producing a piece of stout blank cloth, he applied the rule thereto, I holding it against shutters while he set out "three and a half by two" thereon. This done, he cut within two inches of the measurement all around; then producing a treacle-pot from his pocket, he smothered one side of the cloth with treacle, and desiring me to hold it, he mounted the shop door, so to speak, again; and I gave him the cloth, which he immediately clapped on to the sky-light, the treacle making it adhere firmly to the glass. Then looking at his watch he cried,—

"By Gosh! he'll be here this minute!" and away we walked. A glance behind us, as we turned the next corner, Not yet in sight! We stopped and waited, but the policemen came not. My friend muttered an oath, adding, "I'll go. Come along; but keep your weather-eye open!" And off we went.

"Perhaps he is watching us?" I suggested. But the idea was discarded as not in the nature of a policeman "like that one we saw.

We arrived at the shop. He mounted again, and drove a string through a hole in the cloth. Then he ran a diamond round the edge of the glass. A gentle pat, and it gave way. Now I saw the use of the cloth and string. He could hold the glass by the string; and he slowly let it down into the shop, and, producing a long-shaped pad, he laid it along the bottom of the fanlight to cover the glass edge, and threw one leg into the opening, and got astride of it!

"Follow me," he muttered, and ducked his head under the door heat. But before he could draw in the other leg, I mounted the ladder, and seizing it, gave him a pull that kept him from going in, at the same time yelling, "Police! Thieves! Murder! Police!" at the top of my voice. And, lo and behold! the policeman appeared at the corner at that moment. A horrible oath from within, a pistol bullet whistling past my head, and I ran for death and my life. I did not stop till I found myself in Broad street.

In the next day's papers I saw the account of the capture of a burglar by *one* policeman, who had watched *two* burglars from the corner, and saw one enter the house, and the other leap up the wall like a cat, grab at a disappearing leg, and yell "Police!" and run.

The one that was caught got seven years' penal servitude; and "The Police are searching vigilantly, though as yet unsuccessfully, for the other, who, it appears, is a *desperate character!*" They never caught him.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

An Awkward Predicament.

A few evenings since a party of friends met at a social gathering at a fashionable restaurant. Some were bachelors, and some were in the enjoyment of "Heaven's best gift to man!" The evening was cold and chilly, and most of them wore overcoats. Two of these were nearly alike, and were owned respectively by Charley G—— and Charley S——, one of them married, the other single, and a wild, rakish sort of fellow, who, as fast as he was out of one scrape he was in another. His pockets were always full of rose-colored missives and delicate love tokens. His heart was desolate out of the sunny glances of womankind; yet his adventurous head never permitted the matrimonial noose to curl around it. His friend Charly G—— is a sober married man, cherishing a bright eyed, but jealous-hearted little wife, who loves him tenderly. He had found it difficult to obtain permission to attend the supper at all.

It was given at last with the understand- that he would come home early. He didn't however, but sat late; so very late indeed that he slept soundly the next morning until after the sun was far advanced toward the zenith. He had met with a misfortune, too, having stumbled on his way home and rolled over in the muddy street. His wife, however, set about repairing this mishap the next morning by cleansing the muddy great coat. While engaged in this occupation, her hand by the merest chance in the world, strayed into one of the side pockets of the coat, and encountering a neatly folded billet-doux superscribed simply to Charley, read:

"Do not go to that horrid supper, love, but come to me instead. I am so lonely.

"Your devoted KATE."

Oh, my! but the little blue eyes flashed—the color came and went upon her cheek and forehead—when she read the lines. There was a moment's pause, as if to still the intensity of passion, and then Mr. G—— was rudely shaken from his rest.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" and the little white hands trembled with passion as the offending paper was held up before the culprit.

"I don't know. Who brought it?"

"Who brought it, sir? I found it in your coat pocket, Mr. G——, I want an explanation; I will have one; I want a divorce, too!"

Mr. G—— was fully aroused by this time. He protested he knew nothing of the note; he did not know how the treacherous little thing came in his pocket. He appealed to his wife's good sense. She would hear of no denial, but instead made another dive into the coat pocket. Another little missive rewarded her search. It was brimful of the tenderest endearments, and dated only two days back, but was in another handwriting, very beautiful and signed "Jennie."

"Oh, you Turk! Just look at that?" and while Charley's bewildered eyes were perusing the latter, another visit was made to the receptacle of love—another letter came out. It was equally as delicate, but full of upbraiding. It called Charley cruel, false, deceitful; said that "Fanny's" broken heart was to be laid at his door, said his once-loved darling would die early.

The lips were white now with rage, the blue eyes all aflame with fire, the little willowy form all drawn up to its fullest height. Charley never saw her looking so indignant

"You rake—monster! Why, Brigham Yould be ashamed to do as you have done."

Another dive was made to the pocket, and letter after letter brought out, until a dozen strewed the floor—all of them from different ladies, all evincing the tenderest love for Charley.

Unable to cope with the storm of indignation, he made a hasty exit from the room, and leaving the house, left his wife to meditate upon divorce or suicide at leisure. A few moments after however, the servant of Charley S—— appeared with Mr. G——'s overcoat, and respectfully solicited the return of his master's.

The reader is left to imagine the rest. —*New York Daily News.*

☞ No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration—patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

Shall We Meet Again?

The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles ever written by the late George D. Prentice:

But the fiat of nature is inexorable.—There is no appeal of relief from the great law that dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither for a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitudes that throng the world to-day will to morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding from their eyes the traces of loved ones, whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton at all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the grave even with kings and princes for our bed fellows.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, find a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemantha asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha."

What Breaks Down Young Men.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life, but from tables of the morality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that that the excess of death for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class of inferior scholarship. Every one who has seen the curriculum knows that where Æschylus and political economy injure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen, and that the two little fingers are heavier than the loin of Euclid.

Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is, as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost.—Those who have been invagled in the path of vice are named Legion. A few hours sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtasked, and weakened, by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, right about.

Youthful Diplomacy.

A little boy who had been told that he must never ask for anything to eat away from home, went into a neighbor's house, when the lady chanced to be frying doughnuts.

"O," said he, "you are cooking."

Aware that he had been well trained and anxious to see whether his appetite would get the better of his manners, the lady did not give him any of the doughnuts.

"Well," said he, returning to the charge, "your cakes look nice."

"O, very nice," said the lady; "they are the best I ever cooked."

After playing with the cat a few minutes, he remarked, "And they smell very nice."

"O, yes, they smell very nice," was the lady's tantalizing answer.

"Well," said the boy, "I suppose if any little child that was hungry should come in here when you are cooking, you would give him something to eat?"

"Well, yes, I think I should."

"Then," said he, after another turn with the cat, "I guess I must go home for I am very hungry."

It is needless to add that he got a doughnut.

Irish Negroes.

We once heard a story of some negroes that had mastered the Irish brogue, and played a trick on a boat load of emigrants who were so eager to set foot on the soil of the New World, that they left the boat before their companions.

"An' are yees jist over, boys?" said a jet black African, in the richest possible brogue, and with the warmest interest as he bent over the wharf where he and his comrades were working.

The strangers regarded him with a look of mingled astonishment and terror, while one of them found breath to inquire:

"An' how is it that yees are black?"

"It's the cloimate, boys; it's all in the cloimate," was the answer.

"An' how long did it take to make ye this color?"

"Three years, an' niver a bit longer."

"Thin, bedad, boys," said Paddy to his countrymen, "let's go back; it's too soon to be divels intirely."

☞ The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune describes the House of Representatives, the day before the adjournment, as "simply a mad-house, a beer-garden, a menagerie, or any other thing more weird, exciting, amusing, and noisy, than anything else." We don't see how it would be possible for women to conduct public business in a worse manner than this.

HONEST LIVING.—A young man, who purposed starting in business in New York city, made a preliminary visit there, armed with letters of introduction to business men.

These presented, and the usual compliments passed, the New York merchant inquired what he intended to do.

"I have not exactly decided" replied the young Puritan,' but expect to settle into some good business in which I can get a living honestly.'

"A living hontesly?"

"An honest living."

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you, There is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."

Young Women, you don't know how much influence you have over young men. If you would labor earnestly, we should not have so many dissipated young men in our land. Do not let them fill the drunkard's grave. I suppose you will say, "I am not to blame; I don't believe we have anything to do with young men's getting drunk." Think a moment. Did you ever do anything to prevent them?—Did you ever go with a young man when he had been drinking a little? "I believe so." Well, did you think as much of him as you did before he drank? No." You should have said to him: "If you drink, I will not go with you any more." You might have saved him from a drunkard's grave. Will you say to the young man who is attentive to you, that you do not mean to go with any young man who drinks one drop of liquor? He may shun you for a few days, but he will think of it, and will make up his mind that you are right; for what woman wants a drunken husband?

ADVICE TO AN APPRENTICE.—Seize every opportunity of improving your mind.

Be careful as to who are your companions.

To whatever occupation you may be called as a means of obtaining a livelihood, determine to understand it well and work heartly at it.

Accustom yourself to act kindly and courteously to every one.

Carefully avoid all extravagant habits.

Determine to possess a character for honesty.

Cultivate a strict regard for truth.

If your parents are living, do your utmost to promote their happiness and comfort.

FASTIDIOUS.—"What have you that's good?" said a hungry traveler, as he seated himself at a dinner table, in Salt Lake City.

"Oh, we've roast beef, roast mutton, boiled ham, and broiled curlew."

"What is curlew?" said the stranger.

"Curlew? Why, curlew is a bird something like a snipe."

"Could it fly?"

"Yes."

"Did it have wings?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't want any curlew; anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this d—d country, I don't want for my dinner."

☞ Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.

☞ A savan says that "some of the young men who are overtaxing their vitality by violent exercise in base ball matches, with the thermometer at ninety-five in the shade, and far above a hundred in the sun, will find that such abuse of their strength and powers of endurance in youth, will bring heavy tribulation upon them before they are much older, even if they escape sunstroke now."

☞ A man named Barnes, in Newnam, Georgia, the other day, being of an inquiring mind, concluded he would test a paper of powder which he had on hand. Heating his tongs, he applied them to the paper and was just getting interested in his experiment, when he thought he heard some one calling him, and went at the top of the house to see who it was. He says the powder was first rate, but rather too sudden.

A speaker at a juvenile picnic is said to have delivered an address of which the following is a sample: "You ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the summer time, when the June roses were blowing, with sweet words of kindness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling pin, so that he couldn't go to school for over a month, on account of not being able to put on his hat."

☞ Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world! Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world.

☞ When you are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself if you have not pained others in the same way many times.

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