THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870. NO. 17.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY Virtue of one writ of Venditioni Exponas issued out of Circuit Court for Kent County, and to me directed, at the suit of Geo. Vickers, Trustee, use of Louis T. Anderson, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John T. Bramble and William A. Bramble, also, by virtue of one writ of Fieri Facias, at the suit of the Patapsco Guano Company, against the goods and chattels lands and tenements of John T. Bramble, and to me directed, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said John T. Bramble, in and to, the following property:

FIVE HEAD OF HORSES,

1 Yoke of Oxen,

SIX HOGS, SEVEN PIGS, WAGON & HARNESS, DEARBORN, BUGGY WAGON, SIX PLOWS,

3 *Cultivators, 2 Harrows, Forks, Hoes, Spades, Plow Harness, Lot of Hay,*

Interest in Crop of Corn, interest in Crop of Apples.

And I hereby give notice, that

On Wednesday, September 14th, 1870, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at L. T. Anderson's Store, Morgan's Creek, I will sell at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the said property so seized and taken in execution, to pay said debts, interest and costs, due and to become due thereon. R. W. CALDER,
Sept. 3, 1870. [$4.00] Sheriff.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY Virtue of three writs of Venditioni Exponas, one issued by James Graves, one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, and two issued by William Medders, one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, and to me directed, one at the suit of Levi Mastbaum, one at the suit of Geary H. Leverton, and one at the suit of Job Kerr, against the goods and chattles of Wm. A. Bramble and John T. Bramble, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Wm. A. Bramble and John T. Bramble, of, in, and to, the following property:

Five head of Horses,

One Yoke of Oxen,

SIX HOGS, SEVEN PIGS,

Wagon and Harness, Dearborn, Buggy Wagon, six Plows, three Cultivators, two Harrows, lot of Forks, Hoes, Spades, and Plow Hames;

LOT OF HAY,

Interest in crop of Corn, interest in Apple Orchard;

And I hereby give notice, that on *Wednesday, 14th day of September,* 1870, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at L. T. Anderson's Store, Morgan's Creek, I will offer at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the said property so seized and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy said debt, interest and costs, due and to become due thereon.

R. P. STEWART, *Constable.*
Sept. 3, 1870—tds. [$4.25]

SOLUBLE SEA ISLAND GUANO,

FROM NAVASSA ISLAND, CARIBBEAN SEA.

RICH IN AMMONIA,

SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES AND ALKALINE SALTS;

A Perfect and Highly Concentrated Guano. For sale by L. A. THOMAS.
August 20, 1870—4t.

NOTICE TO ROAD SUPERVISORS.

ORDERED, That Supervisors be required to deposit their bills with the County Commissioners for examination at least two weeks before they can be passed.

JO[illegible]SELL,
August 27, 1870—3w. Clerk.

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.

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.

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.

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.

PURNELL

HAS RECEIVED

A New Stock OF Spring and Summer Goods,

embraced in which is a beautiful assortment of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

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.

A large Stock of Builder's Hardware

ON hand and for sale at the lowest market price. Call and examine my large Stock, at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store of

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FOR SALE,

TWO BUILDING LOTS,

in Chestertown, eligibly situated. Apply to
March 26. E. F. PERKINS.

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 particular 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.

Selected Poetry.

To a Little Huswife.

O little Huswife clean and spruce,
Thy use one heart divines;
A rosy apple, full of juice,
And polished—till it shines!
A tidy, tripping, tender thing,
A foe to lazy litters,
A household angel, tidying
Till all around thee glitters!

To see thee in thy loveliness,
So prudish and so chaste;
No speck upon the cotton dress
Girdled about thy waist;
The ankle peeping white as snow
Thy tucked-up kirtle under;
While shining dishes, row on row,
Behind thee, stare and wonder!

While round thy door the millions call,
While the great markets fill,
Though public sorrow strikes us all,
Singing thou workest still;
Yea, all thy care and all thy lot
Is ever, sweet and willing,
To keep one little household spot
As clean as a new shilling!

The crimson kitchen firelight dips
Thy cheeks until they glow;
The white flower makes thy finger tips
Like rosebuds dropped in snow,
When all thy little gentle heart
Flutters in exultation
To compass, in an apple tart,
Thy noblest aspiration!

O Huswife, may thy modest worth
Keep ever free from wrong,
Blest be the house and bright the hearth
Thou blessest all day long!
And nightly, may thy sleep be sound,
While o'er thee, softly, stilly,
The curtains close, like leaves around
The hush heart of the lily!

WILLIAM HAVERLY.

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P. "I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography."

"Plenty of them," said the salesman.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

The little fellow drew back in dismay, and taking his hand out of his pocket, he commenced to count some pennies and small silver pieces that he had held until they were all damp with sweat. Three or four times he counted them, at last looking up and saying:

"I didn't know they were so much,' he turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and come back. "I have only got sixty-one cents," said he; "you couldn't let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked up for the answer: and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not do it.

The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt at a smile, and then left the store. I followed and overtook him,

"And what now,' I asked kindly.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?" I asked.

"Oh, yes if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, though none of them knew that we came together, and each time he was refused.

"Will try again?' I asked, as we left the fourth one.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I shouldn't know whether I could get one or not."

We entered the fifth store and the little fellow went up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides my father was a sailor, and I want to know about the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to these places now?"

"He is dead," said the boy softly, then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor too."

"Are you though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir if I live."

"Well my lad, I'll tell you what I will do: I will let you have a new geography, and you can pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for 50 cents.

"Are all the leaves in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I'll have eleven cents left towards buying some other book. I'm glad they didn't let me have any at the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverence. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark."

"Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I ever can get," he replied taking in at a glance the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," said I.

Tears of joy came into his eyes. "Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I'll buy one book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him; and many years past before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until near the end of our voyage, then came a terrific storm that would have sunk all on board, had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class, but after pumping for one whole night, and still the water was gaining on them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boat, though they might have known that no small boat could ride in such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts now came up; he saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man back to his post.

It was surprising to see all those men bow before the strong will of the captain, and hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and then said rebukingly:

"Yes, sir; there is hope as long as one inch of the deck remains above water.—When I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before; nor one of my crew sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Come, bear a hand, every one of you at the pumps.

Thrice during that day did we despair, but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will, mastered every mind on board that ship, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock, in Liverpool," said he, "if you will only be men."

And he did land us safely, but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of his sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was at last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P., do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"You saw me years ago in Cincinnati. Do you remember a boy in search of a geography?"

"Very well, sir; William Havrely."

"I am he, said he. "God bless you."

"And God bless persevering Captain Haverly!"

JOHNNY, THE NEWSBOY.

Something more than a year ago, as the writer was seated in the cars going West, a pleasant voice sang out, 'Papers sir? [illegible] papers, lady?"

There was [illegible] nothing new in the words nothing new to s[illegible] a small boy with a package of papers und[illegible] its arm, but the voice so low and musical[illegible] under as only ones mellow as a flute and t[illegible] called up love and sorrow could make it—[illegible]rge hallowed memories. One look at the [illegible] brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of tangled hair, nut-brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" as, half blind with tears, I reached out my hand for a paper

"Johnny ——," the last name I did not hear.

"You can read?"

"O yes, I have been to school some," glancing out of the window to see if there was necessity for haste.

I had a darling boy once, whose name was Johnny; he had the same brown hair, and large, tender, loving brown eyes, and perhaps it was on this account I felt like throwing my arms around his neck and kissing his thin cheek.

There was something pure in the child standing modestly there in his patched clothes and half-worn shoes, his collar coarse, but spotlessly white his hands clean and well molded.

A long, shrill, whistle, and short, peremptory call, and Johnny must be off.—There was nothing to choose. My little Testament, with its neat binding and its bright steel clasp, was in Johnny's hand.

"Will you read it, Johnny?"

"I will, lady, I will.'

There was a movement; we were off. I strained my eyes out of the window, but I could not see him. and, shutting them, I asked His love for this destitute tender voiced boy.

A month since I made the same journey, and passed over the same railroad, and what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same clear, calm eye, and pure, clear voice.

"I have thought of you, lady. I wanted to tell you it is all owing to the little book."

What's all owing to the little book, Johnny.

"The little book has done all. I carried it home and father read it. He was out of work then, and mother cried over it so much that I thought it must be a wicked book to make them cry so. But it is different now, and its all owing to the little book. We live in a better house now, and father don't drink, and mother says it will be all right again.'

Dear little Johnny; his brown face was all aglow, his eyes bright and sparkling, and his face looked so happy.

Never did I crave so for a moment of time. But no, the cars move, and Johnny was gone.

"It is all the little book,' sounded in my ears; the little book that told of Jesus and of his love to poor sinners. What a change! A comfortable home no more a slave to strong drink, hope was in the mother's heart, health mantled the cheeks of the children.

Would that all the Johnny's who sell papers, and have fathers who drink and mothers who weep over the ruin of their once happy homes, would take to those homes the little book that tells of Jesus.

Womanliness.

There are certain words, suggestive rather than descriptive, the value of which lies in their very vagueness and elasticity of interpretation, by which each mind can write its own commentary, each imagination sketch out its own illustration. And one of these Womanliness—a word infinitely more subtle in meaning, with more possibilities of definition, more light and shade, more facts, more phases, than the corresponding word, manliness. This, indeed, must necessarily be so, since the character of women is so much more varied in color and more delicate in its many shades than that of men. We call it womanliness when a lady of refinement and culture overcomes the natural shrinking of sense, and voluntarily enters into the circumstances of sickness and poverty—say, that she may help the sufferings in their hour of need; when she can bravely go through some of the most shocking experiences of humanity for the sake of the higher law of charity; and we call it womanliness when she removes from herself every suspicion of grossness, or coareness or ugliness, and makes her life as dainty as a picture, as lovely as a poem. She is womanly when she asserts her own dignity; womanly when her highest pride is the sweetest humility, the tenderest self-suppression; womanly when she protects the weaker; womanly when she submits to the stronger—to bear in silence and to act with vigor, to come to the front on some occasions, to efface herself on others, are alike the characteristics of true womanliness; as is also the power to be at once practical and æsthetic, the careful worker-out of minute details, and the upholder of a sublime idealism, the housemistress dispensing bread, and the priestess serving in temple. In fact, it is a very proteus of a word, and means many things by turns; but it never means any thing but what is sweet, a tender, gracious, and beautiful. Yet, protean as it is in form, its substance has hitherto been considered simple enough, and its limits very exactly defined; and we used to think we knew to a shade what was womanly and what was unwomanly—where, for instance, the nobleness of dignity ended and the hardness of self-assertion began; while no one could mistake the heroic sacrifice of self for the indifference to pain and the grossness belonging to a coarse nature—which last is as essentially unwomanly as the first is one of the finest manifestations of true womanliness. But if this exactness of interpretation belonged to past times, the utmost confusion prevails at present; and one of the points on which society is now at issue in all directions is just this very question: What is essentially unwomanly? and what are the only right functions of true womanliness? Men and tradition say one thing, certain women say is to become the rule, society will have to be reconstructed altogether, and a new order of human life must begin. We have no objection to this, provided this new order is better than the old, and the [illegible]n phase of womanhood more beautiful, more useful to the commonwealth, more beautiful, more useful [illegible]neral munity at large, more elevating to gen[illegible] morality than was the ancient. But the whole matter hangs on this proviso; and until it can be shown for certain that the latter phase is undeniably the better, we will hold by the former.

There are certain old, superstitions must we call them?—in our ideas of women, with which we should be loth to part.—For instance, the infinite importance of a mother's influence over her children, and the joy that she herself took in their companionship—the pleasure that it was to her to hold a baby in her arms, her delight and maternal pride in the beauty, the innocence, the quaint ways, the odd remarks, the half-embarrassing questions, the first faint dawnings of reason and individuality of the little creatures to which she had given life, and which were part of her very being—that pleasure and maternal pride were among the characteristics we used to ascribe to womanliness; as also the mother's power of forgetting herself for her children—of merging herself in them as they grew older, and finding her own best happiness in theirs.—But among the advanced women who despise the tame teaching of what was once meant by womanliness, maternity is considered a bore rather than a blessing; the children are shunted to the side when they come; and ignorant, undisciplined nurses are supposed to do well for wages what mothers will not do for love. Also, we held it as womanliness when women resolutely refused to admit into their presence, to discuss or hear discussed before them, impure subjects, or even doubtful ones, when they kept the standard of delicacy, of purity, of modesty, at a high level, and made men respect, even if they could not imitate. Now the running between them and men whose delicacy has been rubbed off long ago by the coarse contact of coarse life is very close; and some of them go far beyond those of us whose lives have been of a quieter and less experimental kind. Nothing. indeed is so startling to a man who has not lived in a personal and social familiarity with certain subjects. and who has retained the old chivalrous superstitions about the modesty and innocent ignorance of women, as the easy, unembarrassed coolness with which his fair neighbor at a dinner-table will dash off into thorny paths, managing, between the soup and the grapes, to run through the whole gamut of improper subjects.—It was also an old notion that rest and quiet and peace were natural characteristics of womanliness, and that life had been not unfairly apportioned between the sexes, each having its own distinctive duties as well as virtues, its own burdens as well as its own pleasures. Man was to go out and do battle with many enemies; he was to fight with many powers—to struggle for place, for existence, for natural rights—to give and take hard blows—to lose perhaps this good impulse, or that noble quality in the fray—the battle-field of life not being that wherein the highest virtues take root and grow. But he had always a home, where was one whose sweeter nature brought him back to his better self—a place whence the din of the battle was shut out, where he had time for rest and spiritual reparation—where a woman's love and gentleness and tender thought and unselfish care helped and refreshed him, and made feel that the prize was worth the struggle—that the home was worth the fight to keep it. And surely it was not asking too much of women that they should beautiful and tender to the men whose whole life out-of-doors was one of work for them, of vigorous toil, that they might be kept in safety and luxury. But to the advanced woman it seems so; consequently, the home, as a place of rest for the man, is becoming daily more rare. Soon, it seems to us, there will be no such thing ar the old-fashioned home left in England.

An Incident.

A New England merchant doing a large business, requiring several clerks, a short time since missed several articles of value from his store. He determined to watch the habits of the young men, to discover, if possible, which one, if either of them, was untrustworthy. There was one of them who appeared particularly active and faithful; his dress was inferior to that of the other clerks, and he was not particuly popular among them. The merchant learned that this young man remained for half an hour or more after the others left, with the door of the store locked. This circumstance awakened his suspicions, and he arranged a plan to conceal himself in the store, so that he might discover what occurred when the clerk supposed himself to be unobserved. Having sent the young man upon an errand just before the hour of closing, he entered his place of concealment. The door was locked as usual, at the proper time. The clerk at once began to sweep and put the establishment in order.

While waiting for the dust to settle, he was seen to go behind the counter, and taking something from beneath it, placed it in the breast of his coat. The merchant was now alive to discover what had been taken, and what was to be done with it. The young man went to the window and sat in silence a few moments, apparently examining the package which he had taken from his breast. The merchant was not long in doubt. His clerk soon fell upon his knees; he saw that it was a Bible he had been reading; and now he offered aloud a simple and touching prayer for himself, his mother and sister, his employer, and particularly for a brother clerk, who, he feared, was yielding to temptation. After he had finished dusting he left the store, unconscious of having had a human eye upon him.

It is easy to believe that the merchant was deeply affected by what he had seen and heard. This clerk's salary was increased several hundred dollars a year, and he was given the position made vacant by the discharge of one whose criminal [illegible] acts had been discovered.

A Speaking Automaton.

A German genius has invented a speaking machine which is now on exhibition at Leipsic, and is a masterpiece of inventive art. It is in imitation of all the parts of the human organs of speech executed in India-rubber and wood. A key-board played like that of a piano, puts the parts in motion, while by a pedal and bellows the required air is sent through the wind-pipe. The key-board has only fourteen keys, representing the sounds of a, o, u, i, e, j, r, w, f, s, b, g, d, and sh; other sounds of the alphabet are produced by the same movement and the admission of more or less air. The sound of m and l are produced by closing the lips and pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, etc. The French usual sounds are produced by a separate contrivance. The laughing, it is said, sounds truly diabolical and the crowing of a rooster, very comical.

SIX DEGREES OF CRIME.—He who steals a million is a shrewd financier.

He who steals half a million is a defaulter.

He who steals a quarter of a million is an "irregular" financier.

He who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue.

He who steals fifty thousand is a knave.

But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves incarceration in a prison.

A store in Denver City, has a sign as follows: FyNeKUT 2 bak O.

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