THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1871. NO. 38.

J. Bell & Bro.,
BUCK NECK WHARF,

INVITE the attention of Farmers to their LARGE STOCK OF FERTILIZERS:

Soluble Pacific Guano: Terms, $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, cash.

Zell's Ammoniated Phosphate of Bones. $60 per ton of 2000 pounds; 90 days time.

Wilson's Super Phosphate of Lime. $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, on 90 days time.

Watson & Clark's Crosdale. $54 cash or $56 on 12 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Bower's Complete Manure. $52 cash or $56 on 4 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Sphagnine, the Great Delaware Fertilizer. $40 cash, $42 on 6 months, or $44 on 10 months time, per ton of 2000 pounds.

Bone Flour, a pure article, $36 per ton.

Land Plaster; also,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

At prices to suit the times, viz: Bickford & Huffman Grain Drills, with Guano and Seed Attachments; Tripple Screen Dixie Grain Fans, Fodder Cutters, Corn Shellers, &c.

J. BELL & BRO.,
Sept. 24—tf. Buck Neck Wharf.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

Combination Burning Fluid,

THE CHEAPEST,
SAFEST, AND BEST
article, for illuminating purposes, ever offered to this community.

Only 25 cents per Gallon, retail:
Wholesale, 20 cts. per gallon.

E. F. PERKINS, ESQ., has been using the above named oil for some months, and allows me to use his name as a reference.

Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell this oil in Kent county, parties may rely upon being always able to obtain it from me, either wholesale or retail.

Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c.

A good assortment of all kinds of Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c., of good quality, and for sale very low. Don't forget the place:

H. O. PAYNE'S OIL STORE,
Queen street, near the pump.

☞ *All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted, either for Cash or Trade.*
Chestertown, March 19, 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. ames 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.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!!

IN FINE BLACK BEAVER CLOTH, gotten up in the most convenient style.
HEAVY KERSEY OVERCOATS,
VERY CHEAP.

SUPERIOR CASSIMERE CLOTHING,
all just bought direct from the Manufacturers. Our stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING

generally will now be found very excellent and is being offered at most reasonable prices.
Nov. 26 THOMAS S. WICKES.

KERSEYS! KERSEYS!!

OF MALLALIEU'S best manufacture. Virginia Kerseys very cheap and a large stock now on hand.

BLANKETS,

A very full line of various qualities. Heavy Colored Blankets for servants' use, and a large stock of *STAPLE WOOLENS* for Men's and Boys' wear now being received by
Nov. 26 THOMAS S. WICKES.

SALT

For sale by the Sack.
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, November 26, 1870.

New Fall and Winter Goods!
AT GALENA.

HAVING just returned from the City with a well selected stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,
QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE,
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

all of which I will sell at the *Lowest Living Profits*, for cash, or to short time buyers. I have selected my stock with care, and hope to suit all who give me a call.

READY MADE CLOTHING

such as Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Undershirts and Drawers, on hand, and made to order, and on reasonable terms. A Lot of

Eight Day and Thirty Hour Clocks,

on hand and for sale low.

☞ Give me a call, and if you don't see what you want, ask for it.

C. L. NICKLE,
Oct. 29, 1870—3m. *Galena.*

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

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.

BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING.

WE, the undersigned, take this method of informing our friends and the public that we have connected Wheelwrighting with our former business, believing it will be better for ourselves and our customers too, as we will be able to work much lower where there is to be but one profit. We have

Good Seasoned Stock, And Good Workmen

in our employ. We intend to have the wood work done as we have had our Blacksmithing—that is to say, *in the very best manner;* and we are willing for the public to be the judges. Our experience is that "the best is the cheapest."



We will have Plows, Cultivators & Harrows for sale. We shall also put up new Carts,

Wagons, Dearborns, Express Wagons,

&c., in good style.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING
DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Our work will be done as low as at any other establishment here or elsewhere, in the State or outside of it. We are determined to leave no excuse in the way of those who have heretofore been sending their money out of our own community—where it is so sadly needed—to build up manufacturers at a distance. We challenge a comparison of our work with that done any where else, as to price, material, workmanship, style, finish, or any other essential.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Chestertown, January 7, 1871.

MILLING.

CHESTERTOWN, DEC. 27TH, 1870.

The subscriber most respectfully informs the Public that after the first day of January next he will take possession of the Mill and will conduct it, he hopes, more to the satisfaction of the Public than for some time past. He is in treaty for a very superior Miller, and soon as the Spring opens will make some improvements which must render her equal to any Mill on the Eastern Shore.

He hopes whenever there is any cause of complaint to be at once notified of the same. By strict attention or supervision, and competent workmen, he hopes soon to be able to re-establish her former reputation.

THOS. H. WHALAND.
Dec. 31, 1870—tf.

GENUINE EXTRACTS
FOR FLAVORING,
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Selected Poetry.

My Life is Like the Summer Rose.

The following beautiful lines were written by the Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, who was a member of Congress from the State of Georgia, about thirty years ago:

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The softest dews of night are shed
As though she wept such waste to see,
But none shall drop one tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
Which trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless;—and soon to pass away;
Yet when that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind bemoan the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the print, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
Their trace will vanish from the sand,
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall thus lament for me.

Written for the Chestertown Transcript.

The Legend of the Still Pond.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RED ELK.

How many of the inhabitants of this vicinity have ever thought of how this beautiful region first derived its *singular* name?

Let me go back to those primeval days when dusky shadows glided through the forests, and see if the name which now graces the quiet *village, creek,* and *neck of land,* was always that of Still Pond.

The Indians had many traditions, some of which were lost entirely, while others have drifted on the shore of the present; among them is heard the legend relating to our own neighborhood.

Situated about three miles from the village of Still Pond, on a farm known as "Magnolia," there is a pool of water hidden among the trees, and thickset undergrowth, it is smooth and glassy, cool as a mountain spring, and wonderfully deep, with no apparent outlet, so *still* and *quiet,* that no ripples ever dance across its surface, no gentle winds ruffle the monotonous calm. The startled rabbit stops his merry pranks if he wanders too close to the brink, and the bird's gay song makes a mournful echo if it perchance enters this solitude; the very leaves fall noiselessly to the ground, and *stillness* reigns supreme.

A long, long while ago, when savage tribes roved fierce and strong on the banks of the Chesapeake, and these fertile fields were hunting-grounds, and majestic oaks and elms spread their boughs, where church spires now gleam in summer sunshine, there were Indian wigwams throughout the woods, and merry dances in the moonlight, and famous hunts after the deer,—when every *brave* took delight in bringing the stag's horns as trophies to adorn his cabin. Days passed in hunting, and evenings were spent in sharpening the arrows heads for newer slaughter.

The cool, shady forest spring, the *pond* serene and lovely, was a fitting spot for the timid deer to seek to quench their thirst; and often large herds would wander to the brink, and bend their graceful heads to lave its waters.

There was among the Chesapeakes at that remote period, a young warrior, sleek and swift as a falcon, a renowned hunter, on whose lodge's front, glistened the teeth and antlers of many a fallen stag—but not satisfied with these, Temaskin's ambition led him to seek to add fresher glories to his fame. He would often steal from his companions to track alone his prey. He climbed the trees and watched the deer as they came to drink; he knew their paths, and wo to one that came within his bow-shot. It chanced that once while Temaskin lay crouched under the pines, waiting for a good shot, that he was startled by the sight of the largest deer that ever had met his gaze; tremendous antlers crowned his regal head, and his proud clear eyes seemed to scorn the ground beneath his heels. He paused a moment by the pond, but disdaining to bend his haughty neck, he snuffed the air, and vanished as he came, before the Indian had time to recover from his amazement.

Temaskin told his fellow hunters of the wonderful stag-king, and from that time but one desire filled their savage hearts—to slay this monarch of the forest, and string his teeth around their tawny necks.

Early and late they watched for his approach again. Temaskin almost lived around the *pond.* His glittering eyes peered from behind the trees. His subtle body wound in and out the copse, like a rattlesnake looking for a victim, into which to thrust its poisoned fangs. He scratched his skin with thorns, and crushed the wood-violet beneath his heel in restless impatience; but days and months passed on, and no sign of the stag was seen. The other warriors began to doubt Temaskin's story, and laughed at what they said he fancied. This aroused his fiery spirit, and he shunned all intercourse with them.

At the close of a still, sultry August day, when the air was heavy with the odor of magnolias, and the dog-star shed his resplendent beams upon the earth, lighting with soft splendor the wave, and touching the meadow grasses and stately ferns with a weird brilliance,

Temaskin, returning from a fruitless search, had thrown himself upon his mat to rest. Suddenly he was startled by a sound that his quick ear knew, and in an instant he was outside his wigwam, gazing on all sides. Could he be mistaken? There, only a few paces from him, stood the object of his long and watchful search: there stood the lord of the woods, with his head erect and flashing eye, seeming to fling the gauntlet of defiance to his foe. With a whistle sharp and clear, Temaskin summoned every warrior to his side, and swift as lightning they were off on the chase.

Mile on mile they flew, while ever in sight they saw the dark outlines of the stag, as he bounded before them. Hours passed. The stag seemed to possess the winged heels of Mercury, yet his pursuers began to weary, and ere the stars waned, their tired limbs could barely keep up the race; all except Temaskin, and two others, had stopped. The stag in running had formed a circle many times, and now he paused to get breath, as he gained his first starting point. Temaskin, stealthy as a panther, was close upon him, when the stag made a sudden turn, and bounded off towards the fawn's retreat, the *pond* among the trees. A passing cloud obscured the stars brightness for a moment, and the stag paused again, considering which way to turn. Magnolia boughs formed a net-work on either side, creamy elder flowers and gorgeous marsh fuscias shook their fragrance over his head. He was hemmed in. He could only leap. Lightly he raised himself on his hind feet, and with a bound he sprung; when just at that instant the star light shone upon him, and Temaskin sent his arrow through his heart. With a groan that penetrated the leafy depths, and startled the wood-pigeon on her roost, the noble stag-king sank beneath the soft, *still* water, and was lost forever.

The Indian's disappointment can scarce be described as he stood watching the water, heated and dusty from the chase. Not a ripple on the glassy smoothness of the water, gave evidence that there was aught beneath. Down in the mysterious spring the deer had fallen. Nothing remained but fresh hoof-prints on the bank. Temaskin stood in silence, then plunged in the pond and dived. The Indians on the brink were amazed. He was the first who had ever dared explore the *bottomless* pond. Presently he arose, with a scared look, and jumping on the ground, went sadly and silently back to the cabins.

From that time ever after, the place was called the STAG'S BOUND; and many strange traditions were handed down in after years: On the anniversary of the stag's mysterious disappearance, that at midnight, when Sirius was in meridian splendor, if one would watch the water, he would see the antlers of the murdered forest-king rise slowly up and slowly sink again.

Many a young warrior regularly watched, and reckoned all his future success in the chase, upon a glimpse of the fabled head. If it did *not* rise, he felt that disappointment would be his until the dog-star's beams again glistened through the foliage. This superstition arose from the fact that in summer the reflection of the stars on the trees around the pond threw certain shadows upon it, similar to the antlers of the stag, and only in summer it could be discerned, for in August the dog-star, or Sirius, shines as brilliantly as a planet. Anyhow, the place seemed haunted, and was no longer frequented by deer or fawn.

Timid, shy Indian maids, attracted by the beauty of the glassy surface, (which formed a mirror to reflect their jetty locks and painted faces,) as well as the rich perfume of the flowers, would sometimes draw near to the Stag's Bound; but the dark shadows and mournful echoes that hovered around startled them away.

Since the white race settled our country, many Indian names that adorned places, like morning dew-drops on wild violets, were altered for plainer and more practical ones; and *the romance that lingered in the light foot-print of the red man was rudely obliterated.* Thus the Stag's Bound, with its story of the past, was twisted and turned from its original name, into the matter-of-fact title of Still Pond, which, although very appropriate on account of the peacefulners of the pool of water, is not so poetical, nor does it hold within its sound the romantic tradition that the Indians' title implies.

Slightly Acquainted.

Several years ago the —th Regiment United States Regulars were quartered at A——, near Niagara Falls. Among the privates of that gallant regiment was B——, a tall, lank, red haired Vermonter, who was always in some scrape or other. One day he obtained leave to take a day's shooting on the Canada side. He went early in the morning, and hunted all day with very poor success. Late in the afternoon he was slowly wending his way home, ill-pleased with his poor success, when he saw sitting on a tree within easy shooting distance a large crow. To level his gun and fire was the impulse of a moment, and down tumbled the crow almost at his feet. Now it happened that the crow was a tame one, and a pet of General C——, who was one of the wealthiest land owners in Canada, and who owned the property on which B—— stood.—And so it happened that the General was an unseen witness of the death of his favorite. Enraged at its loss he determined to punish the offender in a manner that he would be likely to remember.

So coming forward in a friendly manner, he nodded to B——, who saluted him in return.

'You've got a fine gun there,' said the General.

'Yaas,' said B——, handing it to the General; 'that is the very neatest double barrelled gun around the diggings.'

The General turned the gun around and examined it carefully, then putting the barrel still loaded in full cock to his shoulder and pointing it at B——, said:

'You have wilfully shot the greatest favorite I had, and now *you've got to eat it.*'

B—— explained and begged and prayed, but to no purpose; the General was unmoved by his entreaties and told him he must eat it or die. B—— once more turned his eyes piteously toward the General, but the cold, wicked eye glanced along the barrel convincing him (as he afterwards said) that there was fire in it. So with a groan he picked up the crow, and shutting his eyes commenced the disagreeable meal. He worried down three or four mouthfuls and then stopped, unable to eat any more of the disgusting carrion; and the General thinking he had gone far enough told him that would do, and after advising him to be more careful in future what he shot, handed him his gun and told him he could go. As soon as B—— got his gun in his hand he turned fiercely upon the General and said:

'It's my turn now. You eat the remainder of the crow.'

In vain the General stamped and swore, and finally prayed to be let off. B—— was as firm as he himself had been a few minutes before. Nothing would satisfy the enraged soldier but that the General should eat the whole of what was left, and which he had to do before B—— let him off.

The next day the General went to B——'s Colonel and complained that he had been grossly insulted by one of his soldiers the day previous.

The Colonel inquired what one.

'Why,' said the General, 'he was a tall, lean, ill-favored, with red hair.'

'Ha!' said the Colonel; 'I know him; he's always in some scrape. Orderly, bring B—— here immediately.'

'In a few minutes the orderly returned bringing B——, who was wondering what scrape he was in now.

'B——,' said the Colonel, 'do you know this gentleman?'

'What! me?' said B——, looking as amazed as possible.

'Yes' said the Colonel, 'do you know him?'

'Yes, we are slightly acquainted,' said B——, a happy thought striking him, 'We *dined together yesterday.*'

The General could hold in no langer, but burst into a hearty laugh he told the Colonel to let him go, as he heartily forgave him.

Jenkins at Wilhelmshohe.

BY MARK TWAIN.

A remarkable feature of the present European war is the extraordinary candor of the prominent persons who have been engaged in it. From Bismarck to Napoleon, from Bazaine to William, the dignitaries have manifested a miraculous alacrity in the frank avowal of their intentions, plans and projects, and have seemed happiest when making a clean breast of it to some newspaper correspondent. As a fair illustration of their amiable candor, I have condensed the following specimen from the New York Herald correspondent's recent interview with Napoleon.

As I was ushered into the reception room at Wilhemshohe the Emperor arose (from a 'luxurious fatuil,' of course,) and advanced to welcome me with an extended quad and an air of extreme gratification that put me perfectly at ease.

'Bung zhoo, sire,' said I, giving his hand a cordial shake. With the exquisite tact of a practiced courtier, his Majesty seized the occasion to pay me (and my countrymen) one of his neatest compliments. He said: 'Perhaps we had better conduct our conversation in English. The fact is, you speak French with an accent that really shames us Parisians.—I've often remarked this trait in accomplished Americans, and wondered at it.' The Emperor's remarks were so unexpectedly flattering that it took my breath away for a moment; but under cover of a profound bow I recovered my fluency, and observed: 'Such a compliment from your Majesty in happier days would have brought the entire American nobility to your feet.' My indirect allusion to his misfortunes affected his Majesty profoundly. The tears that chased each other silently down his majestic and imperial purple nose and dripped in imperial sorrow from the waxed ends of his moustache might have moved a heart of stone, with a little assistance.

Surely, thought I, the Emperor who can thus weep at his own calamities cannot be utterly heartless.

When the Emperor had recovered his composure, and had his nose blown by the proper officer, I opened the conversation in a way that I thought least likely to offend his delicacy. I told him it was currently reported that he feathered his nest pretty while Emperor, and I should take it as a special favor if he would tell me how much he had really stolen. In America, I told him, public men were expected to lay by something for a rainy day, and it would rather enhance our respect for him to be assured that he had exercised a like justifiable prudence. He replied: 'My friend, I respect the Herald too much to deceive it. I *have* made a nice little thing of the whole, and my chamberlain shall provide you with an inventory of all that I have gobbled.' I asked him if he owned any property in New York. 'Well,' said he, 'I thought I owned the New York World a few months ago; but since the Sedan affair it has gone back on me.' Your Majesty was accused of treachery at Sedan. Was you really a traitor?' 'Frankly,' said he, 'I think if I had tried I might have died at the head of the army, instead of surrendering. If this be treason, make the most of it.' I said, 'Sire, we Americans are very frank and straightforward, especially in asking questions. Now you needn't answer if you feel the least sqeamish about it; but I should like to know, I really would be pleased to know, whether your father was a Bonaparte or a Dutch Admiral, as some have intimated?' His Majesty with cheerfulness, replied, 'So would I!'

The engaging freedom with which has Majesty unbosomed himself emboldened me to pursue my inquiries, and our conversation became almost confidential.—I asked him if Eugenie was ever jealous. He replied: "Not as Empress; but as Mrs. Napoleon I have sometimes thought she was inclined to be a little too strict with me.' I said: 'Can you lay your hand on your heart, sire, and solemnly assure the Herald that you never gave her cause for jealousy? The Emperor [musingly]—'You are right.' At this point the Emperor seemed a good deal cut up, and sighed profoundly. Instead of answering my question explicitly, I was sorry to see him put both hands in his pocket instead of on his heart.

I told him he might deem me rather inquisitive but if he knew how deeply interested we Americans were in such scandal, I was sure he would tell me all about the Bellanger intrigues referred to in his private correspondence, which was discovered at the Tulleries after the flight of the Empress. He said: My friend, I am deeply touched by your friendly solicitude about my affairs. Your curiosity is tempered by an exquisite delicacy that disarms it of any power to offend. That correspondence, I,'—a messenger from Berlin unhappily interrupted the Emperor's remarks at this point. I intended to have gradually drawn Napoleon to speak about private and personal topics, and should have succeeded, but for that interruption.

As I was about to withdraw, the Emperor embraced me with every mark of esteem, particularly on my shirt front, which he marked with his nose, in the ardor of his country. If the mark is indelible—and it has that appearance—I am a historic shirt ahead.—*Buffalo Express.*

Danger from Tobacco.

A writer in the London *Spectator* has taken some pains to point out what he believes to be "the true danger of tobacco." After adverting to the general use of of this weed, which might, he alleges, be considered a harmless luxury but for one exceptional fact, he asks: "Has not tobacco a property belonging to very few substances, which makes its use exceptionally dangerous—the property, when administered in an overdose, of effecting some permanent change, probably in the spinal cord, which renders the victim forever after liable to injury from the minutest dose?"

Three cases are quoted from Dr. Druben's work on Tobacco as pointing to the real danger arising from its use. The first case was that of a lawyer, thirty years of age, of athletic frame, who for five years had shown symptoms of a spinal affection, which had resisted all remedies. On the recommendation of Dr. Druben this person gave up the use of tobacco, in which he had indulged to excess. The result was that all the symptoms disappeared, as if by enchantment, and at the end of one month the cure was complete." The restoration to health lasted for some time, and until one day, dining with the doctor, he indulged himself, contrary to the earnest remonstrance of the former, in in a cigar. No sooner had he finished the second one than he felt that all his old sensations had returned. Warned by this decisive intimation, the gentleman henceforth entirely gave up his cigar, took tonies for a month, and has ever since enjoyed excellent health.

The second case was that of a person who felt his energies delining, lost his appetite, and only found comfort in smoking very strong cigars. He complained of acute pain in the region of his stomach every afternoon, which only ceased at night, trembling of the limbs, palpitation, and sometimes sickness. On his relinquishing the use of tobacco for one month all the symptoms disappeared; but preferring the pleasure from tobacco to health, he resumed its use, and had in return a renewal of all his pains.

In the third case the patient, aged forty-five years, extremely sober and very regular in all his habits, was troubled by the premonitory symptoms of melancholy mania. He was perfectly aware of his hallucinations, but could not escape them. After two or three weeks' medical treatment, during which he felt no desire to use tobacco, these symptoms passed away, put they returned as soon as he resumed his cigar. Admonished by this experience he renounced tobacco entirely, and from that day had no recurrence of the symptoms.

Other cases of a similar character are brought under the notice of physicians.—The most determined devotee of tobacco who takes an overdose, or uses a much larger quantity than usual, will suffer more or less severely, and not only at the time, but at intervals afterwards, if the effects of the common dose be not carried off as rapidly as usual.

A more enlarged view of the deleterious effects of tobacco on the human system would lead to a great extension of the list of what the London writer chooses to call exceptional cases. It would be found that the stomach, the heart, and the lungs and the different senses are all made to suffer, and to become sadly deranged in their allotted offices by the prolonged and not always by the excessive use of tobacco. In minor degree the cases of interference with good and pleasant feelings from the constant use of tobacco are legion, and should make us modify not a little the word "harmless luxury," as applied to the general use of this weed. It is indeed a luxury, but it is a luxury for which the indulger has to pay very high taxes in addition to those levied by the internal revenue laws.

The writer in the *Spectator* is disposed to lay down as an axiom that men of highly strung, sensitive, nervous organizations, and men who habitually eat little, are better without tobacco. He adds the wholesome advice to all sufferers from tobacco that "there is no remedy whatever except total abstinence. If the mischief has once been done, one cigar or one pinch of snuff is as bad as a hundred."

Some persons can give up the practice at once, as we have known in the case of a printer, who, on being assured by his physician that he would be better without his quid, took it out of his mouth, and exclaiming "There it goes!" threw it in the fire. Years passed on, and this man persisted in his abstinence, much as he alleged, to his gain in increased strength and readiness to work. In other cases we have known men of strong religious convictions, and who from the injury done to their health, conscientiously believed it to be their duty to desist from the use of tobacco, struggle long and hard they triumphed over the enslaving habit.

MATS FOR HOT-BEDS.—There is no way in which a gardner can spend his time in stormy weather—and a little money—more profitably than in making such mats as are needed for the covering of hot-beds and lettuce-frames.

The process is simple. A frame of rough boards, a little larger than the desired size of the mats, having stout nails driven in the two ends, at intervals of about ten inches, is set up against a wall. Small marlin (tarred spun-yarn) is stretched taut from end to end at each pair of nails and made fast. A string two and a half times the length of the frame, of the same material, is wound on a short stick (one for each line), and made fast at the lower end. Then a wisp of long, straight straw, such as can be compressed into a diameter of an inch, is laid against the stretched lines at the bottom of the frame, and secured to them all by a "half-hitch" of the loose cords.—Then another tier of straw is secured to the lines in the same way, being drawn tightly down against the first, and so on until the frame is full. The ends must be well fastened off, and the edges and both sides of the mat trimmed with shears. As the work progresses, the loose cords are unwound from the sticks, which are merely used for convenience in the tying.

A man will easily make three mats in a day, 7 feet long and 4½ feet wide If they are sheltered from the rain by shutters, and are housed during the summer, they will last a long time, and when lettuce is grown they will pay their cost twice over in a single season. They are useful for a night protection for cucumber-frames even as late as June.

Predestination.

A Missouri paper contains the following, which will pass without a great deal of urging:

"Do you believe in predestination?" asked the captain of a Mississippi steamer of a Calvinistic clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well I'm glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boilers ain't to burst they won't.'"

Here the divine commenced putting on his hat, and begun to look like backing out, which the captain seeing said:

"I thought you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be?"

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON THE GOAT.—The following boy's composition is the latest. The boy who manufactured it is bound to take first in his class and make a mark in the literary world. Who knows but that some day he will be an editor?

"A goat is stronger than a pig, and gives milk. He looks at you. So does a doctor, but a goat has four legs. My goat butted Mr. Tillinger in a bad place, and a little calf would not do so. A boy without a father is an orphan, and if he hasn't got a mother he is two orphans. The goat don't give so much milk as a cow, but more than an ox. We saw one at a fair one day with a card tied to his left ear and went in on a family ticket. Mother picks geese in the summer, and the goat eats grass and jumps on a box. Some don't like goats, but as for me, give me a mule with a paint brush tail. If I had too much hair I would wear a wig as Capt. Peters does. I will sell my goat for three dollars and go to the circus and see the elephant, which is bigger as five goats. The goat is a useful animal, but don't smell as sweet as nice bears oil. Father is coming home tomorrow, and the baby has got the croup bad."

It is an old story, but a good one, that tells of a very negligent man who was going away on a visit to some friends. His wife extorted from him a solemn promise that he would abandon his usual custom, and put on a clean shirt every day. So he packed a dozen in his trunk. When he came home again, his wife was glad to perceive he had grown more fleshy; but she was alarmed when on examining his trunk she discovered there was not a shirt in it. He had kept his promise to mount a clean one every day, but he always put it on over the others and now he was sporting around with a whole dozen on his back!

☞ In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. Put no dependence upon the label of a bag and count money before you receipt for it. See the sack opened before you buy what is in it, for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

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