THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1871. NO. 44.

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.

NEW STORE AND

New Goods

AT BUCK NECK WHARF.

J. BELL & BRO. invite the attention of the public to their well selected assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, HARDWARE, &c.

FLOUR by the barrel at city prices.

☞ ALL GOODS SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. BELL & BRO.

Sept. 24, 1870—tf.

THE CHEAPEST BASKET.

THE MELLISH PEACH BASKET,

For sale at Barnard's Wharf, at 12½ cents.

N. BARNARD.

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.

VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

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.

OYEZ! OYEZ!! OYEZ!!!

All manner of persons having

CLOCKS, WATCHES OR JEWELRY

TO REPAIR!

can have the same repaired, with dispatch, at

W. G. RUSSELL'S,

adjoining the store of T. W. Eliason & Son.

☞ All work guaranteed to give satisfaction, or no charge made Charges moderate. Be particular and ask for

W. G. RUSSELL'S.

Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

PUMP MAKING.

THE subscriber having located himself in Chestertown for the purpose of prosecuting the business of *WELL DIGGING AND PUMP MAKING* in any part of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.

WILLIAM H. BOWMAN,

Dec. 31—3m.

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.



CHANGE OF HOURS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY, OCTOBER 24th,* 1870, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Kennedyville and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as ollows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05 P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12:20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
Arrive Kennedyville,	12:50	

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

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

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Kennedyville, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 5 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Kennedyville on the arrival of the train, say 1 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* or *J. L. Stam & Son's store,* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.25.

J. B. WINGATE,

Chief Engineer and Superintendent.

October 29, 1870—tf.

Neglect Not to Read this Notice!

For it Contains Information which, if heeded, will certainly save You Money! It is that

BARRATT & ALLEN, AUCTIONEERS,

Are now visiting the various towns in Kent County, and selling Goods

AT YOUR OWN PRICES!

At Public Auction,

Consisting of Dry Goods, Blankets, Woolen and Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Notions; *Stationery, Fancy Soap, and Perfumery;* Fine Table and Pocket Cutlery; Silver Plated Ware, Glass Ware, &c.; *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, JEWELRY,*

Fine Gold and Silver Watches.

☞ The above will be sold without reserve.

SALES COMMENCE AT 7 O'CLOCK, P. M.

All Goods waranted as represented, or the money refunded.

BARGAINS AT PRIVATE SALE. 50 PER CENT. SAVED BY BUYING OF

BARRATT & ALLEN.

G. W. BARRATT, Auct.

☞ Outside Sales promptly attended to, on reasonable terms. [Jan. 14—3m.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

MANUFACTURERS

AND DEALERS IN

Agricultural Implements & Machinery

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS,

FERTILIZERS, &c.

141 Pratt St., Baltimore,

CONTINUE to keep constantly on hand every description of *First Class* Implement and Machinery to meet the wants of Farmers and Gardeners. Call special attention *now* to

Bickford & Huffman's Grain Drill,

with its *unequalled* Guano Distributor.

American Cider Mill and Press, price $42.
Buck Eye Cider Mill and Press, sen. " 45
" " " " jr. " 25
Hickok " " " " 40

These Cider Mills are recommended as very superior. Further description furnished on application.

The Genuine Pennock Corn Sheller, and Genuine Van Wickle Grain Fan,

together with every description of the most useful and desirable Implements and Machines, always to be had on application to

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
141 *Pratt Street,*
July 30, 1870—tf. BALTIMORE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER.
CHEVELIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR
MONTGOMERY'S HAIR RESTORER.
STONEBRAKER'S HAIR RESTORER.
BURNETT'S KALLISTON.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

CAUTION!

ALL persons indebted to me are hereby notified to call at my store and settle, by note or cash, on or before January 1st, 1871, otherwise they will find the claim in the hands of a Collector.

JOS. A. CATLIN.

Dec. 17, 1870—tf.

Selected Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart—It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name—the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is man's love! What marvel? You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fullness of your heart's glad heavings,
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Wave softly to your breath? You ne'er kept watch
Beside him till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim weary eye: not your's the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as heaven's light
Was there to greet his wakening. You ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sang him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lips to his
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are woman's tasks! In these her youth
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked.

HOW A CONVICT ESCAPED.—The story of the recent escape of James A. Hamilton, one of the oldest and most dangerous convicts in the prison at Lancaster, Pa., reads like a leaf from Dick Turpin's exploits. He was put at shoemaking in a solitary cell, but complaining that his bench was too low got some planks to put under it. Beneath these he cut a hole through the floor, working by night and covering the traces by day with the planks. Beneath the floor was solid masonry, through which, with wonderful persistency and success, he made a hole through which he could pass, and then attacked the solid prison wall from his narrow crevice under the floor, and, although it was three feet thick, he made a breach and passed safely through, and let himself down two stories by a very thin, but exceedingly stout, shoe-thread. Breaking into the wash house and carpenter shop, he procured a change of clothes and lumber to construct a ladder, with which to pass over the jail-yard wall. This ladder is a model of ingenuity. None of the lumber was stout enough to make the sides so he lashed several slender pieces together with bed cord, and tied broken barrel staves across for rounds.

GOING TO COLLEGE.—From Mrs. Stowes' new story we quote the advice given to Harry on his leaving home for college: "So you are going to college, boy! Well, away with you; there's no use advising you; you'll do as all the rest do. In one year you'll know more than your father, your mother, or I, or all your college officers: in fact, than the Lord himself. You'll have doubts about the Bible, and think you could have made a better one. You'll think that if the Lord had consulted you, he could have laid the foundations of the earth better, and arranged the course of nature to more purpose. In short, you'll be a god, knowing good and evil, and running over all creation, measuring everything and everybody to your pint cup. There'll be no living with you. But you'll get over it—it's only the febrile state of knowledge. But if you have a good constitution, you'll come through with it."

Behind the Veil.

It is not always the practice of pretty ladies to wear a veil. Not even coquetry will dispense with the pleasure of showing a lovely countenance, and the most modest and retiring beauty likes to be admired for the regularity and delicacy of her features.

These reflections passed rapidly through the mind of a well known magistrate riding up town recently. By his side sat a lady, who from a single glimpse of her countenance he imagined that he knew. At last he ventured the remark that the day was pleasant.

"Yes," murmured the female.

"Why do you wear a veil?" inquired the dispenser of justice.

"Lest I attract attention."

"It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.

"Not when they are married."

"But I'm not."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, no; I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He had business elsewhere suddenly.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

☞ The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves and often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether, says a woman.

☞ Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, aglow with promise; and like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

AN ANGEL IN A BAR-ROOM.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1870, a lady in deep mourning, and followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons (barrooms) in the City of N——. The writer happened to be passing at time, and impelled by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who was present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was somewhat surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but without asking any questions gave her some change; then turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you assist her a little?"—They all cheerfully acceded to this request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and placed in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to barrooms? It isn't a proper place for a lady; and why are you driven to such a step?"

Turning her mournful, yet eloquent, eyes upon the speaker with an expression I shall never forget, she replied:

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to this step. I will tell you in a few words," pointing to a bottle behind the bar labeled "whiskey," "that is what has driven me to this—WHISKEY. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my happy home forever broken and desolated and the kind husband and the wealth some called mine, lost—lost, never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup. You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me but this little child." And weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of our own beloved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in.—I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons. Did you know that the money you receive in exchange for the vile stuff you sell across this bar, is the same as taking the bread from the mouths of the famishing wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from the backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh, sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow-men, and enter a business that will not only be profitable to yourself, but your fellow-creatures also. Please excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "but thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child taking her mother's hand, "here's a gentleman who wants me to sing "Little Bessie" for him. "Shall I do it?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to"—They all joined in the request, and, placing her in a chair she sang in a sweet childish voice, the following beautiful song:

"Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam;
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home:
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired I've been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say:
On the damp ground I must lay my head;
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

"We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day—
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded 'till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white:
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said:
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

"Oh, if the temperance men only would find
Poor wretched father, and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking, why then
I should be so very happy again.
Is it too late, temperance men? please try!
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die;
All the day long I've been begging for bread—
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead."

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sunk deep into the hearts of those gathered around her. With her golden curls falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and looking so trustingly upon the men around, her beautiful eyes lighted up with a fire that seemed not of this earth, formed a picture worthy of the pen of a poet or painter, although a statue of purity and innocence. The unfinished games of billiards were laid by, the cards thrown aside, the unemptied glasses remained upon the counter, and all pressed near—some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and sympathy for a child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

At the close of the song many were weeping—men who had not shed a tear for years, now wept like a child. One young man, who had resisted with scorn, the pleading of a loving mother and dear friends to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking her hands, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! You have saved me from ruin and disgrace—from a drunkard's grave! If there ever were angels on earth, you are one! God bless you, God bless you!" and placing a bill in the hand of the mother, he said: "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness no wealth can ever repay. And remember whenever you are in want you will find a true friend in me," at the same time giving her his name and address. Taking her child by the hand, she turned to go, but pausing at the door, said:

"God bless you, gentlemen, and please accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor and friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her," and before any one could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at last broken by the proprietor exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey, and if any of you want any more, you will have to go elsewhere!"

"And I have drank my last glass of whiskey," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—that he was sunk too low to ever reform. "There is a temperance organization in this city, called the "*Temple of Honor,*" and at their next meeting I shall send in my name to be admitted.—Who will go with me?"

"I!" "I!" "I!" and "I!" several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon, where this strange scene was enacted, disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to heaven that lady could have gone into every hamlet, and town and city throughout our country, and met with the same cheering result.

Yes, it is the mothers and wives, and sisters of the drunkard that can tell what whiskey has done and is doing. You need not follow him to the sumptuous and brilliant palace erected by King Alcohol and his confederate to lure him from the paths of virtue and usefulness, to that of ruin and disgrace. You need not follow him when his money is gone, and he is thrust from the most fashionable resort to those less respectable. You need not follow him to the lowest dens of crime and iniquity, as he daily reels home or lies in the gutter in a condition lower than the brutes of the field. No! but follow him to the place he calls home, and the hollow cheeks, and the dimmed eyes, the tear that rolls down the patient, careworn face of the forsaken wife, and the cries of the starving children, tell their own story in a language unexpressible in words.

ADVERTISING APHORISMS.—The following from the last number of the Newspaper Reporter, published, published by those excellent advertising agents, Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co., of New York, might be read with profit by the business men of of this place:

Judicious advertising always pays.

If you have a good thing advertise it. If you havn't don't.

If you don't intend to mind your own business, it will not pay to advertise.

Never run down your opponent's goods in public. Let him do his own advertising.

It's as true of advertising as onything else in this world—if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

We don't recommend advertising as the best way to get a wife, but we know that it is the best way to get a good trade.

You can't eat enough in one week to last the whole year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

A large advertisement once, and then discontinued, creates the impression that the man has fizzled.

Injudicious advertising is like fishing where there's no fish. You need to let the lines fall into the right place.

A constant dropping will wear a rock. Keep dropping your advertisements on the public and they will soon melt under it like rock salt.

Large type isn't necessary in advertising. Blind folks don't read newspapers.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained.—The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

Don't be afraid to invest in printer's ink, lest your sands of life be nearly run out.

People who advertise once in 3 months forget that most folks can't remember anything longer than about seven days.

POLICE!—A diabolical outrage was perpetrated on the convicts in the Michigan State Prison the other day by an inhuman Warden, who introduced an organ-grinder within the walls, and set him at work with his infernal machine to torture the inmates while they were at dinner. The guests of that establishment vow that they will not patronize it again—if they can help it—and, indeed, many were heard to say that they would leave immediately, did circumstances permit.

☞ Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Patriotism Appreciated.

A CAMPAIGN STORY.

Jeff. Davis and Henry S. Foote were once stumping the State of Mississippi together, both being candidates for Governor. At one of the meetings, the following incident occurred:

"Fellow citizens," said Davis, "I gave my boyhood to the study of arms and the art of war (which always create patriotic desires) at the United States Military Academy at West Point."

"Good!" shouted an old backwoodsman under a slouched hat, and who sported butternut breeches, held up by one suspender.

"Yes, gentlemen, when a young man, I was sent upon the Western Frontier, where I spent several years, as a lieutenant, guarding the people of Arkansas against the fierce Seminoles, Creeks and Cherokees, who had been driven from Florida, Alabama and Georgia at the point of the bayonet, and left upon the Western prairies."

"Hooray!" yelled old Butternut.

"I made several trips among the Comanches and Lipans, to guard the people of Texas against the tomahawk and scalping knife."

"Bully boy!" from old Butternut.

"Believing that I could be more useful in civil life, I resigned my commission in the army and came to Mississippi, and you elected me to Congress. In that body I served you faithfully, always looking to the rights of Mississippi, and guarding against every Federal aggression."

"Tiger-r-r!" roared old Butternut.

"Upon the first news that American blood had been spilled upon American soil, I flew to Mississippi upon the wings of the wind, raised a regiment, marched to Mexico, and at the battle of Buena Vista saved Taylor's army from ignominious defeat, and won for the American eagle a glorious victory over the Mexican buzzard!"

"Glory!" shouted Butternut.

"Since that time you have honored me with a seat in the United States Senate, where I have served you day and night through evil and good report, agreeing to no infamous compromises, and zealously maintaining Southern rights against abolition aggression."

"Three cheers for Davis! Hip! hip! hooray!" yelled old Butternut.

When Davis left the stand, he made a bee-line for his enthusiastic admirer and grasped his hand. "God bless you, Gineral!" said old Butternut; and did you really do all the good things for the country you jist told us about."

"Yes; and more, too, my friend."

"Well, Gineral," said the old man, as the big tears welled up in his eyes, "d—d of you hain't done enough for the country, and we oughtn't to impose on you any more; so I'm a-going to vote for Foote myself."

A POLITE HORSE.—We must certainly judge that politeness is increasing in the world, when we find that even horses are setting us a good example. A correspondent writes:

"Going one day to a worthy deacon's for dinner, I went with him to the stable to provide for wants of my horse, which, as I consider, is as much entitled to his dinner as I am myself. Before installing my steed, the deacon turned out a pair of sprightly ponies, and told me to watch their performance.

"In the yard was a well, the bucket of which was hanging on an old-fashioned sweep. One of the ponies led the way to this well, and reaching up to the pole, brought it down with his teeth. Dipping up a pail of water he set on a shelf inside the well-curb, and then waited till his mate had drunk before helping himself. Sometimes he would even draw two buckets for her in this wonderfully gallant manner. What man can be rude, when brutes are so polite?"

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD DRINK.—Dr. Dio Lewis, in his book, "Our Girls," says:

I am astonished that a young woman who is ambitious of a clear, fine skin should drink tea. It is a great enemy to fair complexions. Wine, coffee and cocoa may be used without tinging the skin; but as soon as tea-drinking becomes a regular habit the eye of the discriminating observer detects it in the skin. It compromises the complexion, produces, by deranging the liver. Weak tea or coffee may be used occasionally, in moderate quantities, without noticeable harm; but I advise all young women who would preserve a soft, clear skin and quiet nerves, to avoid all drinks but cold water. It is an excellent plan to drink one or two glassess of cold water on lying down at night, and on rising in in the morning. If you have good teeth, and can help the food into your stomach without using any fluid, except the saliva, it will, in long run, contribute much to your health.

VERY DRUNK.—A young sprig of a doctor once met at a convivial party several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very large brick—or, in plain language, make him gloriously drunk—which they accomplished about ten o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted on going, and the party accompanied him to the stable, to assist him to mount his horse, which they at length did, with his face to the animal's tail.

"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow."

"So you are," exclaimed one of the wags—"just get off, doctor, and we'll put you on right."

"Get off?" hiccupped the doctor—"no you don't. Just turn the horse round, and it will all come right—you must all be very drunk."

A Hundred Years to Come.

No man ever appears to think how soon he must sink into oblivion—that we are one generation of millions. Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have, through countless ages, come marching hand in hand—the one destroying, the other building up. They seem to create little or no commotion, and the work of destruction is as easily accomplished as a child will pull to pieces a rose. Yet such is the fact. A hundred years hence, and much that we now see around us will have passed away. It is but a repetition of life's story: we are born, we die; and, hence, we will grieve over these venerable piles, finding the common level of their prototypes in Natuie, ultimate death.

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come:
But other men our land will till,
And other men our streets will fill,
And other birds shall sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

The Force of Imagination.

A circumstance occurred in Hartford, Ct., two or three years since, which amused several persons considerably at the time. An Irish servant girl went into a fashionable store to purchase some ribbon. The clerk produced a very fine article but she objected to it on the ground that the shade of the color did not exactly suit her.

"O," said the clerk, "if you will only imagine that it pleases you, the color will make no difference."

And he entered into a disquisition upon the extraordinary power of the imagination. The girl heard him through very attentively, and then consented to have three or four yards of the ribbon put up. She put it quietly in her pocket and walked off.

"Stop, if you please," said the clerk; "you haven't paid for the ribbon."

"Niver mind," was the reply, as she walked away, "jist *imagine* that I paid, and it will make no difference!"

STUDY.—To study successfully, the body must be healthy, the mind at ease, and time managed with great economy. Persons who study many hours in the day, should perhaps have two separate pursuits going on at the same time,—one for one part of the day, and the other for the other; and these of as opposite a nature as possible—that the mind may be refreshed by change, and all the bad effects of lassitude avoided. There is one piece of advice, in a life of study, which we thiuk no one will object to; and that is, every now and then to be completely idle,—to do nothing at all; indeed, this part of a life of study is commonly considered as so decidedly superior to the rest, that it has almost obtained an exclusive preference over those other parts of the system, with which we wish to see it connected.

THE POOR.—This is indeed a sad wicked world and every day the fact that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives," becomes more and more apparent. It is quite often the case that those who appear to be getting along swimmingly are leading very unhappy lives. Our next door neighbor may appear to have plenty, yet if the truth were known he is struggling hard to "keep the wolf from the door." False appearances screen men from the sympathy of the world. There are poor suffering mortals in many closets whom we know not of; occasionally the door is opened and the poor remnant of humanity is visible in all its hideousness.

It is sad to contemplate these facts, but it is not always best to look to the bright side of things.

BOY'S RIGHTS.—Talk about the woman, and the darkies, and the—the—all the rest of 'em all are half so badly used as boys are. I know a lot, and can give you all their names, ask 'em all. They'll tell you, to be a boy is to be somebody without a right in the world. You're to take all the sass that's given to you, and give none back 'cause you're a boy. You are to pay full fare in the cars 'cause you're a boy, and not a child; and never have a seat, cause your a boy, and not a man. Fat ladies gets in after it's all full, and looks about her; everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says, "My son." Conductor says, "Come boys." Oh dear! but there is just one comfort: boys will grow up, and then they will forget all they went through in their youth and will make the boys of their day suffer just as they did.

☞ A New York schoolmaster, in trying to explain passive verbs to a class, said to one of the boys, "Now observe, if I say John was beaten," what is John's relation to the verb?" "John gets licked," answered the boy. "No, no, you blockhead; what does John do?" "I dun know, unless he hollers!"

☞ Seasonable advice from John G. Saxe:

In going to parties just mind what you're at;
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that a favorite son of your mother,
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other.

☞ "Guilty or not guilty?" said a judge to a native of the Emerald Isle.

"Just as your honor plazes. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to yer honor's worship," was the reply.

☞ What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

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