THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1871. NO. 45.

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, Cornets, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

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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.

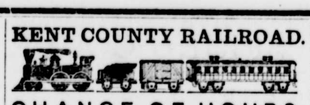
PUMP MAKING.

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, sm.	"	45
" " " " jr.	"	25
Hickory " " "	"	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*,

[redacted]

Dec. 17, 1870—tf.

Selected Poetry.

A LENTEN HYMN.

The following solemn and beautiful hymn is used in the Episcopal Church during Lent:

Saviour, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy birth and early years,
By thy human grief and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By the victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorns,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd supulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

A Prompt Witness.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable things in a modern court of justice, where not unfrequently innocent witnesses, who are losing patience, time and money, in their compulsory occupancy of the witness stand,)which is a pillory,) are "bullyragged" and tormented—is the torturing in return of some impudent, unfeeling advocate. A good case in point, is this:

In a court not more than five thousand miles away from the City of Gotham, a legal gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, and threatened, and bullied witnesses to his heart's content, when it chanced that a very stupid fellow, an hostler, was called upon the stand. He was, in fact, simplicity personified. The counsel, it should be premised, had made a great fuss about the previous witnesses speaking so low that he could not hear them.

"Now, sir," said the learned counsel, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up."

He himself spoke rudely loud.

"I hope not, sir!" shouted out the witness in such bellowing tones that they fairly shook the building.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" demanded the counsel.

"Can't speak no louder!" he shouted, louder than before, as if to atone for his fault in speaking too low.

"Have you been drinking this morning?" asked the lawyer, who had now entirely lost the command of his temper at the roars of laughter which burst from a crowded audience.

"Yes, sir," said the witness, frankly.

"And what have you been drinking, sir? Look at the jury—don't look at me, sir, in that way."

"Coffee, sir."

"Did you have anything in your coffee."

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said the counsel, with a glance at the jury." "Well, sir," continued the learned counsel, "you say you had 'something' in your coffee. State to the jury, if you please, what that 'something' was."

"Sugar, sir," answered the witness, without a movement of a muscle.

There was another burst of "furtive laughter" throughout the court-room.

"This man is no fool, your honor," addressing the Court, "but he is something worse." Now, witness, you must come to the point. Had you anything else in your coffee besides sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes—you had? (Well, we are likely to get at the truth, after all his turning and twisting to the contrary notwithstanding.) Well, sir, what else was it you had in your coffee?"

"A spune, sir!" shouted the witness. "Do I make you hear me, Squire?—a spune!"

That was the last witness, and the last of him on the stand. Here the trial was adjourned until the next day.

☞ An anecdote is told of Chief Justice Marshall, evincing his ready humor. The old gentleman, like Miles Standish, was very fond always of doing everything for himself, objecting strongly to any assistance being rendered him. One day, wishing to consult some work of reference, he entered the law library and proceeded to mount the steps and draw out a book from an upper shelf. The books being tightly packed together refused to leave one without the other, and the Chief Justice, not noticing this, in withdrawing the one he wished dislodged the entire row, which came down upon him, felling him to the floor. The librarian instantly ran to the rescue, inquiring if the venerable gentleman was hurt, and offering him assistance in rising. "Let me alone," said the Chief Justice, "let me alone, I'm a little stunned for the moment, that's all. I have laid down the law often, but this is the first time the law ever laid me down."

To the Editor of "The Easton Journal."

SIR:—A friend has just handed me the following article, taken from "The Baltimore American," to which it had been quickly transferred from the "The Easton Star" of Tuesday last. The mail soon after received, brought me that paper, with the original article therein.

CAMBRIDGE HARBOR.—Senator Vickers succeeded at the late session of Congress in getting an appropriation of $10,000 in the River and Harbor bill for the purpose of deepening Cambridge harbor; also $5,000 for Queenstown harbor St. Michael's and Easton Point harbors both need cleaning out and deepening, and might each have secured a small appropriation by a *live* Representative in Congress. If Congress *will* appropriate money for *such* purposes, we of the Eastern Shore might just as well have part of it as others. In 1814 St. Michaels fought and successfully repulsed the British, and thus won an honorable name in history, which fairly entitles her to consideration in this respect at the hands of Congress. There is more freight landed at Easton Point than any harbor on the Eastern Shore, and it is notorious that the river there is filling up so rapidly that it is difficult for vessels to get to the wharves when the tide is low. We hope old "Rip Van Winkle" will wake up before another River and Harbor bill passes Congress, and look out for the interests of his constituents.—*Easton Star.*

As some of the good people of Talbot county may really suppose I might have obtained an appropriation for the harbors of Easton and St. Michaels by proper exertion, when those for Cambridge and Queenstown were procured, I submit the following statement. The 120th Rule of the House of Representatives is as follows:

RULE 120.—"No appropriation shall be reported in such general appropriation bills, or be in order as an amendment thereto, for any expenditure not previously authorized by law, unless in continuation of approiations for such public works and objects as are already in progress, and for the contingencies for carrying on the several departments of the government."

The harbors of Cambridge and Queenstown had, upon petitions numerously signed by the people of Dorchester and Queen Anne's Counties, at the instance of Senator Vickers the previous session been surveyed by Engineers in the employment of the United States and favorably reported upon in January, 1871, as will be seen by the letter of the Secretery of War, transmitting the report of the Chief of Engineers upon the improvement of certain Rivers and Harbors.—The Engineers recommended an appropriation of $21,600 for Cambridge harbor —and $9,500 for Queenstown. Many valued friends had written me early in the session in favor of the Queenstown appropriation. I went before the Committee very often in behalf of both; and finally procured the insertion in the House bill of $5,000 for Queenstown. The House Committee of Commerce persistently refused to insert in the Bill anything for Cambridge, and so reported and passed it. I immediately wrote to the Cambridge Rail Road Co., and they forwarded numerously signed petitions to Mr. Vickers, of the Senate. The Bill went to the Senate and there Mr. Vickers moved to insert $10,000 for Cambridge, pursuant to previous arrangement between him and myself. The amendment was adopted.—The two Houses differed on the Bill. A Committee of Conference was appointed upon the differing views. By the exertions of Mr. Vickers and myself before this joint Conference Committee, both appropriations were retained and secured. No survey of Easton or St. Michael's harbors ever having been petioned for or asked—and consequently no report or recommendation made from the Engineer Department in favor of either could be move or procured. I have submitted the above to Senator Vickers.

Very Respectfully,
SAM. HAMBLETON.

House of Representatives,
Washington, March 16th, 1871.

A Yankee Trick.

One of our peculiar, slab-sided, gaunt Yankees lately emigrated and settled down in the West. He was the picture of a mean man, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors lent him a hand. After he had got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerfully fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them.

At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you hain't got no old hen nor nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a live Yankee without one—he would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs.

This he did and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so—

"Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther."

HORACE WALPOLE tells a story of a Lord Mayor of London, who, having heard that a friend of his had the small-pox twice and died of it, asked if he died the first time or the second.

How to Clean a Shot Gun.

It seems as if every one who is a gunner must know how to clean a gun. But, strange as it may seem, few do. In the first place, tow as a cleaner is an exploded idea. Secondly, none but a most natural-born idiot would ever place his mouth to gun barrels and blow in them, unless he was most reckless of life, and knew nothing. Such may be termed "greenys." Thirdly, every gun should be thoroughly rinsed with boiling water, after being perfectly cleaned with cold, as it dries the gun immediately, and precludes all chances of cold water remaining to create a rust. Fourthly, any one who would be guilty of using an army screw or worm, fastened on a stick, inside of highly polished barrels, little dreams the seed of mischief he is sowing.

Now, I should like to give the best and most simple directions for cleaning a shot gun and rifle, as both should be treated alike.

First, to clean a shot gun or rifle, place your hammers at half-cock, draw out the ramrod and bolt; then lift the barrels from the stock and you are ready to wash. Place the barrels in cold water, being careful the water is clean and that there is not any dirt or sand in the pail; then apply your cleaning rod with the rag, or, what is better, pieces of old bed blanket, and draw it up and down quite energetically; repeat this, changing the water each time till the gun is perfectly clean, placing the muzzles always down while changing the water. Now empty your pail and rinse; then get a dipper of boiling water, grasp the barrels with a cloth and hold them in the pail; pour the water in till you fill the barrels, then reverse and let drain while you get clean dry rags for the cleaner; then rub them out briskly till perfectly dry; now pass an oiled rag down, then wipe the outside carefully and rub with an oiled rag. Now take the stock, wipe the hammers well, and all around the locks and triggers; then oil all over.

The gun is now ready to put together to use or to place in its case. Never oil too much, unless you are going to lay the gun away for a long time, as nothing is more unsportsmanlike or disgusting than a gun that's gummy or covered with oil. Always wipe out your gun inside and outside before using; clean immediately after using.

By adhering to these simple rules a gun will be kept in proper condition.

Home Thundergusts.

Hall's *Journal of Health* has the following:

Don't come down to the breakfast room of a morning with a thunder-cloud over your pitiful phiz. What are you mad at? Have you a note to pay in bank, and not a dime to meet it? Have you the headache? Did the baby wake you from a sound sleep? Has the newsman failed to leave you the morning paper? Or has a bill been presented at your door, bright and early, which you know ought to have been paid long ago to the patient baker, the needy dress-maker, or the begrimmed mechanic? May be you have cut your face while shaving, or stumped your toe against the cat, or broke your watch-spring in winding it up. May be you are ruffled because you have suddenly remembered that you failed to meet a business engagement yesterday; or took short turn on a friend, or cheated somebody, and that it is about being found out, otherwise you would not have cared the snap of your finger about it. Perhaps as you entered the door and scanned the breakfast table you missed some favorite dish.

But does one of all these occurrences justify you in clouding the whole household, in hurting the feelings your children, in discouraging your servants and outraging the guests at your table! The man or woman who comes to the family table with a scowl, is a brute by nature, and only wants an opportunity to bring out his littleness and meanness.

If, when you come to the breakfast room, you are sad from discouragement, from fatigue, from illness, or from losses, you are excusable, and you have our sympathy; but to meet the family with a frown, and cast gloom over the whole household, simply because everything has not gone exactly to suit your sovereign pleasure—you, a poor, pitiful worm of the hour; it is so supremely ridiculous that anything else than contempt for it is simply impossible.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—It is said that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary. The person who gave us this recipe says in this manner he saved the life of a horse which was bleeding from a wounded artery; the bleeding ceased in five minutes after the application.

☞ Our young people are too prone to feed their minds with plum cake, candies, preserves, and sweet pickles. Good, wholesome bread and meat do not satisfy them. The consequence is, the mind soon refuses bread and meat, and desires highly-spiced food, and at last only lives on unnatural stimulants until its power is utterly gone. Story-books, novels, exciting accounts of murder and crime, are to the mind like cakes and sweet-meats to the body. It would be far better to read nothing than to read impure novels, or brutal accounts of murders. History, biography, and the writings of eminently holy persons, are to the mind like bread and meat to the body.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to learn that one woman is just as good as another—if not better." "And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another—if not worse!"

"Male and Female Created He Them."

It would be amusing were it not also vexatious to read long columns of argument to prove that if women are never excelled in the same directions as men it is because they have been differently educated, or differently situated. Would it be a disgrace to admit that they are differently organized? Shall the peach be humiliated because it is not a pear, or the lily because it is not a rose? It is only among the least civilized nations that woman are set to bear the burdens which a higher culture assigned to man. The Swiss peasant woman ploughs the fields; but the intelligent wife of an American farmer makes the butter and cheese, and takes care of the crops her husband has cultivated and harvested. In the domain of abstract thought or of pure mathematics so few attempts have been made by woman that Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell are almost exceptional beings as Joan Arc. No especial difficulties were thrown in the way of these woman, and the mere fact that so few have followed in their footsteps is the surest proof that it is not natural to women to write mathematical treatises, or watch the midnight stars. But is this proving woman's inferiority? Surely not, unless a very finite comprehension of the laws of science is the best thing the world offers. There is other culture which is not less noble. One would rather be Mrs. Browning singing at heaven's gate than the best mathmetician of the age. The patient, self-forgetful watcher in the ward of a hospital shows as noble a heroism as the great soldier who makes hospitials necessary. It is not a question of great or small, but of radical difference. In the beginning, says the sacred historian, "male and female created He them"—and male and female they seem likely to remain, despite argument.

An Eventful Week.

Being a page from the private diary of Miss ——.

Monday—Went with Jenny to Stewart's to choose her a new rep for the autumn. Couldn't decide upon one, and so got Jenny to buy gloves for herself, and came away.

Tuesday—Went again to Stewart's.—Chose the rep.

Wednesday—The rep came home.—Heard from John, who sent some of his hair, but no locket to put it in.

Thursday—Began cutting out the rep. Went out to tea at Mrs. Slamme's and didn't enjoy myself at all.

Friday—Went on at the rep. Shall I "gore" it in much at the waist, or only a little? Thought a good deal. Could not decide. Mem.—To write and ask Lizzie Martin what she thinks about "goring."

Saturday—Wrote to Lizzie. Began at skirt. Wonder what Lizzie will say?—Made the sweetest thing in pannies.—Wrote to John, and sent him some of my new "plait;" it's a better color than my own, and he will not know the difference; also hinted about a locket.

Sunday—Went to church at St. Albans. Saw such a pretty bonnet on such a plain head. Wondered about the rep—should I have a barque and pouf? Long sermon. Wonder whether mamma would give me a new bonnet before Thanksgiving.

Sunday evening—Went to church again. Long sermon. Thought about John, and whether he would send a locket. Thought about the dress—should I have it open, square or *cuchale*, so as to wear it in as well as out doors. Mem.—If I do, must have a chemisette of the same stuff to put under.

Monday morning—Heard from Lizzie: "gore it well in at the waist." Such a weight off my mind!

Monday afternoon—Began the "goring."

Sleeping Hearers.

Old Bishop Aylmer on seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep, took his Hebrew Bible from his pocket and read a chapter which aroused attention, when the old minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they heard not one word he said.

Of the witty Dr. South it is said, that preaching before King Charles, he saw that potentate asleep. He stopped short, and in a loud and altered tone of voice three times called out, "Lord Lauderdale." His lordship stood up and looked at the preacher, who addressed him with great composure: "My lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose; but I must beg of you not to snore so loud, lest you should awake the King?"

Andrew Fuller one Sunday afternoon, saw the people during the singing of the hymn before the sermon, composing themselves for a comfortable nap; and taking the Bible, he beat it against the side of the pulpit, making a great noise. Attention being excited, he said, "I am often afraid I preach you to sleep; but it can't be my fault to-day, for you are asleeep before I have begun!"

Rev. J. H. K——, several years ago pastor of a M. E. Church in Western New York, during his sermon on a hot summer's Sunday morning, saw brother Austen, one of the official members of the church, fast asleep. Mr. K—— suddenly paused, and called out: "Brother Austen, will you please to open the window there a little? Physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room." The brother was awakened, and complied. —*National Baptist.*

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money.—Thousands of men with nothing in the pocket, and thousands with not even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses or lands.

It is better than landed estate to have had the right kind of father and mother.

Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful; and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his disposition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life, is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow—a timid, care burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

Curious Electrical Phenomenon.

In the palace of the French Emperor a curious electrical penomenon occurred not long since. A lady of very high rank happened one day to approach a mantel-piece, when she suddenly felt singular sensation. She drew back, as was natural, and again approached, when she experienced a second shock, and a sort of prickly feeling. It could not be an illusion; and she called some ladies of her suite to tell them of the strange occurrence. One of them tried to go up to the mantel, but as she drew near a sharp cry escaped her, as she felt the same shock and prickly sensation. The lady then begged her husband to try. Laughing and incredulous, he ventured to do so; and going up to the mantel-piece, a fine jet of bluish fire was seen to pass from the marble to his clothes. One of the professors of the College of France was sent for. M. Jamin, a distinguished electrician, soon arrived; and the mantel piece received him in the showers of crackling sparks. He immediately recognized the action of electricity, and soon solved the mystery. In front of the mantel-piece lay a magnificent bear's skin which generated electricity whenever any one walked over it, and this electricity manifested itself in sparks and shocks from the marble.

Gunpowder.

When gunpowder was first discovered to possess a projectile power, its military application was confined to a kind of mortar or bombard, intended as a substitute for the enormous battering machines then usually constructed. The commencement of the fifteenth century was time of their origin in the field; for though the more modern author, Vilani, asserts that they were used at the battle of Cressy, the more accurate Froissart is entirely silent about them. Bilius, a noble and learned Milanese, who lived at the time, speaks in his history of hand-guns as first used at the seige of Lucca in 1430. The Florentines had had artillery which discharged large stones by means of gunpowder. "But the Lucchese," says Bilius, besides darts and arrows, invented a new kind of weapon; in their hands they held a kind of club, about a cubit and a half in length; to this were attached iron tubes, which, being filled with sulphur and nitre, by the force of fire emitted iron balls. The blow, if it struck, was certain destruction; neither armour nor shields were sufficient protection, for often two or three deep, if fired upon, would be transpierced by a single ball."

Beautiful Experiment with Light.

Choose a room where the sun shines in through the window, and then block out all the light, by means of a shutter or otherwise, taking care that all cracks are stopped. Then cut a hole about 6 inches square in the shutter, and stop the hole with two or three thickness of rich deep blue or bluish purple glass. A broad beam of deep blue or purple light from the sun will thus stream down into the otherwise dark room. Then hold in the deep blue light a bottle or other article made of uranium glass. Ornamental bottles made of this glass, which is sometimes called "canary" glass, because of its light yellow color, are commonly on sale at chemists' shops. They are plentifully made to hold smelling salts, and may cost from sixpence to three shillings each. The blue light should be deep and not very brillant. When the uranium glass bottle is held in it, the bottle will appear to glow with great beauty, with all the brilliancy of a glow-worm, as if white hot.

No Home.

No home. What a misfortune! How sad the thought! There are thousands who know nothing of the blessed influences of a comfortable home, merely because of a want of thrift, or from dissipated habits. Youth spent in frivolous amusements and demoralizing associations, leaving them at middle age, when the physical and intellectual man should be its greatest vigor, enervated and without one laudable ambition. Friends long since lost, confidence gone, and nothing to look to in old age but a mere toleration in the community where they should be ornaments. No home to fly to when wearied with the struggles incident to life; no wife to cheer them in their despondency; no children to amuse them, and no virtuous household to give rest to the joys of life. All is black; and there is no hope or succor except that which is given out by the hands of private or public charities. When the family of the industrious and sober citizen gather around the cheerful fire of a wintry day, the homeless man is seeking a shelter in the cells of a station-house, or begging for a night's rest in the out-building of one who started in life at the same time, with no greater advantages; but honesty and industry built up that home, while dissipation destroyed the other.

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