THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1871. NO. 47.

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.

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

[redacted]

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:

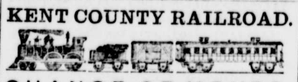
H. O. PAYNE'S OIL STORE,

Queen street, near the pump.

☞ *All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted, either for Cash or Trade.*

Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

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 follows, 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.

[redacted]

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.

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.

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Selected Poetry.

From the Day Book

COURAGE, MON BRAVO.

BY MORGAN H. LOONEY.

Put on a bold front, man, and don't bite your lip
Because of the sneers of a few;
If fortune's capricious, why just "let her rip,"
And see what she'll make out of you.

And never let on—be as stout as a brick—
If luck has gone off in a fog;
For some folks are naturally tempted to kick
The back of a mean-looking dog.

And never ask favor, because you will get
But frigid impertinence, sure;
Quotidian agues with fevers and sweat
Don't pay; they're too hard to cure.

Heights aristocratic will sometimes be chill
As the "norther" that prairie-ward blows;
But "airs" of that sort seldom whittle to kill,
Except through a mendicant's clothes.

So hold up your head, man, and smile in the face
Of the man that you think is your foe;
Polite simulation is not a bad grace
When by it your patience you show.

The world is a sycophant, say what it will,
And always respects a high head;
And just philosophic enough not to kill
A fellow who will not *go dead.*

So let the world wag, and hold on to your grip,
And to your own nature be true;
And whatever cur they may pounce on and whip,
They'll not be caught fooling with you.

How Eyes are Made.

"What do we think of this fellow?" asks the occulist of his client. "Study his features, his look, and say frankly what you think." "He looks well enough," answers the other, laboring usually under some little emotion. "Well, Jean, reveal your secret to this gentleman." Whereupon Jean introduces a knitting needle under his eyelid, removes his eye, places it in the hand of the astonished spectator as though it were a shirt stud. How is it possible to resist such a demonstration? These gentlemen charge from forty to fifty francs for an eye. The manufacturer of the Rue du Temple has an entirely different way of doing business. He is generally a man pretty well informed; simple, polite, a little of an artist, a little of a workman, and a little of a tradesman. He scarcely employs either apprentice or assistant, except when he receives a good order from some naturalist for animals' eyes for his collection. All day long, seated at a table at one end of his work-room, he works by the light of a spirit lamp. Before him, arranged in either cakes or sticks, are the materials used by him in his profession. He takes a little enamal, melts it, and, by the aid of a blow-pipe, blows it until it becomes a small ball at the end of the instrument. This ball is destined to represent the white of the eye. He next takes some more enamel, which is colored this time, and lets a drop of it fall upon the summit of the cornea.

Gently heating it at the flame, it spreads out in a round spot, and eventually becomes flat, and resembles the iris. A darker drop of enamel placed in the same manner in the center of the iris imitates the pupil. The ball is now detached from the blow-pipe, cut to an oval shape, and smoothed at the edges, so that on introducing it beneath the eyelid it may not wound any of the smaller nerves. These eyes cost no more than from twenty to twenty-five francs, which one can quite comprehend, as there is neither heavy rent to pay, nor the wages of a liveried cyclops.

The manufacture of artificial eyes is both difficult and tedious. It suits alike both men and women, and many of the latter succeed well in it; it is, moreover, one of the best remunerated of art industries. Most of the work people are paid by piece-work; that is, so much per eye, varying from ten to fifteen francs, and a clever workman will turn out his eye per diem. Others receive from the large manufacturers a share of the proceeds arising from the sales of eyes manufactured by them, and have to take back any eyes not approved of by the customers. These they put on one side to serve for their stock in trade when they commence business on their own account.

One of these collections furnishes a somewhat curious sight. Reposing upon wadding at the bottom of a drawer are several scores of eyes, ranged side by side, and exhibiting a singular variety of expression. Some are small, others large; some black, others blue, hazel brown, light brown, bluish and greenish gray; nearly all are brilliant; all have a fixed stare—all are, in fact, looking you through. On one side are laughing children's eyes; next to them the liquid-looking eyes of young girls, the languid eyes of middle-aged women, eyes with an amiable or sinister expression, severe official eyes; then come the old men's eyes, slightly filmy; and in a corner are the worn-out eyes—eyes that have been already used, and have been returned by the customers as models to make other eyes by. The enamel eye, after being exposed to the action of the atmosphere for some months, loses alike its color and its lustre, and becomes opaque-looking; a thick, dingy coating of solidified humors spreads over its polished surface, and it has a glassy look, like the eyes of a dead person. "Touch them, you will do no harm," says the occulist to visitors, just as though it was a collection of coins or minerals they were inspecting.—*Scientific American.*

An Editor in California announced that from pure cowardice he refuses to speak to married women of his acquaintance. He says: "Somebody perishes inglorious'y every day for being upon speaking terms with married women, and we do not care to have our turn come around. Deeply grateful for the past forbearance of aggrieved husbands, we make our bow and retire. Hereafter our nods and smiles will be lavished upon girls and widows exclusively; no others need apply. Whoever shall attempt to introduce us to his own wife, or that of another, will be regarded as a conspirator against our precious life."

CUTTS'S SECRET.

"Is Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman who, having knocked at the door, was saluted by a woman from an upper window with, "Well, what's wantin' now? Yes he's in or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; "but I'm Mr. Cutts when any business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts eatin' and drinkin'; sleepin' sometimes."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still further out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see him myself," was the reply.

"Is it real business for pay, or only a favor you want; I can let your horse have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why, I can do anything for you that he could, and a great deal more. I take the money and write receipts, and pay the men, and I take off the produce. I'm a good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horseflesh."

"But" said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now; find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled.

"Look a here, mister, maybe you do not know the circumstances of the case This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutt's he hain't no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh 20 pounds more! What's your business on my place, if I make so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting of his chaise and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? Cause there ain't a living thing the matter with Cutts. He's the wellest man in town, and so be I," said this "woman for the times."

"No, my good woman. "I'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face, but he knew his interest to well to start without orders.

"Then you are a minister, I suppose by your black coat. I may as well tell you, and save you time, that we don't go to meeting, and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave no tracts for nothing—for I've got a big dairy, and hain't no time to idle away readin,' and I keep him about so early and late that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish I was though, for your sake," said the gentleman. "Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye; but it gave no marching orders.

"Look here," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him, "you're a school-master huntin' up a district school; and you you think he's a committeeman; but he ain't this year."

"Madam Cutts," as the neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side and groaned. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, now, mister," she said, "I can read a body right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell your everlastin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We hain't got no quarrels: don't want no deeds drawed nor wills made; so if you're hunting a job of my husband, you may as well onhitch your horse and drive on.—We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence, alone. If he chooses he may break it to you in the best way he can."

"O, my goodness sakes alive! Brother Lif's blowed up in the Mississippi boat, I bet! O, la me, the poor fellow! He left a little something didn't he?"

"I never heard of him, and nobody's blowed up,' that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"I—now I know! You're the man what wants to go to Congress, ha! and have come here hunting after votes. He shall not vote for you! I hate politicians, and especially them that goes agin women, and thinks they were made to drudge, and nothing else! I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scripture says "there isn't neither men or women, but it's all in one politics." I believe the day is comin' when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to women afore you can get the big places and high pay that's a eaten us up with taxes! You can't see my husband! We are a goin' to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I don't know who you're talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want." And the stranger went toward Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sun bonnet to follow them, but the time she got to the bars her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the lane.

The strong-minded woman shouted after her husband: "You better come back, I tell you;" but the wind was in the wrong way, and carried the words in the potato-patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well sir," replied Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and hain't got an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you needn't reply to my question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well. Mr. Cutts, I am laying a fence on the Brisley place, that I have just bought, and I was directed to inquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A few in the store said, "Cutts can tell you if his wife will let him, but she won't.—She'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive you wherever you go to order them."

"I told them I would see you and ask you only; and the fellows bet on it.—They are to give you ten dollars, and two or three widows in town a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive, and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go with you out to look out cedar posts, and keep dark for the joke's sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night; I don't own it," replied the good-natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go the place and see to setting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that,' replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man said the stranger," there are no trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and this easy, good nature of yours will ruin your family.—Baffle that spirit to-day, and Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family."

"It is rather late to begin," shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast. "You see the purse is hers," he added, "and that has been a cruelier fetter than her will to me. But I will try and begin anew for her good will and children's."

The boy was sent with the message; but the boy wasn't sharp enough. Madame Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled, and went after him.

All the way home and far into the night she used her eloquence, both in pleadings and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of that hateful town nabob who had come into the country to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a 'dumb spirit' for the night, and no measure could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out and went to sleep, but at the break of day she began again. He then ventured to say:

"As soon as breakfast is over I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel of bread in my house, I can tell you,' cried Xantippe, "till you tell me what that man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it," said Cutts, "for I've vowed I'd never tell it, till I had first eaten my breakfast," and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door to no one in particular, 'Come.'

But Cutts didn't come. After a while she went out to the barn and found him seated on an upturned half bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you! Your breakfast is coolin'; do come in.'

Here was a point gained.

Cutts went in as requested, and ate his breakfast. When that was over ma'am settled herself back in her chair, with her face full of eager expectation, and said:

"Now begin. What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up; "and that was all."

If an arrow had struck Madam Cutts she could not have manifested more surprise and shame.

'I am the laughing stock of this town,' added Cutts, 'and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I am hence head of my family, and unless this house is made mine I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll live there with the boys, and you will find me a civil neighbor. Since then the farm has been called 'John Cutts' place,' and he's the head of the house.

☞ A facetious gentleman of Williamsburg, Mass., dining upon a tough fowl in a Boston hotel, asked the landlady where the fowl came from. She replied that it came from Williamsburg. "Impossible," exclaimed the gentleman, "for the town has not been incorporated over 40 years."

FRENCH TOAST.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir with them a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread, dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea; quite equal to waffles.

Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I knew by the sympathic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden times. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences; but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recellect, the infliction was couched in the following language:

We were all boys then, and didn't care for nothing, and didn't worry about nothing, only to shirk school and keep up in a revivin' state of divilment all the time. This yer Jim Wolf I was talking about was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see; well, there couldn't have been a bullier boy than he was, take him how you would, and sorry, sorry enough I was when I saw him for the last time. Me and Harry was always pestering him, and plastering hoss bills on his back, and putting bumblebees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirring up like. He was long, and lank, and bashful; and we was fourteen and sixteen, tolerably worthless and lazy. So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave a candy pullin', they started us off to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we run in to Jim to have same fun.

Our window looked out into the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rarin' and chargin' about it, and carrying on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand off and e-yow pow-wow, just the same as if they were a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell round, and spit, and then of a sudden, the gray cat he'd snatch a handfull of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin him round like a button on a barn door; but the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and they'd make the fur fly, was powerful.

Well, Jim he was disgusted with this row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off'n the roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, but we everlastingly dogged him, and bullyragged him, and lowed he'd always bragged how he would not take a dare, and so on, till bimeby he histed up the winder, and lo, behold you, he went—went exactly as he was; nothing on but a shirt, and it was short. But you ought to a seen him creeping over that ice, and digging his toe nails in to keep from slippin'; and, above all, you ought to have seen that shirt-tail flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his glistening in the moonlight.

The company folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed of old Washington Bower vines—all settin' round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was all laughin' and talkin' lively; but, bless you, they didn't know nothin' about the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a sneakin up unbeknown to them tom cats—they were a wishin' their tails, yow-yowin'—and threatenin' to clinch, you know, and not payin' any attention—he went sneakin' right to the comb of the roof, till he was within a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh! he missed fire and slipped, his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back, and he went off'n that roof like a dart;—went a slashin' and a smashin', and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines, and landed in the centre of them comp'ny people!—sat down like a yarthquake in them two dozen sassers of red-hot candy, and let off a howl, which was hark from the tomb! Them gals—well, they looked, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second. It was just one little war-whoop and a whish of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight any where.

Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with that bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was an Injun princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs, just a hoppin' and cussin, and every jump he made he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped some candy!

And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor creature couldn't really set down for as much as four weeks.

Preservation of Books and Papers.

It is not, perhaps, so generally known as it deserves to be, that a few drops of any kind of perfumed oil will secure books and manuscripts from the deteriorating effects of mould and damp. The species of leather so extensively used by book-binders owes its power of withstanding the effect of these destructive agents to the tar of the birch tree—*betula aloa.* The preserving of books written on papyrus and parchment, by means of perfumed oils, was known to the ancients. The Romans made use, for this purpose, of the oil of cedar; hence, undoubtedly, the expression of Horace, *"digna cedra,"* meaning any work deserving of being anointed with oil. It is frequently the case that valuable collections of books are greatly damaged by the effects of damp, and manuscripts to which great importance attaches are often wholly spoiled. The hint may be worthy of notice.

Alligators.

The female alligator will not allow the male to approach her nest. He has a gluttonous habit of eating all the eggs, thus necessitating her laying more, which she does not like to do. So, whenever she catches him in that neighbourhood, she thrashes him on general principles—he either has done mischief or intends it; at any rate, he is meddling in domestic matters and deserves snubbing. I am told it is really amusing to see the big bully stick his tail between his legs and sneak off, the very image of a henpecked husband, after one of these conjugal scoldings. He is not by any means a model husband; and although he takes the thrashing kindly, he revenges himself by watching until the eggs are really hatched, and then eats up as many of the causes of the family dispute as he can catch. Young alligators don't like to know their own fathers.

I heard of but few instances where these creatures have attacked grown men; they are fond of children, and show their attachment to the offspring of other people as they do to their own. In one instance, where a man on horse-back was crossing a ford he was seized by the leg, but when the dog plunged in, the alligator left the leg to take the more delicate morsel. In another instance, an alligator struck at a mule pulling a cart, and bit out two spokes from one of the wheels, leaving a tooth sticking in one as a memento of the visit. He hurried off with great speed, on the lookout, I suppose, for a dentist.

'Gaitors like dogs and young darkies. The dog is a special favorite. The whine of an alligator is easily mistaken for that of a puppy, and may mislead a young and inexperienced dog. A wise Florida dog will not go boldly down to the water to drink; he learns by experience after having been eaten once or twice. If the shore is open, he will draw all the alligators to one place by barking, and then scamper to some other place where the coast is clear; or he will creep down to a moist spot, tail down, body crouched, eyes skinned and ears up, pushing his paws before him slowly to feel the water, lapping it without noise, and then break away again.

The alligator has his uses; near every house you find more or less swamp, and in every swamp more or less alligator. I heard one lady complain very much because some traveler had killed her alligator. He lived near and killed snakes, frogs, young wildcats and other varmints, thus earning his board, and was subsequently protected; besides this, he was useful in preventing young children from straying too far from home.

The worthy creature is very much maligned, however; every theft of cattle is laid on his slimy back, and that even when the animal is found in the woods and the entrails carefully taken out and left behind. His eyes are on the top of his head, and it is curious to see this creature swimming along with only his eyes floating above the surface. He comes ashore to sleep in the sunshine, and, paying attention to his sleep, becomes so dead to all sounds that a steamboat may come alongside; then his astonishment when a bullet wakes him up, and the hurried way in which he scoffles into the water, are sometimes ridiculous.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

What Fanny Fern Used to Do.

The following is a little bit of Fanny Fern's experience:

"I used to believe in school friendship. That delusion ended when Arabella Triplet told mutual friends that I was years and years her senior, knowing what a terrible fib she told.

"I ussd to suffer pangs of anger because of woes of beggars. Since that I have seen one unstrap his leg in an area, and run off gaily on two legs of his own.—Another throw a loaf of bread into the gutter, and I saw a third who had been yelling, "please assist the blind," carefully examine his collection of ten cent stamps by light of a friendly apple woman's candle.

"I used to put the greatest faith in lover's vows. Now, I do not believe a man means any thing he says to a woman, unless it is something disagreeable.

"I used to believe in faithful servants. Since then I hired girls from the intelligence offices, and lost all my handkerchiefs but one.

"I used to believe in beauty. Since then I have seen a bewitching belle take off half her hair, all her teeth, the best of her complexion, two pounds of cotton batton and a corset."

RUINED.—A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined; every thing we have is in the hands of the sheriff."

After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said:

"Will the sheriff sell you? Oh no. Will the sheriff sell me? Oh no. Will the sheriff sell all the children? Oh no. Then do not say we have lost every thing. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, and childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hearts and hands are left us.

SUNSTROKE.—The *Fremdenblatt* contains an interesting correspondence from a traveler who, on March 23, 1866, was near the Dead Sea with a party of eighteen, one of whom fell from his horse, overcome by the excessive heat of 42 deg. R, 126.5 deg. F.) One of the Bedouin guides bathed his hands, head and face with lemon juice, after which the sufferer was able to ride two hours, to the banks of the Jordan, where he could rest for several hours, and then completely recovered.

☞ The drum-major who ran away from Chickamauga, when reproached with cowardice, replied, "I'd rather be called a coward all my life, than be a corpse fifteen minutes."

☞ "Tom," said a man to his friend, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days." "Tim," answered the other, "I find it more difficult than dangerous."

☞ A census-taker in Davis county, Iowa, asked a woman at a farm house the age of the eldest child. And the reply was: "You've come around about a month too soon."

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