THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1871.

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. 221 West Baltimore street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

May 14, 1870—y.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

ATTENTION.

THURSTON'S
PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, purifies the breath, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

BOOKS.—The subscriber is prepared to furnish any Book at publisher's price. Also, Catalogues furnished when selections are wanted to be made. Orders left at Mr. L. S. Fowler's store will receive prompt attention. WM. S. STAM,

April 8. Chestertown.

Natural Mineral Waters For the Debilitated.

VICHY,
KISSENGEN,
CONGRESS,
AND OTHER WATERS.

For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

To Mothers.

LIEBIG'S FOOD FOR INFANTS.—This valuable and popular food for infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Medical Card.

DR. **T. S. HOLTON** having located in Chestertown, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found during business hours, (when not professionally engaged,) at Mr. T. S. Wickes' Drug Store.

Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

IN VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, as a Court of Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Court House door in Chestertown, on

WEDNESDAY,

The 14th day of June, 1871,

at 2 o'clock, P. M.,

All that Farm

situated in Morgan's Creek Neck, Kent county, Maryland, called

THE 'TRAVILLA FARM,'

CONTAINING

322 Acres of land, more or less,

which is described in a Deed from Henry B. Slaughter and others, to Edward Slaughter, dated on or about the 1st day of June, 1864, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county.

This Farm is situated on the Chester river, about five miles above Chestertown. It has

A Valuable Fishing Shore,

a good Landing, and regular communication by steamboats and schooners, with the Baltimore markets.



The improvements consist of a GOOD DWELLING HOUSE, GRANARY, and other Out Buildings,

AND VALUABLE ORCHARDS

OF CHOICE FRUIT.

The land is of fine quality and in a good state of cultivation, and the location very desirable. It will be sold in one entire body or in parcels to suit purchasers. For further particulars, apply to Mr. Edward Slaughter, on the premises.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the Decree, are, that one third of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal instalments at six and twelve months thereafter, with interest from the day of sale, and security approved by the Trustee.

HENRY W. ARCHER,

May 6, 1871—tds. Trustee.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station 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 Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.train
" 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,	12:46	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton 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 Worton, as follows;

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,

April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

H. McCoy. *Wm. A. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

Feb. 13, 1870— y.

Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned, Examiners, appointed by the County Commissioners of Kent county to open and lay down

A Private Road,

in the Fifth Election District of said county, through the lands of A. P. Sharp, Patrick Murray and M. Ascher, hereby give notice to all parties interested, that they will meet on the lands of the said Ascher, on

SATURDAY, 10th day of JUNE, 1871, at 7 o'clock, A. M., to execute the duties of their commission.

R. W. JONES,
R. L. NICOLS,
JOHN BOYER,

May 6, 1871—6t. Examiners.

BUY THE FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is the cheapest, most durable and brilliant of any Lead in the market. For sale by

C. F. STAM & BRO.,

May 6, 1871—y. Chestertown, Md.

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place,
Unchanged through all these years:
How like some sweet, familiar face
My childhood's home appears!
The grand old trees beside the door
Still spread their branches wide,
The river wanders as of yore,
With sweetly murmuring tide;
The distant hills look green and gray,
The flowers are blooming wild,
And everything looks glad to-day,
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown
Half wondering I stand,
I catch no fond, endearing tone,
I clasp no friendly hand;
I think my mother's smile to meet,
I list my father's call,
I pause to hear my brother's feet
Come bounding through the hall;
But silence all around me reigns,
A chill creeps through my heart—
No trace of those I love remains,
And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
What though the budding flowers
Still shed their fragrance on the air,
Within life's golden hours?
The loving ones that clustered here
These walls may not restore;
Voices that filled my youthful ear
Will greet my soul no more.
And yet I quit the dear old place
With slow and lingering tread,
As when we kiss a clay-cold face,
And leave it with the dead.

Don Piatt as a Drummer.

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE ART OF ADVERTISING.

Don Piatt in his last Washington letter, says: I went out the other day to purchase some furniture for an office, and having selected my articles, I turned to the man and said:

"You advertise in our paper, do you not?"

"No, sir; we never advertise."

I then quietly informed him that I never bought furniture, and moved on to another establishment. You will think I am romancing, but precisely the same conversation occurred at the second store. I tried a third, quite a large establishment, standing on a corner, kept by a Christian (and I propose to advertise him) of the Mosaic name of Moses—Moses & Sons at that. They have quite an assortment in the upholstery line, and I suggested advertising to the senior, and received in answer that he occupied a corner, a very conspicuous corner, and had a large sign on it that everybody could read from the street, and with that it was quite unnecessary to go to further expense in the way of advertising. Then I said unto Moses:

"Do you know, my Christian friend, that when a man possessed of any amount of money wishes to furnish a house in Washington he goes to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and even unto Boston?"

"Yes," he responded, "I know that."

"Well," said I, "do you know the reason for it?"

"Why, of course I do," he replied with some asperity. "These people come here from Boston and other places and are interested in the manufactories at home, and of course won't purchase in Washington?"

"My Christian friend," I continued, "you labor under a monstrous delusion. These men do not own any manufactories of furniture at home, and if they did they would not purchase where they would have to pay heavily for transportation if they knew they could escape such taxes by getting their furniture of you. But they don't know that you exist.

They read the payers and they see no mention made of Moses, unless it be in a Sunday paper, and then the Moses spoken of is a man dead long years ago; yet, however, no deader than you are, come to think of it. A man who does not advertise is as dead as Moses. You say you have a sign out here. This is not the sign asked for. Few people see, and those who do can't read it. For one man walking idly down the street who reads there are hundreds who hurry by with no time to read signs; for one man who does notice your abortion in black and white out there a newspaper would take your business to thousands.

Why, my Christian friend, immense fortunes have been made by advertising. "Did you ever hear of the *Ledger?*" He had heard of the *Ledger*. "Did you ever hear of Helmbold's Buchu?" He never had heard of Helmbold's Buchu. He had seen a gentleman by the name of Helmbold driving down the avenue during the Cannival, with a great quantity of horses, and thought he was a part of the Administration. I gave him up in despair, and yet this is a specimen of the business man at the magnificent national capital of our great country.

Almost Prophesy.

When, after the election of Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. SEWARD boasted in the Senate that the Radical party would "now take possession of the citadel," Senator HAMMOND, of South Carolina, in reply, said:

"The Democratic party surrender the country without a stain upon her honor, boundless in her prosperity, incalculable in her strength. We have kept the government conservative to the great purpose of government. We have placed her and kept her upon the Constitution; and that, sir, has been the cause of your peace and prosperity. *Time will show what you will make of her;* but no time can diminish *our* glory, or *your* responsibility."

☞ Over 1200 churches were built in the last year.

Apportionment in the next General Assembly.

We are indebted to the Annapolis *Republican* for the following statistics with reference to the number of members in the next General Assembly of this State after the publication of the Census of 1870:

Below we give the status of the General Assembly next after the publication of the census of 1870. We say next, because the Governor cannot issue his proclamation, under the Constitution, until the census returns are published by the Washington authorities. It will be seen by the list given below that no county in the State, with the exception of Somerset, gains—it having a gain of one delegate while five others, viz: Allegany, Cecil, Frederick, Harford and Washington counties, will each loose one delegate.

The delegation from the Eastern Shore will be the same as under the Constitution of 1867, having gained one in Somerset to make up for the one lost in Cecil.—Baltimore city will remain as now, as it is entitled to the same number from each district that the largest county may have, which is six, (see Baltimore county.)—The Western Shore counties loose from, viz: Allegany, Frederick, Harford and Washington, one each.

COUNTIES.	Present Representation.	Census of 1870.	Representation under census 1870.
Allegany County	5	38,536	4
Anne Arundel County	3	24,457	3
Baltimore City	18	267,682	18
Baltimore County	6	63,059	6
Calvert County	2	9,865	2
Caroline County	2	12,101	2
Carroll County	4	28,619	4
Cecil County	4	25,874	3
Charles County	2	15,738	2
Dorchester County	3	19,458	3
Frederick County	6	47,572	5
Harford County	4	22,605	3
Howard County	2	14,160	2
Kent County	2	17,102	2
Montgomery County	3	20,563	3
Prince George's County	3	21,138	3
Queen Anne's County	2	15,043	2
St. Mary's County	2	14,944	2
Somerset County	2	18,190	3
Talbot County	2	16,137	2
Washington County	5	34,712	4
Wicomic County	2	15,802	2
Worcester County	2	16,519	2
	86	779,766	82

A New Decorative Art--Painting "Black" Eyes.

Æsthetic longings may, perhaps, be satisfied with a passing glance at the pictures in Goupil's or Schaus' windows, in Broadway, New York, but there is a charm about a particular sign in Chatham square which rivets the attention. No illustration from fistiana can have a more striking effect. There stand portrayed, within the fistic ring, two noble brutes sparring away, with potato-like tuber culose configuration of heads, the grogginess wonderfully hit off, the eyes especially showing those peculiar iridescent tints, the results of their manly calling. Under the heroes runs this legend: "Black eyes made natural in ten minutes."

As a question of social statistics, we fear it never can be satisfactorily answered how many black eyes are administered daily to the inhabitants of New York. If ever we can arrive at a tabulated statement, then may we hope some new Buckle will be forthcoming who may found on it some imposing theory, throwing fresh lights on the civilization of this great American Republic. It is presumable however, reversing for once the true order of political economy, that since the supply of black eyes was unlimited, a demand must have arisen for some ready method of concealing these fortuitous adornments of the human face.

"Is it a regular business?" we asked of the owner of the establishment. "Are your artistic talents often called into play.

"Every day, Sir. This neighborhood would be entirely lost without me. I have a constant run of custom. My pallet is always in demand. From practice, I have acquired that certainty of touch, that delicacy of handling without mannerism or stiffness, which is the perfection of art."

"What is the price of—of—"

"Of obliterating those accidental hues which sometimes disfigure the human face divine? From one dollar to fifty cents, according to the customer and the nature of the bung."

"Bung! what is bung?" we inquired.

"A bunged eye. For one dollar I lavish all the subtleties of my art. First, there is the ground-work to be nicely assorted to the complexion, then comes in the flesh-tints, then the umbres and the shadings. Sometimes, Sir, I have been so happy in my effects in restoring an injured eye, that I have absolutely eclipsed the sound one, so much so, that I have been forced to work up the good eye, in order to restore a balance of effect. I have been paid $25 for what was my best miniature work. That eye belonged to a very nice gentleman in Wall street, who said he had accidentally fallen on a curb-stone—broker. Fifty cents is my charge for roughs and politicians. I average about ten eyes a day. Monday is mostly a busy day, and the crop comes in from Saturday to Sunday. St. Patrick's Day brings a perfect harvest. A political reception of an Assemblyman from Albany always keeps me busy. I set my pallet especially for the German peace jubilee, but would you believe it, Sir, it was a dead loss of time and material? Those Germans have not the least idea of how to enjoy themselves in a rational way."

"Do women ever come to you?"

"Frequently, Sir; always closely veiled. I have been sent for, too, in the most mysterious and romantic ways, in a carriage, to repair female damages."

"Of course," we remarked, "nobody ever came with a black eye in a legitimate way?"

"Hardly ever knew a case, Sir. Mostly it's kindling wood that does it. It is amazing how spiteful kindling-wood is, and how it will fly at a man's head when he tries to split. Base-ball, too, seems to have a particular liking for the human countenance. Pumps and posts and gas-lamps ought to be instantly removed, from the tendency they have to black innocent people's eyes. In a pretty careful diagnosis of the disease, I think I may safely say that I never yet met with a party where the primary cause was knuckles."

"Is it a cash business?"

"Impossible to conduct it otherwise.—Sometimes, after the picture is painted and varnished, the money is hard to get. If the party goes back on us, we usually ask permission to add one finishing touch. This we put on with an extra daub of Prussian blue, which quite destroys the general harmony. We can afford to loose the money, but can't allow parties to get the better of us."

"Do our colored brethern ever call on you?"

"Never had a case. The race, Sir, is above these distinctions of color. You may swell their heads, but their complexion never alters. If we had a branch in Liberia, it could not make a living."

The reporter left, almost regretting that his optics were in their normal condition, so sure was he that had they been in mourning his friend would not only have restored them, but even beautified them. We have every reason to pride ourselves on having in our midst a master hand in this most necessary branch of decorative art.

Young America at the Wheel.

A well known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie some years ago upon one of the lake steamers, and seeing a small lad at the wheel steering the vessel, accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat."

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "but you see I can do it, though."

"Do you think you understand your business, my son?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you box it."

The boy did as he was requested, when the minister said,

"Well, really you can do it! Can you you box it backward?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you."

The boy did again as requested, when the minister remarked—

"I declare, my son, you do seem to understand your business."

The boy then took his turn at question-asking, beginning—

"Pray, sir, what might be your business?"

"I am a minister of the Gospel."

"Do you understand your business?"

"I think I do, my son."

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

The clergyman did so, repeating the words in a very fervent manner, as though trying to make an impression on the lad.

"Well, really," said the boy, upon its conclusion, "you do know it, don't you. Now, say it backward."

"Oh, I can't do such a thing as that. Of course—

"You can't do it, eh?" returned the boy. "Well, then, you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

Inside a Printing Office.

The composing room of a printing office is about as productive of various questions, and elicits as much curiosity from visitors, as any place of business we know of.

The first thing a visitor does is to step up to the case where the fingers are at work and watch every motion with perfect steadfastness; looks into the compositor's face to see where his eyes are; the process looks mysterious, and questions follow about like this:

"How do you know where to find the letters? Are they arranged in order?—How do you know when they are right side up? What is the reason that there is more type in some boxes than in others? I should think you would make mistakes; you ought to have the boxes marked.—Don't you get the wrong letters sometimes?"

Looking around he spies in a corner a lot of "something" that calls forth, "what are these?"

Compositor—"Quads."

Visitor—"What's quad's?"

Compositor explains.

Next finds the form which another person is distributing.

Vistor—"Tearing 'em down, eh?"

Compositor—"Yes."

"Can you do that faster than you can set? What makes you wet the type?—(Looking at form.) Why, it's all upside down! Is that the way it always is?—You can't read it, can you?"

Next goes around to the press and finds the roller, puts his finger on it, and gets them dyed a shade or two darker than their original color.

What's this roller made of—Indian rubber?"

Compositor—"No, of glue and molasses."

Visitor—"Of molasses! I should think it would melt."

"Compositor—'Twill when it gets warm enough."

His next fall is upon the paper wet down ready for press.

Visitor—"Why, this paper is all wet: Do you have to do that?"

Compositor—"Yes."

Visitor—"What for?"

Compositor explains, and wishes h[im] would dry up.

He looks around and finds a form o[f] advertisements laid aside. He runs hi[s] finger over a column and knocks a whol[e] square of it into confusion. Compositor looks across and says, "you've knocked that into pi."

Visitor whistles, and goes out when compositor ain't looking.

Prevention of Cruelty in India.

Europeans have always been led to suppose that by the act of suttee Hindoo wives declared that their undying attachment to their husbands, but Dr. Chever in his recent work on Indian Medica Jurisprudence, traces the custom to a different orign. He brings forward authorities to show that the Brahmins themselv[es] invented the law as a means of self-protection against their wives. Before i[t] introduction the wives were in the habi[t] of avenging themselves on their husband[s] for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food, and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. An easier remedy for the evil might have been found in permitting the wife to eat out of the same dish as the husband, but this would have involved too wide a departure from the customs of society; and it must be admitted that there is peculiar refinement of cruelty in the expedient adopted which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind. Of late years the law of suttee has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequences of her husband's death. His family degrade her, and put her to the most menial duties in the house.

A COSTLY CALLER.—An expensive morning-visit was paid the other day to a wealthy Hebrew banker in the city of Vienna. The princess Pauline de Metternich, who now lives at the capital of Austria, devotes her whole time and energy to collecting funds for the relief of the suffering French. Early one morning she sent one of her footmen with the list of contributions to Mr. O——, a wealthy banker, who at the time was yet in bed. The list is presented to the nabob on a silver tray. He looks at it and hands it back, yawning and saying: "Oh, if the princess herself had come, I should have subscribed five thousand florins."—Early on the following morning the banker was awakened again, and a closely-veiled lady was ushered into his presence. She removed her veil, and the astonished banker saw that his fair visitress was no other than the Princess de Metternich. "You told my servant yesterday," she said to him, "you would subscribe five thousand florins if I would call on you myself. Here I am, and here is the list." There was no help for it. The banker had to subscribe the sum, and the princess left rejoicing.

An In-Door Photograph.

A woman who is able to sympathize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-eights of the tasks done by man. Men take one trade and work at it; a mother's and housekeeper's work requires a touch from all trades. A man has his work-hours and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours and an incessant confusion at all tasks. Let any man do a woman's work a single day; wash and dress the children, having provided their clothes the night before see that breakfast is under way to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-boiler on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for washing; the dish-water heating, and a luncheon thought out for school-goers; a nice dinner in the good man's dinner-pail; the beds made after proper airing and the bugs fought off and kept down; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers; the systematic sweeping of the house at least once a week, and of living-rooms once to three times a day, according to the number of men to bring in the mud; the actual washing and out-hanging of clothes; the drying, sprinkling and folding, and to-morrow the ironing of the same; the sorting and mending of them and provision of new ere the old ones give out: the making of bread three times a week, with cakes and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves and cellar-stores to be laid in and not forgotten in their seasons; children's manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up to please his eye; the tired him to be welcomed and waited on by the no less tired her, and the home made cheerful; his trowsers to be patched after he goes to bed, "so he can put them on in the morning;" the children to be helped about their lessons and reminded not to forget their Sunday school lesson, the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house repairs attended to, and matters in general kept straight around home. Meanwhile "papa must not be troubled or hindered about his work," because his work brings in the money. Yes, the man's work brings the money. But man's work does not tax the head and heart and hands as women's work does.

A Clergyman's Joke.

I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I went into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveler, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on different topics, until seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, just about the time the train was approaching the station.

'Come,' said he, taking up his carpet-bag, 'since we are on sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I will agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the Judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge.'

This proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or fun; but as he would be as deeply in it as I could be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat when I saw his jet black eyes fairly dance with daring.

'Yes,' said he, 'I'll try it first. You take give up. Do [illegible] passing.'

'Well,' said he, 'since you are a man of so much taste, and such quick perception, I'll let you off.' And we all burst into a hearty peal of laughter, as he said: 'This is my wife. I have been waiting for her. I knew it was a safe proposition.'

He then told the story to his wife, who looked ten-fold sweeter as she heard it.

Before we reached Chicago we had exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was an Episcopalian preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever I go to Chicago I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural preacher is hard to find. He was then a young man; he is now one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination in the West.

Sexes and Wages.

It is entirely legitimate to divide laborers into three classes, viz: men, women and children. There are points, undoubtedly, in which woman is superior to man, but man is certainly her superior as a laborer. He has the larger, stronger and hardier frame, and is free from many of the disadvantages which woman as a laborer is obliged to encounter. In agriculture, he clears the forests, breaks up the land, and cultivates and reaps. He quarries or cuts the material of houses, and builds them. He lays railroads all over a continent, and furnishes them with engines and cars, and operates them. He constructs ships and steamers, and navigates them. The great work of production and commerce is done almost exclusively by man. If woman spins, man makes the spindle and the power that drives it; if she weaves, he invents and builds the loom. In short, he is just as much more valuable than a woman, as a laborer, as a woman is more valuable than a child; and it is this fact which determines that his wages shall be greater than woman's. It is pretty generally understood that women are quite as good teachers as men, yet we know that as a rule they do not get the same wages that have been paid to men in the same office. We may "feel intuitively" that they ought to have the same, but only in exceptional instances will they have. The more generously woman is paid for her labor, the better will all generous men be pleased; but the truth is, that the labor of neither men nor women is paid generously in this world, as a rule. Both must be content with justice; and justice determines that man, as the most capable and valuable laborer, shall recieve most for his time. There are some kinds of work that boys can do as well as men, but nobody claims that because a bobbin boy in a mill can do as much and as well as a man at his particular work, he should therefore have a man's wages, or even a woman's. His just wages are those which his value as a general laborer will command—no more, no less. Man is responsible for many sins against woman—sins for which we are glad to see him called to account—but for this law he does not seem to be accountable. Human legislation can no more change it than it can modify the phases of the moon. No new power assumed by, or bestowed upon woman, will aid her to overthrow it. Her value as a laborer is limited, and her wages will be determined by her value as a laborer at large. If woman could build a house or a steam engine, a ship or a bridge, she could command a man's wages at teaching school, but she cannot, and she must take the wages of a woman.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Seventeen Hundred Years in the Oven.

One house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano-storm buried it. Painters, and decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation.—The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like infections inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of 1700 years! They have been cooking ever since November 23d, A. D. 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.—*Leisure Hour.*

THE oldest of all rose bushes is said to be one which is trained upon one side of the cathedral of Hildesheim, in Germany. The root is buried under the crypt, below the choir. The stem is a foot thick, and half a dozen branches nearly cover the eastern side of the church, bearing countless flowers in Summer.

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