THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1871. NO. 10.

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

[redacted]

reach Wilmington at 10:10, 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.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Farm situated in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, on the public road leading from Church Hill to Millington, about five miles from Church Hill, and adjoining the lands of Capt. Ford, Capt. Robinson, and others, and at present tenanted by Mr. Jas. Porter, containing

244 ACRES,

more or less, under good fencing.



The improvements consist of a fair one-story FRAME DWELLING, large Pantry and Kitchen, a good Barn and Stable under it, Meat House, Wagon House, Poultry House and Dairy; and a well of excellent water.

100 ACRES ARE IN WOOD,

mostly young White Oak Timber.



THERE ARE
2,000 PEACH TREES,
SIX YEARS OLD, on the Farm—and 24 bushels of Wheat seeded.

This land is about ½ mile from a Church, two schools within ¾ of a mile, and 2½ miles from a Landing on Chester River.

TERMS EASY.

For further particulars apply to
E. F. PERKINS, Att'y.,
May 20, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Ligh St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*
January 19, 1870—y

GALENA FEMALE SEMINARY,

BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL,
GALENA, KENT CO., MD.

E. L. Benny, Principal.

THE Third Semi-Annual Term of the above Institution will begin on the 21st of February. For terms, or other particulars, apply to the Principal. Feb. 18—tf.

BLUE LICK WATER, by the barrel, gallon, or glass.

FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is not surpassed by any Lead now manufactured.

JOHN WYETH & BRO'S. Pharmaceutical Preparations.

BURNETT'S Flavoring Extracts. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871. Chestertown.

NOTICE.

I HAVE ON HAND AND FOR SALE, *FLOUR*, by the barrel and retail, *CORN, MEAL, CHOPS, FEED, &c., LIME*, by the small quantity or barrel, BACON, BROOMS, &c.

W. BACCHUS.
Chestertown, April 15, 1871.

GREAT OFFER.

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

THE
EUREKA
FANNING MILL.
The Greatest Invention OF THE 19th CENTURY!

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention of Farmers and Mechanics is particularly directed to the combined economy, utility and practicability of the Eureka Mill, and to the many other advantages it possesses over every other Fanning Mill which has been introduced to the public. It is the fruit of long and patient investigation by the inventor, who has made it his constant study for over twenty years. He has secured several patents for Mills, and has always been rewarded with the best of success. But not feeling satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and he now believes that his new invention will warrant him in exclaiming in the joy of his heart, like the philosopher, Phythagoras, EUREKA, signifying in the Grecian language, "I have found it." This has given the name to this new Mill.

In this Mill are all the former improvements, to which have been added several more, adding still greater advantages than were at first anticipated, or even thought possible by the inventor himself. It embraces the three great essentials necessary in every invention.

t combines Utility, Economy and Practicability!

THE EUREKA MILL

Is small and lighter, and is capable of doing more and better work in a given time than any other Mill ever invented. It is the only Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of; for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of NOLAND & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.

June 17, 1871—tf.

NOTICE.

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
in consequence of extending the Fountain Hotel, has REMOVED his
HOSIERY AND UNDERGARMENT STOCK
from 175 West Baltimore Street, to
No. 18 N. CHARLES St., near Fayette.

New Scarfs for Ladies.
BALBRIGGAN HOSIERY.
OPEN WORK HOSIERY.
LACE & LISLE THREAD HOSIERY
PURE SILK HOSIERY.
MISSES' SILK HOSIERY.
☞ *We are determined to sell cheap.*
RINGGOLD'S HOSIERY BAZAR,
18 North Charles street.

RINGGOLD'S BAZAR,
18 North Charles St.,
NEAR FAYETTE.
MISSES' MERINO SHIRTS 37½ cts.
BOYS' MERINO SHIRTS 50 cents.
Large stock of Ladies thin UNDERWEAR from auction, cheap.
Don't fail to see our FANCY HOSE, the largest assortment in the city.
Cartwright & Warner's UNDERGARMENTS, all qualities, and cheap.
Baltimore, May 6, 1871.

250 Sets Cultivator Teeth.
250 Sets Cultivator Teeth.

WE offer to the farmers of Kent and the adjoining counties our well known Cultivator Teeth, which have been used for some years with entire satisfaction. They have stood the test, and are considered far superior to the old three-cornered teeth. Their regular crook from the frame to the point makes them draw to the ground and run deep, while they run close to the plant without covering it up. They are made of the best steel, and can be bought as cheap here as elsewhere, having reduced the price on them as on the rest of our work.



WE DO BLACKSMITHING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Carriage & Machine Smithing,
REPAIRING REAPERS
And MACHINES OF ALL KINDS.
WHEELWRIGHTING
Done at Reduced Prices, and
WITH SEASONED LUMBER.



FARM, PEACH AND EXPRESS WAGONS, AND DEARBORNS,
MADE TO ORDER.
Every thing needful for the farm.
☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
April 29, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

Natural Mineral Waters
For the Debilitated.
VICHY,
KISSENGEN,
CONGRESS,
AND OTHER WATERS.
For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Can an Inebriate Conquer His Vice.

THE SUGGESTION OF ONE WHO HAS TRIED.

Inebriate asylums are expensive, and besides not unnaturally offend, in their very designation, a kind of pride—false, if you choose—which every man possesses to a greater or less degree.

Their expense, too, usually falls on the friends of those whom they are designed to benefit, and, for these and other reasons, we propose to show that any man thus painfully situated, may, if he chooses, illustrate for himself, and in himself, the title of this article.

Habitual inebriety presents a condition in which the brain, being soddened and dulled by the long and extravagant use of the various poisons known under the general name of "ardent spirits," refuses to respond to the will power. Secondly, when the stomach, by long custom, has so habituated itself to these stimulants that it takes to itself the prerogative of the will-power, and successfully demands their continuance.

Thus the morbid condition becomes a true physical disease, and must be treated as such. Of course, the final result to be attained is total abstinence from the evil habit.

But this result can not be reached at once, because, first, of the inability of the will to act through the brain and enforce the desire; and, second, because the intensified and abnormal condition of the stomach will not admit, with safety to the physical system, of the sudden reaction.

The change must be effected gradually, and the first step is to restore the brain to its normal activity; afterward the reorganization of the digestive and other functions may be safely atttempted.

The effects of alcoholic stimulants on the system are twofold; stimulative and anæsthetic. At first the oxygon, set free, courses through the circulation, exalting all the functions to the performance of extraordinary tasks. Then the carbon takes its place, and its influence is observable in the deadening of all the faculties, the paralysis of the nerves and muscles, as observable in its effect on articulation and locomotion; lastly the brain sinks under deadly influence, and anæsthesia more or less complete, ensues.

But previous to anæsthesia, the brain acts with abnormal power. The passions become stimulated, and in this condition the inebriate performs acts commonly only ascribed to insanity or idiocy.

Now, while this over stimulated condition exists, it is impossible to regain the will-power, and here begins the treatment by which the unhappy victim may of himself, and by himself, become his own "inebriate asylum," with no loss of dignity, and regain his lost manhood by the exercise of a vital force, fairly Godlike in its nature.

This article is not addressed—for it would be useless, and is unnecessary—to those bestial beings, whose animal passions naturally direct them to criminal excesses, and whose loss to the world, should it occur from such or any other cause, would be *nil*.

It is addressed to those, who, by delicate temperament, uncongenial associations, or over-laboriousness, have fallen from their high and holy estate through the very means which they have adopted to sustain themselves and to keep slight, yet a little longer, the fires of hope.

Suppose, then, one of these, a sad and frail relic of departed nobility, with the slumbering and nearly dead ashes of his intellect and his aspirations occasionally flickering up with a spark of the old vitality. Suppose one who, for years, according to the strength of his constitution, has battled, with the aid of this deceitful ally, against a host of trials annoyances, suddenly, by one of those occasional visions of himself, which God graciously grants sometimes to the most degraded, finds within him a new determination awakened to burst out of the chains that have enthralled him, and to become again what he has been, and more; and then finds the old, sinking, crushing feeling come over him that tells him he is a slave. *What shall he do?*

One thing is certain: there can be no *diminuendo* in this.

There is no "tapering off" with the devil.

Either he has got you, or he has not got you.

The first part of the medical treatment in this physical disease requires the immediate removal of the patient from all disturbing influences of what ever nature.

There must be no noisy children about, no quarreling women, no scandal-mongers pouring out their distilled venom to jar upon his nerves and disturb his spirit; he must have absolute quiet and repose.

But to obtain this there need not be recourse to an asylum.

There is none so poor, who is worthy to be saved, who has not a friend.

Let him then reach some such friend, trust and confide in him, and obtain the required shelter, rest and attendance for a few days.

Not for months, during which new habits of thought are formed and old business relations become broken off, and the man falls again into his old place, utterly forgotten, and unable to retain the threads of his lost identity. Nor in constant, daily association with such, from every walk in life, as have no other congeniality with him but the painful one of similarity of disease, an association demoralizing in its very nature; but among his friends and those who know him, and from a constant bond of union with the great world he loves and lives in.

He may continue his relations with business and society by correspondence and by visits; and soothed and strengthened by the knowledge that he is not forgotten, and that his hard fight is being fought among those who love him, and admire the renewed strength which daily animates him and enables him to struggle successfully; and not among strangers who treat his case purely from scientific and routine point of view; his earnestness and determination are redoubled, and he nears the victory.

Having then gained this temporary asylum, we will say that he drinks his usual allowance of liquor, and retires to bed in his condition of inebriety.

He has taken care, in his steadier moments, to provide himself with six twenty-grain powders of bromide of potassium, which he will get at a drug-store, on presenting the following prescription, which he can either obtain from a physician or write for himself; but it is best to submit it to a physician before presenting:

PRESCRIPTION.

Potassii Bromidi—Drach. ij.
Signa vi. Pulv.
[Smith.]

Now it has been the regular custom, and the daily necessity of this unfortunate, for months—perhaps for years—to stimulate into renewed power the brain and nerves, suffering after a night's abstinence from their daily food, perhaps with one or more "cocktails," or quantities of greater or less extent of clear spirits.

He wakes from his stupor or troubled slumber with his nerves all jarring, his muscles refusing to carry his tottering frame across the room; his tongue nearly paralyzed; his stomach nauseated; his brain crazed and inflamed; and he has recourse to the only thing he knows—poor creature, abandoned of men!—that will enable him to set about his daily and requisite tasks.

But now he has given himself a two-weeks' holiday, and his friends have promised to "see him through,"—and will keep their promise, for it is sacred; and so he need not get out of bed at all, and one horrid fear is removed at once.

For there is no sterner, as there is no nobler, battle waged than this conflict of the sick man with himself and with the devil who has gotten possession of him.

At first the system, surprised by this novel condition of things, waits, patiently enough, for its usual morning corrective, but at length grown weary of waiting, and becoming even impatient—as the best regulated systems, not to speak of ill-regulated ones, sometimes will—it begins to make itself heard.

Now it is to be understood that the motive of this article and its prime intentions are to show what the will-power of man, though subdued and crucified, and stifled and subjected to the vilest slavery of earth, will do, if the man be a man, without the aid of asylums, or other public and extraneous aid.

The fight is between the divinity of man and the power of evil, and the battle field is the beautiful physical structure, which we are told is "made in the image of God," while the gage is an immortal soul.

There is a gnawing at the pit of the stomach; cold sweats crawl up and down the body; the skin is clammy; the head swims around and about; the muscles become completely relaxed; the nervous system is entirely unstrung; "strange dreams perplex" the dozing brain; he slumbers for an instant, and is awakened by a spasm; cramps assail his limbs and he kicks them out; if a pin drops it has the reverberation of a ten-pin; spots, black and white, dance before his eyes, open or closed; hideous faces glare at him, and change like the patterns of a kaleidscope; out of the pocket of his coat, hanging over yonder, there comes a wheel which increases itself, and whirls spirally in the air toward him, till it vanishes under his very eyes; and still, behind all this phantas-magoria, he hears a soft musical voice saying, "Be not afraid!—You shall win the fight!"

And by and by the sedative which he has taken, and which has insidiously been seeking out the enemy's weak point all this time, finds it, and the patient falls into a sleep, the first natural sleep he has had for years.

But he wakes again to find the conflict going on harder than ever, and the craving stronger, and he takes a second powder say three hours after the first, and a third at night fall; and so the day passes.

The second day is worse than the first. The fancies are intensified; the system is coming out from under the alcoholic influence, and the reaction is the more terrible. But there must be no flinching now! Keeping continually before the mind, as it becomes clearer, the determination to crush out and root out, at any cost, this vile enemy to health and progress, the sufferer may also remember that each hour brings him more and more under the influence of his only friend, and each hour improves his condition and increases his ability to continue the conflict successfully.

Food should not be taken, unless urgently desired, and then it should be of the most nutritious character.

Broths of fowl or beefsteak, and such other meats as are best calculated to preserve the tone of the stomach, are to be preferred.

Let the patient satisfy himself through all that, by this treatment, he *must* succeed. If his paroxysms become stronger than he seems able to bear, the dose of bromide may be increased to thirty or even forty grains, or, be taken more frequently than in the original prescription.

After the third day there will be marked improvement, the skin will assume a natural hue and sensation, he will be able to eat with some appetite, to sit up, and to move about, firmly though feebly; but the great change will be in the brain.

There will come to him new thought with a vividness and force that will cause him to laugh aloud with delight.

His ideas will arrange themselves clearly and logically, where before all was chaotic and confused.

As his appetite grows, and his system begins to feel the strength, food-given, his muscles will strengthen, he will become elastic in his movements, and strength come to him by a miracle.

There can be nothing in earth's warfare that can give that sublime consciousness of well-doing which is so intensely felt after those days of terrible suffering.

He is respected; his utterances are regarded with their due consideration; his friends and those who understand through what a "Valley of the Shadow of Death" he has passed, respect him; and even his former boon companions appreciate a courage and fortitude which they have not the faith in themselves to imitate.

In his daily duties, be they professional, artistic, or business, he will find that he is gifted with new vigor and judgment. His imagination is stimulated far beyond the power of alcohol, because it is natural now, and a part of "the Divinity within."

And, finally, the demoralization of the soul, that always follows, and forever debases the habitual inebriate, is gone forever. His ideas of right, justice and virtue have ceased to be perverted. Deeds in which he would willingly have acted a part, but a few short weeks ago, he now looks upon with scorn and abhorrence. And in rectitude of intention and act, and the supremest effort of his intellectual and physical capacity, he may now save his life—*if!* yes, *if*—

If he do not go back.

There will be no need of it.

He will have no craving for liquor. On the contrary, he will have formed for himself an absolute hatred and detestation of it,

It is not against this which he must guard himself.

It is, first, against the efforts of drinkers, who may endeavor to induce him to join them. Second, against giving way to petty annoyances and disappointments, and seeking to drown care.

Third, against *overwork*.

Let him remember that the years of dissipation, in which his system has been going through a condition of partial destruction of the nerve-fibre and the tissues and the brain matter, must require years in which to recuperate.

He must not overwork himself. He can now do more work in two hours than he did before in eight, so let him not work six.

Let him deal with life, and especially his own life, philosophically, and having done a fair amount of work, accept the needed boon of rest.

And should he find head or brain failing him at any moment, let him cease work altogether, and take relaxation in the open air, in music, or in the society of friends.

And above all, let him never, under any circumstances whatsoever, by the inducement of friends, by the advice of a physician, or on account of any need or temptation that may assail him, suffer himself to be betrayed into taking the *first glass*.

For therein the secret lies; and, as we said in the beginning, the willing and the strong man, if he follow these rules, may, by the grace of God, be *his own inebriate asylum*. And so he may step again into the arena of life, armed and equipped anew for its daily struggles; with the serene consciousness of his weakness and his strength to guide him and to guard him in the future; and the soul-stirring conviction, moreover, as an incentive for exertion, and for continuance in the course he has chosen, that he has displayed his truest manhood and supremest nobility of character and strength of will-power, by *fighting it out himself*.—*Putnam's Magazine*.

Useful Information.

To lay out a square acre of ground: measure 209 feet on each side, and you will have a square acre to an inch.

An acre contains 4,840 square rods.

A square mile contains 640 acres. In length a mile is 4,280 feet, or 1,760 yds.

A fathom is six feet.

A league is three miles.

A Sabbath-day's journey is 1,155 yards—this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile.

A day's journey is 33½ miles.

A cubit is 2 feet.

A hand, (horse measure), is 4 inches.

A palm is three inches.

A space is 3 feet.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork 200 pounds.

A barrel of rice 600 pounds.

A keg of powder 25 pounds.

A firkin of butter 56 pounds.

A tub of butter 84 pounds.

BUSHEL MEASURE.—The following are sold by weight per bushel:

Wheat, beans, clover seed, 60 pounds to the bushel.

Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56 pounds.

Buckwheat, 53 pounds.

Barley, 43 pounds.

Oats, 32 pounds.

Bran, 20 pounds.

Coarse salt, 85 pounds.

A commercial bale of cotton is 400 lbs.

A pack of wool, 240 pounds.

A section of government land is 640 acres, or one mile square.

A liquid tun is 252 gallons.

A box 16 by 16½ inches and 8 inches deep contains a bushel.

A box of lemons will average about 330 in number; a box of oranges from 200 to 250.

A case of preserved ginger contains 9 jars.

A frail of dates weighs from 150 to 200 pounds.

A drum of figs, 2, 4, and 8 pounds each.

A cask of prunes, 1,300 to 1,800 lbs., averaging about 1,500 pounds.

Currants come in casks of from 275 to 300 pounds.

Citron comes in small boxes of about 25 pounds each; tare 2 to 2½ pounds.

Peanuts are usually sent to market in sacks, containing about 2 bushels.

Dried apples and peaches come in barrels, generally from 150 to 225 pounds.

Blackberries come in barrels.

A quintal of fish is 112 pounds.

Virginia peanuts weigh 22 pounds to the bushel. Wilmington, do. 26 to 28 pounds. African, do. 32 pounds.

The Orange Riots.

For the last few days, the secular journals have been full of the terrible riots in New York, on the occasion of the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne. The Boyne is a river of Ireland, formed by the confluence of several small streams, in the Southern part of Meath. It is famous for the decisive battle fought July 1, 1690, between William III., of England, at the head of a combined force of English, Dutch, and allied detachments of almost every Protestant kingdom in Europe, and the ex-monarch James II., with an invading French and Irish refuges army.

James II, of England and VII. of Scotland was the second surviving son of Charles I and Henrietta Maria. When Charles II., died, he succeeded him, not only without difficulty, but as a popular sovereign. His conduct, however, was most arbitrary from the begining, and the Parliament he called is said to have been the most servile of any body of the kind mentioned in English history. During his previous exile from England, he had become a Roman Catholic, but did not avow his religion until some years after the restoration. The invasion of Scotland by Argyle, and of England by Monmouth, were followed by unparalleled punishment inflicted upon the rebels. He soon broke with his obsequious Parliament, as he required the repeal of the test and habeas corpus acts. He had two great objects to effect, at which he sat himself systematically to work, viz: the overthrow of the constitutional system of England, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion to its former position there. He first tried to employ the Established Church against the dissenters, but finding the Episcopalians would not give him their aid, he sought to gain the dissenters; but, in less than three years, he had arrayed all his subjects against him except the Roman Catholics and a few dissenters, the great majority of the dissenters, siding with the Established Church and Whigs and Tories coalescing. All offices were in the hands of the Roman Catholics, or of Protestant who were ready to do the work of Roman Catholics. The English at last invited William, Prince of Orange, who was a Protestant, and who had married the eldest daughter of James. This invitation was signed by such personages as the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire, and Danby, Lord Lumley, Henry Sidney, Edward Russell, and Henry Compton, the superseded Bishop of London. William came over accordingly with an army of 15,000 men, and James fled to France, where Louis XIV assigned him a large pension. He afterwards went to Ireland, the native population of which was atatracted to his cause, and was defeated at the Battle of the Boyne. He then returned to France, where he resided until his death, passing his time between devotion and plotting schemes for the assassination of Wm. III.

This last named man was a great prince. He was the son of William II., Prince of Orange, by the Princes Mary of England, eldest daughter of Charles I. He was regarded as the natural head of the Protestant party. Between him and his wife the best understanding existed. When he was called to England, he accepted the invitation, as we have mentioned, and his cause was at once triumphant in England and Scotland. The great aim of James had been to make England dependent upon France; that of William was to detach England from her connection with that country. William, as monarch of England, distinguished himself by his struggles against party rule, and caused the act of grace to be passed, by which an and was put to the bloody political proscriptions that had for years been the curse and disgrace of that country. He died in 1702, about a year after the death of James, the latter dying from apoplexy, and William from the effects of being thrown from his horse.

Now is it not most marvelous that, in this year of Grace, 1871, the far-off continent of America is disturbed with the billows of human passion set in motion by the collision of those two men? Yet in New York, on Wednesday, July 12, forty men were killed and many more wounded, because the Orangemen in New York had a procession, and the Irish of the opposite faction determined that they should not have it. The Orangemen, so long after that victory, and at such a distance in space, were resolved to celebrate it, and the Irish were so sore from the defeat, all this long time afterwards, and with the great Atlantic intervening, that they must needs slaughter those who took part in the celebration.—*Episcopal Methodist.*

A Cure for the Toothache.

A Cincinnati dentist was somewhat annoyed recently by observing a man approach his house at the same hour every evening, look at it intently, and finally seat himself on the door-step, and remain there for a considerable length of time. There had been rumors of burglars in the neighborhood, and after this singular conduct had been many times repeated, and he had suffered much anxiety because of it, the dentist determined to remonstrate with his tormentor. Approaching him cautiously, wishing to do nothing to provoke his ill-will, he said: "My good friend, if it would be all the same to you, will you not divide your attentions with my neighbors? You may arouse jealousy, you know, and if it would suit you as well, suppose you sit occasionally on some other door-step." "But it wouldn't be the same," shouted the visitor in return, "nor anything like it. You are a dentist, and I have an infernally aching tooth that I haven't the courage to have pulled. I come here every afternoon trying to make up my mind to have it out, and as soon as I come in sight of your house it stops aching, and as long as I sit on your door-step, where the confounded thing knows it can get pulled if it gives trouble, I have some rest. Now if you want me to go to another dentist I will." "Oh, no," was the reply, "under those circumstances stay by all means, my friend."

A Fashionable Woman's Prayer.

Strengthen mi husband, and may his faith and money hold out to the last.

Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspicious twilight over his eyes, that mi flirtations may look to him like victorys, and that mi bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, oh Fortune, my krimps and rats and frizzles, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

When i walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle, and add nu grace tu mi gaiters.

When i bow miself in worship, grant that i may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily-white of my flesh and the taper of mi fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gaul of bitterness, and eat thou up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at mi style.

Save me from wrinkles and foster mi plumpness.

Fill my both eyes, oh Fortune, with the plaintive pizon of infatuashion, that i may lay out my victims, men, as knumb as images graven.

Let the lily and the rose strive together on mi check, and may mi neck swim like a goose on the buzzum of krystal water.

Enable me, oh Fortune, to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all kornes and bunyons.

Bless Fanny, mi lapdog, and rain down besoms of destrueshun upon all who would hurt a hair of Hector, mi kitten.

Smile, oh Fortune, most sweetly upon Dick, mi kanary, and watch over, with the fondness of a mother, mi two lily-white mice with white eyes.

Enable the poor to shirk for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light of thi countenance on mi kammel's hair shawl, mi lavender silk, mi point-lace and mi necklace of diamonds. And keep the moths out of mi sable, I beseech thee, oh Fortune.

THE ORIGINAL MRS. PARTINGTON.—The names of certain great characters are so well known to fame, that often little or nothing else is known about them. Homer is in danger of having been born in seven different places at once. Shakespeare's early history is equally unauthoritative. Nobody really knows who old Parr was—some sceptical people believing that after all he was only some old humbug, who pretended to be a great deal older than he really was. And who was Mrs. Partington? The old lady's maltreatment of the English language is proverbial. It may not be uninteresting, then, to know something of the old lady herself. The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady, living in Sidmouth in Devonshire. Her cottage was on which her fame is based is best told in a passage from the speech of Sidney Smith at Taunton, in the year 1831, on the Lord's rejection of the Reform bill: "The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This speech is reprinted in the collected edition of Sydney Smith's works; and as this is, we believe, the first time of Mrs. Partington's name being mentioned, the immortality she has earned must be set down as due to Sydney Smith.—*Once a Week.*

Stopping a Newspaper.

One of our exchanges has the following allegory, which we commend to the careful consideration of those gentlemen who, the moment they see anything that displeases them in the columns of their local journal, rush to the printing office and cry out "Stop my paper:"

"A certain man hit his toe against a pebble and fell headlong to the ground, He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and self-sufficiency he kicked the earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity he looked to see the earth dissolve and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in a newspaper touches him in a weak spot, and forthwith he sends to stop his paper. With calmness he looks to see the crash, when he finds he only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures no one but himself."

CURE FOR STAMMERING.—Repeat the following sentence half a dozen times without making a mistake: "Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. That's, says Nobbs, the worst for Hobbs' jobs and Snobbs sobs."

☞ A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

The *Scientific American* says it is now impossible to comstruct a burglar-proof safe, for the thief with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can, in a few seconds, burn holes of any size in the hardest metal—his fire-drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed.

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