THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871. NO. 16.

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	Q.A.R.R.train
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	1:25
" Massey's,	8:05	1:40
" Morris',	8:15	1:55
" Vandyke's,	8:22	2:10
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	
" 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.

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

TO THE LADIES.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, FOR Beautifying and Preserving the Complexion and Skin. Mr. Laird has every confidence in recommending his Bloom of Youth to the Ladies as being the only perfect and reliable Toilet article now in use.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*
January 7, 1871.

CARD.
E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Particular attention given to the collection of claims and the sale of Real Estate.

☞ Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1868.

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, &c.

W. BACCHUS.
Chestertown, April 15, 1871.

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

LUMBER,
For Sale at Buck Neck Wharf.
Nov. 20, 1870. J. BELL & BRO

WOOL WANTED.—People's Popular Store, will pay cash for Wool, or exchange for merchandize, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest Dry Goods in this market.
Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

LUMBER!

AN assortment of **LUMBER** always on hand.

Buyers will find it their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
February 25, 1871.

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

It 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.

A CARD.

GEORGE VICKERS and H. W. VICKERS have united under the title of *GEORGE VICKERS & SON*, for the practice of the Law in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.
Chestertown, July 1, 1871—3m.

PEACH BASKETS

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the Peach Growers of Kent and adjoining counties with the MITCHEL BASKET, at 18 cts. (at present), and three other styles; also, the ROCHESTER BERRY BASKET.

☞ Samples to be seen at C. F. Stam & Bro's., Chestertown; A. L. Gooding's, Chesterville; T. H. Horsey's, Galena, and at D. U. Dewees', Kennedyville.

Also, a general assortment of *NURSERY STOCK*, particularly SMALL FRUIT Plants.

For particulars apply to
ROBERT E. WALLIS,
KENNEDYVILLE,
June 17—3m° *Kent Co., Md.*

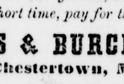
B. C. BROOKER, JR. WM. B. LEWIS.

Brooker & Lewis,
AUCTIONEERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 236 W. Baltimore street,
NEAR CHARLES,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, &c., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Notions every Monday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Consignments respectfully solicited.
Out-door Sales of every description taken at lowest rates.
Cash advances made if required.
Baltimore, August 26, 1871—y

Chester River Steamboat Company.



On and after THURSDAY, January 19, 1871, the **STEAMER GEO. LAW** will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M., for Crumpton, stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown.—*Returning*, leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ o'clock A. M., making the above stops.

A. T. JOYNES,
Jan. 21, 1871. Agent.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
GROCERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Part'cular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
July 22, 1871—tf.

American Devotion to Politics.

The absorption of American mankind in politics is an unfailing source of wonder to the civilized world. We grow up nourished on politics. We were fed in our infancy on the Fourth of July orations, and inoculated against the disease of humility with the dogma that we are the elect. Our whole political religion consists in the doctrine of election, which means to elect somebody or be elected, especially the latter. We feel ourselves aggrieved that we have not been permitted to elect our own father and mother. The inequality and injustice of the present arrangement are obvious, and ought to be taken in hand by some Reconstruction Committee. Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, and Tom never consented to be born of parents without a dollar, whilst Jack was born of ten thousand a year.—Consequently, we take our revenge in electing everything and every body. Our principal plaything in political childhood was the effigy of King George, an unpopular old gentleman whose great misfortune it was to own these colonies, and his unpardonable impudence that he wouldn't give them up without a fight.—No well-regulated Virginia family of former days was without an effigy of this monster, a prostrate figure, whether of man or beast, the artist's skill did not always suffice to determine, but with the unvarying inscription, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" Poor old old figure! It had been so long down-trodden by the Genius of Liberty, so squeezed by newspaper presses, so gibbeted and swung on tavern signs, so pounded and belabored by Young America, as was the image of ancient Admiral by the amiable Quilp, who was always beating it with iron pokers, and screwing gimlets into it, and sticking forks into its eyes, and cutting his name on it that, but, for refreshing our memory with the fearful catalogue of his crimes in the Declaration of Independence, we should say to the Genius which bestrides him like Poe's ebony bird the pallid bust of Pallas:

"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore,
Take thy foot from off his neck and let me see thy face no more."

What a blessed thing it is that, instead of that defunct old tyrant, we set up another king, Vox Populi, whose little finger was thicker than old King George's loin's! We have heard that, when a former Convention of Virginia had changed the old Constitution of the State, paving the way for the universal supremacy of Vox Populi, one of the members made his apperance the next day in a full suit of mourning. What seemed at the time an eccentricity of genius, how significant, how full of prophetic inspiration, it looks in these latter days! We fear that Posterity will arraign every man who ever aided in reducing and destroying the old freehold qualification in Virginia or any other State of the Union, who ever gave his voice for depositing the precious heritage purchased by the blood and treasure of a seven years war, in the hand of everybody, whether virtuous or vile, whether a wise man or an idiot, with no other restriction than that he should be twenty-one years old, as responsible for every departure from republican principle and usage which has since occurred, and the real originator of ever calamity which has threatened the public liberties. And we would want no higher honor than to have been one of those incorruptible old Romans who was always opposed the overthrow of a system, under which, in the language of another, "men of property and character made laws to govern rogues and vagabonds, and the substitution of a system under which rogues and vagabonds can make laws to govern men of property and character;" who clung to the last to Constitutions "under which the people prided themselves on being able to make and enforce good laws," and resisted another under which men prided themselves on never seeing the law they were not able to break, so that "if you built up four square walls of laws around them, they would slip through the keyhole."

The late exemplary Emperor Nicholas declared that the cardinal defect of this age is a want of faith. It is clear that Old Nick, (we mean the Russian Old Nick, of course,) never travelled in this country. We have more than faith enough in ourselves. We are the most intelligent and most virtuous of the human family, every citizen, as a general rule, being a combined Socrates and St. Paul. We have the most immeasurable capacity for believing anything that may be said in our favor. At all public meetings, every complimentary allusion to ourselves is received with an uproarious applause which does equal honor to our modesty and good sense. Nobody is as popular as the People's man, that is, the Man for the People's money. We have seen, in ancient times, an election ticket, with a device representing half a globe, on the summit of which was the National Flag, and underneath the sublime words, "The People's Candidate for Constable." We have also heard of "The People's Line of Steamboats," "The People's Omnibusses," "The People's Bakery." "The People's Cooking Stove," in which the people are done browner than by any other mode of cookery. We have heard it vociferously declared at mass-meetings at 12 o'clock at night, the People were rising in their majesty, when in point of fact, the People were in bed, snoring as furiously as the orators were spouting. The same inspired demagogues declared that the people were panting to hurl an avalanche of indignation upon their political enemies, when in fact the people were only panting and puffing with hard work, cultivating corn, cabbages and other fruits of the earth which politicians consume, and only seeking for vengeance upon chinch bugs and joint-worms, whom they justly consider almost as great a nuisance as political vermin. In view of such facts, it must be confessed that this great uproar about the people is, as Sam Slick says, "All cry and little wool." The Connecticut clock-maker was not far out of the way when he declared that "those critters that rare about like a runaway steamboat, callin' 'fire! fire!' and disturbin' honest people in their beds, they have nothing to lose by a fire if it does come, but in the scramble they generally find something or other to pick up that they didn't work for."

The peril to the people from politicians need not be dilated on with such illustrations as are now before the country.—What we have come to after being flattered into the notion that we are the elect, is before every eye. That which follows to the individual who makes politics his business is scarcely better. Any mother who wants to see her son grow up ingenuous, generous and up-right, might as well apprentice him for that purpose to Jonathan Wild or Dick Turpin as to a politician. It is naturally, necessarily a school of Jissimulation, selfishness, corruption and vagabonism. Yet almost every mother is ambitious to have her son hold some high office Almost every man child is born a premeditated President. The boy's mother sees it in his cradle; Andrew Jackson's eye, Madison's nose, Adams' head, the general expression of George Washington, and a voice that "oft in the stilly night," satisfies the neighbors that he has already begun to make a noise in the world. Make your son anything but a politician, if you value his future integrity and happiness. Send him to a profession and send him to sea, send him on an Artic expedition, put a hoe or a spade in his hands, let him grind a street organ, let him peddle matches and blacking, let him sell newspapers or even write for them, educate him for a quartermaster or a commissary, before you permit him to become a politician, and perhaps oome at last to a place where they take constructive mileage, and put pennies in their pockets picked from a dead man's eyes. It is of all work the hardest work, as well as the meanest work. The courtier of a king has only one master to please, but the courtier of people has a thousand masters, passionate, ignorant, prejudiced, and is in worse position than the single domestic in a fashionable boarding-house, who performs at the same time the duties of butler, footman, dining-room servant and hostler, and whose whole life is passed in a frenzied run, and everlasting cry of "Coming! Coming!" It is enough to make the heart sick to look upon fresh, happy faced youths, devoted to such a life, and bear in mind that they are to become in time, gaunt, withered lazzaroni, prowling around the tombs of dead Cæsars, begging for official alms, and that instead of becoming Presidents of the United States, they will be glad to wear cast-off breeches of that mighty potentate.—*Episcopal Methodist.*

The Other Side.

The following anecdote, written many years ago, is too good to be lost:

While John Branch, of North Carolina, was General Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, he Tazewell and Daniel Webster were walking on the north bank of the Potomac, at Washington. Tazwell, willing to amuse himself with Branch's simplicity, said:

"Branch, I'll bet you a ten dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river."

"Done," said Branch.

"Well," said Tazwell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that one side of the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't this the other side?"

"Yes."

"Then as you are here, are you not on the other side?"

"Why, I declare," said Branch, "so it is; but here comes Webster. I'll win back that hat from him."

Webster had lagged behind, but now came up, and Branch immediately accosted him:

"Webster, I'll bet you a ten dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river."

"Done."

Well, isn't this one side?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't that the other?"

"Yes; but I am not on that side."

Branch hung his head and submitted to the loss of the two hats as quietly as he could.

How a Woman Keeps a Secret.

It is an old quib upon women that a woman cannot keep secrets; but the fact is they are the only part of humanity that can. A wife keeps a husband's secret incomparably better than he does her's.—We calculate that there is one drunken wife to about four hundred and ninety-nine drunken husbands. In gambling, licentiousness, lying, cheating, hypocrisy, covetousness, there is pretty near the same proportion. Yet of the four hundred and ninety-nine wives, four hundred conceal, cover up, silently endure the terrible secret; while the one husband laments and mourns over his wife's frailty in the study of his pastor, and to the ear of his friend, and probably complains of it to a court of law. It is the same thing between brother and sister The secrets a woman talks about are of the kind that are unimportant and most agreeable to hear. But of serious secrets she is as reticent as the grave. This is our observation, and our opportunities for judging have not been small.

INCLINATION.—P... seem, people... are...

A Curious Document.

A Paris journalist passing his vacation at the Eaux d'Evians found in a lot of old papers which he purchased, the following document, on parchment, and bearing the date of 1702.

Jacques Tapour, a decorative painter, having been employed in 1702 to do some repairs in the Abbey Church, made a charge of 78 florins 10 sous, Brabandt, money. The abbot, thinking the demand too high, called for a detailed bill, which was furnished in these terms:

	f	s
1—Correcting and varnishing the Ten Commandments	0	13
2—Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting a new ribbon on his cap	4	17
3—Putting a new tail on Peter's cock and mending his comb	2	4
4—Nailing the good thief to the cross and putting on him a new finger	1	8
5—Refitting and gilding the Angel Gabriel's left wing	15	19
6—Washing the High Priest's maid-servant and putting rouge on her cheeks	6	13
7—Renewing the heavens, adding two stars, regilding the sun, and cleaning the moon	3	15
8—Trimming Herod's robes, putting him in two teeth, and adjusting his wig	3	6
9—Piercing Haman's leather breeches and putting two buttons on his waistcoat	2	0
10—Fitting Tobit junior with new Gaiters and straps to his knapsack for his journey with the Angel Gabriel	2	6
11—Cleaning out the ears of Balaam's ass, and shoeing the same	4	7
12—A pair of new ear rings for Sarah	3	3
13—Putting a stone in David's sling, enlarging Goliah's head and pushing back his legs	4	1
14—Several teeth for Samson's jaw-bone of an ass	1	5
15—Tarring Noah's Ark	1	0
16—Mending the prodical son's shirt, washing his pigs, and putting water in their troughs	3	40
17—Putting a handle on the widow's cruise	1	5

Prentice's Keen Wit.

George D. Prentice was a man of gay and lively wit, high spirit, tolerable education, and a great readiness with a pen. In a less provincial atmosphere he might have distinguished himself in literature. As it is, his book is made up of jokes, good, bad and indifferent—but all good enough to read as samples of what passed in their day for sharp wit. We will give a few of them:

About the only person that we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

Whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

The editor of the Ohio *Statesman* says, "More villiany's on foot." We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

A Newbern paper says that Mrs. Alice Day, of that city, was recently delivered of four sturdy boys. We know not what a day may bring forth.

"Can't we make your lover jealous, miss?

"Oh, yes, sir I think we can. If we put our heads together."

An author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably with a skeleton key.

Is it possible, miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?"

"Certainly—I don't know what my own name may be a year from now."

Our neighbor is still arguing against the credit system. Let him try to get credit anywhere to the amount of $1, and he will find that his arguments are considered perfectly conclusive.

An Old Story Made New.

The plea of Mr. Whittemore, urged so disastrously to his client by Gen. Butler, that the cadet money all went to the poor, has revived the story of the miller who sometimes had crazy fits, in which he always imagined himself to be the Lord judging the world.

On these occasions he would put on a paper crown, ascend a pile of meal bags with great dignity, and call his neighbors in succession. The same ones were always judged, and these were the millers in his vicinity.

The first summoned was Hans Schmidt.

"Hans Schmidt, stand opp!"

"Haus, vat ish peen your pishness in dat oder wourld?"

"I was a miller, O Lort."

"Vas you a joost man?"

"Vell, ven de water vas low and de pishness ish pat, O Lort, sometimes I takes a little extra doles."

"Vell, Hans, you shall go over mit de goats already yet."

And so in succession all were tried and immediately sentenced to go over to the goats.

Last of all the miller inevitably tried himself in the following style:

"Yacob, vat ish peen your peeshness in de other world?"

"I was a miller, O Lort."

"Vas you always a joost man, Yacob?"

"Vell, O Lort, yen de vater vas a leetle low, and pishness was pad, I sometimes dake a little extra doles; but, O Lort, I all de vile give dose extra doles to the poor."

After a long pause, "Vell, Jacob Miller, you can go ofer mit ter ... —but it was a *dam tight* ...

Electrotype.

This has taken a very important place among the useful arts, enabling manufacturers to produce cheaply a great many things which were otherwise expensive, and artists to do many things which were otherwise impossible. The process is not a difficult one to comprehend. A galvanic current has the property, under certain conditions, of decomposing many chemical compounds.—If the ends of the two wires connected with a battery be inserted in a vessel of water, and a current of sufficient power made to pass from one to the other through the water, the latter is decomposed into its elements, which are the gasses hydrogen and oxygen. One gas will rise in bubbles from one wire end, and the other from the other. These wire ends are called electrodes. Many other substances if dissolved in water, will decompose much more readily; as, for example, sulphate of coppor, commonly known as blue vitriol. This is a compound of sulphuric acid and copper, and it takes much less power to separate the two than to resolve water into its component parts. As the current passes through the solution of blue vitrol the sulphuric acid appears at one electrode and the pure coppor at the other. The sulphuric acid thus set free from its previous combination will at once attack its electrode, if it be of any metal for which it has affinity. As the wires are generally copper, it, of course, produces new blue vitrol at the expense of the electrode which is thus eaten away. Meanwhile the other electrode is receiving continual accession of copper which deposited upon it. If now there be attached to this wire a cast of any kind, which it is desired to reproduce in copper, the metal is deposited upon it as long as the galvanic current is flowing and doing its work. A perfect copy, taking every minutest hair line, is thus obtained in pure copper; and, if the surface of the cast or mould be properly protected, the copy may be readily removed after it is complete. The process might be continued until the deposit of copper should become indefinitely thick, but for economy in expense it is usually arrested when there is only a very thin layer, and into this a packing of soft metal is run, in order to give stiffness. By this simple means anything may be copied with absolute accuracy, whether it be a seal or medal, or an engraved plate, or a leaf, or even a photographic negative; the one condition being that the picture or device depend on an unevenness of surface. Engraved plates, especially those of the great masters, are very costly, and yet, after a certain number of proofs have been printed, they lose, by wearing, much of their delicacy in the finest lines and touches. The first thousand impressions are far more valuable than any taken subsequently. The difficulty is now obviated by electrotypy, as the original plate coming from the hand of the artist need never be put under the printing press, to lose its sharpness of outline. Copies can be taken indefinitely, and the originals of great works preserved for all time. So, also, by some newly-discovered device, a printed engraving, of which the plate is lost or ruined, may be used to reproduce a new plate as perfect as the original. Thus, we have the means of restoring the best productions of the most celebrated masters at a very small cost. A much more extensive application of this art is in the reproduction of printed matter in the permanent form of copper plates. Various metals may be deposited by the same method from suitable solutions—gold, silver, nickel, and platinum, as well as copper.—This gives ready means for covering or plating inferior metals with the noble metals, which may be done to any desired thickness, as in a multitude of articles for domestic use.

Electrotypy affords an excellent employment with instruction and the development of skill. They can easily learn how to do it, if they are blessed with any aptitude, and it may lead them to deeper studies in chemistry, greatly to their advantage, and to the exclusion of mischief making.—[*Mechanics' Magazine.*

How they Telegraph Chinese.

The managers of the China Submarine Telegraph Company have solved the somewhat difficult problem of how to transmit telegraphic messages in Chinese. At first the difficulty of telegraphing in a language which is destitute of an alphabet, and is made up of about fifty thousand distinct characters, appears almost insurmountable, but the obstacle has been overcome, and A-fat at Hong Kong encounters no more difficulty in communicating by telegraph with A-chum at Shanghai than does Brown and Jones under similar circumstances. The plan adopted is this: Some few thousand of the more common Chinese characters are cut on Wooden blocks after the manner of type, and on the reverse end of each is a number cut in the same way. Now A-fat having handed in his message written in Chinese, the native clerks selects in order the corresponding blocks from the case and prints off the numbers on their reverse. This he hands to his English colleague, who telegraphs the numbers to the destination desired. Here the reverse process is gone through, and the numbers, having been taken from the cases the characters are stamped on paper, and thus A-chum is put in possession of the cherished wishes of A-fat through the medium of his native language.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The phrase "the schoolmaster is abroad" is on the tongue of all, and yet how few know ought of its origin or appreciate its force. In a speech on the elevation of Wellington, a mere military chieftain, to the premiership, after the death of Canning, Lord Brougham said: "Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington may take the army, he may take the navy, he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times the country may have heard with dismay that "the soldier was abroad." It is not so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age.—There is another personage abroad—a person less imposing, in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—*Nethend's Teacher and Parent.*

☞ "THERE is no greater mistake," says an eminent divine, "than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No! it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the ... in its own way; but it is to ... and above it, and ...

How to Keep Well.

If you are a wee bit of a baby just beginning to toddle out of doors, tell your dear mamma not to stuff you with candy and rich food, but to let you have plain vegetable diet, with good sweet bread in sweet milk, with a bit of tenderloin steak once in a while, rare done. Tell her to let you go out in the yard, to play in the sun and dirt, or on the grass and in the shade, just as you please and don't let her send the nurse out to fret and bother you, and take away your liberties. Tell her that two year old babies ought to have a little liberty. Let father put up the bars and shut the gate, but ask him to pay the nurse to let you alone. When you have played long enough, and have got tired and cross, then take your cracker and go right up stairs to your crib, and sleep two or three hours. If they will let you do this, you will generally keep out of the sick room; and if you get in, it will be only for a little while. Tell your parents, that more babies are nursed and dosed to death than any but babies "knows of."

If you are a boy or girl, the best way to keep well is to do right, play a great deal—not in the house, but out of doors; study a little—not too much, but study very hard while you are at it; tell your father and mother that you don't want to wear clothes that are better than you are, which means that you want coats and dresses that are not too good to play in.

If you are a young gentleman or lady; and have a good, healthy body, and a fair amount of common sense, do not let your body suffer for want of good care, and do not abuse it by dress or excesses of any kind. Keep young. Never seek to be old. Age comes too soon. Be boys and girls in heart and honestly as long as you can; for the more years you can look back upon and say, "They belong to my youth," the happier will be your remembrance, and be sure that memories of the past enter largely into the pleasure of the present.

We will go no farther, for if those who have passed from sweet chubby childhood into bright, promising youth, and through maturity into middle life, have not yet learned to preserve their health, it is very likely they never will, but may be classed among multitudes, who like them, have neglected nature's simple teachings, violated her generous laws, and will spend the remainder of life in searching of some alleviator or restorer of lost health and happiness, seeking everywhere, and trying everything but simple obedience to her instructions.

The Prophet told the servant who came to know what his lord, the King, might do to be healed of his leprosy, to go wash seven times in a little stream not far away; and the servant angrily replied: Is thy servant, the King, a dog, that he should do this small thing. Have we not rivers better than Jordan? And the Prophet said: If I told thee to do some great thing, then would'st thou have obeyed. It is now as then; some great thing must be done when no great thing is needed. If we have no fatal disease by inheritance, we may generally have health by keeping a clear conscience owing no man anything, living simply, working hard, sleeping freely, eating plain food and enough of it, and if we do not find recreation enough in labor, take time for it outside of work; but take it somehow, and in good measure.

The Four-Footed Groom.

Dr. Smith was a physician practising in Dublin, and not choosing to take a groom with him when he went his daily rounds to visit his patients, trained a large Newfoundland dog, between which and his horse there was a great affection, to take charge of him as he went from house to house. He seldom mounted his horse when on his rounds, but just gave a hint to the dog what next patient he was going to, and the dog brought him up as punctually as a human being could have done. Besides this he used to take him to water, and having to leap a stream in so doing, the two generally performed it together like a perfect bit of music.

One day, however, by some mischance the poor fellow lost the reins as they were about to take the leap. This would have looked like a sad blunder, had not the good horse, as if wishful to save the credit of the dog, turned back, after going a few paces on the other side of the stream, to give him the opportunity of regaining the reins. Thus the two came back in regular order, and nobody would have been the wiser had not some one seen the occurrence.

GERMAN SHREWDNESS.—A correspondent of the London News was told by a German naval officer, with whom he was lunching in a Berlin restaurant not long ago, some unpalatable news. "Upon my word," remarked the Teuton, "I know the ships of your fleet better than your own young officers." After stating that every German ship was provided with accurate charts of the naval ports of the world, the officer remarked: "L'Orient is a very difficult port to make; I would not like to try that without a pilot. Plymouth! there is not a lieutenant in the German army who could not take a ship into Plymouth in the night time." The correspondent learned further, much to his astonishment, that "every ship in the German service, even the smallest gunboat, is provided with detailed drawings and sections of every foreign war ship. Its weak points are specifically stated, and details given as to the spots to be aimed at with most likelihood of disabling the machinery."

HOW TO CURE A HUSBAND.—A woman, whom her husband used frequently to beat, went to a cunning man to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint, and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a phial with a colored liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and, by her silence, escaped the usual chastisement. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man and anxiously begged to have another, possessed of the same virtue.—"Fool," said the man, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water.—When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life for it, he will not lay a finger on you."

☞ What kind of pens do you sell here master? asked a boy of a stationer. "We keep all kinds you young vagabond," was the rude re... "Oh, you do, do you?—... cents worth of pig

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