THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871. NO. 19.

MYERS BROTHERS,

DEALERS

IN

WALL PAPERS,

WINDOW

SHADES,

VENITIAN

BLINDS, &c.,

No. 39

NORTH GAY STREET,

Opp. Odd Fellows' Hall,

BALTIMORE.

Sept. 9, 1871—y

H.A. Gable, N. Runkle, G. Housel, H. Beard.

H. A. GABLE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES,

BLINDS,

STAIRS, STAIR RAILING, BALUSTERS AND POSTS,

Mouldings,

Rope Mouldings, Mantels, etc.

MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

LATHS,

SHINGLES,

AND

MARBLEIZED

SLATE MANTELS.

CORNER OF

Howard and Fayette Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 9, 1871—6m.

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 & BURGHNAL,

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.

Exposition

AT

T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

BAZIN'S AND BARNES' MAGNOLIA & FLORIDA WATER, the most agreeable and refreshing of all perfumes for use on the handkerchief, at the toilet, or in the bath. Jan. 7.

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	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05 P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12:20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" 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, BROOMS, &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 merchandise, 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.*

FIVE MINUTE'S WORK.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. PAGE.

"Here, Lizzie, I wish you would put a few stitches into my coat; it's getting so shabby."

"It's so, Frank: but I really think you had best take it to a tailor"

"Take it to a tailor! By George! but that's a huge idea. Why, there's not five minutes work to be done, and the tailor would charge a dollar.

"I suppose he would, but I don't see how I can do it to-day. Walter is very fretful, and you know he kept me awake nearly all night."

"Little imp! It does not seem to me there was ever so cross a young one. Always some excuse! Well you must mend my coat, anyhow."

"I will try and find time."

"Try! just let him squall! 'twill do him good—strengthen his lungs."

"Then, you know, it is ironing day."

"Well, how many more excuses? I'll put it on, rips and all, if you are going to make a fuss."

"Oh, no, Frank, I did not mean to make a fuss, but it's a long job, and one I am not used to; and with my dinner to get, and baby, and ironing, I do not see yet how I can get it done. But I'll do my best."

Such was the conversation that passed between a young husband and a wife of eighteen months standing.

Frank Burton was what the world calls a real driver. He made anything that went through his hands insure to his own benefit. Everybody liked him because he was so frank, and withal so honest and upright in all his dealings with his customers. He was well educated for a business man; lived in society; had made up his mind that he could support a wife, and, according to his reckoning, save something to boot. Yes to be sure he could. There were six dollars a week for board, one dollar a week for washing, and then quarters and dimes innumerable for taking his lady acquaintances to ride, to the theatre, to ice cream saloons, balls, operas, etc.

"By George!" he exclaimed, as he cast up his yearly account, "that's huge; enough to break a fellow; a thousand a year; it won't do; I'll marry and settle down.

So he applied to Lizzie Forsyth to be his wife; and he was soon in possession of her.

A snug house was rented, and the work of supporting a wife began in earnest.—The five rooms cost two hundred dollars a year, and were prettily furnished. Lizzie prefered to do all her own work. Sometimes by her needle she earned a dollar extra. Then, as it was a little lonesome for Frank, he brought home several clerks as day boarders, at four dollars a week.—Still, with all this, he would tell his acquaintances how much less it cost him to live now he supported a wife. He never seemed for a moment to realize that she it was who was saving all these expenses, that if he had not earned a dollar, her busy hands would have paid the rent and kept him from starving.

So the matter stood when he asked his wife to mend his coat. Lizzie drew a deep sigh after he was gone, and hurried her dishes away as fast as possible.

The coat was of broadcloth, and was his wedding garment; but it was well nigh wearing out, broken under the arms, the cord and lining in rags, the sleeve linings broken loose, buttons worn off; in fine there was nea. a day's work. She sat down to the coat with a hearty good will, determined to do her best. Her needle flew fast, but every moment it had to be laid down to see to dinner or to hush the baby. The hours wore away, and though all she did she possibly could, the job was still undone at sundown.

Walter cried incessantly. He looked pale and his eyes were dim. She then remembered Frank's words, "let him squall," and let him cry half an hour or more.—Oh, how it wearied her to hear darling cry for its mother. Tears swam in her eyes as she thought of her hard day's work and the want of appreciation of her labor. She knew she was making his old coat look almost as well as new. But he he would never think of the toil she had put upon it. "And what if he don't?" she mentally said said: "I shall in my own spirit know all I have done, and that is enough."

But Lizzie was strong hearted as well as loving and dutiful. So she shook off her discontent, and became as cheerful as possible. Then she worried through supper-getting, and with much managing had all things done by the time that Frank came with his companions.

"My coat done, Lizzie?"

"No, not quite."

"There's a woman for ye, boys.

One-half of them would let a husband go out at the elbows a week before they would turn aside from any of their own. All the ironing completed I'll be bound, Lizzie."

Lizzie was taking her biscuit out of the oven, and the young men did not see the deep flush of pain that flashed over her weary features.

"Will you bring in a pitcher of water?" she said pleasantly.

"There it is again; when I was a bach I had nothing to do but hand my coat to a tailor, pay him a dollar, and 'twas done in a jiffey, and not any grumbling. No water to fetch when a fellow's tired, either."

Lizzie was nervous, was tired with household work and care. She could not endure his badinage, although half playful. She hastily set them on the table, and saying simply "supper is ready," stepped in the bed-room and then burst into tears. Her tears did not flow long, though she was deeply and wrongfully hurt in her feelings. Her heart gained in its natural relief, and after pretending that she was getting Walter asleep (which she actually did) she bathed her eyes and came out, washed her dishes, and sat down again to the coat.

Frank sat watching her flying fingers for an hour or two, as he laughed and talked to his friend, thinking to himself that every turn would be the last. At nine o'clock she had set the last stitch.—The coat looked like a new one all around. As she finished, she looked up with still a shade of sadness upon her brow.

"There, Frank, I have mended your coat thoroughly. I guess it will last another year now."

"Quite a job, wasn't it? longer than I thought," said he, deprecatingly.

"How much clear cash have you made to-day, Frank?" asked Lizzie, in a very earnest tone.

"What do you want to know that for?" was his answer.

"For my own satisfaction; certainly I should feel an interest in all of your affairs."

"Well, I think the shop has cleared twenty dollars."

"How much do you count your own services worth?"

"Not less than five dollars a day."

"How many hours do labor?"

"Ten is the legal time now a days. I don't generally work that many. But what are all these questions for?"

"Because, Frank, we are husband and wife. We expect to live the rest of our lives together, and if there is harmony in our marriage relation, there must be justice and right. You may call me daily to appreciate anything you can do. You have earned five dollars to-day. Yet to sve you one dollar, I worked ten hours on your coat, and six on your breakfast, dinner and supper, and making your home pleasant and comfortable. To save you that dollar, I have had to hurry all day, to put all of my work out of my line, and to really neglect our darling boy, who should be our first care, and the last thing under any circumstances, to be set aside."

"I had not thought of that."

"I know you had not Frank, so I shall freely forgive you, but I must insist that hereafter I may be allowed to be my own judge of what work I had best do, and shall not expect to be threatened, nor hear myself accused of not being willing to do my duty."

Frank felt that force of her words, and sat silent."

"One thing more Frank, I want to say while I am about it, that I don't want to hear you talking about supporting your wife. I will not be supported while I am able to support myself. I find on looking over my books, that the profits of my labor amount to five dollars a week, and the board of yourself, myself and the baby beside. All this saving has gone into the capital to be invested, and to help you make your twenty dollars a day. Out of this comes the five dollars you call the worth of your day's work, while I must labor with weary limbs and aching head and eyes to save you one dollar, in mending an old coat, which when done, would not sell for the amount of your ten hours work."

"You are making out a very strong case against me, Lizzie."

"No, Frank not a case against you; I could not do that; but I am stating facts. One thing more. I have been at work three hours since supper, and you have been entirely idle, not even rocking the cradle, which I have been obliged to do not less than half a dozen times."

"Lizzie, don't say another word, and I'll never do so again," said Frank springing from his chair to jog the cradle where the boy was nestling. "You shall never mend another coat."

"Yes but I will," answered Lizzie, only don't tell me ten hours work can be done in five minutes, nor ask me to let the baby squall again."

She lifted Walter from the cradle.—They stooped to kiss his fair rosy cheek, but made a mistake and kissed each other, while Frank whispered:

"God bless you Lizzie, I never thought of all this before. I won't do it again."

Six years have passed by, and Frank has kept his word.

Anecdote of Rufus Choate.

Rufus Choate and Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, often indulged in wordy combats, and wit was generally freely expended by both sides. Choate was once arguing a cause before the Chief Justice, (who was one of the homliest men ever elevated to the bench,) and, to express his reverence for the conceded ability of the judge, said, in yielding to an adverse decision:

"In coming into the presence of your honor, I experience the same feelings the Hindoo does when he bows before his idol. I know that you are ugly, but I feel that your are great!"

Choate had command of language and his brain teamed with wealth of diction, truly marvelous. When Judge Shaw first heard that there was a fresh edition of Worcester's dictionary out, containing 2,500 new words, he exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, don't let Choate get hold of it."

Choate, in an important assault and battery case at sea, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper-ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour that Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony, Dick said that the night was as "dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him:

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! a moon—"

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then, how do you know there was a moon?"

"The Nautical Almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in this world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge.

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this last hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in?"

"Sho'—you're joking."

"No, sir, I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't"

"Ah, you refuse, do you?"

"Yes—I can't."

"Indeed! you are chief mate of a clipper-ship, and are unable to answer so simple a question"

"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude at the equator."

That shot floored Rufus.

"An Editor in Heaven."

Apropos to an article going the rounds under the above heading, an exchange presents the following legend:

Once upon a time after the demise of one of the corps editorial, he presented himself at the gate of the Golden city, and requested admission. The door-keeper asked him what had been his occupation while on *terra firma?* He replied he had been an editor.

"Well" said the watchman, "we have a crowd of your kind here now, and they all came in as 'dead heads.' If you pay your passage you can come in; if not, you must place yourself under the control of a personage you ruled tyranically down below"—meaning the devil.

Not having the wherewith to go in, our brother of the quill and scissors posted off, and presented himself at the entrance of Clootie's dark domains. A very dark-complexioned gentleman stood sentry, and asked in a gruff voice, 'Who comes there?'

'A humble disciple of Faust,' was the calm reply.

'Then hold on, you can't be admitted,' exclaimed the gentleman in black, evincing considerable agitation, and fiercely scowling upon him.

'Why not?' demanded the typo, who began to get some huffish, and looked around for a 'sheep's foot' with which to force an entrance.

'Well, sir,' replied his sable majesty, 'we let one of your profession in here many years ago, and he kept up a continual row with his former delinquent subscribers, and as we have more of that class of persons here than any other, we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of any editors, only those who have advanced our interest in their papers on earth, and even those we keep in a separate room by themselves. You have published many things operating against us, and always blamed the devil with everything that went wrong, so you can't come in We enforce this rule without respect to persons, for our own peace and safety. Now travel.'

Casting a droll lear on the outside sentinel, our typographical friend started on again, determined to get above. This time he took with him an old file of his paper, and presenting it to the guardian of the celestial city, requested that it might be carefully examined, and they could see whether he was entitled to a free ticket. In due course of time the conductor came along and took him in, telling him that he had been a martyr to the cause of human improvement, and that resolutions had been passed to admit all members of the art preservative who had abused the devil while below. He added that as they were punished enough by being with the 'devil,' all their future punishment is commuted. He further stated that not one delinquent newspaper subscriber could be found in Heaven.

[From the Duluth Weekly Democrat.]

A Tribute to Maryland.

The telegraph, a day or two since, apprised us that the venerable Mrs. Chase Barney was struck with paralysis in her right side. Mrs. B. resided in Washington. She had been confined to her bed for the past eighteen months from the effects of a paralytic stroke. This venerable lady, now in her eighty-eighth year, is a daughter of Samuel Chase, of Maryland, a Judge of the Supreme Court, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the last surviving child of any of the signers of that instrument. It is a strange coincidence that the last surviving signer, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, should have been of Maryland, and now the last surviving child of and signer is of Maryland; and it is also a fact that the last surviving widow of any signer was of Maryland, who was Mrs. Hannah K. Chase, widow of Samuel Chase She died in 1848.

This information brings our dear old State very forcibly to mind, and what a queer old history she has. Some of the greatest and noblest men who have ever been born were her children. It is Maryland who can claim such men as Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Roger B. Taney, Luther Martin, John Howard Paine, (the author of "Home! Sweet Home!") Francis S. Key, (who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner"), Henry Winter Davis (the orator), and a host of others of equal celebrity. During the revolution all the principal cities of the country were captured but the metropolis of Maryland—Baltimore. During the war of 1812 "history repeated itself" and Wells and McComas, the apprentice boys, shot General Ross and saved the city. It was in Baltimore that the first telegraphic despatch was received. That city, too, is the only one which has ever raised a monument to Washington.—The brave Major Ringgold and Col. Watson, who were of the first killed in the Mexican war, were Marylanders. It was Maryland that built the first of the long railroads uniting the Atlantic ocean with the Ohio river, and she also built the first of the long canals. It was in Maryland, many long years ago, where freedom of conscience and the right to worship God according to one's own fashion was first decreed, and it was she also who produced those charitable men, Howard and McDonough. And, by the way, Maryland is the land of good living. All the luxuries of life are there, and cheap. Flowers bloom there with more richness than anywhere else we have ever been, and their scent is sweeter than words can tell. The delicious peach comes to perfection there, as well as all other fruits. As for the fish, oysters, crabs, terrapins, wild fowl and game, which abound in that section, it makes our mouth water to think of them. There are other things, not so creditable, however to Maryland; and amongst these is that her chief city has witnessed some dreadful riots—the 19th of April, 1861, for instance. The first blood of the rebellion was shed there. We should be more proud of Maryland than we are had these latter things never taken place within her borders, but "there are no roses without thorns," no shield so bright that a speck cannot be discovered. "With all her faults we love her still.

P. S.—Maryland has the prettiest girls in the Union, and *Harper's Monthly*, (very good authority in such matters,) says that the English language is spoken there with more purity than any other State in the country. We mention this latter fact because there are people hereabouts who aver that all Marylanders say "down dar."

The Place of Surrender.

It is popularly reported that the first interview between the two commanders took place under an apple tree, which has consequently been crowned with historic associations. This is false. The fact is that on the morning of the 9th of April, General Lee, with a single member of his staff, was resting under an apple tree, when Colonel Babcock of General Grant's staff, rode up under a flag of truce, saying that if General Lee remained where he was, General Grant would come to him by the road the latter was then pursuing. This was the only interview under or near the apple tree; and it may be mentioned here that the following day Colonel Marshall, who attended General Lee on the occasion, was surprised to find federal soldiers hacking at the tree, and was amused at their idea of obtaining from it mementos of the surrender. Obtaining news of Grant's approach, General Lee at once ordered Colonel Marshall to find a fit and convenient house for the interview. Colonel Marshall applied to the first citizen he met, Mr. Wm. M'Lean' and was directed to a house vacant and dismantled. He refused to use it, and Mr. M'Lean then offered to conduct him and the general to his own residence, a comfortable frame house, with a long portico and convenient "sitting-room," furnished after the bare style of the times.

The house was about a half a mile distant from General Lee's camp. The confederate commander was attended only by one of his aids, Colonel Marshall, a youthful, boyish-looking scion of the old and illustrious Marshall family of Virginia, who had been the constant companion of General Lee in all his compaigns, and as his private secretary, had done good literary service in the preparation of reports of battles, etc., which are now historical. With Grant there were several of his staff officers, and a number of federal generals including Ord and Sheridan, entered the room, and joined in the slight general conversation that took place there.

The interview opened without the least ceremony. The story has been frequently repeated, that General Lee tendered his sword, and General Grant returned it with a complimentary remark. There was no such absurdity. General Lee wore his sword (which was not his usual habit;) and on the exchange of salutations. General Grant remarked, "I must apologize, General, for not wearing my sword, it had gone off in my baggage when I received your note." General Lee bowed, and at once, without further conversation, asked that General Grant would state, in writing, if he preferred it, the terms on which he would receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.—General Grant complied by sitting at a table in the room, and writing with a common lead pencil the note so well remembered.—*Old and New.*

THAT WOMAN JURY—*An Injured Husband's Protest.*—An outraged husband at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, where female suffrage and the political and social appurtenances there to appertaining are recognized, denounces the female jury business through the Cheyenne Leader, and in justification offers a pertinent scrap from his domestic history. His wife was summoned and impanneled as a juror in an important case. When night came, the case not being concluded, the husband applied to the court to have his wife sent home, as there were several small children there requiring her attention—the smallest, in fact, being in a starving condition, owing to the fact that it had not been habituated to the use of the bottle. But the husband's request was denied. The Judge said the jury could not be separated. The husband then requested permission to send the infant to the mother. This was also refused, on the ground that the law does not permit the thirteenth person in a jury room, and there is no statute to show that an infant in arms is not a "person" within the intent and meaning of the law. The desperate husband then attempted to induce the court to send all the jurors to his house for the night; but the effort was a failure, and the husband was informed that quarters had been provided his wife at a hotel, and that if he wished to speak to her for a moment he would have to take the place of the cook. The husband went home. How he got through the night is not told; but when he learned the next day that the trial was likely to last a week, he straightway proceded to employ the best looking housekeeper and cook in the country. At last accounts his wife was still on the jury.

☞ When sound is interrupted by obstacles of sufficient extent and regularity it is reflected and produces the phenomenon called an Echo. A wall, the side of a house, the ceiling, floor and wall of an apartment, and an arched roof, give rise to echoes more or less audible. If the reflected sound meet with a second obstacle, it will be again reflected; and thus the echo may be repeated many times in succession, becoming fainter at each repetition, till it dies away altogether.

Last year Pennsylvania farmers raised 68,000,000 bushels of oats, the largest quantity of any State in the Union.

☞ It is said that an ancient law-giver once put a stop to a suicidal mania among the young women of his country by ordering the bodies of all who took their own lives to be exposed naked to the public view. The dread of that which was to come after death, the ignominy of exposure and the insults of the rabble, was relied upon to stay the fatal hand, and is recorded to have justified the faith reposed in it. To mark its reprehension of suicides the Athenian law cut off the hand which dealt the blow; and for centuries the old common law of England ordained the burial of the self-murderer in the highway with a stake through the body. As public opinion would not tolerate any of these usages now, unless, perhaps, the exposure half-naked at the Morgue of the men and women who drown themselves be an exception, and these usages are pretty much all that the wit of mankind has devised to deter from suicide, it becomes a question whether some ignominious punishment might not be awarded such wretches as are arrested in the act of suicide before their purpose can be carried into execution. In England if such person is found under the influence of liquor he is put away in jail for a month or so to get sober; if lunatic he sent to the asylum; and in case he is sober and well-to-do a heavy fine is added to the imprisonment. It would be well if this were the course of law in the United States. Every now and then we read of some would-be-suicide pulled out of the water, or cut down from a tree limb or rafter, or otherwise prevented from self-murder, and yet no pain or penalty is inflicted. But a few days since a man was over-powered by the police just as he was about to blow his brains out, and that was the end of it, instead of some ignominious punishment having been awarded.

WHERE AND HOW BANK NOTE PAPER IS MADE.—A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, who has visited the factory, near Philadelphia, in which the government bank note paper is made, describes the process as follows: "My first visit was to the boiler room, where, in a large rotary boiler, the stock of which the paper is made (new linen) is boiled for hours with lime to extract the color gluten. From the boiler room we proceeded to the engine room. Here the stock, after it has been sufficiently boiled under a steam pressure of sixty pounds, goes into the washing engine. At first water is let in at the bottom of the engine, and is taken out at the top, by a revolving cylinder covered with wire cloth, which process goes on till the dirt and color as far as it can be done by lime and water, is removed. Other chemicals are then added, and the "half stuffed," as the substance is then called, is thrown into vats, where it is allowed to drain and bleach. From these vats it goes into the beating engine, where, by a long process of grinding or beating, it is reduced to a fine pulp or "stuff," as it is technically termed. Great care is taken, I am informed, that the fibre of the linen is not cut short during the process of grinding, the object being to beat it into its finest parts rather than to cut it short, as is done with book and writing papers. It is that which gives to bank note paper its peculiar strength and bladdery appearance. At this stage of the process the "distribution fibre" is introduced Through the whole body of the paper a long and comparrtively coarse red fibre may be discovered. It is a substance usually supposed to be silk—it is not silk—what it is, I was not informed It is cut into lengths of about an inch, and weighed into the beating engines, a short time before the beating is completed. When the stuff is fine enough, it is let down by a valve at the bottom of the engine, to the stuff chest in the machine room. The "localized fibre" is prepared in essentially the same way, and is usually of blue color—that is let down to a separate chest, on the machine. The stuff, or pulp, containing the distribution fibre, passes on to the machine in the usual way, while that containing the localized fibre, by an ingenious contrivance is made to flow in continuous parallel lines, thro' the whole length of the continuous sheet. These lines are so contrived as to bring the localized fibre into a particular part of the bond or note, and the presence of this fibre in the bond or note is evidence of its genuineness. The paper, while on the machine, passes under calendar rolls, and over steam rolls, till it is dry. It is then slit up lengthwise, and passed through an animal size—after that it is cut up by machinery into sheets, and goes into the "lay boy." After the paper has been seized it will not do to try it by steam cylinders; therefore goes to the drying loft, where it is hung on poles to dry. From the drying loft the paper goes to the finishing room where it is calendered and counted by the manufacturers, and thence it passes to the upper loft of the mill, which is really a branch of the Treasury Department. Then the paper is trimmed, examined, counted, cased and sealed. Some 20 or more women are here employed in examining and counting; each package, containing one thousand sheets, is first examined, and all imperfect sheets, are rejected; they are then counted by one lady twice, and her count is verified by another."

A country paper says that during a rural trial in court, a young lad, who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he should go where all the lawyers went to.

Teacher, endeavoring to instill some idea of the importance of celebrating Washington's birthday into her pupils' minds, says: 'Now, children, why should Washington's birthday be kept any more than mine?' Eager pupil; "Because he never told a lie.'

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

"Gently the *dews* are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five due bills presented to him at one time.

A California editor has bought a mule, and a brother editor chronicles it as a remarkable instance of self-possession.

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