THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1871. NO. 21.



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.train
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05P.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, Superintendent.

April 30, 1871.

CHEAP STOVE HOUSE.

Wm. Gluck,

Cor. Gay and Harrison Sts., Baltimore.

COOKING AND HEATING STOVES.

The best Cooking Stoves are the NIAGARA, BARLEY SHEAF & QUAKER CITY.

The best Fireplace Heater is

THE SUNNYSIDE!

The best and cheapest of all kinds of Air Tight and Wood Stoves. Also, a very large assortment of plain and Japanned

TIN WARE And Housekeeping Articles,

All for sale at the very lowest City Prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EVERY STOVE GUARANTEED.

Baltimore, Sept. 23, 1871—6m.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.

VANILLA, LEMON, ALMOND, AND OTHER EXTRACTS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration on the estate of

JOSHUA CLARK,

late of Kent County, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of May, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 19th day of September, 1871.

RACHEL M. CLARK,

Sept. 23, 1871—4t. Administratrix.

NOTICE.—I have given C. H. Baker, Esq., a power of Attorney to transact all business connected with the settlement of the above estate as fully as I could do myself.

RACHEL M. CLARK,

Sept. 30, 1871. Admr'x.

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. Bear

H. A. GABLE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS,

STAIRS, STAIR RAILING, BALUSTERS AND POSTS,

Mouldings,

The Greest Invention OF THE 19th CENTURY!

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention 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 being satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and 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.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS

Of the 4th Election District.

MY Books for 1871 are now ready, and prompt payment is earnestly requested, To delinquents for 1870 I must urge an immediate settlement. Those not settled by October 1st, I shall collect according to law.

☞ I will be in Chestertown Tuesdays and Saturdays. WM. A. THOMAS,

August 12, 1871—2m. Collector.

Selected Poetry.

March of the Deathless Dead.

[illegible] ther them one and all!
From the Private to the Chief,
[illegible]ne they from hovel or princely hall,
[illegible]ey fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

[illegible]her the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
[illegible] many a grave that lies so lone,
[illegible]out name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

[illegible]re not whence they came,
[illegible]gar is their lifeless clay!
[illegible]r unknown, or known to fame,
[illegible]ause and country still the same—
[illegible]y died—and wore the *Gray*.

[illegible]the brave have died,
[illegible] should not rest apart;
[illegible]y struggled side by side—
[illegible]d the hand of death divide
[illegible]le heart from heart?

[illegible]C scattered clay,
[illegible]erever it may rest;
[illegible] marched to the bloody fray;
[illegible] fell on the battle day;
[illegible]m breast to breast.

[illegible]e foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
[illegible]without sword or flag, and with soundless tread
[illegible]e muster once more our deathless dead—
Out of each lonely grave.

[illegible]e foeman need not frown,
They are powerless now—
[illegible]gather them here, and we lay them down,
[illegible]l tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring wreathe each brow.

[illegible] the dews meet the dead;
[illegible]While living o'er them weep;
[illegible] the name Lee and Stonewall led;
[illegible]he that once together bled;
[illegible]Forget till shall sleep.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

"Oh, Lesly, I am so glad! Oh[illegible], here is a letter from Helen a[illegible]ays she is coming to stay a month wi[illegible]

[illegible]d the bight little figure of Annie [illegible]ay fluttered out upon the piazza, and [illegible]mp, small hand fell confidingly up[illegible] the shoulder of Lesley Grey, her affianced, as seated in a camp chair, he leisurely smoked a segar, looking off in the distance with a sort of vague idea that he was the most comfortably happy man in existence, and that he *deserved* to be.—But the joyous tones awakened him from his semi-trance, and reaching up for the letter, with an effort at curiosity, he inquired:

"Who is Helen, Annie?"

"Helen? Oh! I forgot that you had not the honor of an acquaintance. She is a kind of a cousin, or we claim her as such. And so sweet! You wouldn't believe it. Come right down to facts, and I don't suppose she is any relation at all; her cousin married my great-aunt, her grandfather's cat ran across my grandfather's peach orchard, or something of that kind; but we all love her so much, we will *cousin* her. She was a beautiful girl, and two years ago she married an old fellow by the name of Montfort, who had the good sense to die about six months afterward, and our Helen is now an interesting young widow. Say, Leslie, are you not glad she is coming?"

"No."

"You are not? Well, now, that is very cool."

"Can't help it. I'm not glad; I'm sorry."

"Why sorry?"

"Because your time will be wholly occupied with her, and I wanted you all to myself."

"You are a selfish dog, Lesley. You used to take pleasure in anything that gratified me. Don't you think you will live through the visit?"

"I am almost afraid not."

"The infliction will be severe."

"Terribly so."

Each was jesting, yet something jarred. Man like, he was really annoyed at the coming of Mrs. Montfort, and, girl like, Annie took a malicious pleasure in heightening his vexation. She paraed her delight and her preparations for Helen continually before his eyes, and met her on her arrival with an exaggerated cordiality, and an affection of being utterly engrossed and forgetful of Lesley, that irritated that young gentleman as much as she could possibly have desired.

He submitted to an introduction because he had to, but from that moment he treated the young lady with the most marked indifference, even rudeness, and she, Mrs. Montfort, who otherwise might never have given him a thought, began to open her eyes very wide, and very beautiful eyes they were! Mrs. Montford was, too, a very beautiful woman! Hers was not a beauty which consists in perfectness of feature, but that attractive, dangerous, ever shifting beauty of expression which keeps one constantly watching and tracing it. She was also a lady used to admiration, and when she found herself slighted in that bearish manner by a handsome young man, she was seized with a very Alexander-like determination to discover and overcome his prejudices, whatever the[illegible].

Grey, in spite of the annoyance [illegible]y Annie's seeming indifference to [illegible]his not blind, and almost as soon as [illegible]he discovered Mrs. Montfort's res[illegible] and secretly vowed to defeat it; [illegible]resolve and his desire that it should be carried out successfully, kept him constantly thinking of her; so the result was that when together, the thoughts of each were occupied with the other, and there was waging constantly, but secretly, a terrible battle of wills—and as one would naturally suppose where a very handsome man and woman, mutually attractive, are forced against their wishes to think continually of each other, they, very much to their own dismay, fell desperately in love!

And a very uncomfortable position to be placed in it was, too, especially for Lesley, who was now forced to assume an incivility he was very far from feeling.—While Annie, seeing his coldness and indifference to her friend, was entirely deceived; and, thinking to punish him for his rudeness, lost no opportunity of bringing him into the presence of Helen, and, then, in her roguish capriciousness, scampering off, leaving them alone for hours.

It was a dangerous game—what wonder that Annie lost; or that Lesley, annoyed at first, should by degrees cast her from his thoughts, and abandon himself to fate, quieting his conscience with the belief that he had been faithful until Annie's inexcusable conduct and driven him away from her.

It would seem that everything is predestined—that the hand of fate is discoverable in all the events of human life—else why such unlooked for denouements?

There had been planned an excursion on the lake, and every one had looked forward to it with eager expectation as a day of happiness and joyous recreation. Many a bright eye had watched the going down of the sun upon the eve preceding, fearing lest the elements might prove adverse.

In spite of fears and anxiety, however, the morning dawned clear and beautiful, but Annie, almost for the first time in her life, was confined to her bed with a terrible nervous headache; and despite the suffering of the little idol he had once worshipped, Lesley Grey experienced a sudden joyous flutter of the heart when he became aware that Mrs. Montfort alone was to accompany him.

As in all excursions, whether one will or no, an adventure is almost sure to [illegible]

[illegible] the small hands, and imprinting kisses upon cheek, brow and lip, earnestly entreated that she would live for him, while the deep flush that overspread the beautiful face would seem to argue that the object of solicitude was not quite so unconscious as appearances had indicated. In that moment they understood one another—each knew and read aright the feeling that had been awakened. And, what wonder, as days followed, that Mrs. Monfort, looking into the happy face of Annie, who, as yet, in her innocence, suspected nothing, felt the pangs of an accusing conscience.

Often in the ensuing fortnight did she resolve to go away and never see again the man she had so lately learned to love, and as often was the resolution broken.—A spell was upon her—a power from which she could not escape held her in its vice-like grasp, and she was forced to submit.

It was evening, and Helen Montfort, alone in the parlor, watched through the open window the bright stars as they came out, sparkling and beautiful, in the azure vault of heaven. A step approached her. It was Lesley Grey. He knelt beside her, his brain burning, his heart throbbing. His hair brushed her cheek, and, by an unconscious movement, her hand touched his. He seized it, and pressed it wildly to his lips, while she drew back, pale and frightened, and would have left him, but he held her fast.

"Stop one moment; hear me," he said. "Helen, I love you, and I believe the feeling reciprocal."

She drew back, as though the words pained.

"Do not say that," she murmured.

"Is it not so?"

"You are betrothed to Annie."

Choosing Husbands.

"When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety nine cases out of a hundred, has she any choice? Does not the man (probably the last she would have chosen) select her?"

A very clever correspondent has sent us a letter containing this query; and she makes out her case ably. She says: "I have been married many years; the match was considered a very good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. Why, my dear Mr. Editor, I loved my husband when I married him because he had by unwearied assiduity succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy chair, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of one of the many pockets of his shooting-coat, I can but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a fashionable clergyman, a perfect Adonnis; he was a flatterer, and he cared but little for me, though I have not yet forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a barrister; a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after talking, walking, dancing and flirting, left me in the lurch. Either of those would have been my 'choice,' had I so chosen; but my present husband chose me, and there ore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

There is both sound sense and truth in this; but is it not better that men should choose than that they should be chosen? And is not our correspondent probably much happier with her present husband, shooting-jacket, pipe and dog inclusive, than she would have been with either the fashionable clergyman or the clever barrister? Men are proverbially inconstant, and after marriage, when the trouble and inconvenience of children are beginning to be felt, and when (the most trying time of all) the wife begins to neglect her husband for her children, unless there was originally a very strong attachment on the husband's side, there is little chance of happiness. A wife's affection, on the contrary, always increases after marriage; and even if she were indifferent before, no well-disposed woman can help loving the father of her children. Children, on her side, are a bond of union, and though she may appear, for them, to neglect some of the little attentions which men naturally to expect, it is only because the child more helpless being of the two, and the woman always takes the side of who are most feeble.

s a strange but melancholy fact that young girls fancy themselves in love, re seldom if ever happy if they the object of their choice. The fact is, in most cases, they find the husband they have chosen quite a different person as an individual from the imaginary object he had appeared as a lover. The imagination in most girls is stronger than the judgment; and as soon as the first idea of love is awakened in a female heart, the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible and impossible perfections are assembled together in the young girl's mind to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society is generally invested by her with the hals of these secret thoughts, and she fancies herself violently in love without the least real knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. No wonder, then, that if she marries she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished, never to return; and she finds herself chained for life to a man she detests, because she fancies she has been deceived in him.

On the other hand the man who, with very pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret delusions of the girl, becomes, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends and relations on both sides share in the same feelings—"what would she have?" they cry—"she married for love, and see the consequence."

The consequences are, indeed, in such cases, generally sad enough. When the first delusion is dissipated, and the truth in all its hard and stern reality comes forth from the veil that has been thrown around it, both parties feel indignant at the false position in which they find themselves. Mutual recriminations take place, each accusing the other of deceit and ingratitude; while the apparent injustice of these accusations, which is felt by each party alternately, first wounds the feelings, and then, if repeated, rankles in the wound till it becomes incurable.

☞ The Mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., gave permission to a citizen to kill two dogs which annoyed him, and the next morning the Mayor found two of his own dogs dead, with his own warrant of permission for their killing pinned on their bodies. Though he hasn't exactly got the hydrophobia, that Mayor is mad.

☞ A merry, light-hearted damsel rushed into a colored citizen's arms at Savannah, exclaiming, "Oh! you are my long-lost brother." She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long-lost brother's pocket-book.

THE Lexington (Kentucky) *Observer* corrects a "slight error." It says it intended to announce, in speaking of a recent marriage, that the bride's dress cost $7,000, and that her bridal presents amounted to $200,000. The types made out, however, that the dress cost $7, and the presents $200.

Car Courtesies.

The celebrated William Wirt, one of the most courteous gentlemen of his day, told his daughter that: "the way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you give them the cause. Let every one see that you do care for them, by showing those small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by giving others the preference, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

This was good advice; and we suppose there have been Arcadian days in the vanished past, when it was practicable to follow it. But it would be difficult now, with any hope of reciprocal benefit. The miller of Mansfield would find, in these pushing and jostling days, that nobody will care for him even if he should care for everybody in display of courtesy and politeness.

Try Mr. Wirt's rule in any of our thoroughfares, and if you are in a hurry your patience will be sadly tried. No one yields an inch of the side-walk. Young ladies and young gentlemen (?) will walk three or four abreast, and will inanely giggle at your frantic efforts to pass them without patronizing the odorous gutter. The street corners are blockaded by genteel loafers; and at the crossings your chances are five to one that you will get at least one foot in the adjacent mud, because the blackguard who meets you will not turn a little to the right.

But these annoyances are more patent and more unendurable by travelers by rail than under any other circumstances.—The question of getting a seat in a car is in a very uncivilized and dreadfully uncertain condition. In the horse cars each lady requires the space of two seats, and the manner in which they exhibit that requirement, and in which they hold that space against all comers, shows a talent for strategy of the very highest order.—Exercised by the leader of an army he would never be forced to retreat. Seats for twelve persons are so miraculously abbreviated by the fair sex as to seem crowded when occupied by five of them. No signs of weariness, no gray hairs, no decrepitude, will induce the gentle and compassionate creatures to make room for a fellow passenger. And if an elderly gentleman courteously vacates his seat for a fair butterfly of seventeen, she would feel shockingly demoralized did she say "thank you." The men, too, are frequently quite as ill bred when they take up more room than they are entitled to, by sitting sidewise; and when, with crossed legs, they thrust their soiled boots across the car, to the great detriment of the clean clothes of all who may have to pass in or out.

On the steam railways, the violations of courtesy and common decency are not only quite as marked, but are more provoking because they carry with them a more lengthened discomfort. We have all had the misfortune to enter a car where the only unoccupied seat was filled by usurpers in the shape of carefully arranged shawls and satchels belonging to the lady in the adjoining seat. Ask "is the seat engaged," and the fair one, with a smile that is false and by no means bland, will assure you that it is. Forgetful of the fate of Sapphira, they look upon these genteel lies as eminently as proper, because conducive to their comfort. A strict moralist might say that many of our frightful railroad accidents are judgments for this prevalent and fashionable mendacity.

After all, however, these things are but out-croppings of that selfishness that seems to be a large part of the make up of our race in these degenerate days. We are all like the miller of Mansfield—and will continue to resemble that churlish and rude fellow, until the art of being gentlemen and ladies becomes better known and more generally practised.—*Baltimore Saturday Night.*

A FISH MYSTERY.—A fish mystery is troubling Council Bluffs. Spoon Lake, a placid sheet of water near that city, has never been known to cont in fish "to any extent" until recently, when its waters not only swarmed with myriads of finny monsters, but the surrounding shores are alive with fish. They have come in such enormous numbers that the waves wash them high and dry on the shore, where they lie knee-deep, dead and putrefying. The fish trade in Omaha and Council Bluffs has become prodigious. The fish seem to be greatly astonished at their new surroundings, and stick their heads from the water and open their mouths as if they wanted air. A little boy takes a flat board and wades into the water and in ten minutes throws out as many fish as a wagon can carry, varying in weight from two to five pounds. People who have lived in the neighborhood for years declare the phenomenon unprecedented, and various wild theories are put forth in explanation. The prevalent belief is that the swarm came into the lake by a subterranean passage, during a late storm, while a few venerable observers contend that the Missouri overflowed its banks and flooded the lake with catfish and perch.

A Highwayman in the Western wilds asked his victim whether he would prefer to give up his money or life. The reply being that neither was preferred, the gentlemanly but abrupt robber said, "But, my dear sir, you are wandering from the subject," and took both.

Louis XIII., speaking to Bassompierre, his Ambassador to the Court of Spain, remarked: "You can not imagine how I laughed when I heard you entered Madrid on a mule—just to think—a jackass on a donkey!" "Very true, sir, but you must remember I represented *you* at that time!"

The Flying Trapeze in the Air.

The correspondence of the New York *World*, dated Reading, Berks county, Pa., Sept. 7, says:

One of the most extraordinary and almost incredible exhibitions of human intrepidity and daring was last Monday, the 4th instant, witnessed by the citizens of this place. It seemed to me to equal if not surpass in thrilling and painful interest anything ever attempted by Sam Patch or Blondin in their wildest efforts. An individual named Donaldson—a tight rope walker and "magician," as he styles himself—who had on the previous Wednesday made a balloon ascension in the ordinary way (the first balloon ascent of any kind he had ever made in his life), repeated his performance on Monday last, but this time with no basket attached to his balloon—nothing whatever, in fact, but a common trapeze. Upon this he seated himself with the greatest coolness and composure, and went floating away into space, to the astonishment of the large crowd which had gathered to see him, but few cheers greeted him, as the spectators seemed spell bound with fear and apprehension. After ascending to a considerable distance he commenced throwing out a number of circulars which he had attached to a little hoop below the balloon, and which in the clear atmosphere appeared like twinkling stars surrounding the balloon producing a most novel and pleasing effect. But this was nothing to what followed. At the height of some three hundred feet he commenced balancing himself on his back on the bar of the trapeze, and going through other fearful evolutions. He then deliberately slid from the bar head downward, and, catching himself by the feet, remained suspended for several seconds in that awful position! The appalling sight was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A thrill and a low murmur of horror passed through the immense multitude, who were looking on with most intense interest, and many hurried away from the sight giddy and faint. The daring aeronaut, however, went through with his evolutions successfully, and, regaining his seat, went soaring rapidly and steadily upwards. When at the height of three quarters of a mile he had the astounding nerve to repeat his performance, which, at so great a distance, could only be clearly visible by the aid of glasses. What made this ascent all the more hazardous is that the balloon is a very small one, carrying but little ballast, and with nothing but a light anchor attached to the hoop.

I am glad to say that the aeronaut completed his voyage safely, although he once or twice seemed to be in considerable danger. The trapeze struck the roof of Henry Conrad's residence, on fifth street, when Mr. Donaldson made a skilful leap from the trapeze, and prevented a collision.—The balloon ascended and came down again on the other side of the road in a field, and was about striking the top of a tree when Mr. Donaldson turned a somersault on the trapeze rope and prevented the bar from catching in a tree. There is some talk of our having a repetition of this painful exhibition during our fair next week if the authorities do not interfere to prevent it. It really seems to me that they should, and that it is also the duty of the leading press of the country to denounce such unnecessary risk of human life for the mere gratification of morbid excitement.

AGE AND WEALTH.—Says the *Golden Age*: It is remarkable that the wealthiest citizens of New York are all at an age when most men are too infirm for business affairs, yet they are not only hale and vigorous, but actively engaged in conducting their immense business. William B. Astor is nearly 78; Alexander T. Stewart, 70; Cornelius Vanderbilt, 78; Daniel Drew, 71; Peter Cooper, 79; Geo. Law, 73. Most of our millionaries are 60.—The truth is, in order to acquire great wealth or to keep it in these days, men must be temperate, industrious and regular in habits; and these are life-preservers. A cool head, a firm will, and vigorous and tenacious grip upon affairs, without which business becomes gambling, can not co-exist with the vices that prey on health and shorten the days. So that really men are seldom so well employed as when making money in the legitimate way.

ACCORDING to the country newspapers, Miss Kellogg has bought about fort[illegible] country residences this season; and [illegible] Nilsson has invested in one hundr[illegible] five lots of ground, costing, in [illegible] gate, $17,435,000, exclusi[illegible] dozen lots, the cost of whic[illegible] mentioned.

A young man in Osk[illegible] a maiden the other day [illegible] keep her agreement to t[illegible] fore the case was called [illegible] of the maiden offered th[illegible] five dollars to settle m[illegible] young man accepted as [illegible] for a broken heart.

A reader sends us the f[illegible] men of home wit: "Mar[illegible] youthful scion of our famil[illegible] "you know what ale X means, [illegible] "Why, yes, child, it means ale [illegible] ior quality." "Well, then, [illegible] continued the hopeful, "don't you [illegible] one the same principle one might ca[illegible] Darwin an ape X (apex)?"

A GOOD REASON.—At the late P[illegible] mouth Church picnic Mr. Beecher [illegible] asked why he did not dance. "Th[illegible] but one reason," he replied,—"I don't know how. The only dancing I ever did was when my father furnished the music, and used me for the fiddle. I took all the steps then."

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0402