THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1871. NO. 22.

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	Q.A.R.R.train
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	1:25
" Massey's,	8:05	1.40
" Morris',	8:15	1.50
" 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, 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,

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.

GREAT OFFER.

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.*

PENNINGTON SEMINARY.

FALL TERM

BEGINS

Sept'r. 18th.

☞ For Catalogue address

THOMAS HANLON, D. D.

PENNINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

Aug. 12, 1871—3m.

A LARGE assortment of Tin Ware, Japanned Ware, Toilet Sets, Stamped Ware, &c. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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 & 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.

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

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,

GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

July 22, 1871—tf.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.

Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1871—y.

NEW GOODS.

NEW GOODS.

September 9th, 1871.

I INVITE THE ATTENTION of my customers and the public generally to a large assortment of New Goods to be opened during the early part of the coming week, embring, in part, a large assortment of

CASSIMERES,
KERSEYS,
CASSINETTS, &c.

FLANNELS,

RED and WHITE, PLAIN and TWILLED.

MERRIMACK, COCHECO & AMERICAN

CALICOS, 12 1-2 Cts.

BLACK ALPACAS,

30, 50, 75 and $1.

LADIES, MISSES, CHILDRENS AND INFANTS

Balmoral Boots and Shoes,

BARGAINS IN FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Carpets, from 30 cts. to $1.

Floor Oil Cloths, from 40 to 90 cts.

PATAPSCO EXTRA FLOUR, at Baltimore prices.

FINE and GROUND ALUM SALT, at Baltimore prices.

SYRUPS and MOLASSES, SUGARS, COFFEES, &c.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Sept. 9, 1871.

Chestertown Clothing Emporium!

AND

BOOT, SHOE,

And Furnishing Goods Store,

High St., opposite Eccleston property.

L. HECHT, successor to L. Hecht & Bro., takes this method of informing the patrons of the late firm and the public generally that he has now on hand a full stock of NEW AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS, &c., of the very best material, and most fashionable styles, bought at the lowest cash prices, and will be sold a *little lower* than ever the same class of goods were offered in this market.

☞ SUITS MADE TO ORDER, of the best quality, in Fashionable Style, and a fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

For the liberal patronage extended to the late firm by the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's, he respectfully returns his thanks; and flatters himself that in the use of the superior facilities he now possesses, to be able to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. An early call is solicited.

LIEBMAN HECHT.

Chestertown, Sept. 2, 1871.

Drills and Hoes! Drills and Hoes!!

WE would call the attention of the farmers to the EXTRAS and REPAIRS of the Bickford & Hoffman Drill. Any piece, especially Steel Points, supplied. All other Drills repaired by

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

The especial attention of the farmer is also called to our *Steel Hoe* for cutting off corn, which has been improved, being much lighter and more durable than heretofore.

We shall expect the cash in all cases for Drill work. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Sept. 2, 1871.

Natural Mineral Waters

For the Debilitated.

VICHY,
KISSENGEN,
CONGRESS,
AND OTHER WATERS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Jan. 7.

Selected Poetry.

WINNEMA.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER, THE CALIFORNIA POET.

"Behold the clouds," Winnema said,
"All purple with the blood of day:
The night has conquered in the fray,
The shadows live and light is dead."

She turned to Shasta gracefully,
Around whose hoar and mighty head
Still roll'd a sea of golden red,
While troops of clouds a space below
Were drifting weary and slow
As seeking shelter for the night,
Like weary sea-birds in their flight;
Then curved her white arm gracefully
Above her brow and bow'd her knee,
And chanted in an unknown tongue.
"And what means this?" I gently said:
"I spoke to God, the Yopitome,
The King on yonder snowy throne,"
She softly said, with drooping head:
"I bow'd to God. He heard me speak.
I felt his firm breath on my cheek;
He heard me my desires tell,
And He is good, and all is well."

The dappled and the dimpled skies,
The sweet stars and the tinted moon,
All smiled as sweet as the sun at noon;
Her eyes were like the rabbit's eyes,
Her mien, her manner, just as mild.
And though a savage war-chief's child,
She would not harm the lowliest worm;
And though her beaded foot was firm,
And though her airy foot was true,
She would not crush a drop of dew.
Her love was deeper than the sea
And stronger than the tidal rise,
And clung in all its strength to me.
A face like hers is never seen
This side the gates of Paradise,
Save in some Oriental dream,
And then none ever sees it twice—
Is seen but once, and seen no more,
Seen but to tempt the sceptic soul,
And show a sample of the whole
That heaven has in store.

SAVED FROM THE EVIL TO COME.

BY S. W. L——.

"Give him to me, Heavenly Father! Have mercy! Pity my loneliness and give him to me! My all—my only one!" Mrs. Ashton prayed on, repeating again the cry, "Give him to me!" She could not say, "Thy will, not mine, be done!" No; she could only plead for the one great boon, his precious life.

"He was her all—"the widow's son." As she still knelt beside him, the look of suffering passed away; the painful breathing ceased; he sank into a sweet, refreshing sleep. The mother felt that new life was given him—he would still be her's.

Her prayer was granted. He grew rapidly in strength. Soon her pride, her darling raised as it were from the dead, was again making the house merry with his infant glee.

Years passed on, Herbert's will growing stronger; his more and more exacting nature at times forcing a feeling of uneasiness in his mother's heart. Yet she would seek to drive it hence, with the more cheering thought. "He will grow more considerate and manly in a few years."

Gifted with the brightest talents, he mastered with perfect ease his various studies at school. The proud, fond mother pictured to herself his brilliant career in the future. "But no; he would not strive for fortune or fame. There was no need of his slaving for a living. His mother had means abundant," he said.

Time rolled on. In his early manhood he won the heart of a beautiful girl.—Carefully had Mrs. Ashton concealed his many faults, that any other than a mother might have termed vices.

'Rose will win him from such. He loves her so truly, and she is so charming, he cannot resist her efforts,' the foud mother murmured.

Rose's low, sweet voice was whispering in her ear, 'Oh, what a happy girl! What a happy, happy little family we are, and must always be!'

Weeks rolled on—months, only a few, when the mother felt keenly how terribly mistaken she had been in the course she had pursued with her boy. When gently she remonstrated with him, his cruel, heartless reply pierced, to the very quick, the heart already scarred by his many wounds: 'Thank yourself for what I am. You have made me so.'

Daily she saw the loving, confiding woman—the Rose once blooming so brightly—growing paler; the young life blighted by her son's cruel nature.

His reckless extravagance drew heavily on the mother's once ample means.—Worse and worse it grew, until she had nothing left but the merest pittance.—From the home of luxury, they went to one where only the strictest economy must reign. But Herbert still dressed elegantly; his cigars were the best, his wines old and pure. Yet he earned no money, the mother knew. How did he obtain them? A great fear entered his heart. Was he a gambler? Oh, if that were all! It came at last—the last drop in the cup of bitterness, which wife and mother must both drain.

Herbert was arrested on a charge of forgery. The last few remaining articles, remembrances of former days, were disposed of, to raise money with which the counsel, one of the ablest barristers in the country, was obtained. Oh, the agony of those days during which the trial was pending—the terrible suspense! At length the case was given to the jury. At home praying for their loved one, waited the wife and mother; to know the result.—Soon it came—conviction—with the terrible sentence, five year's imprisonment. A few days more, and they must bid him adieu.

The day of parting came. Oh, who can describe their anguish? Rose was borne insensible from his cell. With her fond arms clinging about him, the mother exclaimed, 'Oh, if I could bear this for you, my boy, my boy! Willingly would I die to save you!'

The miserable man, at length brought to his senses, pressed the trembling form to his bosom, and said with emotion, 'I know you would, my mother. Oh, would that I had died in my infancy! Why, why did you pray for my life? You see what a curse it has been to all who love me! Good-bye; they call me.'

Again she felt his arms about her; and with a wild, despairing cry, she started up, sobbing forth the words, "Why! yes, oh, why?"

She looked about her. The light was dim; but then, before her, as in years long gone, she could see her little Herbert lying ill—dying. She passed her hands again and again across her brow, and then gently on the pale, little face beside her. What was it? A dream!—all a dream! Those long years of anxious care and final anguish had been passed only in dream-land.

She had wearily fallen asleep. A blessed sleep it was, through which she had gained a resignation to His will.—Then she could, and did kneel and pray, 'Not mine, but Thy will be done.'

Oh, yes; better could she give him back to God in his innocence and purity, and think of him as waiting her coming above, than hold him back to earth, to become, perhaps, as she had dreamed.

A feeble little cry fell upon her ear.

'Mamma, Herbie's well, now. Nothing hurts him. Look, look, mamma!—Beauty babies call Herbie! Kiss quick, mamma; and say Herbie may go. Say, quick!'

His face was raised, eagerly gazing upward; his tiny hand feebly lifted. Again his eyes sought his mother's with an appealing glance, and she strained her ear to catch his words so low.

"Herbie go, please!"

He seemed only waiting her consent.—She caught him to her bosom in a last, long embrace, and with his dear face pressed close to hers, she breathed only heard by Herbert and God, 'Go, my darling.'

Again the sweet lips tried to whisper; but only the words, 'Mamma—come—awhile,' reached his mother's ear, and little Herbert's pure spirit had joined the angels waiting.

She laid the little lifeless form tenderly from her, and her friends wondered how so calmly. They had dreaded so much the parting moment. Yes; calmly she bore it. She knew a more bitter parting might be felt than that which was only for a 'little while.' She knew it was that which Herbie tried to say, "Mamma will come too, after a little while.'

Jefferson's Wedding and his Wedding Night.

The following pleasant picture is from the early days of Jefferson, in the N. Y. *Century*:—"Belinda," (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender but elegantly formed. A fair complexion with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and luxuriant hair of rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this the young lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved, with elegant ease, and sung and played upon the harpsichord very sweetly. To all these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least notable talents for house-keeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence in the county of Charles City. It was called 'The Forest,' and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, and had married in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathust Skelton, who, dying in 1798, left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself beseiged at 'The Forest' by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorities with Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretentions of the rivals were decided, either by the musical accomplishments of the young counselor, or by the fears of opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's doorstep, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control. The story is, that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain the beautiful lady consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at 'The Forest.' Friends and kindred assembled from far and near—there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion—and we find from the bridegroom's note-book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment in the warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for Monticello, where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of Shadwell. The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed upon their way on horse-back. Stopping to rest at Blenheim, the seat of Col. Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distance, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle-path than an honest highway, was incumbered with snow three feeet deep.—We may fancy the sensations of the newly wedded bride, at the chill appearance of a desolate landscape, as she passed along through the snow; but she was a woman of courage and strength, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather, there was no reception at all. The fires were all out and the servants had gone to bed, the place was dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavillion, which was the only part of the house habitable at that time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavillion as gaily as ever she had done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest.' Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of equanimity. They were young, and they had just been married. When hands are clasped together and hearts beat close, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold. The little moral sentiment will not I hope, be criticised as too romantic for the dignity of history. It doubtless explains how a young lady and gentleman, both used to every comfort and luxury, found the gloomy little pavilion, in the midst of three feet of snow, neither dark nor cold, on that January night long ago.

Take Your County Paper.

Well, Squire, you say you don't take your county paper.

No, Major, I get the city papers on so much better terms, and so I take a couple of them.

But, Squire, these county papers are a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better the editor can make them.

I don't know that they are of any convenience to me.

The farm you sold last spring was advertised in one of them, and you thereby gained a customer.

Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it.

Now, if your neighbors had not maintained that press, you would have been without the means of publishing your daughter's marriage, and your brother's death, last summer.

Yes, yes, but—

And your nephew was a candidate for the legislature, you were highly gratified at his newspaper defence, which elected him, and cost yeu nothing.

Y-e-s, y-e-s, but these things are news to the readers and make the people take the papers.

No, no, Squire Grudge, not if they were all like you. Now, I tell you, Squire, the day will come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life, character, etc., with a heavy black rule over and under it, and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave is given to the pauper. Your wealth—liberality, and all such, will be spoken of—but the printer as he spells the words in arranging the type, will remark: poor mean devil—he never took the paper, and is now swindling the printer out of his obituary notice after he is dead.

Good morning, Squire.

OTHERS' SINS.—Some folks are prodigiously penitent over other people's sins, and seem to think they have a special call to confess them before the whole world. They will gouge their brother's eyes out rather than leave a single blind mote in them. At the same time they are singularly blind respecting their own failings.

TEA AND HEADACHE.—The Sandusky *Register* says:

A writer in the *Homœpathic Quarterly* states that tea is a prolific cause of headache, and that persons in the habit of using it who are afflicted with that disagreeable ill will find it speedily remedied by ceasing the use of tea. The writer of this item has tried the experiment of giving up the use of tea, and the result is a complete relief, so far, from the terrible complaint which, while it lasts, unfits the victim for business or enjoyment.

Josh Billings' "poetic prose." Pick apples now, and cider make, and through a barrel juice it; then get a straw, without a flaw, and through the straw reduce it."

DO WELL.—We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please, for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a flaw in proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our injury.

One of the latest discoveries reported from the excavations of Pompeii is that of a bronze vase hermetically sealed, and containing a considerable quantity of water, which was pronounced clear, and remarkably soft, after its repose of 1800 years.

The Oldest Postage Stamps.

Although postage stamps are among the most familiar objects of daily use, it is probable that very few persons have troubled themselves to consider when and where they originated. In a pamphlet by M. Piron, *Sous-Directeur des Postes*, published in Paris in 1838, and entitled, "Du Service des Postes, et de la Taxation des Lettres au Moyen d'un Timbre," we find that the idea of post-paid or stamped paper originated, early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. De Velayer, who, in 1653, established a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelope, which were franked by bands or slips of paper tied around them, with the inscription, *"Post paid the——day of ——, 1652 or '54."* These slips were sold for a *sou tape*, and could be procured at the palace, at the turn-tables of convents, and from the porters of colleges. When Louis XIV. used to quit his habitual residence, the personages of his suit were accustomed to procure these labels intended to be placed around letters destined for Paris. M. De Velayer had also caused to be printed certain forms of *billets*, or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these *billets*, filled up by Pelisson, and sent to Mademoiselle Scudery, is still preserved in Paris, and is one of the oldest of penny-post letters extant, and a curious example of a prepaying envelope.—These primitive slips and forms were irregularly used, and soon fell into disuse. In 1758, however, under Louis XV., one M. De Chamouset, a wealthy Parisian, established a modest post for the metropolis, charging two *so's* for single letters under an ounce, which were pre-paid by stamps similar to those now in use: Government, perceiving the gains thus derived from the new enterprise, took it from him, compensating him by an annual pension of twenty thousand francs; but so meagre were the arrangements of the government that the *stamps* were seldom used, and soon were entirely forgotten.

The next country to issue postal stamps was Spain, their issue having been authorized by a royal decree of the 7th of December, 1716, which stipulated that the secretaries to the crown, etc., etc., will have the privilege of apposing on the letters addressed to the other authorities a seal, impressed in ink, bearing the royal arms of Castile and Leon, which will pass them free. By the general regulations of the post 8th of June, (1794) notice was given that the stamps mentioned in the decree of 1716 were to be used only for letters concerning public business. These official stamps remained in use until the begining of the present century, when their issue was entirely abandoned.—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

Thirst Quenched without Drinking.

It may not be generally known to our readers that water, even salt water, imbibed through the skin, appeases thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In illustration of this subject, a correspondent has sent us the following abridged quotation from a "Narative of Captain Kennedey's losing his Vessel, and his Distress afterward," which was noticed in "Dodsley's Annual Register, for 1869." "I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although from seeing the good effect produced, they afterwards practiced it twice a day of their own accord.—To this discovery, I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The hint was first communicated to me from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind. The water absorded through the pores, of the skin, procured, in every respect the same effect as would have resulted from the moderate drinking of any liquid. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes, became incrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our bodies, lacerating our skins and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing, twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. After these operations, we uniformly found that the violent drouth went off and the parched throat cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four persons in the boat who drank salt water, went delirious and died, but those who avoided this and followed the above practice, experienced no such symptoms.

THERE is a person of burglarious tendencies in Louisville, Ky., who has earned so much notoriety by his peculiar mode of proceeding, that his exploits are deemed worthy of telegraphic mention. This individual commenced proceedings a few nights ago, by entering a small cottage on East Market street, and removing from the heads of two young ladies, daughters of the house, while they slept soundly in their apartment, their fine flowing tresses. The heads of the ladies were shorn as closely as a barber could have done—a fact which, amid tears and consternation, they discovered on the next morning. The intruder contented himself with this theft, and, although displacing articles of jewelry and turning clothing, &c., topsy-turvy, took nothing else from the house of any value. The only supposition entertained regarding the purpose of this midnight miscreant is, that he or she wished to secure the luxuriant locks of the young ladies.

☞ Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the post-man would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chances. Labor on character. Luck slips downward to indolence. Labor strides upward and to independence.

A GOOD REASON.—At the late Plymouth Church picnic Mr. Beecher was asked why he did not dance. "There is 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."

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