THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1871. NO. 23.

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	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',	12:05	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.

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 [illegible] the only perfect and reliable [illegible] now in use.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

J[illegible]71.

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. ALDKIDGE.

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.

REPORT
OF THE
Board of School Commissioners
OF KENT COUNTY,
FOR THE YEAR
Ending September 30, 1871.

In conformity to the Act of Assembly providing a general system of Free Public Schools for the State of Maryland, chap. 4, sec. 7, the School Board of Kent County publish the following statement of their receipts and disbursements, and indebtedness of the Board at the close of the fiscal year, Sept. 30, 1871.

FIRST ELECTION DISTRICT.

To orders paid by E. E. Miller, Collector	3,770 75	
For salaries of teachers		3,291 86
Per diem of Jos. P. Ireland, Commissioner		92 25
Construction and repairs		153 82
Fuel		116 85
Stationery		7 79
Division of Districts		7 00
Interest		2 63
Colored Schools		93 48
Postage & incidental exp's.		5 07
		$3,770 75

SECOND ELECTION DISTRICT.

To amount of orders paid by Jacob Sutton, Collect'r.	3,807 57	
For salaries of teachers		2,513 77
Per diem Geo. W. Covington, Commissioner		50 00
Construction and repairs		952 33
Fuel		8 50
Land		30 00
Colored Schools		62 32
Furniture		86 65
Printing		100 00
Incidentals		4 00
		3,807 57

THIRD ELECTION DISTRICT.

To amount of orders paid by W. V. Lucas, Coll'r.	2,159 16	
For salaries of teachers		1,733 28
Per diem of Isaac Parsons, Commissioner		78 00
Construction and repairs		150 54
Fuel		70 80
Colored Schools		124 64
Furniture		1 50
Incidental expense		40
		2,159 16

FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

To amount of orders paid by W. A. Thomas, Coll'r.	4,249 12	
For salaries of teachers		2,914 90
Per diem Jas. P. DeCorse, Commissioner		22 75
Construction and repair		836 93
Fuel		67 50
Rent		134 87
Printing		99 42
Furniture		63 22
Colored Schools		61 88
Incidental expense, including Institute		47 65
		4,249 12

To amount of orders paid by C. H. Baker, late Coll.	208 00	
For salaries of teachers		208 00

FIFTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

To amount of orders paid by A. B. Wheatley, Coll'r.	2,856 40	
For salaries of teachers		2,048 42
Per diem I. C. Taylor, Com.		100 00
Salary Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner		43 64
Construction and repairs		508 43
Stationery		24 00
Land		75 00
Rent		25 00
Colored Schools		31 16
Furniture		75
		2,856 40

To orders paid by Morgan Brown, Collector	634 00	
For salaries of teachers		591 00
Construction and repairs		20 00
Fuel		23 00
		634 00

To orders paid by C. W. Warren, Coll. 2d Dist.	767 37	
For salaries of teachers		64 00
Construction		700 00
Furniture		3 37

To cash received by Treas. of School Board.		
From State Tax	$9,586 04	
State school fund	1,902 91	
J. P. Ireland, for sale of house	81.00	
Same, for cash sales of books	97 47	
H. Parr, for rent	9 00	
Cash paid by W. V. Lucas, Coll.	500 00	
Cash paid by A. B. Wheatley	200 00	
Cash on hand, Octo. 1, 1870	241 13	12,617 55

By cash payments.	
For salaries of Teachers	7,181 06
Salary of Sec., Treas. and Examiner	790 64
Per diem of Commissioners	64 25
Books and Stationery	2,053 40
Postage and office expenses	57 41
Fuel	719 50
Construction and repairs	327 53
Furniture	327 58
Interest	68 11
To balance on hand	1,028 07
	12,617 55

Indebtedness of School Board Oct. 1, 1870,	$10,632.86.
Amount due to Teachers, Oct'r. 1, 1871	$922 97
Amount due to others as far as proved	392 43
Present debts	$1,314 40
To which add orders drawn on levy of present year, in excess of balances due on previous year	1,843 66
	$3,159 06

The Board has held thirty-five meetings, and there have been forty-five pages of Proceedings recorded; and five hundred and seventeen letters have been received and answered by the Secretary during the year, besides a large number by the President and other Commissioners.

One hundred and twenty official visits paid to the Schools, and over $3,000 worth of new books distributed in exchange for the old stock.

On behalf, and by order of the Board of School Commissioners of Kent county.

HOWARD MEEKS,
Oct. 28, 1871. Secretary.

THE CHEMIST'S STORY.

I am a chemist. Many, doubtless, would find it difficult to define what the duties of a chemist are, if asked. To such I say, a chemist is a collector of facts. It is the business of his life to aid in unmasking, for the world's benefit, the good and evil hovering even in the air we breathe, burrowing in the earth we tread, mingling with the good we eat, and swimming in what we drink.

Then, again, the law waits on the chemist. A human being has passed suddenly away. Somebody thinks there has been foul play. The chemist examines the body of the supposed victim. The law listens, hat in hand, to science. The suspected party trembles in anticipation. The oracular lips of the chemist move; he names one out of the fearful list of poisons. It is either strychnia, prussic acid, or that deadly oil of bitter almonds. The law then puts on his hat, takes the decision into Court, and hangs the prisoner.

In short the chemist must know the whys and wherefores of everything in the phenomena of life as far as feeble man can know. The composition of the ocean he must be familiar with; he must be able to name the gases of the air, and capable of resolving vapors. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the Medical [illegible]

[redacted]

ing, besides attending to my several duties as police surgeon during the day.

As Tom was passing out of the College yard, through the gate, his head turned, and bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back toward the College and his face to the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was clad in the police uniform.

Re-entering my labratory I took down a glass jar from a shelf, and sat down before my sink to examine it. The jar, which contained Mrs. Johnson's stomach, was covered by a cloth, duly tied with strings, and properly sealed with my official seal in red wax. Breaking through the cloth and seal, I lifted the stomach out with a dissecting hook and laid it on a white platter before me; then became busily engaged in applying those tests to its contents by which we detect the presence of injurious substances.

An hour passed since the departure of young Richards. I had carefully emptied the contents of the stomach into a number of basins and bowls. I had labored hard to discover traces of poison in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before. I thought him a good hearted, intelligent fellow, and really began to hope that he might prove innocent, when among the macerated food I came upon a small infinitesimal white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass, I managed to get this upon a piece of smoked glass and examined it.

I was then certain that I had discovered arsenic; but to make assurance doubly sure, I determined to apply a well-known test for that poison. Accordingly I placed in the woman's stomach the usual acids and then turned on the blow pipe flame, and presently upon a white and beautiful porcelain ground there appeared that brilliant metallic mark, worthy of Cain's brow, which is the sign and signet of the Poison Fiend.

'Yes,' I exclaimed, as I saw that blazon, 'Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife. With the evidence of that mark to back me, no power can save him from the rope!"

'Do you really think so?' said a calm, squeaking voice behind me.

I turned quickly and discovered a tall, thin policeman, having red, weak and watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long between hands, like a molasses candy stick. His nose was merely an elongated, fleshy plug, and his forehead was decorated with two red streaks instead of eyebrows. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders.

His uniform reassured me, and I addressed him with some impatience.

'My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest—or what is your purpose?'

'No, doctor, the man ain't dead yet.'

'Anything in the surgical line?' I was police surgeon, as well as coroner.

"No."

'Well, then, what am I sent for at this time of night?'

'Don't bother, Professor, the man ain't dead yet; but they say he will be before morning."

'Are doctors attending him?'

'Oh, he's in good hands, Professor.'

'What's the matter with him?'

'Well,' said the official, 'some folks say he's got so much knowledge into him that he can't live under it.'

'Cerebral disorder, eh?'

'What?' asked the man.

'Brain disorder, I mean; something wrong here'

'Aye; and I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you was going to the station tomorrow, to take a look and see if it's *post mortem* or not. Besides, I wanted to see where I could find you in case of need.'

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink with one rubber boot thrown over the other, and wiped his nose with a dirty handkerchief several times, while his eyes wandered about like Christopher Columbus after discoveries. Finally he spoke like one who thought himself called upon to say something.

'Professor, there has been an accident this afternoon; terrible, too.'

'Ah!' said I.

'Awful!' said he.

'What was it?'

'Nitro-glycerine explosion up in the iron mills—a hundred fellow mortals busted.'

'Sad.'

'Affecting, very.' Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. 'Professor, what is nitro-glycerine?'

'It is a very dangerous article,' I answered, happy to display my knowledge. 'It is nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder—but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red-hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze; it is yellow and greasy. Its symbols in our nomenclature are C6, N3, O6.'

'You don't mean to say so!' said the officer, interrupting me in a disagreeable tones in the very middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you hain't told me how it goes off.—If fire won't bust it, what in (hem) will?'

I told him that if it were pressed or anything fell on it, it would explode.

'Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height—"

'Yes,' said my man, 'and that rouses its volcano does it? How does it come, Professor?'

'In little cans—why, like these,' said I, discovering that there was a little can of it on the marble sink, which I had carelessly neglected to replace in the cellar. I then took a little of the glycerine and spread it on a thin piece of paper, and laying the paper on an anvil, struck it with a hammer. A slight explosion and a flame burst from the paper.

'Now, really,' said the policeman, starting back. 'I suppose, professor, that that there can would make a mighty noise if allowed to explode in here all at once?"

'It would blow the entire building to atoms,' said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach

'No?' I heard the policeman remark, in deliberate Yankee tones: 'You don't say so?'

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman, and the first thing that functionary did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose! He then rid himself of his red eyebrows, hair, cap, and become a determined-looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and the nose of a Roman.

'So you think,' said the metamorphosed in the tones of a gentleman, 'that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope!—Poor fellow! it does look like it. But, Professor, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devoted friend, as well as a brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved! In order to accomplish this end, it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear Professor—I'm sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well.' I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

'Your death must apparently result from accident—at least, so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail, and they will not suspect me.'

What terrible deed was his brain hatching? Was he going to murder me? The hoarded knowledge of a score of years I would have given for power to utter but one single cry.

He took me in his arms and placed me in a chair, and bound me to it, and then from a side pocket he produced another rope.

Was it myself who was to hang instead of Joe Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line pully-like, over an arm of the hanging chandelier. This was too slight a support even for one of my slender frame. It was not to be hanging, then.

To one end of the rope he attached a weight, and raised it, by pulling the other, six or eight feet from the floor. The loose end he attached to the sink. Was he mad? Did he mean to draw me under this weight, and send me out of this world in a novel way by letting it fall, and dashing my brains out?

To the sink end he attached a long yellow string.

Under the weight on the floor he placed the can of nitro-glycerine. I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and would burn sixty minutes. It would burn across the marble slab—there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

'Do you begin to see through it?' said Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils; the great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead.

Drawing a match from his pocket, he lighted and applied it to the fuse, that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, and killed him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less merciful than Providence, told a man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared him to itself.

Slowly the flame crept, snake-like, around the twine.

'In an hour,' said the poisoner's brother, 'you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone.

He sat down some minutes in a chair, watching the flame. Then he arose and took the piece of porcelain with the murderer's mark thereon from the table, and shook his head gloomily.

'I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic,' he said. 'Yes, those bright metallic eyes, a betrayer of the guilty! Science, thou wouldst kill my brother! Thou shalt save him. Let us see in whose hands thou art most powerful. Here is a man who, by thy aid, bids the poison-sprite uprise and write in brilliant characters a foul confession on this piece of porcelain. But behold, O science! It is no sooner written than, by thy aid, the whole confession and thy chosen servant are annihilated. Let the good Professor use his chemicals, the bad brother only asks—a little can of nitro-glycerine!'

I heard this speech, indeed, but, great heavens! it was my eyes and not my ears that were busiest then. For, from beneath the table, covered by the crimson cloth of which I have before spoken, and which I faced, appeared the head of a child. The hair was rumpled and the blue eyes were just opening from sleep. The intelligent forehead was wrinkled strangely. It was my boy, Billy. I was afraid he would cry 'papa!' If he did, the implacable man would add the murder of the child to the murder of the father.

But my boy did none of this. He had, I suppose, crept under the table unknown to me, and fallen asleep there. I tried to tell the little fellow to hide again, and wait for the final half hour when my tormentor would be gone. Whether he understood me or not, aided by what he had heard, I did not know, but he quickly withdrew his curly head, first kissing his hand to me and then shaking his fist at the schemer watching so deliberately his dumb fire agents.

The half hour wore slowly away. O, heavens! what agony did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. A slight noise might discover his presence; the match might run its tether sooner than was expected. He might be murdered or blown to atoms.

The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up! The brother of the murderer rises to go! Joy!

'Commit your soul to God's keeping,' he said. 'You who hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now.' With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth, beneath which lay hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and leaned forward. I thought he had discovered my boy. No, he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table, and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless and motionless. How my boy cried for help. The college rung again. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. He begged, he beseeched—all his nerves were racked—great waves of galvanism leaped, and surged, and jarred over every sensative nerve and fibre. Still my boy was inflexible—shouted and turned faster.

Unperceived upon the marble, in the track of the burning fuse, was a pool of inflamable oil. In a instant a great length burned away. It would last just five minutes and no more.

'Father,' shouted my boy, 'if no assistance comes, this villian must die with us. I dare not let him free. Help! help!' Alas! I could not answer him.

But some one else did, thank God! The fuse is burnt up! The rope is on fire; the weight trembles; another minute it will fall upon the nitro-glycerine. The door opens. Tom Richards, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry. He comprehends all, seizes the can in his hands—the weight descends indeed, but not on the death-dealing oil. No, down it goes through the office floor, down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull, metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath. We are saved!

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged, but his brother was unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife, and thus escaped the hangman's rope.

"Well Bridget," said a lady to a new servant which she was about to engage, "If I engage you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I wish to go out." "Certainly, ma'am, providin' you does the same when I want to go out."

HINTS TO FARMERS.—All permanent improvements of land look to lime for their basis.

Periodical application of ashes tends to keep up the integrity of the soil.

All grain crops should be harvested before perfectly ripe.

To manure or lime wet land, is to throw manure, lime and labor away.

Clover as well as grasses, intended for hay, should be mowed when in bloom.

Shallow plowing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases in production.

Punctuality in engagements is as necessary to the agriculturist as it is to the merchant.

Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

Subsoiling sound land that is not wet, is eminently conducive to increased production.

Always provide an equivalent for the substance carried off the land to the products grown thereon.

The chopping or grinding of grain to be fed to the stock operates as a saying of at least twenty-five per cent.

The President's Salary.

Twenty-five thousand dollars is not sufficient to sustain the dignity of his Royal Highness, Ulysses 1st. It is proposed to increase his salary to $100,000. In the time of Washington, and during the era of great Presidents, twenty-five thousand a year was considered ample for the President's salary. But now, King Grant is not satisfied without quadrupling the infinitestimal sum. The New York Sun pertinently remarks that, considering how Grant has appointed men to most important places in return for presents given to himself, and how he has quartered his worthless relations upon the public treasury, we don't see how he could keep up the dignity of the Presidency even on a salary of a million a year. Dignity is a moral quality, and Grant seems to have no moral sense left. However, it would be worth while to give him any sum he might require if he would agree to leave off taking presents, and to provide for the necessities of his worthless relations out of his own handsome fortune. But without some such guarantee on his part, his salary is large enough as it is; anyway, he has got rich on it.—*Balto. Eve. Journal.*

RUNNING IN A RUT.—Small and narrow minds always run in ruts. Large and comprehensive minds originate ideas and strike out original courses A monkey can imitate, but it requires a man of mind—something more than instinct—to originate. A small-minded man may be sharp and shrewd enough to follow and pick up the mental crumbs of a larger mind, and turn the same to profitable account. Our long-headed John Calvin, our broad-headed Martin Luther, and our high-headed John Wesley, lead their millions of followers to-day. Newton, Harvey, Fulton, Gall were large-minded men, and made original discoveries: We, lesser lights, profit by their teachings, and follow in their wake. The only objection to this "rut fraternity" is, that they oppose measures which, if carried out, would result in their good. The world changes.—One season succeeds another. Daylight succeeds darkness. One generation—yes, *generation*—succeeds another. And the world moves. Let us move with it. Those who oppose will be run over, crushed, and left behind the ever *forward* movement:—Instead of following blind and fallible guides, let us look to the great Teacher, and follow Him. Is our course through dark and dismal ways? Light from heaven, through faith, will shine on our path and make the way "all serene." Let us get out of the ruts of ignorance, skepticism, superstition, fear, despondency, and spiritual death, and come up into the open way whose roads are straight and free from impediments, and which are illuminated by the brightness of truth.

The Smithsonian Institution has received a bequest of a silver punch-strainer! A lady of Wilmington, recently deceased, bestowed it by will. The story of the strainer is said to be briefly this; Dr. Franklin and the grandfather of the lady above mentioned were printer boys in Boston, and saved a silver dollar each from their first earnings by selling newspapers in that city. They had these dollars made into punch-strainers, and exchanged with each other, so that this strainer is made out of the dollar earned by Dr. Franklin.

THE LIVE MAN.—The live man iz liko a little pig; he is weaned young and begins to root early.

He iz the pepper sass of creation—the allspice of the world.

The live Man iz like a case of itch at a distrikt school—he sets every body tew scratching at onst.

A man who kin draw New Orleans molasses in the month of January, thru a half-inch auger hole, and sings "Home Sweet Home!" while the molasses iz running, may be strictly honest, but he ain't sudden enuff for this climate.

The Live Man iz as full of business az the conductor uf a street kar—he iz often like a hornet, very bizzy, but about what the Lord only knows.

He lights up like a cotton faktory, and haint got any more time to spare than a school boy haz Saturday afternoons.

He iz like a decoy duck, always above water, and lives about 18 months during each year.

He iz like a runaway hoss, he gets the whole of the road.

He trots when he walks, and lies down at night only because everybody else duz.

The Live Man is not always a deep thinker; he jumps at conclusions just as the frog duz; and don't alwus land at the spot he iz looking at.

He iz the American pet, a perfekt mistery tew foreigners; but has dun more (with charcoal) tew work out the greatness ov this kuntry than enny other man in it.

He is just as necessary as greese on an axeltree.

He don't always di ritch, but always dies bizzy, and meets death a good deal az an oyster duz, without any fuss.

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