THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1871. NO. 24.

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 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, NE JERSEY.
Aug. 12, 1871—3m.

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

Selected Poetry.

ASPIRING MISS DELAINE.

A Chemical Narrative.

BY BRET HARTE.

Certain facts which served to explain
The physical charms of Miss Addie De Laine,
Who, as the common reports obtain,
Surpassed in complexion the lily and rose;
With a very sweet mouth and a *retrousse* nose;
A figure like Hebe's, or that which revolves
In a milliner's window, and partially solves
That question which mentor and moralist pains,
If grace may exist *minus* feeling or brains.
Of course the young lady had beaux by the score,
All that she wanted—what girl could ask more?
Lovers that sighed, and lovers that swore,
Lovers that danced, and lovers that played,
Men of profession, and leisure, and trade;
But one, who was destined to take the high part
Of holding that mythical treasure, her heart—
This lover—the wonder and envy of town—
Was a practising chemist—a fellow called Brown.

I might here remark that 'twas doubted by many,
In regard to the heart, if Miss Addie had any;
But no one could look in that eloquent face,
With its exquisite outline, and feature of grace,
And mark, through the transparent skin, how the tide
Ebbed and flowed at the impulse of passion or pride—
None could look, who believed in the blood's circulation
As argued by Harvey, but saw confirmation,
That here, at least, Nature had triumphed o'er art,
And, as far as complexion went, she had a heart.

But this *par parenthesis*. Brown was the man
Preferred of all others to carry her fan,
Hook her glove, drape her shawl, and do all that a belle
May demand of the lover she wants to treat well.
Folks wondered and stared that a fellow called Brown,
Abstracted and solemn, in manner a clown,
Ill dressed, with a lingering smell of the shop—
Should appear as her escort at party or hop.
Some swore he had cooked up some villainous charm,
Or love philter, not in the regular Pharmacopica, and thus from pure *malis prepense*,
Had bewitched and bamboozled the young lady's sense:
Others thought, with more reason, the secret to lie
In a magical wash of indelible dye;
While society, with its censorious eye
And judgment impartial, stood ready to damn
What wasn't improper as being a sham.
For a fortnight the townsfolk had all been agog
With a party, the finest the season had seen,
To be given in honor of Miss Pollywog,
Who was just coming out as a belle of sixteen.
The guests were invited; but one night before,
A carriage drew up at the modest back-door
Of Brown's lab'ratory; and, full in the glare
Of a big purple bottle, some closely-veiled fair
Alighted and entered; to make matters plain,
Spite of veils and disguises—'twas Addie DeLaine.

As a bower for true love, 'twas hardly the one
That a lady would choose to be wooed in or won:
No odor of rose or sweet jessamine's sigh
Breathed a fragrance to hallow their pledge of troth by,
Nor the balm that exhales from the odorous thyme;
But the gaseous effusions of chloride of lime,
And salts, which your chemist delights to explain
As the base of the smell of the rose and the drain.

[redacted]

To the proper dimension, without being girt
In a stiff crinoline, or caged in a hoop
That shows through one's skirt like the bars of a coop;
Something light, that a lady may waltz in, or polk
With a freedom that none but you masculine folk
Ever know. For, however poor woman aspires,
She's always bound down to the earth by these wires.
Are you listening? nonsense! don't stare like a spoon,
Idiotic; some light thing, and spacious, and soon—
Something like—well, in fact—something like a balloon!"
Here she paused; and here Brown, overcome by surprise,
Gave a doubting assent with still wondering eyes,
And the lady departed. But just at the door
Something happened—'tis true, it had happened before
In this sanctum of science—a sibilant sound,
Like some element just from its trammels unbound,
Or to substances that their affinities found.
The night of the anxiously looked-for *soiree*
Had come, with its fair ones in gorgeous array;
With the rattle of wheels, and the tinkle of bells,
And the "How do ye do's," and the "Hopes you are well;"
And the crash in the passage, and last lingering look
You give as you hang your best hat on the hook;
The rush of hot air as the door opens wide;
And your entry—that blending of self-possessed pride
And humility shown in your perfect-bred stare
At the folk, as if wondering how they got there;
With other tricks worthy of Vanity Fair.
Meanwhile that safe topic, the heat of the room,
Already was losing its freshness and bloom;
Young people were yawning, and wondering when
The dance would come off, and why didn't it then:
When a vague expectation was thrilling the crowd
Lo, the door swung its hinges with utterance proud!
And Pompey announced, with trumpet-like strain,
The entrance of Brown and Miss Addie De Laine.

She entered: but oh, how imperfect the verb
To express to the senses her movement superb!
To say that she 'sailed in' more clearly might tell
Her grace in its buoyant and billowy swell.
Her robe was a vague circumambient space,
With shadowy boundaries made of point lace
The rest was but guess-work, and well might defy
The power of critical feminine eye
To define or describe; 'twere as futile to try
The gossamer web of the cirrus to trace,
Floating far in the blue of a warm summer sky.

'Midst the humming of praises and the glances of beaux,
That greet our fair maiden wherever she goes,
Brown slipped like a shadow, grim, silent, and black,
With a look of anxiety, close in her track.
Once he whispered aside in her delicate ear,
A sence of warning—it might be of fear;
"Don't stand in a draught, if you value your life."
(Nothing more—such advice might be given your wife
Or your sweetheart, in times of bronchitis and cough,
Without mystery, romance, or frivilous scoff.)
But hark to the music: the dance has begun:
The closely-draped windows wide open are flung;
The notes of the piccolo, joyous and light,
Like bubbles burst forth on the warm summer night.
Round about go the dancers; in circles they fly;
Trip, trip, go their feet as their skirts eddy by;
And swifter and lighter, but somewhat too plain,
Whisks the fair circumvolving Miss Addie De Laine.
Taglioni and Cerito well might have pined
For the vigor and ease that her movements combined,
E'en Rigelboch never flung higher her robe
In the naughtiest city that's known on the globe.
'Twas amazing, 'twas scandalous; lost in surprise,
Some opened their mouths, and a few shut their eyes.

But hark! At the moment Miss Addie De Laine,
Circling round at the outer edge of an ellipse,
Which brought her fair form to the window again,
From the arms of her partner incautiously slips!
And a shriek fills the air, and the music is still,
And the crowd gather round where her partner forlorn
Still friendziedly points from the wide window-sill
Into space and the night; for Miss Addie was gone!
Gone like the bubble that bursts in the sun;
Gone like the grain when the reaper is done;
Gone like the dew on the fresh morning grass;
Gone without parting farewell; and, alas!
Gone with a flavor of Hydrogen Gas.

When the weather is pleasant you frequently meet
A white headed man slowly pacing the street;
His trembling hand shading his lack-lustre eye,
Half blind with continually scanning the sky.
Rumor points him as some astronomical sage,
Reperusing by day the celestial page;
But the reader, sagacious, will recognize Brown,
Trying vainly to conjure his lost sweetheart down,
And learn the stern moral this story must teach,
That Genius may lift its love out of its reach.

THE SENSE OF GUILT.—The atheist may speculate, and go on speculating till he is brought up by annihilation; he may then return to life, and reason away the difference between good and evil; he may even go further, and imagine to himself the perpetration of the most atrocious acts; and still he may eat his bread with relish, and sleep soundly in his bed; for his sins, wanting, as it were, substance, having no actual solidity to leave their traces in his memory, all future retribution may seem to him a thing with which, in any case, he can have no concern.—But let him once turn his theory to practice, let him make crime palpable, in an instant he feels its hot impress on his soul. Then it is that what may happen beyond the grave becomes no matter of indifference; and though his *reason* may seem to have proved that death is a final end, then comes the question, What does his reason *know* of death? Then, last of all, the little word *if*, swelling to a fearful size, and standing at the outlet of his theories, like a relentless giant, ready to demolish his conclusions.—ALLISTON.

From the Christian Observer.

Was Adam the First Man?

The antiquity of man, as well as his origin, is one of the popular topics discussed by the scientists of our time. Many learned writers endeavor to prove that *man* existed upon this planet before the commonly received period of the creation of *Adam*. A writer in the last number of Scribner's Monthly reviews some of the late theories on the subject, gives an outline of evidences alleged to exist, indicating the creation of different races, and of their supposed existence anterior to the creation of Adam. He notices two late works on the subject, "*Adam and the Adamate*," by Dominick McCausland, LL. D., and "*Primeval Man*," by the Duke of Argyil, both of them loyal to the Bible, but both carrying back the antiquity of man thousands of years prior to the mosaic chronology. We mention these authors, not to endorse their views or any other new theory on the subject, but to advise the reader of the direction in which scientists are extending their inquires and researches concerning the origin of man.

DIFFERENT RACES OF MAN.

No history or argument is needed to prove that there are distinct races of mankind A recent estimate computes the population of the globe at 1,328,000,000. Of this number 500,000,000 belong to the Mongolian race; 362,000,000 to the Caucasian; 190,000,000 to the Negro race; 175,000,000 to the malay, and 100,000,000 to the India American race. These races are distinct types of mankind Were they created so, or have these markad diversities of color and organization been transmitted from a single source?—There are strong contrasts in these groups of the human family in their complexion, physiognomy, and anatomical structure.—The negro, without admixture of blood, retains his color for centuries in cold climates; and the Caucasian has never been known to assume the black tint, though living in the climate of the negro of Africa. "There is also a difference of language. There is one family of languages (the Caucasian) which form a class known as *inflectional*, distinguished from all others on the face of the globe, and they are the only languages that are adapted to literature. This is the property of the Caucasians, the sole civilizing race of the world. Other languages are monosyllabic, and have no grammar. Their nouns have no numbers or cases or declensions, and their verbs have no conjugations, and no moods, tenses or persons. Variation of tone in English is emphasis, in Chinese it produces different words and conveys totally different ideas.

The varieties of man are a great mystery, and some scientists, aver that the want of any evidence to show that changes of characteristics have taken place in any of the distinct races, except by amalgamation, deepens the difficulty of supposing that all these varieties have descended from a single stock. There is no proof that a change from white to negro blackness is, according to the ordinary course of nature, possible. History and observation, as far as they go, assert it to be impossible. It is known that in Egyptian pictures of more than 3,200 years ago, the Negro kneels at the feet of Sethos I., in the same attitude of bondage and submission which has so long typified his race."—Drawings taken from Egyptian templesshow that, at the time of Abraham, the negro race was already what it is now; that he belonged to a numerous nation; and that the Egyptian monarch is symbollically represented as ruling over him.

Dr. McCausland asserts that all the evidences that are available on the subject, geological, archaeological, philological, physiological and historical, tend to establish that of the three apparently distinct races of mankind which are now and have been from time immemorial, inhabitants of their respective sections of the earth's surface, the Caucasian was the last to make its appearance.

Sir Charles Lyell, one of the most learned and reliable scientists, after years of inquiry and study on this subject, expresses his deliberate conviction in the following terms:

"So long as physcologists continue to believe that man had not existed on the earth above six thousand years they might, with good reason, withhold their assent to the doctrine of a unity of origin of so many distinct races."

Which alternative then, will be received? that there is a mistake in the Mosaic chronology, as generally understood, (which is alleged by Dr. Hales and other Christian writers,) or consider whether the Mongol and Negro races existed on this planet before the creation of Adam? This is a question which religious teachers will be obliged to meet, if they will defend the truth of God against the popular phases of the infidelity of the times. The statements advanced should be rigidly examined to ascertain whether they are indeed *facts*, or merely conjectures.

The learned author of "*Man in Genesis and Geology*," remarks that a sound Theology looks upon nature as the handiwork of God, and while it accepts a supernatural revelation upon evidence peculiar to itself, it accepts also every established fact of the physical universe as equally of divine origin and authority. Hence the devout enquirer after truth will be bent—not upon devising some compromise between science and the Bible as presumably at variance—but upon ascertaining the exact facts of Nature as a portion of God's testimony concerning Himself, and the precise meaning of the Bible according to legitimate principles of interpretation. When each class of declarations is fairly brought out by its own methods, if there is a seeming discrepancy, neither will be set aside as of inferior authority, but either some error of observation, induction or interpretation will be suspected; or while both forms of testimony are accredited, the decision of the case will be held in abeyance until a more advanced knowledge shall reconcile them from some higher plane, where the harmonies of all science, and physical metaphysical, and all revelations, the secondary and supernatural, shall interblend without confusion or mistake.

In the spirit of these views, the writer in the Monthly inquires "for the precise meaning of the Bible, according to the legitimate principles of interpretation touching these points. He goes on with an analyses of the original Hebrew of Geneses, which we propose to lay before our readers at another time. The writer says further:

"Truth in whatever department of science it appears, cannot be extradictory of revelation. There may occur what would seem to be an apparent antagonism, but in fact is not real. Where they are not reconciled, either revelation or science is misunderstood. One of the lessons slowly learned is the folly of making a particular theory the standard of infallibility. The grandest truths sometimes appear slowly; and the general belief in an old theory is not aiways the sure criterion of truth. If a fact or a dogma be clearly revealed, and be the sure statement or the sure teaching of the Bible, it is to be believed, and should not be surrendered at the demand of scientists may err in their deductions, but the word of divine truth stands sure. A few glances through the chinks of the casement cannot disclose all the harmony and beauty of a temple; and explorers in the fields of science, whose views are limited by many obstructions, cannot always be certain of their ultimate deductions. Yet often they set open the doors of marvelous truths.—The Milky way is not merely a dim cloud across the sky. Science reveals there the mystery of innumerable worlds. The theory of the Copernican system, though long opposed by a religious dogma, has been accepted from the masters of science by all the Christian world. Doubtless there are other truths, apparently opposed to old dogmas, for the knowledge of which the world will be indebted to science; but the discovery of new planets will never put out the light of of the sun. Let no one fear that science shall obscure revelation. When truth in its utimate expression is understood, it will harmonize with revelation. Perhaps preconceived theories of what revelation teaches will meet with disastrous overthrow; but when readjusted upon correct principles, there will be no antagonism with revelation. No one should object to a discussion of this subject. We cannot escape it if we would."

A California Candidate.

Among the candidates for office at the late California election, was one who was very anxious. On the day before election several acquaintances suggested that he must procure pasters. "You can never win, old fellow, unless you get pasters," said they. "You need a great number, too, for everybody will 'scratch' in your favor."

The suggestion was pleasant; the candidate counted his cash capital which lay in his right hand pantaloon pocket. Afterward, he walked to a printing-house, and ordered the printing of thirty thousand pasters, bearing his name.

"You will have them gummed and cut, of course," said the printer man.

"No, I think not. I'll do that myself," replied the candidate. Dubiously did the printer man look at him, but as the cash was paid in advance, he said nothing.

The printing was not done until after nine o'clock at night, and the candidate, who had been walking up and down the hallway, marched triumphantly toward home with his thirty thousand pasters.—"About one-half of them will be wasted," thought he; "the balance added to the straight tickets will render my election sure."

They sat up all night "fixing" the pasters—the candidate and his wife, and his wife's mother and his eldest daughter.—The candidate spread mucilage over the backs of the printed sheets of paper; the daughter hung them on a line against the stove to dry, and the wife and her mother cut until their hands were stiff and swollen. Two o'clock, three o'clock, five o'clock came, and still they worked away, yawning at every clip of the shears. The carpet was strewn with scraps of paper, the table streaked with mucilage, and the candidate himself perambulating court plaster, so gummy was he.

"My dear," said his wife, at half-past five, "haven't you enough? My thumb is almost cut in two with the shears, and grandma is quite done up."

"We had better keep on, my love," replied the candidate; "I shall need them all."

"Dear me!" said she; "I didn't know that there were thirty thousand voters in the city."

"Of course you didn't; women are not expected to know anything about politics."

The candidate had no sleep that night, and at an early hour in the morning sallied forth to distribute his 30,000 pasters. Then he 'worked' all day, spent a great deal of money for whiskey and a great deal of breath for nothing. Then he sat up another twenty-four hours to see the ballots counted. In his precinct, the same in which he had worked so hard, 800 votes had been polled, and of these he had received two! one being by means of a paster. His luck elsewhere had been no better, and he went home. His wife greeted him with smiles; she was sure that her hubby-bubby had been elected. And in response to her congratulatory careses the brute turned savagely upon his wife and said: "My love, yesterday morning I circulated thirty thousand pasters bearing my name. In the whole city I have received just thirty votes. If you ever say 'paster' to me, I'll sue for a divorce. I am going to bed."

IMITATING AN EMPEROR.—The following anecdote exhibits the late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that wit and presence of mind might afford.

Some years ago there was a celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg named Martinoff.

He had the most extraordinary powers of imitation and was so great a favorite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to his players, 'to speak no more than is set down for them.'

The emperor had a high chamberlain, or person filling a similar office, named Poloffsky.

Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff, while performing contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were warmly received by the audience.

The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight.

Not content with this, Poloffsky either told the emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitation of his imperial majesty.

On his liberation, Martinoff went to court to pay his respects as usual, and the emperor told him of the accusation which he denied.

'Well,' said the emperor, 'if you never did so, let me have an imitation of myself now. We know you can do so if you choose.'

This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for falling short of or overdoing the character.

Still the autocrat was determined, and there was no escape.

Suddenly a bright thought struck the actor, and drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the emperor, and in a voice so like, that it made every one present start, said:

'Poloffsky, give Martinoff (himself) a thousand silver roubles!"

'Stop," said the emperor. 'I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive. Give him the roubles, Poloffsky; and now mind, sir, let this be the last time you mimmic me, here or elsewhere.'

It is, of course, unnecessary to say that Martinoff was too glad to pocket the money and escape so well.

Under the Flames.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE FOREST FIRES—AN OLD VETERAN WHO "STAYED TO SEE IT OUT."

A man named Allison Weaver, who reached Detroit from Port Huron on Wednesday, had a narrow and curious escape from being roasted alive in the north woods. His story is told in the Detroit *Free Press* of Thursday:

Weaver is a single man, about 50 years old, and served all through the war in an Ohio regiment of infantry. Up to two weeks ago he was at work for a man named Bright, ten miles from Forestville, as fireman of a shingle mill. Two or three days before the approach of the flames, which eventually destroyed that section, Bright and his family left for Forestville, and the next day all the men employed about the place either followed his example or made haste to reach their homes. On leaving Bright informed his men that the fire would sweep that way, and warned them to lose no time in making their escape. Having no property to lose or family to take care of, Weaver determined, as he says, "to stay and see the circus out," meaning that he intended saving the mill if possible. He has a stubborn sort of a spirit, and the fact that everybody else went induced him stay.

As soon as the men left he set to work and buried all the provisions left in the house, and during the day buried the knives, belts and other light machinery of the mill, and he filled several barrels full, besides wetting down house, mill, stock and everything which would burn, scattering several hundred pailfuls of water on the ground around the buildings.

When night came and the fire had not appeared, he began to jeer his absent comrades. But his self-conceit soon left him. About ten o'clock the heavens were so light that he could see the smallest objects around him, and there was a roaring in the forests which sounded like waves beating against rocks on the shore. He began to suspect that he would soon receive the visit predicted, and accordingly made preparations for it. In levelling up the ground around the shingle mill, earth had been obtained by digging here and there, and Weaver went to work and dug one of these pits deep enough for him to stand up in.

He then filled it nearly full of water, and took care to saturate the ground around it for a distance of several rods. Going to the mill, he dragged out a four-inch plank, sawed it in two, and saw that the parts tightly covered the mouth of the little well. "I kalkerlated it would be tech and go," said he, "but it was the best I could do." At midnight he had everything arranged, and the roaring then was awful to hear. The clearing was ten or twelve acres in extent, and Weaver says that for two hours before the fire reached him there was a constant flight across the ground of small animals. As he rested a moment from giving the house another wetting down, a horse dashed into the opening at full speed and made for the house, where he stopped and turned toward the fire. Weaver could see him tremble and shake in his excitement and terror, and felt a pity for him. After a moment the animal gave utterance to a snort of dismay, ran two or three times around the house, and then shot off into the woods like a rocket.

Not long after this fire came. Weaver stood by his well, ready for the emergency, yet curious to see the breaking in of the flames. The roaring increased in volume, the air became oppressive, a cloud of dust and cinders came showering down, and he could see the flames through the trees—It did not run along upon the ground, nor leap from tree to tree, but it came on like a tornado, a sheet of flame reaching from the earth to the top of the trees. As it struck the clearing he jumped into his well and closed over the planks. He could no longer see, but he could hear.—He says that the flames made no halt whatever, nor ceased their roaring for an instant, but he had hardly got the opening closed before the house and mill were burning like tinder, and both were down in five minutes. The smoke came down to him powerfully, and his den was so hot that he could hardly breathe.

He knew that the planks above him were on fire, but remembering their thickness, he waited till the roaring of the flames had died away, and then with his head and hands turned them over and put out the fire by dashing up water with his hands. Although it was a cold night, and the water had at first chilled him, the heat gradually warmed it up until he says that he felt very comfortable. He remained in his den until daylight, frequently turning over the planks and putting out the fire, and then the worst had passed. The earth around was on fire in spots, house and mill were gone, leaves, brush, and logs were swept clean away as if shaved off and swept with a broom, and nothing but soot and ashes were to be seen.

After the fire had somewhat cooled off Weaver made an investigation of his *caches*, and found that considerable of the property buried had been saved, although he lost all his provisions except a piece of dried beef, which the fire had cooked as in an oven without spoiling it He had no other resource than to remain around the place that day, during the night and the greater part of the next day, when the ground had cooled enough so that he could pick his way to the site of the burned village. He was nearly twelve hours going the twelve miles, as trees were falling, logs were burning, and the fallen timber had in some places heaped up a breastwork over which no one could climb.

What Remains of Chicago.

It appears, then, that out of the 60,000 buildings in Chicago, only about 13,500 have been destroyed, and that while 92,000 persons have been driven from their homes, over 245,000 have not been affected in that way. The whole immense area of the West Division, with its miles of dwelling houses, its stores and business blocks, is almost intact, while the south side retains the great mass of its dwelling houses of the latter class, many manufactories, and the fine business blocks which have been erecting on Twenty-second street and Archer avenue, and at other points, many of its finest churches, and the innumerable manufactories which abound in the 6th ward.

When the smoke of the fire had cleared away and people began to look about them, they were surprised to see what they never observed before, the number of fine blocks in the West division and the central part of the south side. These few remaining limestone fronts, of the architectural splendor of Chicago, were looked at with peculiar affection, and the solid brick blocks, which have been looked at only with indifference, became valuable and noteworthy structures. While the business houses driven south had, as a general thing, to take refuge in private dwellings, and to put out their signs on streets hitherto unpolluted by trade, those who moved across the river found commodious stores where they were able to at once recommence operations.—The large buildings on Randolph, Canal, Madison and other streets, which had not been rented, except for a trifling sum, suddenly became objects of competition and desire. It then became apparent that the west side was a city in itself, and fully able to take care of itself; its residents had shops and stores; coal and lumber yards; churches and manufactories. It had miles of paved streets, sewered and lighted, and was deficient so far as water was concerned.—It had the only theatres left in the city—the Globe and Various German halls—and hotels, which, with changed names, are accomodating the rush of people now visiting the city. The buildings destroyed in this division by fire were of little value, and almost enough will be put up this season to replace them. There are to be precise, about 60 churches, 1,600 stores, 600 manufacturing establishments and workshops 3,500 saloons, and 2,500 dwelling houses still standing in the West Division; so there is, as yet, no reason for excessive despondency. The north and south side rolling mills are still furnishing employment to hundreds of workmen.

This same discovery was also made on the south side, Much as had been lost, much remained. The widening of State street had stimulated improvements far down on that thoroughfare; while the eastern part of Archer avenue and Twenty-second street had been greatly improved. Those railroads which came in there were enabled to carry on their business, and the remaining elevators have been able to manage the grain delivered to them. The loss in school buildings has also been light, only one having been consumed and thirty churches and over thirteen thousand buildings in all yet remain. Their street railroads are uninjured, and their ten distilleries and breweries are still in full operation.

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—We never could see the virtue of the boast which is so often made by the papers and magazines, that so large a portion of their pages is original. Such originality is often maintained to the detriment of that paper. The best exchanges of our acquaintance are by no means those which have the greatest amount of original matter. There is more of editorial tact and talent required to make proper and practical selections, than is put in requisition by the production of the vaunting original papers, who seem to consider originality as the only requisite for a good periodical. A good newspaper is always dependent upon other resources than its own. And the boast of a periodical that it is entirely original, is too often like the boast of a library if it should claim to have the production of one author.—*Exchange.*

The Bride's Veil originated in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man over the bridegroom and bride to conceal her virgin blushes; but if the bride was a widow, the veil, was dispensed with.

'Put your tongue out a little further,' said a doctor to a female patient; 'a little further, if you please—a little further.' 'Why, doctor,' cried the gaping invalid, 'do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue.

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