THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1871. NO. 25.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

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

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	**A. M,**	**P. M.**
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05 P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12:20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $2.30.

J. K. SHINES,
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.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,
GROCERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Part'cular 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.

WILLIAM HARRIS,
Gun & Pistol
MANUFACTURER,
No. 116 West Pratt street,
(One Door East of South,)
BALTIMORE,

KEEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
SMITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISTOLS, COLT'S PEPEATING PISTOLS,
and every description of Pistol now in use.

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,
Such as Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Water Proof Caps, Wads, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

GUNS neatly Stocked and repeaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

Special Notice.



THE subscriber Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS*, Farm and Plantation Machinery—he also makes a speciality of PLOWS of all the various varieties for the Southern Trade. Having established himself in

Warehouse No. 40 and 42,
Light street, Baltimore,

respectfully invites all his old customers and others interested in such Wares to give him a call and examine his stock, which will be as

COMPLETE AND WELL MADE AND SOLD AT AS MODERATE RATES

as any other like establishment in the country. Address

JOHN MAYHER,
40 and 42 Light street,
Oct. 7, 1871—y. BALTIMORE.

Wood! Wood!

THE subscriber having provided himself with a *CIRCULAR SAW*, and purchased a large quantity of Wood, is prepared to furnish the citizens of the town with wood of all kinds, which will be

Sawed to any desired length,
OR SPLIT,

and delivered at short notice. Orders solicited. S. L. RAWLEIGH.

Chestertown, Oct. 7, 1871—tf.

E. 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

Notice to Tax Payers.

THE Tax Payers of the Third Election District of Kent County are hereby notified that the taxes for 1871 are in the hands of the Collector, and prompt payment is hereby demanded

All persons indebted for taxes for 1870 are seriously urged to make immediate payment, or the Collector will resort to the summary process of the law.

WILLIAM V. LUCAS,
Collector of Tax for Third District.
July 15, 1871—tf.

FOR SALE OR RENT,



The DWELLING HOUSE and premises on Queen street, in Chestertown, recently occupied by Benj. B. Perkins. Rent $250. Apply to
Oct. 14-tf. E. F. PERKINS.

WOOL WANTED.—People's Popular Store, will pay cash for Wool, or exchange for merchandise, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest Dry Goods in this market.
Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

FINE POMADES AND HAIR OILS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Selected Poetry.

TEARS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Tears that trickle down our eyes,
They do not fall to earth and dry,
They soar like angels to the skies;
And like the angels, cannot die.
Far on! our immortality
Sounds through each year—sounds in each sigh.

What waves of tears rush o'er the deep
Of sorrows in our restless souls!
And they are strong, not weak, who weep
Those drops from out the sea that rolls
Within their hearts forever more;
Within a depth—without a shore.

But ah, the tears that are not wept—
The tears that never outward fall—
The tears that grief for years has kept
Within us—they are best of all—
The tears our eyes shall never know
Are dearer than the tears that flow.

Each night, upon earth's flowers below,
The dew comes down from darkest skies,
And every night our tears of woe
Go up, like dews; to Paradise,
To keep in bloom, and make more fair
The flowers of crowns we yet shall wear.

For ah! the surest way to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears
That flow when bending 'neath His rod,
And fill the tide of our past years:
On laughter's billows hearts are tossed—
On waves of tears no heart is lost.

Flow on ye tears! and bear me home!
Flow on ye waves of deeper woe!
Flow on, ye tears, that are but foam
Of deeper waves that will not flow!
A little while—I reach the shore
Where tears flow not forever more.

A SINGULAR DUEL.

Major Buford, called by way of eminence, "the Major," was the most noted duelist of the day. A dead shot, a perfect master of defence, and in his enmities utterly relentless, his name had become a terror to all who knew him.

In the midst of a knot of admiring friends, one day, the Major was discussing his last "affair," and complacently explaining how it came that he mortally wounded his adversary, instead of killing him on the spot, when one of two gentlemen standing within hearing, suddenly advanced and struck him in the face.—The spectators stood aghast. What could have tempted the stranger to rush thus madly on his fate? He was an old man; already, to appearance, had three score and ten years passed over his head. He must, indeed, have been weary of life, whose brief remnant he was ready to cast away so recklessly.

The Major was astonished. The very audacity of the act struck him with amazement.

"Is the provocation sufficient, or must I repeat it?" inquired his assailant.

The Major's first impulse was to return blow for blow. But fierce and violent as were his passions, he had schooled himself to complete mastery over them, and a moment's reflection told him how bootless, under the circumstances, would be a public brawl. The indignity he had received would admit of but one reparation, and that he determined to lose no time in seeking.

"The insult is sufficient," he answered, with forced calmness. "Oblige me by naming a friend—for your own I care not—to whom I may refer one of my own?"

"This gentleman," replied the other, resuming the arm of his companion, "will return here in an hour, to confer with any one you may designate."

And the two strangers took their leave together.

At sunrise on the following morning, the principals and their seconds made their appearance on the ground selected. No one else was present—not even a surgeon. The Major, in his own past experience, never had needed one, and his opponent, it was plain, was careless of the consequences.

There was no necessity for delay. The preliminaries had been settled; the parties were to fight with pistols, at ten paces; the combat to continue until one or both had fallen. One condition had been insisted on by the stranger, which called an indignant blush to the Major's cheek, as it seemed to imply an imputation upon his honor, though he submitted to it with the best grace he could. It was, that before placing the combatants the bodies of both should be inspected, to see that no secret protective device was employed by either.

The ground was measured and the men placed. There was a marked contrast between the two in more respects than that of years. The old man, erect and motionless as a statute, his whitened locks floating in the breeze, never once looked at his antagonist, though his side was turned. His face was stern and determined, but had nothing malignant in it. The Major, on the other hand, glared fiercely at his foe, seeming even to grudge him the few moments of life yet eked out to him.

"Were he my father I would kill him!" he answered, audibly, to some whispered expostulations of his second, who was evidently touched by the old man's venerable appearance.

The pistols were put in the hands of the principals, and the giving of the word explained.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready," both answered.

Still the old man moved not, nor did he direct a single glance at his adversary.—His eyed were fixed in front. His attitude was one of rapt attention. He seemed like one listening intently.

"*Fire!*"

Without changing the direction of his gaze, or other movement than that of his arm, which rose with the precision of a nicely adjusted machine, the old man brought his pistol to the level of his enemy's breast. For an instant he held it there. Still no look in the direction it pointed. Still the same appearance of eager listening.

The Major was in no hurry. He could afford to take his time with a man who held his pistol at random, without looking whitherward. He took deliberate aim.—He was determined to make sure work. If his ball missed his adversary's heart, even a fraction of an inch, he would never make any pretension to skill again.

The sharp report of the stranger's pistol was followed by a convulsive jerk of the Major's arm, causing the discharge of the weapon far wide of its mark, while he, staggering a few paces backward, fell heavily to the ground.

"Conduct me to him," said the old man to his friend. The latter took his principal's arm, and led him to the prostrate form of the Major, whose second, kneeling by his side, had torn open his garments, exposed to view the fatal wound in his breast, made by the stranger's bullet.

"Is your friend seriously hurt?" inquired the latter, coolly.

"You can see for yourself," the second answered. "There you're in error," replied the other; "*I am totally blind!*"

The wounded man, who had by this time revived a little, and his second looked at the stranger in astonishment.—There was no visible defect in his organs of vision, but there was a fixity of look—that "bending of the eyes on vacancy"—which so unmistakably evinces the absence of sight.

"Who are you, and what was your motive in seeking this encounter?" the Major faintly murmured.

"First, are you in a condition to renew it?" inquired the stranger.

"There is no need—I am dying."

"When I have told you who I am," the stranger resumed, "you will scarce require my motive for what I have done. No wonder you have forgotten Jas. Merton," for he is greatly changed, no doubt."

The dying man started, and groaned bitterly

"But I have never forgotten you, Richard Buford, nor the injuries you have done me. A cherished daughter, the pride of my eyes, and the joy of her mother's heart.

You enticed her from home, deceived by a sham marriage, and then abandoned her to die of a broken heart. My son, and only remaining child, in a rash attempt to avenge his sister's wrong's fell a victim to your accursed skill. You even robbed him of the ordinary chances of combat, unequal as they would have been by encasing your cowardly body in concealed armor. The loss of both our children unsettled my wife reason and she died in a madhouse. Could I have found you then, I would have given you no chance for your life; but valiant as you have always *professed* to be and coward as you are, you feared and evaded me. Yet I knew we should one day meet; and I registered a vow, that when we did, I would offer you a sacrifice to your own infernal art

To this end I studied to become an adept in it, and succeeded. And when, at length, blindness cast its shadow upon me and seemed to render hopeless the fulfilment of my vow, instead of abandoning it, I betook myself to a new species of practice. I sought to make hearing take the place of sight. Again I succeeded.—I learned to take aim with the ear instead of the eye. When I heard you answer "ready," to-day, I knew the exact direction in which to point my pistol, as well as if I had seen you. Besides, I could hear you breathing where you stood. You lost your chance in delaying your fire—You wished to make sure work, and overreached yourself."

More than once the Major looked appealingly at the speaker's face; but in those remorseless, sightless eyes, there was no sympathy. And as the labored breathing grew fainter and fainter, the old man resumed his listening attitude. At last all was still.

"He is dead!" he said; and its wonted expression of sober melancholy settled on the old man's face, as, taking his companion's arm, he turned and walked leisurely away.

A French Baby-House.

You think about the prettiest thing in this world little girls, is a French baby-house.

I know you do, for I've seen girls go nearly wild over them; and, besides, I was a little girl myself once, and I know very well what I would have thought of one.

They are nice, I must admit, filled with tiny furniture, all complete, from a grand piano to a kitchen range. But I have seen even a nicer baby-house than these toy houses—a real, live babys' house.

Don't you think it would be funny to see thirty or forty babies all in one room, creeping, toddling, and running about, amusing themselves?

I must tell you about it.

Perhaps you know that in France it is much harder for poor people to earn enough to live than it is here In our country, a man of the lowest wages can earn enough to at least feed a common family; and the mother can do the house work and take care of the babies, and the older children can go to school.

But in France it is very different.—There, not only the father, but the mother, and every child old enough to earn a penny, is obliged to go out and work to keep from starving.

You can easily see that in such a family, a baby—however much he was loved—would really be almost in the way.—Being an extra mouth to feed, he would make more expense, and no one could be spared to stay at home and care of him poor little fellow!

Among the Indians, you know, baby is just strapped to a board and slung over his mother's shoulder, and he hangs there or on a tree, as contented apparently, as a white baby carried carefully in the arms of a nurse.

In Lapland, too, baby has a cradle made of deer-skin, shaped like a big shoe, and filled with soft moss. In this he spends his babyhood, carried on some one's back or hung on a tree, and rocked by the wind.

But not all babies would be so quiet as these.

How do you think your baby brother would like it to lie still and be tied, hand and foot to a board? I know our baby Robbie, wouldn't submit very quietly.

Well, among the poor people in Paris—where, as I said every one must work to live—the poor mothers had a great deal of trouble to take care of baby and work too. But some good French ladies, about 25 years ago, thought of the idea of public baby-houses, or as they call them, *Creches*, which means cradles.

These cradles are houses, where mothers who have to go out to work can leave their babies all day long, and be sure they will have good care. They have plenty of hired nurses, and are visited and cared for by the ladies themselves.

The first room one goes into in the house is a play-room. It is a large, light room, with pictures on the walls, and two immense cages, full of birds, which are a great delight to the babies.

All around the room near the wall run two rows of a kind of railing made of net-work. They are just far enough apart to let a baby walk between, and are made to help him walk. If he falls down, the net-work wouldn't hurt him, and he could pull himself up again.

Inside of the railing is a little car-track, on which is a light car. The older children like nothing better than to fill the car with her babies, and push it over the track.

The babies like it too.

In the middle of the room is a place for babies too little to walk and wanting to creep. It is partitioned off from the rest of the room by another net-work railing

The nurse who has charge of the room sits in this place, and tends several creeping babies.

The next room is the dining-room.—The tables are the funniest things I ever saw, and I hardly know how to describe them. One nurse, of course, has to feed several babies. These are all over one year old. The tables are narrow, and made in the shape of the new moon. The children sit on a bensh which runs around the outside and the nurse has a seat inside. There she can reach with a spoon half a dozen eager little mouths.

These tables fill the middle of the room, and running round the edge are little cribs where tired babies can get naps; but they did'nt often get tired, a nurse told me. There are so many of them together that they are constantly amused.

The last room is for little babies who must sleep and be rocked, and that is the prettiest of all. There are three long rows of cradles, not on rockers, but hung on frames like our self-rocking cradles.—They are so fixed that they can all be rocked at once.

At one end of this charming room is a lovely picture of the infant Christ in his mother's arms, and at the other a small organ which winds up like a music box, and plays for some time.

It takes the place of mother's lullaby to these happy babies, and sings over two dozen to sleep at once.

Every thing about the rooms where babies can go is carefully rounded and padded. No sharp corners to hurt little heads. Even the cradles are made of net-work, and the iron or wooden top that holds them is too high for little hands to reach.

It is several years since I visited this baby-house, and there may be improvements in its arrangements; but I don't believe there was ever a happier house full of babies than I saw in that *Creche*.

There was some talk, years ago, about a similar thing in New York; but whether it was ever started, I don't know.—*The Methodist.*

The Late Episcopal Convention.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

The Episcopal General Convention, representing the Episcopal Church in the United States, closed its triennial session in this city on Thursday night, 26th ult., after a session of twenty-two days. It represents a denomination characterized by conservatism, and exercising relative weight and influence in the religious world. The late session was looked forward to as one of unusual interest, on account of diversities of sentiment upon ritualistic questions, upon the subject of baptismal regeneration as expressed in the office of infant baptism, upon the case of Mr. Cheney, of Illinois, who had refused to use the words prescribed in that office and been deposed by his bishop therefor, and other points of inferior interest, but all of which had been discussed with so much excitement that there seemed to be a pervading impression that the various differences would culminate in a rupture at this convention. But these apprehensions have not been verified, the proceedings of the convention having been more harmonious than for years.

The subject of ritualism was introduced in the convention by a message from the House of Bishops to the House of Delegates on the third day of the session, recommending that certain acts in the administration of the Holy Communion should be prohibited—such as the use of incense, of lights on the "holy table," except when necessary, the elevation of the elements, and other ceremonies which are alleged to have been introduced into some Episcopal churches, and to be innovations, and to indicate generally an expression of what are considered in the Episcopal Church novelties in theology, especially as to eucharistical adoration.

The debate on this subject, which elicited considerable variety of views as to the expediency of the special measure recommended by the House of Bishops, various substitutes being offered for it, resulted finally in the failure of the measure proposed by the bishops, and the various substitutes therefor, followed by the unanimous adoption by the House of Deputies, on the last day of the session, of a resolution, afterwards concurred in by the House of Bishops, that the convention express its decided condemnation of all ceremonies, observances, and practices fitted to express a doctrine foreign to that set forth in the authorized standards of the church, and that the paternal council of the bishops is deemed sufficient to secure the suppression of irregularities, and to promote greater conformity in conducting public worship and the administration of the holy sacrament. To which it may be added that the pastoral letter of the bishops, read at the close of the convention, declares that if a te cher suggests the adoration of the elements by act or posture, he places himself in antagonism to the doctrine of the church.

In regard to the phrase of "regeneration," as used in the office for the baptism of infants, and the meaning of which has been a subject of considerable diversity of opinion, the bishops, being asked, in order to the quieting of consciences, the meaning of the ward, unanimously declared that, in their opinion, it is not so used in the office of infant baptism as to determine that a moral change is wrought in the infant. The case of Mr. Cheney, who refused to use the office, because, in his opinion, it taught such a change, was not before the convention, nor did it come with in its province to deal with the case.

Other incidents which gave interest to the convention were the visits of eminent bishops and clergy of the Church of England and colonial churches to the council, the attention given to homes and hospitals, and to the organization of women's work in schools and institutions of mercy, the revival of the deaconate of women, the missionary and Sunday school jubilees, and the prompt raising of contributions for sufferers by the Chicago fire.

The pastoral letter of the bishops includes condemnation of alleged dangers connected with recent movements in the church, at the same time admonishing against irreverence and lawlessness.

Caroline's Fire King.

We have noticed for some time past an article going the rounds of the press copied from the columns of the New York *Herald*, relative to the unaccountable feats performed by Nathan Coker, a colored man residing but a short distance from this place. The statement is a little highly colored and at the same time contains some inaccuracies, which it would be as well to correct. In the first place Coker is not a blacksmith and never worked at that business. All that part of the article in the Herald, in which Coker gives his own statement to the reporter, it unreliable, and we have no doubt, untrue in several particulars. When under the influence of liquor he is very loquacious and talks extravagantly of his performances.—He can, however eat red hot antharcite coals; stir up red hot coals in a furnace with his naked hands, lick a red hot bar of iron until it is cold; receive moulton lead into his mouth and keep it there until it cools, and it has been said that he has walked on a red hot bar of iron barefoot. This feat we have never witnessed ourself, although we have seen him apply a red hot bar of iron to his bare feet, and keep it there, until it had lost its redness. But we have noticed there are times when fire seemed to affect him, and we have seen him start back from its touch. We remember a few years ago while he was mixing lime for the plasterers who were at work finishing a building for us in this town; he ran his hand into the lime while being slacked to take out the core, but he drew it out in a twinkling. The lime burned him and he felt its effects very sensibly. Another time a company of mischievous young men got Coker rather badly.—He made a wager with them of twenty dollars that he could sit on a red hot stove for fifteen minutes. The stove was heated up until it was all aglow with redness—the fire king took his seat and actually, is said, sat out ten minutes of the time; but one of the wags, pouring a little coal oil on the stove, drew him from his position in double quick and burned him severely. He is a remarkable negro, and no one yet has ever been able to explain his dealings with this element.—*Denton Union.*

A Singular Indian Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men. All of the men had fair complexions, and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which the water, agitated by the first, had become muddled, and when he bathed he came out copper-colored; the third did not leap till the water had become black with mud, and he came out black with its own color. The Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each package, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades hoes, and implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatuses; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engines of the mind—the means of mutual improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

☞ "I come for the saw, sir."

"What saucer?"

"Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed."

"I borrowed no saucer."

"Sure you did, sir, you borrowed a saw, sir."

"I never saw your saucer."

"But you did; there's the saw now, sir."

"O, you want the saw. Why didn't you say so?"

A newspaper is the literature of the million. One man in a hundred reads a book; ninety-nine in a hundred reads a newspaper.

Household Sins.

Some cooks will throw out the water in which moets have been boiled, without letting it cool to take off the fat.

Bits of meat are thrown out which would make hashed meat or hash.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner and the bread pan left with the dough sticking to it.

Pie crust is laid by to sour, instead of making a few tarts for tea.

Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when oftentimes they can be steamed for the next day.

Dish cloths are thrown down where mice can destroy them.

Vegetables are often thrown away that would warm nicely for breakfast.

The scrubbing brush is left in water.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

Cream is allowed to mould and spoil.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left open and lose their strength.

The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and the flies take possession.

Vinegar is drawn in a tin basin and allowed to stand until both basin and vinegar are spoiled.

Dried fruit is not taken care of in season and becomes wormy.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become useless.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bones are burned that would make soup.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled.

A Remarkable Blind Man.

James Richard Golliday, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, is now thirty-six years of age. When two years old one eye was put out by a piece of rock, and soon after the other was put out by being struck with an acorn thrown by one of his little playmates. He grew vigorously, and has always enjoyed good health and cheerful spirits. He was educated at the Blind Institute at Louisville, graduated with distinction, becoming especially proficient in mathematics. Determined to support himself, he became a travelling peddler of books. He invested his gains in a book store in Bowling Green, and was thriving until 1862, when his store was destroyed by Federal soldiers. He afterwards travelled with a panorama, and four years ago resumed his store. He is noted for foresight in business, accuracy in counting money and the admirable system of his store. He recognizes persons whom he knows by their footsteps. It is said that he goes from his store to the railroad, buys his ticket, rides to Louisville, travels all over the city without a guide, and returns after transacting his business In spite of his total, life long blindness, he has made a small fortune, being one of the most remarkable illustrations on record of the power of will and talent in triumphing over the most malignant degrees of luck.

A Modern Daniel Boone.

A Yanckton (Dacota) paper has this account of a famous hunter: "Louis Kelly is perhaps the most daring successful Indian hunin the great West. He travels alone, wears a complete set of buckskin, and has a turban around his head when out on the prairie. He is said to be a graduate of a College, and hails from Virginia or South Carolina. It is thought he was a rebel officer. He is about twenty-two years of age, handsome, well-formed, and muscular. The Indians dread him as much as they ever did Kit Carson or Daniel Boone. He never misses his mark. An Indian is as good as dead the moment he draws sight on him. He will travel weeks at a time through hostile Indians, and never express a thought of danger. Kelly is now on a trip to the head waters of the Yellowstone, a country never yet visited by any white man. He is alone.—He has been known to dare a dozen Indians on the open prairie to fight him in a body. No Indian will ever get within reach of his deadly rifle."

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat and drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other, and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little circle.

When a negro jury in Mississippi went out to deliberate, one juror asked another:

"Is dis a hanging case?"

"To be sure," was the answer.

"Well," said the first 'uror, "I heard one dem lawyers say dat boy's gost comin' back here and hant us if we hang him. I no go for hanging, and have dat boy's gost foller me! No sir."

Verdict of manslaughter.

A little boy three years old, who has a brother of three months, gave as reason for the latter's good behavior—"Baby doesn't cry tears because he don't drink any water, and he can't cry milk."

In Colorado a bald person finds himself alluded to as "a man with his head above the timber line."

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