CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1871. NO. 26.

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 repaired 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.

B. C. BROOKER, JR. WM. B. LEWIS.

Brooker & Lewis,

AUCTIONEERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 236 W. Baltimore street,

NEAR CHARLES,

BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, &c., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Notions every Monday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Consignments respectfully solicited.

Out-door Sales of every description taken at lowest rates.

Cash advances made if required.

Baltimore, August 26, 1871—y

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*

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

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.

Natural Mineral Waters

For the Debilitated.

VICHY,
KISSENGEN,
CONGRESS,
AND OTHER WATERS.

For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Selected Poetry.

NOVEMBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Solemn yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
Pale summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?
I asked my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

I look to nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome moments shone
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened new, they beat
In storms, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time and Death and Care
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear;
And sleep in darkness side by side.

SO LIKE A WOMAN.

"Do you love her, uncle?"

"I am too old to indulge in the luxury of rhapsodies," he said with a laugh, "but I'll tell you this, Theo, I am very fond of the girl, and very well satisfied that you'll approve of my choice."

The speakers were Theodore Bligh and his uncle, the elder Mr. Bligh. The subject of the talk was a young girl, to whom the uncle was engaged, and to whom the nephew was a stranger: Madge Dundee, or Donnie Dundee, as she was called.

"Well, uncles don't generally submit their choices in such matters to their nephews' judgments." Theo Bligh said, recovering his normal expression of benignant indifference as he spoke, and then he added: "I hope with all my heart that you'll be happy.

"You will meet her to-night at dinner," Mr. Bligh said to Theo. "She is coming with her brothers and some friends of theirs to see her future home."

He did meet her that evening.

"I think Mr. Bligh has been rather nervous about introducing me to you," Miss Dundee said, quickly making way for Theo to take a seat on the sofa by her side, "he's more than half afraid that you won't like me, and if you don't it will make him very unhappy." So she spoke, in a girlish, almost childish outspoken way, without seeming to consider or to mark the effect of her words either on the man she addressed or on the bystanders. "I should have known you as Theo anywhere I'd seen you," she went on; "you'll be exactly like Mr. Bligh when you're—" She paused abruptly and colored a little, but a moment after she forced herself back into composure, and resumed, "when you're as old as he is, I was going to say, but I remembered that young men hate to be reminded of their youth, and so I bungled and blundered. Can you forgive me?"

Could he forgive her?" Was the Bonnie Dundee subtle, or only sweetly simple, that she asked him this, in that winning voice of hers? And, by the way, how did she, with her Scotch name, come with that touch of accent—that way of softly resting on the vowels that is a speciality of Irish women's pronunciation of words that they want to caress? As he asked himself this, he looked at her more observantly, and wondered also how she had come by that face and that expression.

In a remarkably short time the two became the most devoted friends.

Bonnie Dundee was not a mere insatiable coquette. She not a heartless fool, ready and willing to play fast and loose for the sake of gaining a little notoriety; but she was that even more dangerous thing, a woman afflicted with such a passion for pleasing that it became a fine art in her hands, and when she was following it she could not stay to count the cost of failings or success. It was a new sensation to her to have the right to such attentions, and admiration and love as Mr. Bligh lavished upon her, and as Theo offered at a respectful distance, on the score of being his uncle's nephew It was a new sensation to her, and she enjoyed it to the full; revelling in it as one does in sunbeams after a long frost, or in dainty viands after a long fast. The idea of its being wrong or reprehensible in any way to gather these roses of love and youth and pleasure, that were blooming in her path, never entered her mind. She was not false or fickle in reality, she was only intensely fond of the excitement of being put upon a pedestal, and being only worshiped in the sight of all men.

There came a day when it was revealed to her suddenly, so suddenly that it made her dizzy, and then she behaved—like a woman.

One morning, uncle, nephew, and Miss Dundee met.

"Theo has been talking this morning of leaving us soon; before he goes, dear, we must let him know what day he is to come back and hail you as aunt." It cost Mr. Bligh more than a slight effort to make this speech with apparent ease, for during the last few days he had not been blind of sight. But he succeeded in doing so, and only he himself suspected the pain his own words gave him.

"Going! Theo going!" exclaimed Miss Dundee, lapsing from fun into surprised solemnity in a moment, and laying her whip with a frank caressing gesture on Theo's arm as she spoke. "Oh, don't think of going Theo; I can't spare you—we can't spare him, can we?"

The men's eyes met for a moment as Madge spoke, and in that moment each read that the other knew all about it.—"He knows I love her," poor Theo moaned in his heart, and "He sees I know it," Mr. Bligh thought, with not one whit less pain. And a silence fell on them, and in that silence Madge saw things clearly at last.

To recognize the love of one man in the presence of another man who has a right too feel jealous of it, is to be in a position of the greatest danger and delicacy and difficulty. Poor Madge flinched for the first moment when she found herself in it, but the next instant she recovered herself, and with the generosity of a woman, sought to put them well with one another without regard to herself.

"It was selfish of me to say I wouldn't spare you, for it must be dull for you here; but the fact is, Theo has spoilt, just as my brothers do, and I have fallen into the way of ordering him about as I do them, forgetting he isn't a brother."

It was terribly trying work for them all, weighted with the discoveries they had recently made about each other. It became insupportable to Mr. Bligh after a short time, and so he sauntered out into the garden, and Theo and Madge were alone.

Her spirit rose with her sense of danger, as does that of all finely-organized natures, and she turned to him bright and brave at once, though he had grown to be very dear to her, and though she knew that he was suffering horribly on her account. "It seems to me," she said, "that we're all very weak and wrong to let a shadow settle over the last visit you'll have with us, until I am an old married woman, with household cares on my shoulders, that will crush down my love of visits."

"This will be my last visit with you Miss Dundee."

"Theo!" She threw such a world of reproachful tenderness into the tone in which she uttered that one word, that the man she addressed trembled visibly. His resolve, when spoken cold harshly, shocked and surprised her out of the brightly prudential tone she had fully intended to adopt. Why had Mr. Bligh gone away, leaving them the prey of this mischievous opportunity?

"Yes; for Heaven's sake, don't speak to me in that way, or you'll drive me mad!" and then he got up and went to the window; and poor Madge saw that his face had grown very pale, and that an expression of hopelessness had settled upon it She could not bear it. He had been so thoughtful for her always—so gentle, and devoted, and sympathetic—that she felt as if she must comfort him, let what might come of it.

"Theo," she said again, with that same pathetic cadence in her voice, "you have been so kind to me always; I can't bear to see you so. Can't I make you happier, Theo?"

He turned round quickly and caught her hands, as she was standing near to him?"

"Madge, do you love my uncle?"

"Half frightened, she drew back from him, and "I am engaged to him," she stammered.

"Yes, but you have made me love you; you knew your chance, and you have used it. If you love him, let me go without another of those appeals that you know how to make so maddening; if not—Madge, Madge?"

He had taken her hands again, and was looking down into her face with a gleam of such intense pleading affection that for a moment he was the world to her.

"If I had known you first," she sobbed, "but I didn't, you see; and we Dundees never break our word. And—oh! you had better go after all; but forgive me!"

Forgive her. It was easy enough to say he would, and to make an end of this miserable scene, but it was very hard to do it. Had she not spoken his name with all her heart in her voice only a minute ago, leading him on by the tone she used to tell his secret to her in the hope that she would be brave, and avert eventful misery from them all? And now she was telling him that if she had known him first she would have loved him best, and that she could not for her name's sake break her word to his uncle!

It was a ghastly state of affairs, and as soon as he could, Theo Bigh made an end of it, by going away. The two men had no verbal explanation on leave-taking, but they parted as comrades who had been wounded in the same fight might part. And then Theo found that, though existence was not embittered to him, the savor had gone from the old pleasures.

It was decidedly not worth while now, he felt, to try and do anything good or definite; for he could never find a woman to share his glory or smile upon his success, who could put Bonnie Dundee out of his mind; after her other women did and would always appear to be wanting in something. She had the trick of making others appear tame, and pale, and insufficient, and—well, the man who has been shown upon by a star, never feels that there is much warmth in a taper.

He banished himself so effectually that he heard no tidings from the Chase for six months, and then he ventured to send his address to his banker, and to have letters forwarded to him; but before these letters are read, a retrospective glance at the Bonnie Dundee must be given.

She bore his departure very bravely. Remember how many other interests were claiming her attention at the time, and remember the ardent, impressionable, changeable nature of the girl. There was a good deal of the woman. She had the faculty of feeling intensely for the time, and of getting over things. Is not that characteristic the secret of many women keeping right, and of many others going wrong?

It brushed the bloom of the peach roughly when he went away, for that veiled idolatry of his had been very pleasant to her; nevertheless she bore it bravely, and made the best of that which remained to her. "I am so sorry, for I was so fond of him," she said to her lover, with that disarming frankness which women of her calibre know so well how to use.—And Mr. Bligh, hearing her, did not wonder that his nephew had been scorched by the fiery ordeal through which he had passed.

There was this about it, too, that it was such clean fire that even her own sex could not despise and condemn and prophecy evil things concerning Miss Dundee's warmth. Just as she loved light, and dancing, and flowers, and sweet sounds, so did she love to be loved; and thought it made her dangerous, it never made her despicable. And somehow men understood this, and so fostered her other foibles, because of their gladness that she was free from greater ones.

It was only about a week before the day fixed for their marriage, that Mr. Bligh ventured to speak decisively to her. Very earnestly and gently he spoke, beseeching her to open all her heart to him, and to tell him if any other image had ever displaced his. And Madge listened to him thoughtfully, and analyzed her own emotions, and finally answered him

"If he had come first, I should have loved Theo desperately; as it was, I didn't dare let myself. You're not afraid, are you."

"Only for your happiness, my poor child," he said, "not for my own honor."

"I like you so much, you know," she said energetically—"it does seem so hard that one can't express all one's little gradations of feeling in words—I like you so much—but it's dark to me now without him," she added, with a sudden passion that carried her out of herself, and convinced him that she could never be his wife.

"He is the younger man—and—you are right." He tried to say it calmly, but it was an awful blow; and again, as the strength of his manhood was shaken, Madge wavered, and strove to comfort him.

"Let things go on and I shall forget him, or grow indifferent to him; I know myself—I shall live it down."

"You need not, poor child, for he loves you too."

"Yes, I know that," she answered with the reckless openness that made her what she was.

After that, so much of the world as knew the Blighs and Dundees had a fresh and delightful source of wonderment for a time. The marriage between the owner of the Chase and Madge was broken off, and still they were friendly; and still neither would listen to one word against or comment on the conduct of the other. Time would tell, people said sapiently, reserving their belief as to what time would tell to themselves.

Six months passed, and Theo Bligh received those letters of which mention has been made. One was from Madge, and contained these words:

"Your uncle has promised to explain everything. I need only say that I shall always be your fathful friend, Madge Dundee."

The other was from his uncle, and contained a free forgiveness, (this was only implied, not coarsely volunteered,) and a full account. "Come back and win what I have lost, and as I love you as my son, so will I love her as my daughter." That was something like an invitation from a defeated to a successful lover!

Once more fate was against things righting themselves in the clear and good way that was made open. Theo had by this time taken a situation in a mercantile house in New York—a situation of trust, which he could not hastily quit, or place another man in rashly. Great interests were involved in it, which he could not endanger by his absence for a year at least. But life was bright to him again, and he bore the delay bravely, having illimitable faith in the girl he loved and in himself. Had she not gallantly won this faith, by avowing her love for him, and losing the richer man and the better position by the avowal? Had she not, of her own free will, written to him these few sweet words of promise? Small wonder that he could live contentedly through the present, when such a future loomed before him.

At last he was free—free to go home and win his bride, and obtain personal absolution from his uncle for those sins which love had made him commit. Fate favored him now. The steamer was a fast one, and in a fortnight he was down at the Chase, grasping his uncle's hand.

"And now you know what my next move will be," he said, when the greetings were over, subduing his own gladness as much as he could, out of respect for the sorrow by which his uncle had bought it. "What is the matter?" he added in alarm, seeing a change in the kind cordial face that was bent on him.—"You know I have come to ask her to be my wife."

"I have borne an awful grief and disappointment, but I'd bear it again rather than have to tell this to you, my boy.—You have stayed too long."

"Good heaven! is she dead?"

"Not dead, but as lost to you as if she were; and you must go back, and she must never hear you have come, or she will be true to herself, pityful and overkind, and—like women generally, shall I say? She is married; you have stayed too long."

It did not kill him, and it did not send him to the bad, a convenient locality to which fiction-writers frequently consign their jilted heroes. But it dulled his life, and robbed him of his belief in the goodness and fidelity of women.

Nothwithstanding which he forgave her, and was friendly with her in the after-years: and though her fickleness had earned his contempt, he never paid the debt. And so poetical justice was not awarded to the "flagrant flirt" Bonnie Dundee, who would have been a better woman if she had not been so thorough a one.

A Puzzled Dutchman.

A Preacher who does not believe in immerison for baptism, was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believed it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptised. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition 'into' of the Scriptures should be rendered differently as it does not mean into at all times. Moses, he said, we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Savior was taken up unto it. So with going down into the water, it means simply going down close or near the water and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring. He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed, to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows:

Mister Breacher, I ish so glat I vash here to-night, for you has explained to my mind some dings dat I never could pelief before—oh, I ish so glat into does not mean into, but shust close by or near to; for now I can pelief many dings vot I could not pelief before. We reat Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vas cast into the den of lions, came out alife Now I never could pelief dat, for the wild beasts would shust have eat him right off; but now it is clear to my mind, he vas shust close py or near to, and did not get into the den at all. O, I ish so glat I vas here to-night.—Again we reat dat de Hebrew children vas cast into a fiery furnace, and dat always looked like a big story too, for they would have peen burnt up, it is all blain to my mind now, for dey vas shust catspy, or close to the fiery furnace. O, I ish so glat dat I vas here to-night. And then, Mr. Breacher, it is said dat Jonah vas cast into the sea, and taken into the whale's belly. Now I never could pelief that. It always seemed to me to be a big fish story, but it is all blain to me now. He vas not into the whale's pelly at all, but shust jumpt onto his back and rode ashore. O, I is so glat I vas here to-night.

And now, Mr. Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more bassages of Scripture, I shall pe, oh so happy dat I vas here to-night. One of dem is, vere it says the vicked shall pe cast into a lake dat purns mit fire and primstone always. Oh, Mr. Breacher, shall I pe cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py, or near to—shust near enough to pe comfortable. Oh! I hope you tell me I shall pe cast only shust py a good vays off. The other bassage is dat vich says plesed are they who do dese commandments, dat very many have right to de tree of life and enter in de gates of de City, and not shust close by or near to—shust near enough to see vat I have lost—and I shall pe so glat I vas here to night.

Peeping at the Girls.

A short time ago a few Cincinnatians were on a hunting trip in Indiana. One night they found it convenient to put up at a small country tavern where the accommodations were somewhat limited—so much as to compel them all to the roof. This being the best they could do, they accepted the conditions without much murmuring, being pretty effectually tired out with their day's tramp, and after an early supper, retired.

About ten o'clock they were awakened out of sound slumber by great gayety and laughter proceeding from the adjoining room, occupied by the landlord's three buxom daughters. It was evident that, as they were retiring for the night they were having a high old frolic.

Now the hunters were all young men, and it was very tantalizing to have so much "gal" fun going on with only a door intervening. At length one of the hunters, scarcely above his breath, whispered to the others:

"See there, boys, there's a knot-hole in the door, and we have a chance to see all that is going on. Heap of fun there, you bet."

They looked, and there, sure enough was what appeared to be a good-sized knot-hole, showing the light within the next room, adjoining, to be very bright indeed.

A bold hunter crept cautiously out of bed and applied his eye to the knot-hole, but was astonished to find he could see nothing.

As he put his head down to look, the knot-hole disappeared.

Stepping back a pace or two there was the knot-hole again.

"What did you see?" inquired one of the hunters, who was trembling with curiosity in bed.

"Didn't see anything," was the reply.—"They either pulled the knot-hole out or plugged it up."

Then another hunter tried it with like effect As he stooped to steal a glance at unconcious maidenhood on a frolic, the knot-hole vamosed. They were greatly puzzled, until one of them said:

"See there, boys, look at the knot-hole in the roof!"

They looked, and the mystery was solved! There was a knot-hole in the board roofing, through which the moon was shining, the light falling upon the door as to produce the illusion described. The hunters slept better after this discovery.

Savings for Old Age.

No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight; yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how he wants it! It is curious but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism at threescore.

It is a fact that over tasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good in regard to health as well as to money, "Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, nor error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when and where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for Old Age, but save knowledge; save the recollections of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures and pure thoughts save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish nor death take away.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

A Small Pox Remedy.

A correspondent of the Stockton, California, Herald writes as follows:

I herewith append a receipt which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small pox though the pits are filling. When Jenner discovered the cow-pox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this receipt as a panacea for small pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever, here it is as I have used it to cure the small pox—when learned physicians said the patient must die it cured: Sulphate of zinc one grain, foxglove (digitalis) one grain, half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When mixed add four ounces of water. Take a tablespoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child smaller doses according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease.

Devices of Autumn Leaves.

An exquisite transparency may be made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses, and Autumn leaves on a pane of window glass, lapping another pane of the same size over it, and binding the edges with ribbon, having the group imprisoned between. Use gum tragacanth in putting on the binding. It is well to secure a narrow strip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all around the edge of the first pane and dried before the leaves, ferns, etc., are arranged; then it can be neatly folded over the second pane without difficulty. To form the loop for hanging the transparency, paste a binding of galloon along the edge, leaving a two-inch loop free in the centre, afterwards to be pulled through a little slit in the final binding. These transparencies may either be hung before a window, or if preferred, secured against a pane in the sash. In halls a beautiful effect is produced by placing them against the side-lights of the hall door. Where the side-lights are each on a single pane, it is well worth while to place a single transparency against each, filling up the entire space, thus affording ample scope for a free arrangement of ferns, grasses and leaves, while the effect of the light passing through the rich Autumn colors is very fine. Leaves so arranged will preserve their beauty the entire winter.

An Anecdote of Everett.

In his speech at the Amherst semicentennial commencement Professor Park said: "I have recalled this afternoon a scene which occurred thirty-six years ago, on the day preceding the commencement. Edward Everett then delivered the oration. In the midst of the oration he uttered one sentence which called forth bursts of applause.

"I will read that sentence: "Before the admiring student of nature has realized all the wonders of the world, let him sit down and know the universe in which he lives, by examining the races of animals disporting themselves in their representative ocean—a drop of water.'

"After that sentence, it appeared as if all Amherst College would not cease to clap their hands and stamp their feet, and yet you seem to be unmoved by the recital.—Now the question comes, what is the reason. The reason is found in the studied artlessness of Edward Everett.

While he was on the point of speaking the words, a 'drop of water,' he turned carelessly and saw a glass of water on the table. He put his finger in the glass, and a drop of water was suspended therefrom. I have it on the best authority that six or seven weeks before that oration was delivered, Everett wrote a letter to a friend in Boston asking him whether so bold a gesture would be proper."

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