THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1871. NO. 27.

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		P. train
" Kennedyville,	7:20		
" Black's,	7:35		
" Lumbson's,	7:50		Q. A. R. R.
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25	
" Morris',	8:15	1:40	
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55	
Arrive Towsend,	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	
" Lumbson'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

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 Produ[ce]

No. [11]2 [illegible] o.

HAIR OILS.

DRUG STORE

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,

GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

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

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

July 22, 1871—tf.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

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

Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1871—y.

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 REPEATING 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, 187[1]

Selected Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,
A modest blush, a speaking eye,
A manner unaffected, free;
These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart,
A sympathy that's free from art,
A *real* friend among the few;
These things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,
An aged sire, a little child,
A happy home, a cheerful hearth;
These things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,
An earnest soul and willing feet,
A day of peace, a night of rest;
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,
A spotless name, a jewel rare,
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie;
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they all are born of love,
And emanate from God above;
An earnest of the heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

Webster and Fessenden.

Some thirty-five years ago—perhaps more—Daniel Webster contemplated a journey to our Western States and territories, which he had never visited. The great Statesman felt inclined to have some talented young man to accompany him, and in looking over New England for such a companion, his attention was attracted to young Fessenden, and extended to him an invitation to travel with him, which was eagerly accepted. Many a time, says the editor of the Portland *Argus*, Mr. Fessenden has spoken to us of the advantages and impression of that trip.—Mr. Webster treated him with great kindness, and gave him much good advice, which he treasured up in his memory. Webster told him how hard he had studied, and how careful he was in making out papers when he commenced the practice of law. He said he never let a writ or other legal document pass from his hand until he had read it over three times at least. And he further remarked that while many young men were idling away their time he was trimming the midnight lamp.

"Now, said Webster," "I have acquired some fame, both as a lawyer and an orator, and have made speeches in which have occurred some figures and illustrations often quoted, and which have already passed into mottoes, and now do you suppose these terse sayings were made from the spur of the moment? By no means; they were the result of previous study—and close study, too. Some of my best illustrations of thought have been studied and trimmed down when the fishing rod was in my hands. The words which so fitly represent England's power, so often quoted and so much praised, were strung together while I stood on the American side of the St. Lawrence River near Niagara Falls, and heard the British drums beat on the Canada side."

Many other statements he made to young Fessenden, which proved pretty conclusively that there is no royal road to learning. Hard work, study, faithful, persevering application, is the only sure road to either fame or fortune. The best "natural ability" or qualification that a young man can possibly possess is to know how to work well.

Mrs. Gubbins says her husband is exactly like a tallow candle, because he will always smoke when he is going out.

THE PRISONERS OF NATURE.

The more a fact varies from the ordinary laws of nature, the more it merits the attention of the philosopher and amateur. When once sufficiently confirmed, however contrary it may be to prevailing opinion, it is entitled to a place in the ranks of knowledge. The most obstinate skepticism cannot destroy its certainty, and can only afford a proof of the presumption which leads us to deny whatever we are incompetent to explain. The following phenomena are of this kind — They are such as have occurred in the course of reading, and have been collected in hope that some one whose studies may have been directed to such objects, will enlarge the list. The more they are multiplied, the greater light will probably be thrown upon them; and it will perhaps one day be a matter of surprise that we have been so long ignorant of their cause. These phenomena are instances of living animals being found inclosed in solid bodies.

The first case on record occurred 1683, when M. Blondel reported to the Academy that at Toulon oysters fit to eat were frequently found inclosed in pieces of stone. Two years later, M. de Cassini mentions a similar fact, on the authority of M. Duracie, ambassador at the Porte, who assured him that stones were frequently found there in which were inclosed little animals, called dactyles.—Some workmen in a quarry at Boursire, Gotha, having detached a large piece of stone from the mass, found, on breaking it, a live toad. They were desirous of separating the part that bore the shape of the animal, but it crumbled into sand.—The toad was of a dark gray, its back a little speckled; the color of its belly was brighter. Its eyes, small and round, emitted fire from beneath a tender membrane which covered them; they were of the color of pale gold. When touched on the head with a stick, it closed its eyes as if asleep, and gradually opened them again when the stick was taken away. It was incapable of any other motion. The aperture of the mouth was closed by means of a yellowish membrane. Upon pressing it one the back it discharged some clear water and died. Under the membrane which covered the mouth were found, both in the upper and lower jaw, two sharp teeth, which were stained with a little blood. How long it had been inclosed in the stone is a question that cannot be solved M. de Prince, a celebrated sculptor, asserts in like manner that he saw, in 1756, in the house of M. de la Riviere, at Ecretteville, a living toad in the centre of a hard stone, with which it was, as it were, incrusted.

In 1764, some workmen employed in a quary in Lorraine informed Mr. Grignon that they had found a toad in a mass of stone forty-five feet below the surface of the earth. This eminent naturalist went immediately to the spot, but could not perceive, as he assures us in his treatise on the "Febrication of Iron," any vestige of the prison of this animal. A small cavity was visible in the stone, but it bore no impression of the body of the toad.—The creature that was shown him was of moderate size, of a gray color, and seemed to be in its natural state. The men informed M. Grignon that this was the sixth that had been found in these mines within the space of thirty years. M. Grignon considered the circumstance as worthy of more particular attention, and promised a reward to any person who should find him another instance of a toad so inclosed in a stone that it had no means of getting out. Six years after, a toad was brought to him inclosed in two hollow shells of stone in which it was said to have been fo. but on examining it closely, M. s; on perceived that the cavity bore n impression of a shell-fish, and conently concluded it to be apocryphal. 1771, however, another instance oced and was the subject of a curious pa, read by M. Guettard before the cademy of Sciences at Paris The following are the circumstances, as related y that famous naturalist: In pulling own a wall which was known to have xisted upwards of a hundred years, a ad was found, without the smallest aperre being discovered by which it could ve entered Upon inspecting the ani, it was apparent that it had been dead t a very little time; and in this state it as presented to the Academy This iscovery induced M. Guettard to make reated inquiries into this subject, the parculars of which may be read in the paer just cited.

These phenomena remind one of others similar nature. In the trunk of an elm, bout the size of a man's body, three or ur feet above the root, and exactly in e centre was found in 1719, a live toad, a moderate size, but rather thin, and cupying but a very small space. As on as the wood was cut, it came out, d skipped away very alertly. No tree uld be more sound, and no place could discovered through which it was posble for the animal to have penetrated. his led the recorder of the fact to supse that the spawn from which it originated must, by some unaccountable acident, have been in the tree from the ry first moment of its vegetation. The d had lived in the tree without air, d, what is still more surprising had subted on the substance of the wood, and d grown in proportion as the tree had own. This fact was attested by M. erbert, professor of philosophy at Caen. In 1731, M. Seigne wrote to the Academy of Sciences at Paris an account of a enomen exactly similar to the preceding one, except that the tree was larger, d was an oak instead of an elm, which kes the instance more surprising.—From the size of the oak, M. Seigne judged that the toad must have existed in it without air or any external nourishment for the space of eighty or a hundred years.

A third instance may be cited, which is related is a letter, dated 1870, and written from the neighborhood of St. Mascent. The writer states that, a few days previously, he ordered an oak tree of a tolerable size to be cut down, and converted into a beam, that was wanted for a building which he was then constructing. Having separated the head from the trunk, three men were employed in squaring it to the proper size. About four inches were to be cut away on each side. The writer was present during the transaction. Great was his astonishment when he saw them throw aside their tools, start back from the tree, and fix their eyes on the same point with a kind of amazement and terror. He instantly approached, and looked at the part of the tree which had fixed their attention. His surprise equalled theirs on seeing a toad about the size of an egg incrusted in a manner in the tree at a distance of four inches from the diameter and fifteen from the root. It was cut and mangled by the axe, but still moved He drew it with difficulty from its abode, or rather prison, which it filled so completely that it seemed to have been compressed. He placed it on the grass; it appeared old, thin, languishing, decrepit. He afterwards examined the tree with the greatest care to discover how it had glided in; but the tree was perfectly whole and sound.

These facts, but particularly the paper of M. Guettard, induced M Herrissan, to make experiments calculated to ascertain their certainty. In February 1771, he inclosed three live toads in as many cases of plaster, and shut them up in a deal box, which he also covered with a thick coating of plaster. In April, 1774 having removed the plaster, he opened the box and found the cases whole. On breaking the cases he discovered that two of the toads were alive, but that the third had died a martyr to scientific investigation. The defunct toad was larger than the others, and had been more compressed in its case. A careful examination of this experiment convinced those who had witnessed it that the animals were so inclosed that they could have no possible communication with the external air, and must have existed during this lapse of time without the least nourishment. The Academy prevailed on M. Herrissan again the two surviving toads, and placed the box in the hands of the secretary, that the Academy might open it whenever they should think proper. But this celebrated naturalist was too deeply interested in the subject to be satisfied with a single experment; he made, therefore, the two following. First, in April of the same year, he placed two live toads in a basin of plaster, which he covered with a plate of glass, that he might observe them frequently.—In the following month, he presented this apparatus to the Academy. One of the toads was still living; the other had given up the ghost on the preceding night — Secondly, on the same date as the first he inclosed another toad in a glass bottle which he buried in sand, that it might have no communication with the external air. This animal, which he presented to the Academy at the same time as the other was perfectly well, and even croaked whenever the bottle in which it was confined was shaken It is to be lamented that the death of M. Herrissan put a stop to these experiments so interesting to savants, if not to toads.

The power which these animals appear to possess of supporting abstinence for so long a time, may result from a very slow digestion, and perhaps from the singular nourishment which they derive from themselves. M. Grignon observes that this animal sheds its skin several times in the course of a year, and that it always swallows it. He has known he says, a large toad shed's its skin six times in one winter. In short those, which may be supposed, from the facts we have related, to have existed for many years without nourishment, have been in total inaction, in suspension of life, and in a temperature that has admitted of no dissolution; so that it was not necessary to supply any loss, the humidity of the surrounding matter preserving that of the animal, which needed only the component parts to be kept in a state of moisture to preserve it from destruction.

But toads are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air.—The instances of the oysters and dactyles mentioned at the beginning of this article may be advanced in proof of it; and there are other examples. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family.—These worms occupied small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air They subsisted probably on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicans in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth He asserts that he saw these two worms. A beetle of the species called Capricorn was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth. The wood had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the *Affiches de Provinces;* June 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in or received air.

Mission in his "Travels through Italy," mentions a cray-fish that was found alive in midst of a mass of marble in the environs of Tivoli, M. Peyssonel, king's physician at Guadelonpe having ordered a pit to be dug at the back of his house, was told by the workmen that live frogs were found by them in beds of petrifaction. M. Peyssonel, suspecting some deceit, descended into the pit, dug the bed of rack and petrifactions, and drew out green frogs, which were alive, and exactly similar to what we see every day.

If it is a difficult question to say how animals live in such a state of captivity, it is equally difficult to account for their getting into durance vile. Various theories have been advanced, but none of them so satisfactory, but that savants have still to discover the mystery connected with these Prisoners of Nature.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Feats of Memory.

Memory is nearly as much a puzzle as ever. Why in some men memory should be strong and in others weak: why the memory should be stronger at one time than another; why the same man should have a strong memory for some subjects completely from the mind, are problems still undergoing patient and attentive scrutiny.

The memory for figures, or power of mental calculation, is well known to all of us, either by its presence or its absence. Jedediah Buxton, George Parker Bidder and Zerah Colbourn, are instances too familiarly known to need detail here, George Watson, the Sussex calculator, could tell the dates of every day since he was a child, and what he was doing on that day; he could show many other strange freaks of memory, but was a heavy, ignorant fellow generally, very vain of his one acquirement.

The memory of language is quite a distinct faculty, so far as can be judged from recorded instances. Mithridates, we are told, could converse, in their own languages, to the natives of twenty-three countries, which were under his sway. Cardinal Mezzofanti appears to have had this faculty in a stronger degree than any other person that ever lived. While educating for the priesthood, he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German and Swedish. As a professor at some of the Italian universities, he constantly added to his store; until at the age of forty-three he could read in twenty languages and converse in eighteen. In 1841, when he was sixty-seven years old, he was as well acquainted with Portuguese, English, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Magyar, Turkish, Irish, Wallachian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Illyrian, Lettish, Lappish, as with the languages he had first learned; while to Arabic he addet Persian, Sanscrit, Koordish, Georgian, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Chinese, Coptic, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, and other Asiatic and African tongues. At the time of his death, in 1849, Mezzofanti could write eloquently and converse fluently in more than seventy languages.

All the accounts of memory for words are poor compared with this; nevertheless, many of them are sufficiently remarkable.—John Kemble used to say that he could learn a whole number of the Morning Post in four days: and General Christie made a similar assertion; but it is not quite known how far either of them verified this statement. Robert Dillon could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper which he had read over night. During the repeal debates in the House of Commons, thirty-seven years ago, one of the members wrote out his speech, sent it to the newspapers, and repeated it to the House in the evening; it was found to be the same verbatim as that which he had written out. John Fuller, a land agent in Norfolk, could remember every word of a sermon, and write it out correctly after going home; this was tested by comparing his written account with the clergyman's manuscript. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time. Seneca could repeat two thousand words after hearing them once. Magliabechi, who had a prodigious memory, was once put to a severe test. A gentleman loaned him a manuscript, which was read and returned; the owner, sometime afterwards, pretending he had lost it, begged Magliabechi to write out as much as he could remember; whereupon the latter, appealing to his memory, wrote out the whole essay. Cyrus, if some of the old historians are to be credited, could remember the name of every soldier in his immense army. There was a Corsican boy could repeat forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician of Massachusetts, about half a century ago, could repeat the whole of Paradise Lost without mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's Æneid, and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.

One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer hard work, a determination towards one particular achievement, without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects.—This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggar-man at Stirling, known some forty years ago as Blind Alick, afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart; insomuch that, if a sentence were read to him, he could name book, chapter, and verse were named, he could give the exact words. A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy; Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage is to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the nineteenth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied; "There is no such verse; that chapter has only eighty-nine verses."—*All the Year Round.*

BAD SPEAKERS.—The two representatives of constituencies who were the worst speakers I ever heard when sober were the late Sir William Guise, M. P. for Gloucestershire, and Colonel Webb, the member for the city. The former, in an after-dinner speech, expressed his satisfaction at having his health proposed "by so respectable an individual" as his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester; and the latter, in a low pot-house, during his canvass, assured half a dozen sweeps and tinkers that "his feelings overcame him in having the onorous responsibility of addressing so respectable an assembly." The assembly grinned, and one of them cried, "Walker."—*The Hon. Grantley Berkeley's Life and Recollections.*

A Model Love-Letter.

MYERS VS. HARRIS. This says the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, was one of those rare and peculiar cases—breach of promise of marriage—and occupied the greater part of the forenoon. From the evidence, it appears that the parties live in or near Onondaga, that Harris had been a frequent visitor for about two years and a half at the house of the plaintiff—a widow woman of nearly thirty years of age, with three children. It seems to have been the opinion of the friends of the plaintiff (and no doubt she thought so herself) that Harris would marry her; but he (Harris,) from some unaccountable cause, a few months ago, suddenly discovered that he loved another young lady better, and verified this belief a short time since by marrying that other lady. Hence this action was brought by the plaintiff to recover damages to apply as a salve to her wounded affections. The following tender epistle, sent by the loving swain, will interest our readers, and we recommend it as a model love story:

MY DEAR MRS. M.;—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churndasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like a Spanish needle through a pair of linen trousers. As a gosling swimeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so I swim in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the eyes of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a humming-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drink in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whisky punch.

"Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by the boot straps to the top of the church steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing-school. Day and night you are in my thought. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree, by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig arises from his rest and grunteth, and goeth for his morning's refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels to droning flight at sultry noontide; and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee, and like a piece of elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom Your hair is like the name of a horse, powered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids bathing like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker.' When their fire hit me upon my breast it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of bird-shot through a rotted apple. Your nose is like a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light some-where, like bluebirds out on their parent's nest.—Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind harp's strain, or the bleat of the stray lamb on a bleak hill side. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in the beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of Lo ne made sugar.

"I am dying for thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thirty housewives pour out hot coffee.—Away from you, I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears and feel the cold lizzards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears like a thousand minnows nibble at my spirits; and my soul is pierced with doubts like an old cheese is bored with skippers.

"My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a ketten's first caterwaul. As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee.

"You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a top-knot plumage on the head of a muscovy duck.—You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound cake and sweetened toddy altogether.

"If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall feel as happy as a wood-pecker on a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passions, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall away, from a flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in coming years when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymn, you, happy in another's love can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting-place of

"Yours affectionately, H."

Verdict for plaintiff, and $500 damages.

STICKING TO ONE PLAN.—Farmers get discouraged sometime by occasional gluts, low prices, and over-production. Every one must expect this; but it will generally be found true that these farmers who expect only fair profits, who aim to raise good crops, by taking care of a fair supply of farm animals, and lay out a good plan and stick to it, year by year, through good or evil, will, in the long run, make the most money, over these who shift their crops with every tide of speculation. There is nothing so good as *hanging on to the last.*

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. A Georgian negro thought he would economise by sending his son to school and then make the boy teach him. The plan worked well until the young teacher, following the custom of the seminary where he was taught, gave the old man a thrashing for spelling dog d-o-r-g.

Why is the end of an exhibition of the American Institute like a toilette? Because it's the close of the fair.

A Western girl, after giving her lover a hasty smack, exclaimed, "Dog my cats, if you hain't been takin' rye, old hoss."

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