THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1871. NO. 28.

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.

P. M.

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 th' country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

July 22, 1871—tf.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

OMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

AIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

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

Baltimore, Md.

16, 1871—y.

VILLIAM HARRIS,

Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,

o. 116 West Pratt street,

(One Door East of South,)

BALTIMORE,

EEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

UCK AND BIRD GUNS,

REPEATING PISTOLS,

ITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISOLS, COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS,

l every description of Pistol now in use.

so, 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 ort notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

Special Notice.



THE subscriber Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of *AGRICULTURAL IMLEMENTS*, Farm and Plantation Machin—he also makes a speciality of PLOWS ll the various varieties for the Southern ade. 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*

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.*

MYERS BROTHERS,

DEALERS

IN

WALL PAPERS,

WINDOW

SHADES,

VENITIAN

BLINDS, &c.,

No. 39

NORTH GAY STREET,

Opp. Odd Fellows' Hall,

BALTIMORE.

☞ All orders left with E. C. RIECHE, opposite the Voshell House, will be promptly attended to.

Sept. 9, 1871—y

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Selected Poetry.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

[These exquisite verses are from one of "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters" in *Scribner's* for December.]

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat,—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

THE TICK-KNOB DEBATE.

Jotham Jones and Didymus Dox were rival candidates for Congress in the Pennyroyal district. The district was close, and the contest hot and personal. After a rattling fire at long range for more than a month without result, it was resolved to try the effect of bringing the combatants to close quarters; in other words, it was arranged that they should meet and discuss "the issues of the hour," at Tick-Knob, a central and accessible point, the day before the election

Both parties, in donning their armor, boasted as only he should boast who taketh it off. Dox and his friends were sure Jones would skulk, and Jones and his were quite as certain Dox would never come to the scratch. But if neither backed out, not a "grease spot" of either would be left, if the other was to be believed.

An ambuscade of secret affidavits to the effect that Dox's wife's sister-in-law's brother-in-law, who kept a grocery at Sorghumdale, sold sand in his sugar, constituted a principal feature in the Jones tactics. Dox, on the other hand, was supplied with an equally convincing array of proofs that Jones' stepmother's uncle's aunt's cousin by marriage, had a half sister no better than she ought to be. These masked batteries, held carefully in reserve on either side, when opened at the last moment, was confidently expected, by those in the secret, would put a final settler on "the issue of the hour."

For the time being, Tick-Knob became the centre of interest. Everybody was making ready to go. In the remotest corners of the district, the din of preparation sounded. Heads of households arranged to take their families, and swains their sweethearts. Carryalls, buggies, wagons, sulkies, horses, mules, saddles, side-saddles, and pillions, were all in demand.—To see a couple of politicians "worry and devour each other" was a treat too rare to be foregone

The dawn of the eventful day was as bright as the hopes it heralded. As Jones walked the platform, "scenting the morning air," and waiting for the train that was carry him to Tick-Knob and victory, his reveries was disturbed by a touch on the shoulder.

Turning about, he saw an elderly gentleman—no, we can hardly say he saw the elderly gentleman, for on the latter's arm hung a creature of more surpassing beauty than it had ever before entered the heart of Jones to conceive.

"Going on the train, sir?" the elderly gentleman asked.

Jones bowed without removing his eyes from the object that riveted them.

"Might I ask you to take charge of a lady as far as the next station?" the gentleman continued.

"Might he?" the question transported Jones to the heaven of the houries. He stammered something about being only too happy, and was saved from making a complete goose of himself by the arrival of the train.

Recovering himself he handed the lady on board, where another piece of good fortune awaited him—the crowded state of the car compelled him to sit by his charge's side, and the road was a narrow guage. When it was building Jones had gone with the broad guage party; he saw his error now.

For the next half hour, Dox and the issues of the hour slipt from Jones' memory. He had never struggled for popular applause as he now laid himself out to win favor in the sight of a pair of lustrous dark eyes "far lovelier in their strength" than any Byron ever wrote of. Nor, he flattered himself, were his efforts wholly unavailing. His flashes of wit and gushes of sentiment won more than one intoxicating smile and tender look that made him feel that his entire cuticle was rising into "goose flesh."

At the end of thirty minutes the conductor sang out "Sorghumdale!" Jones would have sworn the minutes had been seconds. Anxious to prolong the delicious moments, he escorted his charmer to the platform, which they had barely reached when a sudden faintness seemed to overcome the lady. Her step faltered, her limbs tottered, and she must inevitably have fallen had not Jones caught her.

His first impulse was to shout "Fire!"—his second, "Water!" Before he could do either, the bell rang, the whistle shrieked, the locomotive snorted, and the train began to move! What was to be done! If he failed to reach Tick-Knob in season, after all his vaunting, he would be set down as an arrant poltroon, and his political cake would be dough. He had no alternative but to drop his burthen and run or stand at his post till help came, leaving "the issues of the hour" to take their own chances.

Jones was too much of a man to hesitate. It was still early and there might be another train or it was possible to drive to Tick Knob in a couple of hours. But come what would, he would never desert such an angel in distress!

When the train was fairly off, the lady—till then in a dead faint—opened her eyes, and looking up confidingly:

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"Safe in these arms!" was the assuring answer.

A modest blush mantled her cheek as she made an effort to disengage herself.

"Don't—pray don't exert yourself!" Jones pleaded. "Permit me to carry you; if you only knew the pleasure I feel in—in—"

"You have my sincere thanks, sir," she answered sweetly; "but I am really quite over it. A mere attack of nervousness—nothing more. If you will only lend me your arm a little way to a relative's, I shall not tresspass farther on your kindness."

Jones was sure she was not equal to the effort. With his permission she should prove it. Jones shook his head. She pointed the way, and took his arm. He begged her to lean upon it, and they walked on.

At the relative's after being warmly thanked by the family, and most charmingly by the lady herself, who hurried off to lie down. Jones explained his predicament. He was Mr. Jones, candidate for Congress against the arch-demagogue Dox, with whom he was under an engagement to discuss "the issues of the hour," at Tick-Knob that day, at ten o'clock.—Would there be another train in time?

There was no other train till three o'clock.

Could a private conveyance be had?

The relative would see if Mr. Jones would take a seat. Most of the conveyances in that line were in use, as nearly everybody had gone to the "speaking," but he thought of a friend who might be able to accommodate him.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the friend returned with a rickety old sulky drawn by a lanky horse, whose sire might have been Rosinante, and his dam—well, he hardly looked to be worth one. It was the best thing that could be done, however, no time was to be lost.

Jones mounted the seat and took the lines. For a quarter of a mile the horse did wonders. He was an earnest-looking quadruped—evidently an animal of tenacious purpose—but Jones hadn't looked for any such speed. If it was backed by corresponding bottom, he would reach Tick-Knob in ample time to demolish Dox, and brand his wife's sister-in-law's swindling brother-in-law with the everlasting infamy he deserved.

At the end of the quarter hour the roads forked. Jones' way led to the right; the horse saw the path of duty on the left Jones tugged one way, the horse set his face the other. Jones coaxed, the horse was inflexible. Jones swore; it was sinning to no purpose. It was nearly noon, and there were were yet twenty miles to go.

"Wich way'r yer a goin'?" inquired a shock-headed urchin in ventilation trowsers.

"To Tick-Knob—blast you!" The latter clause to his horse.

"Yer don't understand Jinglebones," said the boy. "He wants ter go home, and when he does ther's only one way to manage 'im. Lem me show yer."

The boy took off his hat, and holding its brim up went to the right, calling:

"Cope! cope!"

Attracted by immaginary oats, Jinglebones turned in that direction, when the boy adroitly clapped a thistle he had in readiness upon the harness. It acted like a charm. Jinglebones set off at full gallop. Jones heart bounded with delight. He might yet be in time. If the stimulating thistle only kept its place—everything depended on that.

But the fates were against Jones. At a sudden turn the hub of the sulky struck a telegraph pole, and the whole concern—spokes, felloes, axle and body—flew to pieces like the shell of a touch-me-not. Jones was hurled head first into a brier patch, and before he could extricate himself, Jinglebones, whom the shock had relieved of his thistle, turned about and cantered placidly homeward.

Jones gave it up. It was too late to think of going forward. He would walk back and tell the fair creature he had left all he had suffered for her sake, trusting to her generosity to reward his devotion. On second thought he would wait till evening. The lady would probably keep her room till then, and it would be against etiquette to disturb her.

Turning into the fields he sought a quiet spot for meditation. He tried to imagine what Dox was saying at that moment.—Could he have known that just then the reputation of the unfortunate half-sister of his step-father's uncle's aunt's cousin by marriage was being ruthlessly assailed, and his own absence attributed to a sneaking fear of meeting that and other "issues of the hour," he would have probably felt even less comfortable than he did.

On his way back he skirted through the lanes and by-paths, carefully avoiding the public road, now thronged with people returning from the meeting. As he listened to their cheers for Dox, and groans for Jones, his heart sank. It revived a little as he thought of the consolation ahead.

His destination reached, he rang the door bell.

Could he see the lady he had left there in the morning.

He could; would he step in?

There she was as lovely as ever; the same matchless eyes, the same heavenly smile; but stay, who's that she's about to introduce?

Dox! by all that's diabolical!

"My husband, Mr. Jones," said the sweet voice that had so charmed him in the morning, and so diabolically deluded him.

Jones rushed from the house with a fervent curse on Jinglebones for not having ended his woes by breaking his neck. Of course Dox carried the district by acclamation, and Jones left to avoid being laughed out of it. He went into shoepegs, made a fortune, and now thanks his stars for having escaped a politician's fate.

The obliging relative, we forgot to explain, was no other than the wretch that sold sand in his sugar.

Jones, we may add, is still a bachelor

Lawyers and Editors.

A friendly letter from an eminent lawyer promptly enclosing check for legal advertisements, essential as preliminaries to the prosecution of his suit, facetiously, if not "sarcastic," expresses envy to Editors with "scissors," reclining at ease, whose only trouble is to sign receipts for orders of publication. Precious little trouble—and very seldom besides—does that give an Editor.

His troubles arise from infrequency of such appeals to his penmanship. As to "scissors," it takes a wise man to use them properly. A good upright lawyer, who appreciates his high calling, scorns to think it a mere means of making money, and refuses to adopt the Boston notion as thus expressed by a newspaper correspondent who says that "meeting a young lawyer, I asked him what was the chief aim of the Boston bar? First to get on—then to get honor—then to get honest, he replied. I thought the comparison of the adjective on, honor, honest, was good." Justly considering that his duty is to seek to dispense justice to all, he keeps more cases out of court than he puts into litigation. So a wise and conscientious Editor keeps out of his paper what will work moral harm to his readers and refuses even pay for advertisements which are impure. The use of the scissors as of the pen (the latter is easier work), requires judgment and thought When to be silent, what, and how, to say exactly that which will most benefit the cause of Right and Truth, is no easy task for a man.—The daily occurring distracting cares, without pause, or rest, or variety, give body and brain to "dry rot." A lawyer's life is a luxury to that of an editor of a village or country newspaper. True, the lawyer's on a lower grade and inferior level. To spend one's time and thought upon a squabble between two dishonest wretches as to who shall succeed in cheating the other, must surely be humiliating and degrading to a noble mind. The editor has a loftier purpose; a higher aim, a more benificent commission. Let the lawyers, to whose practice he contributes money, time and labor, appreciate his aid and more faithfully repay and reimburse at least his out-lay in their behalf, "paid, laid out and expended."

P. S.—As usual, doubtless, the prayers for printer's ink will think this injustice (we are not talking to them), while those whom the cap fits won't try it on or wear it.—*Frederick News.*

A CURE FOR THE BLUES.—A paragraphist says in one of the medical papers that "laughter and music will cures the blues." Now, laughter is good, and music is good, and we do not doubt that they have a good effect on those who are depressed in spirits; but how is a man going to laugh when he don't feel like it?—And it is not always easy to get a dose of inspiring music. A still better prescription is to seek the society and moral support of people who are not blue. When a clock has run down, it stops. It cannot start itself—somebody must wind it, and touch gently the pendulum till it swings freely in its accustomed track. So, when hope has departed from the soul, and all looks dark and discouraging, the touch of a strong, healthy nature cheers and invigorates, and starts into action a faculty that has run down and stopped. If you are blue, then go to one that is not blue, and let him apply the sparks of his own life to your despondent nature.

☞ A Toledo druggist had his name taken off a petition for a street improvement, when he learned that such would greatly improve the health of the neighborhood.

The typical diseases of three nations have been thus classified: In France disease attacks the heart; in America, the brain; in England, the toes.

"Cheese, Please"

Schoolboys, I believe I need scarcely say, are not remarkable for their tenderness for the feelings of others, and especially in the matter of nicknames they are apt to be reckless of any thing but what they call "fun" Just let them observe any oddity in dress or manners, any peculiarity of looks or speech, either in teacher or mate, it is pounced upon by these young critics as lawful game, set up as a mark for their small shafts of wit, and the unfortunate subject immediately fitted with a soubriquet more or less appropriate and ludicrous.

Is this not true, boys? And dont you know that it is a bad habit at best, often causing undeserved pain, and not in the least according to the Golden Rule? Moreover, are you not sometimes obliged to take back the titles you thought so clever, acknowledging of your own accord how unworthy had been their bestowal?

The boys of the Thorncliff school were as fine a set of fellows as one can find gathered in any school, but full of energy and love of mischief, which seems to be common to the genus boy. So when they were told that the new Latin teacher was to arrive one evening, they one and all set themselves to mark what manner of man he was, and to see what material for fun was to be found in this new subject.

Unluckily for him, they found plenty at once. He was a tall, land, awkward young man, with a large nose, bristly hair, and coatsleeves and trousers both too short for his overgrown limbs. That, despite these drawbacks, he had a good, sensible face, a pair of bright, thoughtful eyes, and a very pleasant smile, they did not choose to notice; and sundry nods, and winks began to pass around the table, sundry nudges of elbows, and treading on toes, within a few minutes from the first entrance of the new teacher.

The leading wits of the school were already revolving in their minds the respective merits of "Dominie Sampson" and "Ichabod Crane" as a substitute for the Latin master's own appellation, when their innocent victim suddenly supplied them with a soubriquet far more original and amusing. Quite unconscious of any special observation, he was addressing himself to his supper with the appetite which a long journey had made sharp; and his supply of cheese being exhausted, he glanced up and down the table until he spied a plate of the desired article, and then fixing with his eye the boy who sat nearest it, said in rather a loud and abrupt tone, "Cheese, please"

It was sufficient The plate was handed promptly, and there were no audible giggles. But the boys avenged themselves for the enforced suppression by an instantaneous adoption of the two harmless words as the desired nickname; and from that day forward the new master was known behind his back by no other name than that of "Cheese, please."

Brilliant wit, wasn't it boys? Well Mr. Halstead didn't mind it much. He either did not know of it, or didn't think it worth noticing, and went calmly on his way from day to day A very good sort of way the boys began to find out it was, too, by-and-by. They might make as much fun as they chose of his short coatsleeves and scanty trouser-legs; of his large nose and his brusque manners; but there was no possibility of making fun of his learning his skill in imparting knowledge, and his power of maintaining law and order in his class.

How he managed it these sharp young gentleman did not quite understand; but this they knew, that there was no shuffling of feet no "firing of spitballs," no "chattering" of any kind going on in the school-room when "Cheese, please" was in charge. And yet, strange to say, he used less severity than any of the other teachers, and was daily growing the most popular of them all.

So much so, that when, on Friday evening, he opened a Bible class in his room, more than a dozen were found glad to attend; and in a few weeks the large class room proved none too large for those who felt the attraction of his manly, Christian life, and the power of his earnest, soulful prayers. One after another of those who had been readiest to ridicule him, came to him and begged his forgiveness, and entreated his help towards a new life; one after another, guided by him to the feet of his great Examplar, found there the release from their burden of sin, the grace to help in time of need.

And when the small-pox, dread invader, broke into their ranks, and laid low one after another of their young band, then indeed the boys of Thorncliff learned the value of Christian character from "Cheese, please." None so patient, so faithful, so self-forgetting as he; none so quick with kindly offices, with cheering words, with loving, pleading prayers. A very angel of comfort by the sick and the dying bed they found their ridiculed tutor to be; and when the dark hour had passed at last, and the scattered circle was once more reunited, it was acknowledged by all that "Cheese please" was the central point of strength round which all revolved.

Such is the power of *Christian influence* against even the keen-pointed shafts of worldly ridicule.—*American Messenger.*

DUELS.—Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog. Colonel Ramsay in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one abrut an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the General had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeons shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York city, between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 76th, and Captain McPherson, of the 42d British regiment, in regard to the manner an ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully so much so that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Noah's assistant editor on the *National Advocate*, lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingston, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards.

Why are type like criminals? Because it is not proper to lock them up without proof.

[From the Rural New Yorker.]

Washing Compound.

PLEASE find inclosed a recipe for making and using a washing compound that has been used hereabouts for over two years.—The recipe was given my brother, who gave it to me, and I send it to you.—MRS. B. C. D.

Recipe:—Take one pound pure concentrated potash and one pound sal soda; put these in three gallons of soft water. Boil until all is dissolved; then add three pounds of any kind of soap grease—the cleaner the better—and set it to boiling. This usually becomes beautiful white soap, after boiling from one to six hours. Keep about the same quantity of water in the kettle as at first. After it becomes soap add two ounces aqua ammonia, one half pound borax, one-quarter pound rosin, nine gallons soft water, and stir well together. When cool it will be beautiful white soap, if the grease was clean. All the above named ingredients should not cost above fifty or seventy-five cents, and the quantity is sufficient to last an ordinary family a year.

In some cases the lye may be too strong; in this case more water should be added; and on the other hand, if not strong enough simmer away. In this matter you must use your own judgment, and exercise some little skill, for the mixture will not turn to soap unless the lye is somewhere near the proper strength. There is spurious potash in the market, and should you be unfortunate enough to get this article, you would fail in making the compound.

The night before washing, put the clothes to soak in cold water. If the wristbands, collars, &c., are very dirty, it would be well to rub a little common soap on them, or put a small quantity of the compound in the water. In the morning, operations are commenced by setting the wash-kettle on the stove or furnace. Into this put about two pounds (one quart) of the compound for every ten gallons of water. Wring out the clothes from the cold water, and place them in the wash-kettle, and gradually raise the temperature of the water to a scalding point, stirring the clothes with a stick every few minutes. Drain them well, rinse twice in clear cold water, blue them if you wish, and hang out to dry. It is well to boil very dirty clothes ten minutes, but no longer, as it is apt to give them a very yellow tinge.—Should the wristbands, or other parts that are very dirty, require a little rubbing, it should be done with the hands before the water in the wash-kettle gets very hot. In using this compound all the fine clothes should be gone through with first, as colored or very dirty clothes should not be washed with those of finer fabric containing less dirt, for the water must of course partake more or less of their contents, which would render dingy the fine clothes. The same water that has been used for the finer clothes will also do for the coarser. When water is added to the wash-kettle, a proportionate amount of the compound must also be added. Follow the above directions carefully; satisfaction is guaranteed.

THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY.—We are told, on good authority, by a country clergyman, that some of the laborers in his parish had not over 300 words in their vocabulary.—Of the ancient sages of Egypt, at least as far as is known to us from the hieroglyphic inscriptions, amounts to about 685 words.—The libretto of an Italian opera seldom displays a great variety of words. A well-educated person in England, who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakesphere, the *Times*, and all the books of Mudie's Library, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expressions than probably any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and the old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.

Origin of Plants.

Peas are of Egyptian origin.
Celery originated in Germany.
The Chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
The nettle comes from Europe.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The citron is a native of Greece.
The pine is a native of America.
Oats originated in North Africa.
Rye originally came from Siberia.
The poppy originated in the East.
The Mulberry originated in Persia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought frym Peru.
The walnut and peach from Persia.
The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The cucumber came from East Indies.
The radish originated in China and Japan.

HEAVEN help the man who imagines that he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that one should be going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing, and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have their opinions; so have you. Don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own clothes, in spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the irresolute and vacillating ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist than honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

☞ There is not any room for doubting that the coming winter is to be awfully cold. The prophets all say so, and the man is insane who disputes the prophets. They have found the moss growing thick on the trees, frogs standing on their heads, sunflowers pointing toward the North Pole, grape vines running around poles instead of up them, and there are a thousand other signs to show that every human being will be frozen as stiff as a chip before February.

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