THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1871. NO. 29.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

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

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

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

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

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

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

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

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.

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 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 repeaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

Special Notice.



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

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

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

COMPLETE AND WELL MADE AND SOLD AT AS MODERATE RATES

as any other like establishment in the country. Address

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

Wood! Wood!

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

Sawed to any desired length,
OR SPLIT,

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

Chestertown, Oct. 7, 1871—tf.

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.

ATTENTION is called to our line of GLOVES. Cloth Gloves, all grades; Driving Gloves—Buck Skin Gloves, heavy and lined; White and Colored Cotton Goloves; Dog Skin Gloves, Guantletts, Calf Skin Gloves, lined and fur; Kid Gloves, of all colors; Dressed Buck Skin Gloves.

Oct. 14, 1871. S. MERRITT & CO.

ATTENTION.

THURSTON'S
PEARL TOOTH POWDER
Whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, purifies the breath, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Selected Poetry.

[redacted]

Beneath our locust trees
The wild rose by the window's side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by strange hands
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut-tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder, now,
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough.
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot for many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill—
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still:
The birds yet sing upon the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That stands as in ol'en time,
The same half panel in the path
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how, o'er the bars of life,
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on the spot
The faces that are gone.

The Fool and the Highwayman.

Never heard of Redmond O'Hanlon, the Irish highway robber? Well, that's surprising Your English Turpins and French Duvals couldn't hold a candle to *our* highwayman. But for all his shrewdness he met his match once, and I'll tell you how it was:

Redmond was a fine, strapping, gentlemanly fellow, and a devoted admirer of the ladies—as where is the Irishman that is not? and what is more, a friend to the poor; as you will admit when I tell you that his demands for cash were only made on persons who could well afford to meet them, and that delighted in forcing contributions from those who had the name of hard landlord to their tenants. There was one of this class whom Redmond never lost an opportunity of taxing, for that was the police name he gave to his own robberies. Every quarterday, this gentleman, or one of his servants—sometimes more than one, used to take a journey of six or seven miles to collect his rents, and as regular as clock-work there was Redmond O'Hanlon with some stout companions if necessary to waylay the collector as he returned home. Every means was used to elude him, but to no purpose. He had spies everywhere and contrived to get the exact information in advance.

So one quarterday, when the gentleman's servants asked him about going for the rents, he swore at O'Hanlon, and said he didn't see the use of collecting money to hand over to him.

Now this gentleman had on his estate a boy called Jerry, "Jerry the Fool," who had the run of the house and made fun for the family. He had a great conceit of himself, and when he heard what the master said, he immediately asked to be allowed to go after the rents for once, and declared he would know the way to bring them safe home. Of course he was only laughed at; but when he represented that no harm would come from trying as he couldn't do worse than all who had gone before him, the master agreed to humor him. Upon that Jerry made such preparations as he thought suitable, chose the worst horse in the stable—an old hack, half-blind and three-quarters lame—and started on his enterprise. Nothing occurred on the way. He collected a considerable amount of money, carefully deposited it about his person, and started homewards. Toward evening, as he was quietly jogging along on the old hack, and was just entering a long lane with high hedges on each side, a tall, fine looking man rode up to him on a handsome roan mare.

"God save you my man!" says the gentleman.

"God save your honor!" replies Jerry

"What's your name, my man?" asked the gentleman.

"Jerry the fool, and I ain't ashamed of it. What's yours?"

The gentleman took no notice of the question. After a while he says, "That's a fine animal you'r riding Jerry."

"Faith, I'm glad your honor likes it," said Jerry, "but it isn't myself that'd care to take a lease of his life. But he'd serve my turn any way, for it's not in a hurry I'm traveling I've only been to the village beyond to collect master's rents for him."

"Surely he's not such a fool as to trust *you* with the job?"

"Arrah, why not," asks Jerry in great surprise.

"Why, don't you know that Redmond O'Hanlon's on this road?"

"Redmond O'Hanlon, is it?" says Jerry. "Ugh!" "That for Redmond O'hanlon!" says he snapping his fingers, "Faix, Jerry the Fool, is a match for a half a dozen of the likes of him, any day in the week, and Sunday into the bargain?"

The stranger laughed, and then rode on in silence till they came to a very lonely part of the road, when he drew a brace of pistols and told Jerry to hand over all the money he had about him, or he'd try if he had any brains by sending a couple of bullets through his head.

"Meala Murther!" roars Jerry, in a one of fright. "You don't mean to say your honor's Redmond O'Hanlon?"

"I do indeed. So hand over, my man, and look sharp about it."

"But, faix, its kilt entirely by the master I'll be if I go home without the rint."

"What's that to me?" said O'Hanlon."

"Anny," said Jerry, "I must show them that I had a murdering fight for it. Perhaps your honor wouldn't mind firing a shot through my old beaver." O'Hanlon did so, laughing at the trick.

"And now another through the breast of my coat, and Heaven bless you." This was done. "Now just one in the skirt of it, and good luck to your honor."

"But I've discharged both of my pistols, and don't want the trouble of loading them again for you."

"Faix, I should dearly like a shot through the skirts; it would show I fought desperate. Are you shure your honor hasn't another pistol in your pocket that you wouldn't mind firing for a poor boy's sake?"

"Confound you; to be sure I haven't. Hand over the money, or I'll beat you to a jelly with my horsewhip."

"Well, says Jerry, after a good deal of fumbling, "I suppose, considering the trouble, I've had in collecting these rents, your honor won't mind the little bother of going over the hedge after them?"

And he threw over a sack apparently well filled with coin. Half laughing, half angry, the highwayman—first aiming at Jerry with his whip which he avoided by ducking, dismounted, and climed over the hedge, and no sooner had he done so than Jerry slipped off the old hack and mounted O'Hanlon's horse.

"Bad scran to you, Redmond O'Hanlon!" he bawled. "Didn't I tell you, Jerry the Fool was a match for a dozen of you? It's a sack of brass buttons you're gone over the edge after, you thief of the world!" And touching the fine mare with the spur he galloped aff, singing at the top of his voice the old melody, "Go to the mischief and shake yourself!"—O'Hanlon couldn't pursue him on the hack; the cute fool had made him discharge his pistols. There was nothing for it but to walk away, cursing his own stupidity; and ever after, if any one wanted to provoke him, they had only to asd him, when he had last seen Jerry the Fool.

Brass.

Corinthian brass was said to be a mixture of gold, silver and copper, formed by the running together of statues, melted in the flames of the city of Corinth, when it was burned by its Roman captors. It brought a very high price for generations afterward. The name "brass" was commonly applied among the ancients to what is now known as bell or gun metal, a mixture of copper and tin. The alloy of copper and zinc was known and used ages before the mixture of the latter metal was discovered; and it is even said that the use of brass was discovered before that of iron. A mass of zinc ore, mingled with charcoal and plunged into the melted copper, will be at once dissolved by the copper. This was the ancient process, the only till 1781, and is still in use. Modern modes consist in melting the zinc and adding copper in thin strips, or in a fused state; or in melting copper and plunging into it lumps of zinc, held below the surface with iron tongs. At the temperature of melted copper, zinc is very apt to evaporate, and despite layers of fine charcoal, or glass, on top of the fluid metal, so much zinc passes off that chemical analysis alone can determine the proportion of each metal in the product. The usual proportion is a pound of copper to eight ounces of zinc.—"Prince's metal," a beautiful golden yellow combination, contains equal weights of each ingredient. "Muntz's Patent Sheathing, or Yellow Metal," is made of about two pounds of zinc to three pounds of copper. Bath metal, Pinchbeck, or Manuheim metal, is made of three or four ounces zinc to a pound of copper. The addition of zinc hardens and whitens the copper. Oreide is also a combination of copper and zinc in the ratio of one hundred to seventeen. Brass can be precipitated from a solution of sulphates of two ingredients mixed with cyanide of potassium, by using a galvanic battery with a brass plate attached to the negative pole.

Reptiles in Jamaica.

The conger-eel is both ferocious and venemous in its bite; it is from five to seven feet in length, and of proportionable thickness; it is well termed sea-snake; for its head, eyes, and teeth, it much resembles that reptile. It attacks that persons in the water, and though the wound it inflicts is seldom, is exceeding difficult to cure.

There are three species of snakes in Jamaica, viz: the yellow, the black, and the brown snake, the last being the smallest of the three. None of these are venomous in their bite, at least to a certain degree, instances happend of negroes having been bitten by them, without suffering any other consequence than a temporary pain, inflamation, and swelling of the part, and sometimes a slight degree of fever; to remove which all that is necessary is a fomentation of the part with sweet oil, or warm lime-juice, and extracting the tooth of the animal if it has been left in the flesh.

Some of the yellow snakes are from ten to twelve feet long, but the general length is from six to eight. This animal is at times exceeding indolent and inoffensive; when gorged with its periodical quantum of food and when coiled up and reposing itself, it will permit a person to come up and touch it without making an effort to move. Nay, some of the negroes have the boldness to stand upon them for a short time while in this supine state, they have a strange notion that this operation is a sovereign remedy for the bone ache—a painful disease to which they are subject to. The animal, under pain of this extraordinary pressure, writhes itself round and soon dislodges the intruder, but without any active exertion of resentment, and on the removal of annoyance, it recomposes itself to rest.

But when hungry and in search of prey, and during the season of pairing, it is more active and irascible, but particularly at the latter time, when it is not safe to disturb it. The strength of this animal is incredible: the united exertions of four or five able bodied negroes cannot draw one of a large size from a place where it has got any hold.

There is something in the very sight of a snake revolting to all other animals.—We are startled if one unexpectedly comes in our way, though we may be aware there is no danger in his bite; horses and oxen even snort if they see one near them, but carefully keep aloof while they are in an attitude of defence.

The black snake when assailed by a dog, generally darts at his eyes; by which means the terriers, which never come in view of them without showing their antipathy, very frequently become blind.—The domestic cat is terrified at the sight of the smallest sized snake, and will not face it; though the wild cat, more fierce and daring, will probably not shun the encounter. A gentleman, a surveyor by profession, in traveling the woods, one day, found the skeleton of a snake entwined around that of a cat; they had probably been fighting and perished together in the conflict.

Truth the Best Policy.

It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said:

"Go my son; I consign thee to God! and we shall not meet here again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had and he answered:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Qnother asked the same question, and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I had forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And how came you tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it."

He did so and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and, taking the boy's hand, they took the oath of repentance on it.

☞ Upon the trial of a suit for divorce, one of the witnesses was asked whether he had spoken to any of the jury since the trial commenced.

"Yes, sir, I spoke to Mr. ——," pointing to a juryman with a face as red as a blood beet.

"What did you say to him?"

Witness appeared reluctant to tell. The attorney insisted upon an answer.

"Well," said the witness, "I told him he had a pretty face to sit on a jury to decide whether a man was an habitual drunkard or not."

☞ In the execution of a recent deed by a man and his wife, the wife was taken aside, before the acknowledgment was made, by the commissioner, who, in the usual form, asked:

"Do you execute this deed freely, and without fear or compulsion of your husband?"

"Fear of my husband!" exclaimed the wife, "I've had five husbands, and never was afraid of any one of them."

☞ "You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had yesterday," said a landlady in Indiana to a newly arrived guest, "there were thirteen couples of them."

"What! thirteen couples just married?"

"Oh, no, sir; thirteen couples just divorced."

The visitor subsided, and came to the conclusion to stay in old Maryland after marriage.

☞ A country clergyman, paying a professional visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question,

"Are you willing to go, my friend?"

"Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am."

"Well," said the simple-minded minister, "I am glad you are; for the neighbors are willing."

THE STORY OF A NIGHT.

The county of Cornwall borders on the South-west coast of Great Britain, and is nearly surrounded by the sea. The country is very dreary; ridges of bleak and rugged hills extend through it, and there are many points along its coasts dangerous to ships, at one of these a light-house had been erected, in which lived an old fisherman and his wife.

There was a child with this old couple, whom they loved like a son, although he was not their own but had been given them by the sea. Ten years before, when there was no light-house upon that spot, a noble ship had gone to pieces on the treacherous coast, and the only living being that come to land was a little boy, whom Jans Hummell drew to shore. He was clasped in the arms of a dead woman, his mother, Jans thought from the resemblance.

Jean, his wife, gladly adopted the child as her own, and the mother was decently buried in a sunny spot on the hill-side. They called him Hubert, because to Jean's mind, his auburn curls and blue eyes brought back to her memory the little brother of the same name, her playmate in early childhood, who had been drowned while yet a boy.

Hubert's adopted parents often said he more than repaid their care by his love and obedience. Though at first the old couple felt as if they merely guarded the child for others who might sometime show a just claim to him as years rolled on, the boy grew to be more a part of themselves, and Jean's heart sank within her when strangers visited the coast, as they often did, to witness the fishing, or to visit the mines from which the country derives its principal wealth.

Hubert was now about twelve years old—a strong, active lad, and perfectly fearless. He it was kept trimmed and filled the light-house lamp, which every night Jans placed in the large lantern, from which its beams were thrown far over the dark waters warning many mariners, and by its friendly beams guiding many vessels on their way.

The winter had been severe, and Jean, from exposure and increasing years, was at last confined to bed with a slow fever, which Jans after using the simple remedies the house afforded, found he was unable to break. One bright morning he started in his boat for the nearest village. The light-house being at the end of a long neck of land, which stretched into the sea, his nearest course was by rowing across the bay. Hubert, being left with his mother, busied himself in putting his lamps in order, and doing what he could for her comfort.

As the day wore on, his eyes often turned to the sky to look at the clouds which, one after another, came climbing up. The low, mournful wail of the wind was not needed to tell Hubert that a storm was gathering.—With the quick eye of a sailor he knew the signs his father had so often pointed out, and he gathered in the needful fuel, and all else he could think of that could be necessary to be done, and then climbed to one of the upper windows to look if aught could be seen of his father's boat.

A guest of wind and rain striking against the casement warned him that the storm had begun. Fiercer and fiercer it grew, the waters surging madly around the light-house like a beast of prey clamoring for its victim, Hubert was not afraid; he would almost have enjoyed it had not his dear father not been exposed to the dangers. The boom of a distant gun awoke him from his reverie. He started, for there was the lamp unlighted, and if ever it was needed this was the time; but it had not been placed in his lantern, and this was a work his father had not permitted him to do.

Poor Jean lay unconcious of danger, crooning out some old song, or talking in a wild way, which frightened Hubert to hear. But the lamp must be lighted; so taking it in his hands, with the little bottle of turpentine in which his father wont to wet the lighter, he climbed up the stairs and groped about until he found the lantern. He struck a match and then lighted a small lamp he found near, but on looking up he found there was no way by which he could climb high enough to put the light-house lamp in place. Then he remembered that his father had taken the ladder down to mend it, intending to return it to its place when he came home. This Hubert had forgotten, and now it had no doubt drifted far away.

But there could be no delay; with the greatest exertion he dragged up the winding stairs and old sea-chest, and some chairs, stools, boxes and boards, arranging them on top one another, and against the wall in such a way as to make stepping places for himself; then by placing the lamp in a basket, and hanging it about his neck, he managed to climb to the top of the heap, and after putting the lamp in its socket, he succeeding in lighting it.

The sea dashed its white caps of foam against the stone walls, and sent the spray with such force against the windows that Hubert could not discern the ship whose signals of distress he could still hear sounding at intervals. But he knew the old light-house was doing its duty, and he could only pray to God would save the crew, and also protect his father if he was exposed to peril.

As the storm grew less violent, Hubert saw a ship riding at anchor a mile or two distant, and then he saw a boat approaching which he knew to be his father's. The water was still dashing against the door, but Hubert opened the window and helped the old man in, while the boat was fastened for a time to the window ledge. Jans, who, in his boat, came near perishing with fatigue and exposure, had made out to reach the ship, and thus his life was saved.

"And yet, after all, my son," he said, clasping Hubert affectionately, "you saved my life as well as the lives of all those who were in the vessel. When I remembered the ladder had been left out, and how difficult it would be for you to light the lamp, my heart almost failed me, and God only knows the gratitude I felt when I saw the welcome beams streaming over the water, showing us just where we were."

When the captain heard to whom he was indebted for his safety, he sent a twenty-dollar gold piece as a present to Hubert, and all the passengers had sent by Jans some little gift of money or other keepsake to the young hero who had saved their lives.

"We will take part of the money," said Hubert, "and get a new ladder—one that will not soon get out of order.

So the ladder was purchased with part of the money. When Jean was well again, she heard with delight the story of husband's deliverance, "Jans little thought, said she, "when he picked the lad out of the sea, that to him at a future day he would owe his own life; but God sees the end from the beginning, and to his name be all the praise."—*Young Folks' News.*

England and America.

The following remarks were made by Mr. Gladstone at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, on November 9th: I have to-day, for the second time, had the satisfaction of hearing our distinguished friend, the Minister of the United States, at the board of the first Magistrate of London, refer to the relations between the two countries in terms such as I know to be better than any others calculated to confirm those sentiments of friendship and attachment by which, as I believe, the breasts of the two nations at this moment are universally pervaded. My distinguished friend spoke of the great heart of the people, the great heart of this assembly answered him when he spoke. But it is only just to those whom he represents among us that you should be reminded that if, on a recent occasion, England has been ready to pour forth her treasurers in relief of the distress of America in former years, and those recent years, America has been not less ready to pour forth her treasurers in relief of the distress of this country. And, my Lord Mayor, one word I must venture to say on the subject of that treaty to which my distinguished friend referred in terms so modest—I mean the Treaty of Washington. It is true that that treaty has all the importance which attaches to any instrument that aims by sure means at bringing to a friendly termination a conflict of opinion between two great Powers; and that is a title which would well render in deserving of praise. But that is not all. That treaty ought to be regarded in two other respects, in order that we may thoroughly appreciate both the motives and the acts of those who are parties to it. That treaty not only aimed at putting an end to the controversy that existed—it is aimed at obviating the recurrence of such controversies in future, by extending and improving that code of international law which is among the most remarkable of all the tokens and the triumphs of modern civilization, and upon the sound and legitimate action of which it is that we are to rely in no small degree for the future peace of the world. But there was another point yet more important, and that was this—the Lord Chancellor has spoken to you with truth and force of the miseries of war; but differences will occur, quarrels will arise, honor—not merely visionary sentiments of honor, but sound principles of honor—will forbid the absolute surrender of the points for which the contest is waged; how are these contests to be settled? "By blood," has been the unfortunate reply almost invariably in former times. A great experiment is now being tried; it may be more than an experiment. The vision may be too bright and too happy to be capable of being realized in this wayward and checkered world in which we live, but it is an experiment worth the trial at any rate.—Whether it is possible to bring the conflicts of opinion between nations to the adjudication of a tribunal of reason instead of the bloody arbitrament of arms. And, my Lord Mayor, it will be an event recorded in history to the honor of two nations that, without any offence to others, I may venture to call great nations—to the honor of the United States and of the United Kingdom, that for the first time, having a great controversy in hand, feeling themselves unable either the one or the other to recede from the ground they had taken, they have, notwithstanding, chosen to tread the path of peace, and not only to settle their own disputes without the risk of bloody differences, but to set an example which we trust will have many imitators among the other nations of the world.

NEXT TO GODLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh aired, sweet, cheerful well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each others feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and respected for other, and for these higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squallid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make the inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

EXCELLENT INTEREST RULES.—For finding the interest on any principal number of days. The answer in each case being in cents, separate the two right-hand figures of answer to express in dollars and cents:

Four Per Cent—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run, separate right-hand figure from product, and divide by 9.

Five Per Cent—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72.

Six Per Cent—Multiply by number of days, separate right-hand figure, and divide by 6.

Eight Per Cent—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 45.

Nine Per Cent—Multiply by number of days, separate right-hand figure and divide by 4.

Ten Per Cent—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 36.

Twelve Per Cent—Multiply by number of days, separate riyht-hand figure, divide by 6.

☞ A young man, not a hundred miles from this, was accosted by a friend the other day with the remark:

"I heard the other day that you were about to get married."

"Well, yes," he replied, "I thought awhile that I would marry; but I found out that the girl and all her people were against it, and I concluded to drop it."

☞ If you fall, raise yourself up quickly, and try the race over. Don't give up to despondency; hold your head up, and never say "die."

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account of his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

A Bank is said to be the most likely building to catch cold in, because there are so many drafts in it; and the reason there are so many drafts in it, is because so many people go there to raise the wind.

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